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For the Presbyterian Review.

The God of Hope.

Thou art the God of Hope—to thee we look
Whom from the gloomy heart all hope hath fled:
He who the hearts doth read like open book
Shall quicken hope that now is cold and dead.

Thou art the God of Hope—although to Thee
Lie open all the causes for despair
That make from us our hopefulness to flee
And leave but darksome fear to tarry there.

Thou art the God of Hope—a hope which clings
To confidence in even fallen man
And 'mid our discord ever sweetly sings
That we shall yet fulfil Thine holy plan

Thou art the God of Hope—oh grant us grace
To be of Thine own Hope the children fair
Believing that we yet shall see Thy face
When God's great Hope its glorious crown shall wear.

R. E. K.

Ottawa, January 10, 1894.

A Highland Ordination.

BY A NORWEGIAN CELT.

IT was a cold, dark December morning, with snow on the ground and a sharp touch of frost, as we gathered in the Post-office square of Stornoway for our twenty-four mile drive to Ness to settle the newly called minister in the vacancy there. The day was just breaking as we drove through the outskirts, and by the time we reached the highest point of the road to descend the western slope it was full daylight. Away to the west lay the Atlantic, at this stage appearing as a strip of blue, inimitable, suggestive of things unutterable, recalling the words:

Though inland far we be
Our souls have sight of that immortal sea
Which brought us hither.

After the first twelve miles our course lay along it, its sound always in our ears, "the mighty waters rolling evermore," itself visible only now and then. We arrived at our destination to find a large congregation assembled. The church is seated for 1,200. There were fully 1,100 people present, the few vacant seats being accounted for by the number absent at drill in Stornoway. Some had, we found out afterwards, come from Stornoway that morning over moor and river in order to welcome their new minister. The gallery was filled—not an empty seat—with the more youthful portion of the congregation, stalwart young men, and fresh, comely young women. The men in this district are noted for their stature, the women for their good looks. The old Viking blood is here almost as pure as in the days of Harold. Its way of asserting itself is, however, different. The Norsemen of Ness are as much at home on the sea as ever their forefathers were, but their roving propensities take the form of threatened excursions into the land of Secession, and their militant aspirations that of protest against all the declensions and innovations of the Free Church. This congregation had once been accounted sure as their own by the Seces-

sionists, but the tide turned, and to-day the Secessionists would find as little welcome as the Fife men got from the Lewis men of their day. A more united or enthusiastic congregation than awaited their minister that day could not be found. What a sea of faces! And, now, as the moderator rose after the preliminary worship and sermon, to formally ordain and induct, or as the Gaelic phrase is, "marry" the minister-elect to the congregation, the afternoon sun suddenly broke through the clouds that had till now concealed his rays, and through the western windows on each side of the pulpit there streamed into the church a flood of gold-red light. The scene was striking in the extreme. The rest of the service to the end was conducted in the midst of this golden radiance. A stillness as of evening fell on the people, and the outward radiance of the hour seemed to be answered by an inward radiance and joy of heart that broke out on the countenances of the people. It was sunshine answering to sunshine. When at the close the newly "married" minister, supported by two of his ministerial brethren, shook hands at the door with the people as they passed out, the spiritual radiance still lingered in the faces of the people—that strange, suffused light of solemn joy which of all peoples seems most characteristic of the Gaelic-Norwegian, and though, when we emerged from the church, the sun had sunk in the west behind its bank of cloud and the people had gone to their homes and their work, though there had "passed away a glory from the earth" and the sunshine had "faded into the light of common day," yet one felt that for this congregation and its minister a bright day had dawned, the dark had changed into the light, the cloud into the sunshine, the whole into a "vision splendid" that would not "die away." And the writer thought, not of this congregation and its minister alone, but of the Free Church of Scotland, and not of the Free Church only, but of the whole Church of the Living God, for so ran the words of the Prophet of Vision; "Thy sun shall no more go down; for the Lord shall be thine everlasting light, and the days of thy mourning shall be ended" (Is. lx. 20).

THE little I have seen of the world teaches me to look upon the errors of others in sorrow, not in anger, When I take the history of one poor heart that has sinned and suffered, and represent to myself the struggles and temptations it has passed through, the brief pulsation of joy, the feverish inquietude of hope and fear, the pressure of want, the desertion of friends, I would fain leave the erring soul of my fellowman with Him from whose hand it came.

BECAUSE people are rich they are not of necessity ogres. Because they are born gentlemen and ladies of good degree, are in easy circumstances, and have a generous education, it does not follow that they are heartless and will turn their back on a friend *Thackeray*,