

ON GALILEE.

DOWN the bright vale of Galilee
A tempest swept, the night was dark,
And out upon the stormy sea
In peril toiled a lonely bark.

And One on board, in welcome rest,
Was sleeping sweetly as the child
That's rocked upon its mother's breast
Unmoved by winds or the billows wild.

The men beheld His weary form,
And none could wish to break His rest,
But darker, louder grew the storm,
And harder was the vessel pressed.

Stout hearts were there, and men of skill
That long had sailed their native lake,
But naught avail, the ship must fill,
Oh, will the Master not awake

Then rose above the breaking wave
The cry of mingled faith and fear,
"We sink, O Lord, wilt Thou not save!
Let not Thy servants perish here"

The wearied Jesus rose from sleep,
He glanced into the storm and night,
"Be still," He said, "And lo, the deep,
Like His own face grew calm and bright.

What wondering joy abounded then—
A placid sea, a welcome strand;
Ah, favored boat, O happy men
To have some present help at hand!

Dear Lord, hast Thou not servants still
On earth, who know Thy love and power?
Sun and our hearts, our bosoms fill
With trust, against the trying hour.

But should the erring soul grow dark,
And waves of passion o'er it sweep,
Ah, do not leave the foundering bark,
But save us from the yawning deep.

THE MARQUIS OF LORNE.

WE give, according to promise, a portrait of his Excellency, the Marquis of Lorne, whose distinguished services, as Governor-General of Canada, we are so soon to lose. The Marquis comes of a very ancient and very noble family, whose heads have been Earls of Argyll since 1457—known in Scotland as MacCallum More—"Campbell the Great." One Earl of Argyll, in 1513, was killed at Flodden Field. The eighth and ninth Earls of Argyll were beheaded in Edinburgh during the troublous times of the English Rebellion and Revolution of 1640 and 1688. "I could die like a Roman," said the former on his way to the scaffold, "but I choose rather to die like a Christian." The romantic adventures of his heroic son are stranger than fiction. For his fidelity to the Protestant faith, he was sentenced to death. He made his escape dressed in "lackey's livery" carrying the train of his daughter Lady Sophia Lindsay. He was after many brave deeds retaken and led forth to die.

He was treated with many indignities, and led bare-headed, the hangman before and guards behind, up the High Street of Edinburgh, the scene of so many pageants of glory or of shame. It was, he said, a happier day than when he escaped from prison. He dined cheerfully, and took a peaceful sleep. Within an hour of his death he wrote to his wife: "Dear heart, God is unchangeable. He hath always been good and gracious to me, and no place alters it. Forgive me all my faults, and now comfort thyself in Him, in whom only true comfort is to be found. The Lord be with thee, and bless thee, and comfort thee, my dearest. Adieu." Having ascended the scaffold, he kissed the "maiden," the rude Scottish guillotine, and said it was the sweetest maiden that ever he had kissed. He died with his hands uplifted in prayer

and the words, "Lord Jesus receive me into Thy glory," trembling on his lips, and the "good grey head that all men knew," was soon affixed on the top of Tolbooth Tower. To few is it given to number in their ancestry such heroic souls as the two martyr Earls of Argyll, and to the Lord of Lorne it is a nobler honour than is his knightly blood.

The father of the Marquis of Lorne, the present Duke of Argyll, is worthy of his heroic ancestry. He was born on the 30th of April, 1823, and succeeded to the title in 1845. He took his place in public life early, and is distinguished from the great mass of professional politicians, even in the House of Peers, by the general cultivation and the varied acquirements he has brought to bear upon politics. While known as the Marquis of Lorne, he made quite a stir in Scotland, by a pamphlet he published in 1842, having as its title, "A letter to the Peers from a Peer's son," in which he dealt with the knotty question of Church patronage. The first work of general interest given to the world, by His Grace, was written in the 25th year of his age, entitled "Presbytery Examined," an essay, critical and historical, on the Ecclesiastical History of Scotland since the Reformation." Of this work the *Edinburgh Review* said: "The book breathes a noble spirit,—generous if presumptuous, and candid if not profound." In the year 1866, he produced the ablest and most considerable of all his works, "The Reign of Law," which is still a standard authority on the harmony of natural and revealed religion. He next appears as the author of a work entitled "Primeval Man." In this, as in the former work, his object is to justify science with revelation. Both works called forth a good deal of discussion; they were favorably reviewed by the best critics. The only remaining work we shall notice is, "Iona." This island forms a part of the estate of His Grace, and, his critics say, he has made it twice his own in this charming volume.

He entered the House of Lords in 1847. In the year 1852, he accepted the post of Lord Privy Seal, under Lord Aberdeen. We next find him Postmaster General with Lord Palmerston as his chief. In 1868, the Duke of Argyll accepted the office of Indian Secretary, the affairs of which he administered with marked success.

The Marquis of Lorne was his father's Secretary, when at the head of the Indian Department. He has two brothers engaged in business; one of them is, we believe, a Banker in London. Evidently the Duke of Argyll does not believe in his sons being mere hang-ers on upon the skirts of society. Idleness is a disgrace, a crime, even in noblemen. With a son treading in the footsteps of such a father, and a daughter walking after the example of such a mother as our good Queen Victoria, we are certainly justified in entertaining high hopes of the future of their Excellencies.

The Marquis of Lorne is 38 years of age. He was educated at Eton, St. Andrew's, and Trinity College, Cambridge. In 1878 he was returned to the House of Commons for Argyleshire. In 1866 the Marquis took a tour through Hayti, Cuba, Jamaica, the United States, and Canada, and on his return to the hills of his fatherland, he published a little book on the subject, which he entitled, "A Trip to the Tropics." He has since published a

poem entitled, "Guido and Lita, a tale of the Riviera," and also a "Metrical Version of the Psalms," designed to be an improvement on the old Scotch version. On March 21st, 1871, he was married at St. George's Chapel, Windsor, to the Princess Louise Carolina Alberta, fourth daughter of Queen Victoria, the first instance of the marriage of a daughter of a reigning Queen of England to a subject. The Princess Louise was born on March 18th, 1848, and on her marriage was voted a dower of thirty thousand pounds and an annual allowance of six thousand pounds.

We admire the plucky young Scotchman for breaking through the traditions of a thousand years, and being the first man, not of royal blood, who ever married the daughter of the Sovereign. It is probable that the Marquis will be created Governor General of India, the virtual ruler of an empire greater than that of Alexander, or than that of Rome under the Cæsars. Wherever he goes we are sure that he will have kindly recollections of Canada, whose best interests he has laboured so earnestly to serve, and we are sure that all loyal Canadians will follow with their best wishes the noble Marquis and his royal wife.

"IF I WERE A GIRL."

IF I were a girl," said a well-known New England clergyman recently "I wouldn't parade too much in public places." He mentioned a number of other things that he would not do. He would not think too much about dress, or about parties, or about fashionable society. But in regard to the folly of parading in public places he was particularly emphatic. A good many girls acquire the habit of parading the streets before they comprehend how objectionable it is. Their motive at first is simply amusement; afterwards they like thus to draw upon themselves the notice of others. But notice so attracted is seldom respectful, and the very young man who will look admiringly at the girl he meets under such circumstances will probably rejoice in his own heart that his sister is not among them. There is too much of this sort of thing in many of our smaller towns and villages, and we are glad that the practice has been publicly denounced from the pulpit.—*N. Y. Ledger.*

WHAT SHALL THE BOYS READ?

"Are you troubled lest your boy shall read dime novels, and the dreadful papers which are thrown in at the door, filled with exciting stories of adventure, and even crime?" said one mother to another.

"Not very much," said the lady addressed. "I think that an ounce of prevention is better than a pound of cure; and so I take care to provide Freddie with so much really good reading, that he will have no taste for the other sort, and no time for it."

Like everything else, it takes time to superintend a boy's reading, but it is time well spent. And if you reflect that the style of reading will affect the style of character, you cannot be indifferent to the subject.

Why are jokes like nuts? Why, because the drier they are, the better they crack.

ARRANGEMENT OF ROOMS.

GIVE your apartments expression, character. Rooms which mean nothing are cheerless, indeed. Study light and shade, and the combination and arrangement of drapery, furniture, and pictures. Allow nothing to look isolated, but let everything present an air of sociability. Observe a room immediately after a number of people have left it, and then, as you arrange the furniture, disturb as little as possible the relative positions of chairs, ottomans, and sofas. Place two or three chairs in a conversational attitude in some cheery corner, an ottoman within easy distance of a sofa, a chair near your stand of stereoscopic views or engravings, and one where a good light will fall on the book which you may reach from the table near. Make little studies of effect which shall repay the more than usual observer, and do not leave it possible for one to make the criticism which applies to so many homes, even of wealth and elegance. "Fine carpets, handsome furniture, a few pictures, but how dreary!" The chilling atmosphere is felt at once, and we cannot divest ourselves of the idea that we must maintain a stiff and severe demeanor, to accord with the spirit of the place. Make your homes, then, so easy and cheerful that, if we visit you, we may be joyous and unrestrained, and not feel ourselves out of harmony with our surroundings.—*Art Review.*

BOY BISHOPS.

THE month of December recalls a reminiscence in connection with Salisbury Cathedral—one of the finest specimens of gothic architecture in the kingdom. Old Sarum, as it is often termed, had many peculiar customs; one of these was the choice, on the Feast of St. Nicholas—December 6th—of a boy bishop from amongst the choristers, whose term of office lasted until Innocents' Day, December 28th. The boy was invested with the full authority of a genuine prelate; dressed in episcopal robes and mitre, carrying also the pastoral-crozier. His fellow-choristers, for the time named, acted as prebendaries; and were obliged to render due homage and respect as such. The evening before Innocents' Day there was a special service, attended by the juvenile prelate and his juvenile clergy in solemn procession, chanting hymns as they marched up the aisle to the choir.

There the little bishop took his seat on the episcopal throne, surrounded by his youthful clergy, when a solemn service was rendered in remembrance of the massacre by Herod of "all the male children that were in Bethlehem." Multitudes used to assemble to witness the spectacle; and so great was the crush that special enactments were passed to prevent any undue crowding of the little fellows. If the boy elected as prelate died during his term of office—twenty-two days—his funeral was conducted with the pomp and ceremonies of a veritable prelate; and he was buried in his full canonicals. There is a monument to one who did die during his brief period of official life, carved in stone, with mitre on his head and crozier in his hand, and two angels with canopy over his head, keeping in memory this reminiscence of a by-gone age.