The Earl of Argyle.

The Earl of Argyle was the leader of the tribe of Campbell; among the Highlands he was called MacCallum More. His father, the Marquis of Argyle, as the head of the Scotch Convenaters, had used his power to hasten the downfall of Charles the First. After the tide had turned, and Charles the Second held the scepter, the marquis was put to death; but the son inherited the ancient earldom, and became one of the greatest nobles of Scotland. For twenty years the earl pursued a course of conduct so moderate, and, in some respects, so yielding, as to offend the rigid Presbyterians. Then the Duke of York, as Viceroy of Edinburgh, displayed the cruel disposition afterwards so terribly revealed in his reign, and led men of all parties to speak with horror of the bloody assizes in the time of King James.

As the Duke of York could not gain over to his side the Earl of Argyle, it was determined to rid the country of his presence. On frivolous charges he was tried for treason, and sentenced to death. In disguise he escaped, and found a retreat in Friesland. Though an exile, and penniless, "he was still, in some sense, the most powerful subject in the British dominions." His patriarchial authority remained; and should he appear among his clansmen, an army devoted to his service would speedily rally around him.

"Of all men living," said King James, as tidings of an attempt against his throne reached him, "Argyle has the greatest means of annoying me, and of all places Holland is that whence a blow may be best aimed against me."

The Scotch and English fugitives assembled at Amsterdam, and concerted a plan for overthrowing the authority of James. Monmouth was to invade England, Argyle, Scotland. But a faction of exiled Scots, jealous of the power of Argyle, sacrificed the common cause to party feeling and envious dissensions. The earl held the nominal command, while a committee controlled the expedition. The journey ended. The same spirit which had led to disputes in Holland, continued to rule in the ill-fated council. Argyle's plans were thwarted again and again, mismanagement and confusion reigned in the camp, the provisions were waisted, the Highlanders in want of food deserted, disastrous marches followed, military order was lost, the army became a mob, and at last disappeared. The war was ended, and the chieftain fled for his life. In the dress of a peasant he was arrested; he acknowledged himself to be the Earl of Argyle, hoping that the announcement of that great name would lead his captors to respect and piety. They were touched, even melted to tears; yet the reward offered, and the fear of an offended government, overcame their tender emotions.

And now the character of Argyle shines forth with undiminished lustre. The expedition had miserably failed; in accepting the position without the authority of General, the mistakes of others had involved him in reproach and disaster. But now, though in captivity, he had regained the liberty of acting for himself, he stood forth a free man; the shakles that had bound him were broken. The revengeful conquerors seemed determined to exert all the means in their power to humble the lofty spirit of the high-minded nobleman. He "was dragged through Edinburgh in triumph." He walked bare-headed up a long street, and the hangman marched before him. He was placed in irons and informed of his approaching end. He was not tried for the recent offence, but it was determined to put him to death under the sentence of years before, which was so unjust that even hardened lawyers considered it disgraceful. His fortitude was severly tried; he was closely questioned by order of the Privy Council. He replied as far as he could without implicating his friends, and then refused to give information. He was threatened with torture, but threats were useless; his trust in God supported him, and his enemies could not shake his sublime patience and lofty courage. The torture was not applied. "God," he said, "had melted their hearts," as his persecutors treated him more kindly.

A few hours before his death, he wrote: "I have named none to their disadvantage. I thank God he hath supported me wonderfully."

Much of the remaining time was spent in devotion and affectionate conversation with his friends. The historian relates that, "So effectually had religious faith and hope, co-operating with natural equanimity, composed his spirits, that on the very day on which he was to die he dined with appetite, conversed with gayety at table, and, after his last meal, lay down, as he was wont, to take a short slumber, in order that his body and mind might be in full vigor when he should mount the scaffold.

A councilor demanded admittance to his cell, and was told that the earl was asleep. Thinking this was an evasive answer, he still demanded entrance. "The door of the cell was softly opened, and there lay Argyle on the bed, sleeping, in his irons, the placid sleep of infancy."

Overcome by the sight the "renegade" fled from the castle and yielded to remorse. From his groans it was thought he had become suddenly ill; a remedy was offered him, he refused, but when questioned, replied: "I have been in Argyle's prison. I have seen him within an hour of eternity, sleeping as sweetly as ever man did. But as for me—"

The earl rose from the bed and prepared for the final suffering. He was brought to the Council House, a short interval was to elapse before the execution. He asked for pen and ink, and left these words for 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, bless and comfort thee, my dearest. Adieu."

He left the Council House, the ministers who accompanied him "were not of his own persuasion," but he listened to them in a courteous manner, and "exhorted them to caution their flocks against those doctrines which all Protestant churches unite in condemning."

He ascended the scaffold and addressed the people in the spirit of "serene piety." He said he "forgave his enemies as he hoped to be forgiven." Then he bade farewell to his friends, giving them some mementoes for his wife and children. He "prayed for a little space," and gave the fatal signal.

Thus died the heroic chieftan, the triumphant Christian. Archibald, Ninth Earl of Argyle.—*National Baptist.*

Oliver Cromwell.

Literary sycophants have been accustomed to revile the character of Cromwell and to represent him as a low-born, vulgar hypocrite or bigot. He had not the parlor graces of Lord Chancellor Hatton, but he would have walked alone through an army of Hattons as an ox walks through a field of grasshoppers.

Born of an ancient family, descended from some of the high nobility, he was related to Thomas Cromwell, the Earl of Essex and sometimes minister of Henry VIII. His grandfather was Sir Henry Cromwell, the lord of Hinchinbrook, known as the "Golden Knight," on account of his great riches; and his mother was of the best of English blood, and her relationship to James I induced that monarch, on his way to take possession of the English crown, to become a guest at the Cromwell mansion, where Oliver, then but four years old, saw the king at the family table—James little dreaming that the head of his own son would be cut off by this kindred boy, who should reign in his stead.

He was educated at the University of Cambridge, and when but 18 years old he was called home by the death of his father, to be the sole protector of his mother and sisters.

While reading the law in London, at the age of 20, he fell in love with Elizabeth, the beautiful and accomplished daughter of Sir James Bouchier, a wealthy knight. At the age of 21 he married, and under the same roof with his mother took his young bride, who afterward, coming to her exalted station, showed a purity and nobleness of character more beautiful than her personal loveliness. She was "the first and *only* love of Cromwell, and in the hight of his greatness and near the ends of his reign, when necessity had separated them for a short time, she, like a true and loving woman, chided him for not writing oftener; and to her chidings he replied: "My beloved wife, you scold me in your letters because by my silence I appear to forget you. Truly it is I who ought to complain, for I love you *too much.* Thou art dearer to me than *all the world.*"

He was in Parliament at the age of 29, and again at the age of 40; and when the Civil War broke out he raised two companies of soldiers at his own expense and devoted his entire estate to the public service.

And when he came to power the haughtiest kings and nobles of Europe sought political and matrimonial alliance. At his death the Court of France went into mourning, though he had required Louis XIV to banish the sons of Charles, whose widow was Henrietta of France, the daughter of Henry the Great. He was buried in Westminster Abbey, as a legal monarch beside the anointed kings.

There was a time when all seemed lost of the liberties of England, and Cromwell thought of leaving his country. But in those trying times, when all good men began to despair, Cromwell and the just men who sympathized with him "sought the Lord in prayer"; and it was "his guidance," as they believed, to gird on their swords for war and rescue England from her slavery, and from that hour they never faltered and they never feared. Prince Rupert, the nephew of Charles, was accustomed with his gay troopers to carry all before him by his dashing onsets. At the battle of Marston Moor he led 20,000 eager Royalists, and for the first time he dashed against the "Ironsides" of Cromwell. It was like the dash of seafoam against a granite mountain After the battle Cromwell wrote to his wife: "God made them as stubble to our swords."

When in the plentitude of his power, young Lely, afterward the Court painter of the frail beauties of the Second Charles, wanted to paint him. "Paint me as I am," said Cromwell. "If you leave out the scars and wrinkles, I will not pay you a shilling." Go to the Pitti Palace—the picture with the scars and the wrinkles you shall see; but a kinglier head reposed on kinglier shoulders you shall never see.—*Hon Edwards Pierrepont.*

A Touch of the Whip.

I noticed, when once riding on the top of a stage coach, that the driver at certain points on the road gave one forward horse a slight touch of the whip. And as the horse was going a fair pace, I asked him why he did it. He replied that the horse had been in the habit of starting and sheering at something seen or imagined at those places on the road, and a touch of the whip just before arriving there gave him something to think of, so that he passed by without noticing what had before startled him.

And it is too much to believe that He who is conducting many sons and daughters to glory notices all the perilous points they pass, and, when the case requires it directs their thought and purposes from dangerous directions by giving them such things to think of as will break the force of temptation, and secure them from wandering? A sad bereavement, a bitter disappointment, a serious illness, a pecuniary loss, as the hour of temptation is at hand, is the touch of the whip. It awakens serious thought. It drives the soul to prayer. It dims the false brightness of things earthly, and gives fresh vividness and power to things heavenly and eternal; so that, under such spiritual influences, the points of danger are safely passed, and the rest of life's journey is traveled and the more safely, and the prospects of heaven are made all the brighter.—*Congregationalist.*

A Syrian Toilet.

We called yesterday on the daughter of a Mohammedan living in this city (Tripoli.) Though the girl had been married several days, she had never been seen by her husband. He had only gone to the mosque when the ceremony was performed, she taking no part in it. After the ceremony, the bride usually stays at her father's house nine days, during which time she sits in state, decked in her finest dress and jewels, receiving calls from her friends. Then her joy is at an end. She must go to her husband, take off her fine clothes, and become a perfect slave, subject to the will of her cruel master. The parents of this bride were very poor. Her mother was dressed in little better than rags, and was at the *taqnua* washing clothes. All the women of the bride's company had their hair plaited full of gold coins; these were heir-looms, and so greatly treasured, that a woman would almost starve sooner than part with one. The present given by the family to the bride was an elegant pale blue brocade silk dress and a black silk, embroidered with gold. The former cost $150. The bridegroom's presents were a sumptous lilac silk, heavily embroidered with gold; earrings of pearl and gold; bracelets as wide as a finger. During the call she wore the bridegroom's presents. The other presents were hung or spread out on the wall.

We stopped at a house below, according to custom, and sent word that we were coming. The bride returned answer that she would be most happy to salute us. After waiting about twenty minutes we went up stairs, for she lived on the second floor before a large mirror, surrounded by her finery. As we entered she arose and saluted us, and then returned composedly to her dressing. Of all the strange and ghastly sights her face was the most wonderful, as may well be imagined from the way in which it was prepared.

First, hot wax was spread over the whole face, which, when cool, was peeled off. This was done to remove all the hair from the face. Then whiting was rubbed on till the skin looked like marble. Her eyebrows were painted jet black, her lips and a large spot on each cheek painted a brilliant red. On these red spots on her forehead and at the corners of her mouth gilt flowers were pasted. Then over the whole powdered sugar had been snapped, which made it sparkle as with "diamond dust." She wore pearl earrings, and around her neck were a string of large amber beads, three strings of roped pearls and a curious necklace, which we were privately told was borrowed for the occasion. It was made of gold twenty-five dollar pieces, overlapping each other like scales. The usual head-dress was covered with real and artificial flowers. The finishing touch was put on in the shape of a piece of black wax, heated over the *canoon* till very hot, made round and flat, and then stuck between the eyes. —*Jessup's "Syrian Home Life."*

The Deeds Done in the Body.

The most common action of life—its every day, its every hour—is invested with solemn grandeur, when we think it extends its issues into eternity. Our hands are now sowing seed for that great harvest. We shall meet again all we are doing, or have done. The graves shall give up their dead, and from the tombs of oblivion the past shall give up all that it holds in keeping to be witness for or against us Oh, think of that! In yonder hall of the Inquisition see what its effects on us should be. Within those blood-stained walls one is under examination. He has been assured that nothing he reveals shall be written for the purpose of being used against him. While making frank and ingenuous confession he suddenly stops. He is dumb—a mute. They ply him with questions, flatter him, threaten him; he answers not a word. Danger makes the senses quick. His ear has caught a sound; he listens; he ties his tongue; a curtain hangs beside him, and behind it he hears a pen running along the pages. The truth flashes. Behind that screen a scribe is committing to the fatal page every word he says, and he shall meet it again on the day of trial. Ah! how solemn to think that there is such a pen going to heaven, and entering on the books of judgment all we say or wish, all we think or do. Would to God we heard it! What a check, and what a stimulus! Are we about to sin? how strong a curb; if slow to duty, how sharp a spur. What a motive to pray for the blood that blots out a guilty past, and for such grace as in time to come shall enable us to walk in God's statutes, to keep His commandments, to do them. "Knowing therefore the terrors of the Lord, we persuade men."—*Dr. Guthrie.*

The Safest Color.

Many observations have been made lately by our naturalists as to the defence which color supplies to animals; hares, rabbits, stags and goats possess the most favorable shade for concealing them in the depths of the forest or in the fields. It is well known that when the Volunteer corps were enrolled, and the most suitable color for riflemen was discussed, it was supposed to be green. Soldiers dressed in different shades were placed in woods and plains, to try which offered the best concealment. Contrary to expectation, that which escaped the eyes of the enemy was not green, but the fawn color of the doe. Among hunting quadrupeds such as the tiger, the leopard, the jaguar, the panther, there is a shade of skin which man has always been anxious to appropriate for his own use. The old Egyptian tombs have paintings of the negroes of Sudan their loins girt with the fine yellow skins for which there is still a great sale. All the birds which prey upon the smaller tribes, and fishes like the shark, are clothed in dead colors, so as to be the least seen by their victims.—*Chambers' Magazine.*

A Sabbath-school has been commenced at Kobe, Japan, which is said to be the first Sabbath-school conducted in the Japanese language in the Empire. It consists of about forty scholars, of all ages from five to fifty.

Our Young Folks.

The Life of a Factory Boy.

It was about the year 1823 that a little boy was asked if he would not like to go to work, and learn the way to earn his own living.

"Yes," said the boy, for he was always ready for anything, and he was especially fond of work. And yet, even at that time, it seemed as if he had quite enough to do. Boys are not very big at ten years old, and he had to grow. Neither are they wise, so he had to study. Neither do they know how to guide themselves, so he had to obey. Boys, too, are fond of playing, walking, and climbing, and there were plenty of beautiful hills not far from his home. But though he was so much engaged, he was quite ready to go to work. In the place where he lived there were large cotton factories.

"You can go as a piecer, David."

"Yes, I should like to do that."

So every morning when the sun was up, and sometimes, perhaps, before it was light, this little boy went to his work, and tried to do it as well as the bigger boys did, so that his master was quite satisfied, and his parents pleased.

But because he had some more work to do, he did not mean to neglect the old work. If he had to be a factory boy, he was not obliged to remain an ignorant one. He had to leave the day-school, but he could go to a night-school, and so he did.

Was he not tired?

Yes; but he worked all the same.

How could he do both things?

Well, boys and girls, I am not surprised that you should ask this question, for no doubt you feel that you could not work hard all day in a factory, and then work hard all the evening at school But this boy did so, and you will see that he must have loved work.

He learnt Latin and Greek, so he passed far beyond many children who have nothing to do but learn through all the year.

He grew up as boys will, and every year added to his knowledge. But he did not want to be in a cotton factory all his life, and often, while he was at work, or when he had time for a walk on the banks of the beautiful river Clyde, his thoughts were busy about the future life which he hoped to live, and the good work which he hoped to do.

But he was not yet satisfied with his knowledge. He wanted to know something about medicine and many other things. So he made up his mind to go to college.

"College!" do you say? "How could a poor factory lad go to college?"

Well, many factory lads have done so, and some of them became, as this one did, very clever and industrious men.

He went to college, though his going was no expense to his parents; and there is a simple rule which will enable almost any one to go to college if he wishes it. Shall I tell you the rule? It is this: "Earn as much money and spend as little as possible." David knew how to go without many things which he wanted, and the knowledge was of great service to him in after life.

You see that he was industrious, self-denying and persevering, but he was something more—he was a Christian. He loved the Lord Jesus Christ, and he wanted other people to love him too. So David said to himself, "I will be a missionary. So when he left college he said "good bye" to Blantyre, the place where he lived, and Scotland, which he never ceased to love, and he went to the London Missionary Society.

"I should like to be a medical missionary," he said. "I have learned how to cure people's bodies, and I want to go and tell those who have never heard of the Saviour of one who can cure their souls."

So the London Missionary Society said they were glad to have the young man and he should go away to work for Jesus, in Africa.

So away he went, and nobody knew, not even himself, of the good, great work which he was going to perform; but I will tell you what you will notice as you grow older. When a person is very willing and glad to work, when he does the little tasks as well as they can possibly be done, then God trusts him to do greater things.

David Livingstone, for it is of him I am telling you, went away to Africa with an earnest face and resolute heart. He asked God to bless him and make him a blessing to teach him the best ways of winning the love and confidence of the poor negroes, among whom he was going to live, and to give him the joy of doing his work well and successfully.

He was very happy in Africa. He married the daughter of Dr. Moffat, the venerable missionary, and he lived on terms of great intimacy with the black people, for he wanted them to feel that he was their friend and brother as well as their teacher. For sixteen years he worked as a missionary, and during this time he made some very important geographical discoveries In 1856 he came back to England, to tell his country more than they had ever known before about South Africa, and he wrote a book which is invaluable. He went back again, and became even yet more famous as an explorer and discoverer. Then, when years had passed, he paid another visit to England, and again returned to Africa. He went up the country, finding out about fresh places, endeavoring to civilize the people, teaching them to love his Saviour by his own gentleness and kindness, and longing to see all the slaves set free. There are no roads or post-offices where he was, and we heard nothing about him for many years, until Mr. Stanley went over and sought and found him. He was the last white man who saw him alive. Livingstone would not return with him, for he had not done all the work he had hoped to do, and stayed to finish it. But God took him away from his labors and travels to rest in heaven with him.

He was, as you know, brought over to England, though it could not be accomplished until a year after his death, and was buried in Westminster Abbey, on April 18th.

And then it was proved how much he, a poor factory boy, was beloved. For many thousands of miles his remains were brought safely through Africa. Then they were met at Southampton by many great and learned men, while the mayor and town people showed in many ways how they esteemed the memory of him who had lived so nobly, and died so bravely, among the people of Africa. And when the day of his funeral came, Westminster Abbey was filled with crowds of those who mourned his death and admired and loved him for what he had done.

O boys, do not some of you wish to be like Dr. Livingstone? Surely you would be glad to live as grandly, and accomplish as much good? Do you know the way? It is to love God, and for his sake to love work, and to pity and long to bless the down-trodden and oppressed.—(*London*) *Christian World*

Looking in Vain for Papa.

There is a certain pathos in the story told of some of the pupils of Elijah, who went to look for him after he had gone to heaven. The following little story of a fruitless search is more simple and tearful, in that it comes to us from the city of Poughkeepsie, and we imagine that few of our readers will peruse it without emotion:

A lady was walking along the street, when she met a little girl between two and three years old, evidently lost, and crying bitterly. Taking her by the hand, the lady asked her where she was going.

"I'm going down town to find my papa," was the reply between sobs, of the child.

"What is your papa's name?" asked the lady.

"His name is papa," replied the innocent little thing.

"But what is his other name?" inquired the lady. "What does your mama call him?"

"She calls him papa," persisted the baby.

"You had better come with me; I guess you came from this way."

"Yes, but I don't want to go back. I want to find my papa," replied the little girl, crying afresh as if her heart would break.

"What do you want of your papa?" asked the lady.

"I want to kiss him."

Just then a sister of the child came along looking for her, and led her away. From the subsequent inquiries it appeared the little one's papa, whom she was so earnestly in search of, had recently died. In her lonliness and love for him, she had tired of waiting for him to come home, and had sallied out to find and kiss him. Could anything be more touchingly sad?

A Billion.

A billion—a million times a million—is quickly written, and quicker pronounced, but no one is able to count it. You count 160 to 170 a minute; but let us even suppose that you go as far as 200, then an hour will produce 12,000; a day 588,000; and a year of 365 days (for every four years you may rest from one day counting during leap year), 150,120,000. Let us suppose now, that Adam at the beginning of his existence, had begun to count, and continued to do so to the present time; still he would not have counted near enough; for to count a billion he would require 9512 years, 34 days, 6 hours and twenty minutes, according to the above rule. Now supposing we were to allow the poor counter twelve hours daily for rest, eating and sleeping, he would need 18,024 years, 69 days, 10 hours and 40 minutes.

Pickpockets in Church.

A London correspondent writes:—One of the most popular preachers in London just now is the Rev. Donald Fraser, formerly of Montreal, who preaches in a Presbyterian Chapel in Berkeley street, just on the Edgeware Road. His style and manner are far more like an Italian's than a Scot's, and he uses a great amount of action. Sometimes he says a good thing with real dry Scotch humor. For instance, in a recent sermon he said, "I wish to inform you that there are pickpockets present. I have not the smallest objection to their being present, and hope what they hear will do them good. Only I may as well tell them that the eye of Providence is upon them, and that there are policemen in the gallery." Very suggestive of Cromwell's "Put your trust in God, my boys, and keep your powder dry."

Mr. Spurgeon, writing in the July number of the *Sword and Trowel,* says:—"A clergyman writes to inform us that the goat is sent to us as a judgment for opposing the Church of England. If a swollen leg proves that a man is under God's displeasure, what would a broken neck prove? We ask the question with special reference to the late Bishop of Oxford. As for the information that on account of our late speech at the Liberation Society's meeting, we shall soon have another attack, and in all probability will be carried off by it; we will wait and see if it be true. Despite the fact that the writer claims to be a clergyman, we are no more disturbed than if he had signed his name Zadkiel. The amount of bitterness which the post has brought us during the last month has proved to our satisfaction that our blows have not missed the mark but none write so furiously as our Evangelical friends, who are more uneasy in their conscience than others of the State Church clergy."