

GOD IN NATURE.

God of the great old solemn woods,
God of the desert solitudes,
And trackless sea:
God of the crowded city vast,
God of the present and the past,
Can man know Thee?

God of the blue sky overhead,
Of the green earth on which we tread,
Of time and space:
God of the worlds which Time conceals,
God of the worlds which Death reveals,
To all our race.

From out Thy wrath the earthquakes leap
And shake the world's foundation deep,
Till Nature groans:
In agony the mountains call,
And ocean bellows throughout all
Her frightened zones.

But when Thy smile its glory sheds,
The lilies lift their lovely heads,
And the primrose rare:
And the 'faeries decked with pearls
Richer than the proudest earls
On their mantles wear.

These thy preachers of the wild-wood,
Keep they not the heart of childhood
Fresh within us still?
Spite of all our life's sad story,
There are gleams of Thee and glory
In the daffodil.

And old Nature's heart rejoices,
And the rivers lift their voices,
And the sounding sea:
And the mountains old and hoary
With their diadems of glory,
Shout, Lord, to Thee!

Alexander McLachlan.

THE PICTURESQUE MULE.

Few of us realize what an important factor of army life in its picturesque aspects was afforded by this ungainly, slab-sided creature, with his discordant voice, ready heels and tremendous reserve of energy. Recall any picture of camp or march, and, if your memory is retentive of such details, you will be pretty sure to find a pair of long, pointed ears, and serious, half-discouraged mule-eyes somewhere on the canvas. Edwin Forbes has introduced them to excellent advantage in his admirably-etched series of sketches of life in the Grand Army, which he made in the field; and save where actual fighting is in progress they are almost of necessity part and parcel of the scene. Not that the quadruped was indisposed to take his place in the forefront of battle when duty called him there. Not at all; the list of killed, wounded, captured and missing mules is a long one, or would be, if it could be completed; and the steed was, as a rule, far more willing to go into action than was his non-combatant driver.—*American Magazine for February.*

HYDERABAD AND GOLCONDA.

Hyderabad has thirteen gates. We pass through one and over a bridge which spans the Musi River, and are now, in due procession, making a straight course through the main street of the city. All the lesser animals, with the throng of pedestrians, get out of our way. Our elephants seem to have all rights, and care for nothing. They pass steadily along, and in due time I get accustomed to the sag of my howdah.

We made only two or three halts while passing through the city, but for prudential reasons did not dismount. Having emerged from the gate of the city at the farther end of the main thoroughfare, we turned to the right, and took the road skirting the massive wall. We had a special permit to visit the Johan Numah, one of the principal palaces of Hyderabad. As we were now away from the warlike throng of Hyderabadese, we dismounted, and began a ramble through hall and gardens. The Johan Numah belongs to the family of one of the chief noblemen, Busheer-ord-Dowlah. Having gone through some buildings connected with the palace, but shielding it largely from public view, we came into a large court, which seemed to have been used for soldiers, both horse and foot, and the retainers of the prince. At the farther end of the court we came to a staircase, and entered the main rooms of the vast palace. Here were spacious halls, covered with carpets and rugs of many curious designs. The furniture was richly carved. Some of it was of dark old Indian woods, but a portion was of European and later origin. I was struck by the odd contrivances to amuse the members of the princely household living here. Here were clocks of odd workmanship, and at every convenient corner there were automata of the quaintest construction. All were in motion, and so contrived as to amuse by doing unexpected things. For example, I saw the figure of a quadruped, whose sole business it was to swallow miniature fish. There were instruments for performing musical freaks. Stuffed birds could be seen everywhere, grouped into all possible combinations, so as to make the scene as nearly life-like as possible. I visited many other palaces in India, and was struck that it was an ancient usage of the kings and noblemen of Hindustan to employ the most accomplished artists in curious mechanism, whose sole business it was to contrive and construct odd and unheard-of devices of this kind to please the ladies of the Indian courts. In the old days their time hung heavily. There were many women to be pleased, and they had their

jealousies, and could be best appeased by having their fancy charmed by the sight and sound of these curious devices.

Having finished the halls of the palace, we ascended a staircase, and came out upon a fragrant garden. My first thought was that the rooms which we had just left were immediately below us, and that the garden we were now in was on the roof of the palace. But on examination I saw that the garden was really only on a level with the roof, but was supported by a terrace so raised as to give the visitor the impression that he was walking over the palace roof. This too was evidently only a device to bewilder the guest into still greater admiration of his environment. This garden contained flowers of rare beauty and fragrance, and was laid off in exquisite designs. Having left it, we wandered through the grounds in the rear. Here we came into a labyrinth of pleasing and of most curious construction. It served its purpose, as I soon learned by getting lost in it. Always expect the Indian to do his work differently from the rest of the world. This labyrinth was not of the same order as the one in the Palmgarten in Frankfurt-on-Main, or the less pleasing one in the outlying grounds of Hampton Court. But it served its purpose far better.

We now remounted our elephants, and proceeded on our way around the old wall of the city. Our excursion was only to end with the four-mile ride out to the celebrated fort and tombs of Golconda.—*Bishop Hurst, in Harper's Magazine for February.*

ON THE OUTPOSTS, 1750.

The way through the woods was deep in snow, and encumbered as they were with cattle, the party under Robertson made but slow progress, it being Christmas Day, 1779, before they arrived at their destination. They were not molested by the Indians, but suffered much from cold on the journey, for the winter was the most severe which had been known in a century. The ice in the Cumberland was thick enough to sustain the passage of animals, and it was not many days before the settlers had crossed over and begun on the bluffs which lined the southern bank the building of the fort and the few log houses which formed the nucleus of the future capital of Tennessee.

It was in the very heart of the wilderness, surrounded by nearly twenty thousand Creeks, Cherokees, Choctaws and Chickasaws, all of whom were in alliance with Great Britain, which at that moment had overrun and all but subjugated the Southern colonies.

The stations erected, the settlers awaited in anxious suspense for the coming of their wives and children. The three months allowed for the voyage had expired, but no tidings had come from them, nor had the sound of their approach broke the stillness of the river solitudes. The anxiety about them soon became intense. Thus it was for a full month, and until the end of April. Then one morning at sunrise a solitary four pounder echoed along the Cumberland, and in a few hours the little fleet of forty flat-boats, canoes, and pirogues came to anchor under the walls of the fort, amid such rejoicing as never before was known in the wilderness.

It had been a voyage without parallel in modern history. A thousand miles they had come, through a country infested with hostile Indians, in frail boats, down rapid and perilous rivers never before navigated by white men. Their way had been through foaming whirlpools and over dangerous shoals thirty miles in extent, and they had endured the bitterest cold, and for many long days and nights been subjected to the constant and deadly fire of fifteen hundred Chickamaugas, the most ferocious tribe of savages on the American continent. Thirty-one of the company had been left by the way, butchered by the savages, and one had been taken prisoner.

Thus, amid ice and snow, and the intense cold of 1780—still noted as the coldest winter in American latitudes—was planned the first civilized settlement in the Mississippi Valley.—*Edmund Burke, in Harper's Magazine for February.*

PLAN TO LIMIT ELECTION EXPENSES.

Nobody can deny that there is a crying need for such restrictions (of election expenditures) in this country. The present agitation is confined mainly to measures designed to effect reform in our cities, but the movement must in time be extended to the whole country. The evils of the use of money in elections are by no means confined to the cities. They are found in every State and in almost every election that is held, and they are all traceable to the same source, the payment of "election expenses." Many a United States Senatorship has been decided in this way far in advance of the meeting of the Legislature whose members were to make the choice. The candidate has gone into the primaries which were to nominate the members and has secured a mortgage upon their votes then and there by agreeing to pay the expenses of their campaigns. In this practice alone—for it long ago became a practice—we obtain a hint of the causes which have led, on the one hand, to a steady moral and intellectual decline in the character of our State Legislatures, and, on the other, to the appearance of the "millionaire Senator" at Washington. A law limiting expenditures and requiring the publication of the use made of every dollar spent would put an end to this doubly demoralizing practice instantly, as it would also to any attempt in a national election to capture the Presidency by bribing voters in the so-called "close" States. By making the law for laws so rigid that the act of voting becomes really secret and untrammelled, we shall abolish individual bribery at the polls, simply by making it unprofitable to the briber. By limiting expenditure and requiring their publications, we shall abolish bribery everywhere by forcing the briber into the light and within the reach of the law. The surest way to abolish bribery, in other words, is to legislate not against the poor and ignorant voter who may be tempted to sell his vote, but against the man who tempts him, for it is the latter and not the former who has been found to be in all democracies the worst enemy of free government.—*Joseph B. Bishop, in Scribner's Magazine for February.*

British and Foreign.

THE Rev. T. B. Kilpatrick has accepted the call to Ferryhill, Aberdeen.

THE Rev. Dr. Simpson, of Derby, has resigned his charge owing to long-continued ill health.

MORNINGSIDE Church, Edinburgh, at present seating 735, is to be enlarged to accommodate 920.

THE shipment of liquor from Europe and America to the Congo in a year amounts to 10,000,000 gallons.

THE Rev. Dr. McPherson has declined the call of the Madison Avenue Presbyterian Church of New York.

DR. EDGAR gave notice in Cupar Presbytery of an overture to the Assembly in favour of abolishing preaching matches.

THE prime of Australasia says that if they could but keep strong drink away for ten years there would be no poverty there.

MR. J. A. WENLEY, of the Bank of Scotland, has been appointed an ecclesiastical commissioner in succession to the late Dr. Phil.

THERE are already nearly 100 applicants for the vacancy at Monkton and Preswick. Mr. Baird, M.P., is chairman of the congregation's committee.

DR. DURNFORD Bishop of Chichester, aged eighty-five is the oldest prelate in the Church, and Dr. Wordsworth, Bishop of Salisbury, aged forty-three, the youngest.

DUNBLANE Presbytery has appointed a committee to consider how best to recognize the jubilee of Rev. Gordon Mitchell of Doune which falls in this month.

THE Rev. M. Cornish, one of the Wesleyan ministers at Portsmouth, has been missing since the 18th ult. His wife and family are unable to account for his disappearance.

A COMMITTEE has been appointed to select a list of candidates for the Girvan vacancy. A motion that no candidate should be nominated unless he has been an ordained minister was rejected.

THE Rev. William Muir, B.D., in a powerful Sabbath evening lecture to his congregation at Muthill, showed how intemperance is the chief hindrance to all social, political and religious progress.

THE Rev. George Wilson, of Glenluce, read an interesting paper before the Society of Antiquaries of Scotland, in which he described several sepulchral urns found by himself in that neighbourhood.

THE membership of the Scottish Episcopal Church is returned as \$4,732, with 31,356 communicants for the past year. The amount contributed to religious and charitable objects was \$644,355.

A SERVICE of praise illustrating the life of Wycliff was conducted recently by Rev. J. Kerr Craig in Dean Street Church, Edinburgh, the choir rendering efficient aid. There was a crowded congregation.

THE Rev. F. P. Meyer, the new pastor of Regent's Park Chapel, London, will conduct a series of meetings in Edinburgh from 6th to 9th March on "Christian Living," under the auspices of the Scottish Evangelistic Association.

IT has been suggested that a museum illustrating the Christian antiquities of the United Kingdom should be established "as the existence of the Christian religion is ignored by the British and South Kensington museums."

As many of the members of Lenzie congregation objected to the playing of voluntaries by the organist, a plebiscite on the matter has been taken, and the voting showed 104 in favour, forty five against and thirty-seven neutral. About ninety members did not return their papers.

THE Rev. John Allan, M.A., of Peterculter, died on 20th ult., in his eightieth year. After graduating at Aberdeen he succeeded Dr. Duguid as classical master in Elgin Academy, and was ordained in Peterculter in 1844. Mr. Allan married a daughter of the late Rev. W. Gordon, of Elgin.

THE highest French court has just decided that a priest can marry, although by so doing he incurs spiritual penalties and forfeits the civil prerogatives attached to the priesthood. Father Hyacinthe, who was married at a London registry office, can now, if he choose, be re-married by at French mayor.

IT is a portentous fact that if a new contest is to arise between France and Germany, the numbers of men which can now be placed on the French frontier by Germany are just tenfold those which France could put in the field in 1870. And in the interval France has been similarly developing her fighting power.

DR. WALTER SMITH, speaking at the annual meeting of the Edinburgh Young Woman's Christian Institute, said that a great deal more attention seemed to be paid to boys than girls. As long as he could remember there had been a Young Men's Christian Association, but the Young Woman's Christian Institute had only been in existence for some thirteen years.

A GLASGOW contemporary states that the many friends of Miss Annie S. Swan on the other side of the Atlantic will be pleased to hear that the authoress of "Aldersyde" contemplates paying a visit to Canada and the United States, in the coming summer. She has two brothers settled in Canada, and part of her time in the States will be spent with her friend Mrs. T. A. Tibbles ("Bright Eyes").

SOME Lourdes pilgrims recently sent to the Crown Prince of Germany a bottle of the miraculous water, with the assurance that if he would use it with a prayer to the holy lady of the shrine, it would cure his malady. Whilst politely thanking the senders of the bottle, the Prince, with charming modesty, has forwarded it to the lady superior of the convent of San Remo for use among her invalid nuns.