

Pastor and People.

A Wonderful Hymn.

In the department of Salne et Loire, on the left bank of the River Grone, still thrives the quaint and picturesque town of Cluny. Like all the French towns which our tourist from Paris to Geneva rushes past in his through coupe, and which he alights—to study alien life, instead, in the well Americanized streets of these two cities—it is a painting of medieval Europe, set in a frame of such green elopes and sunny vineyards as one can only see in darling France.

Our travellers are like no other travellers in the world in one respect. They carry their home and their habits well with them; and an American, therefore, who follows the beaten track of guide-books and guides, will find compatriots to be sure (which is much if one be homesick), but less and less of the Continent every year.

But to study a civilization purely and perfectly antipodal to his own let him rest from sunrise to sunset in a French provincial town. Let him—that is if he has a companionship in himself (a companionship of which he will not weary and sicken in a single day, which is a rare test to most of us, otherwise he will find himself ennuyé beyond endurance)—let him study the perfect repose of the place; a repose not of rest, but of life. The French peasant lives in a perpetual holiday, but it is a holiday of work. He toils from morn till even. He is a drudge, and so is his wife; but they sing and laugh, do their due, confess to their priest, and are as happy—albeit as poor, despised, and unregarded—as the day is long. It may be a king, an emperor or a president up there at Paris. To the peasant it is only la belle France—patrie. When the time comes that he shall be conscripted to die for her, he will shoulder his gun, kiss his wife, and march out to pay the debt which the old Greek poet said every man owed to the soil that nurtured him; only to be discharged with his life when he returned to that soil again.

Cluny is all this and has all these; its pretty river, its gray stone bridge, its sleepy streets.

Here too, are the vestiges of its celebrated abbey, dismantled in the revolution of 1789; and here we trace the cloisters walked of old by saintly and historic feet.

Up and down these cloisters, about the years 1120-1150, paced the poot-recluse Bernard de Morlaix, monk of Cluny—never canonized, as was his contemporary, Bernard of Clairvaux; but a saint for all that. Striving for no fame, content to live and die in pious penance, a poet who sang of Heaven, he has left behind him a song revered and cherished of the whole Protestant world—a poem, that seven hundred years after its author, let us be sure, realized the material glories of which he sang, has survived his home, his order, and the civilization of his race.

I have never seen and I know not where there exists to-day a full copy of the poem "De Contempni Mundi." But where is the Christian church or hearth that does not love and breathe its aspirations and its faith? Where is the mother who does not teach her child to hup "Jerusalem the Golden," and when her child is boy and man is it any the less to him the sweetest hymn of all the Christian world?

Bernard's poem is in three books, consisting in all of about three thousand lines. The verse is one so peculiar and difficult of structure that, says Dr. Coles, "the English language is incapable of expressing it." Technically it is known as "leonine and tailed rhyme, with lines in three parts, between which a cesura is not admissibile"—as, for instance, the opening lines:

"Mora novissima, tempora pessima sunt, vigilemus; Ecce ulnactur imminet Arbitri tunc supremus; Imminet, imminet et mala temet, omnia coronet, Neota remuneret, uncta libret, athera donet."

At the most miraculous phenomenon of a poem of three thousand lines, written in a meter of surpassing difficulty and yet of surpassing melody, who can wonder enough? And when we add to that the majestic sentiment and almost apocalyptic glory of its vision and its faith, which has given it a perennity such as no written poem ever gained before, what shall we say of Bernard, the humble, patient, unassuming monk of Cluny, who lived and died in a cloister, asking nothing of the world but to serve his God? Was there ever fame like his? Whoever his Master is honored—albeit in other tongues and forms than his—the words of the simple monk are loved and sung. Although his lonely name may be unknown, his verse will never be let die.

Bernard himself, speaking of the laborious difficulty of his task, after recounting the failure of Hildebert de Lavardin and Richard of Lyons—two eminent versifiers of this day—says: "I may then assert, not in ostentation, but with humble confidence and, therefore, boldly, that if I had not received directly from on high the gift of inspiration and intelligence, I had not dared to attempt an enterprise so little accorded to the powers of the human mind."

To Archbishop Trench we are indebted for its discovery and first application, he having taken it from "*Flacius Hlyricus, Poem. de Corrupto Ecclesie Stat. 177*" (247). The dedication (from which the above extract is taken) was to Peter the Venerable, chief of Bernard's order, and the whole was first printed at Breme, in 1507.

The rendition familiar to us is the translation or paraphrase of Dr. John Mason Neale, who was attracted by Archbishop Trench's discovery, and who certainly has been vastly successful therein. His version of the four Latin lines given above are as follows:

"The world is very evil,  
The times are waxing late,  
Be sober and keep vigil,  
The Judge is at the gate;  
The Judge who comes in mercy,  
The Judge who comes in might,  
To torment the evil,  
To diadem the right."

"I have," said Dr. Neale, "deviated from my ordinary rule of adopting the

meters of the original, because our language, if it could be tortured into any distant resemblance of its rhythm, would utterly fall to give any idea of the majestic sweetness of the Latin." But in 1867 the Rev. Samuel W. Duffield, of Philadelphia, completed an attempt to express in English the rhythm as well as the sentiment of Bernard, and, it seems to me, with wonderful success, as follows:

"These are the latter times, these are not better times, let us stand waiting;  
Lo! how with awfulness the first in lawfulness, comes arbitrating;  
Nearer and nearer yet, Wrong shall in terror set right shine effulgent.  
Sad ones be libérate, righteous remunerates, ever indulgent."

Bernard's lines—

"*Mis brevis vitutur, hic brevis plangitur, hic brevis Actur;*  
*Non brevis vitare, non brevis plangere restituetur*— translated by Mr. Duffield

"Briefly we tarry here, Briefly are hurried here, here is brief sorrow;  
But not to brevity comes our longevity due on that morrow"

and familiar in Dr. Neal's version as

"Brief life is here our portion,  
Brief sorrow, short-lived care;  
The life that knows no mourning—  
The tearless life is there"

have been beautifully and anonymously rendered as follows:

"Here brief is the sighing  
And brief is the crying,  
For brief is the life!  
The life there is endless,  
The joy there is endless,  
And ended the strife."

"Oh country the fairest!  
Oh country the dearest!  
We press toward thee;  
Oh Zion the golden,  
Our eyes now are holden,  
Thy light till we see!"

"We know not, we know not,  
All human words show not;  
Thy joys we may reach;  
The mansions preparing—  
Thy joys for our sharing—  
Thy welcome for each."

"Oh Zion the golden,  
My eyes still are holden,  
Thy light till I see—  
And deep in thy glory—  
Unveiled thou before me—  
My King look on me."

I copy these lines from my scrap book, they seeming to me superior even to Dr. Neale, as a specimen of their elegant and unknown translator. But the best known portion of Bernard's work is that commencing:

"*Tribu Syon aurea, patria lactea, civis decora,*  
*Omne cor abrasit, omnibus abstravit cor et ova.*"

"Jerusalem the golden,  
With milk and honey blest,  
Beneath thy contemplation,  
Sink heart and voice oppress!" etc.

We need scarcely look further than Dr. Neale for the full expression of this episode. Whole its enthusiastic adoption by every branch of the Protestant Church is enormous vast enough, without comment from the student of poetry, there is but one example—in all hynology not only, but in all literature—that can in the least compare with it; and that is in the case of the lines "Nearer my God to Thee," contributed in 1841, by Mrs. F. W. Adams, a Unitarian lady, to *The Cambridge Intelligencer*, which, I believe, has been incorporated into the hymnals of every Protestant church also.

"Let me make the nation's ballads and I care not who makes its laws," said the sage; and Christian union may come yet through the hymns, although it carries in the discipline of Christians.

There is also a beautiful paraphrase of this hymn, in the same meter as Dr. Neale's, commencing:

"Jerusalem the golden  
I languish for one gleam  
Of all thy glory, folden  
In distance and dream;  
My heart, like one in exile,  
Glimpses up to gaze and pray  
For one glimpse of that dear country  
That lies so far away!"

Many of the sweetest and purest hymns of the devout worshiper of to-day are from the modern Latin of what we arrogantly name the "Dark Ages" of the world.

There is no more curious phenomenon in the universe of letters—none, certainly, more big with matter for much thought—than the miracle of the Latin tongue, cold and moribund, resurrected by moderns and aliens, and unfolding in their novice hands a marvellous vein of beauty and elegance that, through all its golden ages, in the alombic of all its poets, orators, and scholars, had lain in dormant and unsuspected potentiality.

Surely the dreams of Maro and of Flaccus never shadowed forth this great possibility of rhyme—a rhyme whose cadences should modulate the sonorous music of their stately tongue and make it, ages beyond their graves, unfold a wondrous harmony, to sing a heaven they never felt and a glory that was not for them.

Not only did the Latin poet live and die in ignorance of its charms, but there is good reason to suppose that its appearance was regarded as a fatal blemish, and therefore dreaded and guarded against with the utmost solicitude.

It was not until the decadence had left the Roman tongue in stranger hands that this despised decoration became the chief ornament of the structure, when, under its spell, the cloister heard the awful grandeur of the Dies Ira, the solemn sweetness of the Stabat Mater, and everywhere all over the world to-day the Christian sings the beauty and the majesty of Jerusalem the Golden.—*J. A. Morgan in N. Y. Independent.*

We earnestly advise all who think a great deal, who have infirm health, who are in trouble, or who have to work hard, to take all the sleep they can get, without medical means.

A Perfect Woman.

"A perfect woman, nobly planned,  
To warn, to comfort, and to command;  
And yet a spirit still, and bright,  
With something of an angel's light."

"A perfect woman! Tell me where you can find her?"

Not in the land of the living, my curious friend—of course not! One such there was, but she has been dead these twenty-five hundred years, and left no daughter who was her equal. Her sepulchre is unknown, and it is in vain at this late day to make a pious pilgrimage in search of it. But we have her full-length portrait taken when she was in her glorious prime, and in colors which time will not dim nor accident destroy. A copy of it is in your house, my friend, laid away, it may be, on some neglected shelf—if so, take it down and look upon it.

It is the picture of a Jewish matron. She is a lady of wealth, and her husband is a leading statesman in the city where he dwells. He is well and widely known among the elders of the land. Children are in the house, and hired servants, and sometimes guests, and among them all she moves, a presiding genius. She has neither time nor disposition to pace a public platform and talk about a woman's mission, and talk until her nervous system is impaired. She has her work—a noble work—and quietly and sensibly she does it. Her heart is with her husband, and her children at her home, and there she dwells content and happy. Strange this may seem, yet true; for she was a Jewess, and lived not in these wisser times, but very many years ago.

Good health she has, though she is wealthy and refined; strong and vigorous, though more than forty years of age. She had no need of patent medicines; for—mark this—she rises early, she works steadily, she puts her trust in the Lord, and in consequence she keeps a calm and even temper. She lived in the golden age when it was the fashion for a woman to be healthy. Perhaps had she lived now she would have violated every law of healthy living, in dress, food and exercise—grown pale in overheated rooms—sat up the night long in fashionable parties, and then, a confirmed invalid, marvel at the inscrutable decree of Providence which permits her to be afflicted. Sickliess is sometimes one's misfortune, and sometimes it is one's fault.

This perfect woman is a model housekeeper and "looketh well to the ways of her household." She did not marry for a support. It was never her desire "to eat the bread of idleness." Perhaps in her early education she was taught, among other fashionable "accomplishments," that of keeping a house, and of cooking a meal which would be worth eating. No doubt—for they had not modern civilization—young women of the wealthy classes were taught that which had some faint reference to their work in after life. This woman is not ashamed to put her hands to the spindle and the distaff. She was skillful with the needle, as was seen in the "coverings of tapestry" and ornamental "girldes" which she sold to the merchants. She arose at early candlelight to arrange for the work of the day. Not only would she say to the servants, "do this," but she was able to teach them how to bake a loaf or roast a joint. She was thoughtful of their welfare, and of course they tried to please her. She "giveth meat to her household and a portion to her maidens," and the "portion," you may be sure, was large enough to satisfy their hunger. She treated them kindly—as though they were human beings, members of her family, and not animated machines, hired and expected to work harmoniously at ten dollars a month. Rather strange her conduct was for a wealthy lady thus to be a household drudge, but then remember she was a Jewess, and lived very many years ago.

Though she loved her home, yet she did not always stay there. She considered her mansion in the city was her home and not her prison. Sometimes she went abroad. Not indeed to retail gossip from house to house, under the charitable pretext of "making calls;" nor yet to spend the precious hours in cheapening in the shops the costly finery which she never meant to purchase. When she left her home, it was generally to go to the temple, for "she feared the Lord," or to the abodes of the poor and sorrowing. "She stretcheth out her hand to the poor; yea, she reacheth forth her hand to the needy." She was full of generous sympathies; and in her the poor always found a friend. Faithful at home, she would yet find time, or rather make time, to gather with the "great congregation" in the solemn services of the sanctuary. Religion was to her strength, comfort and joy.

"She openeth her mouth"—also she would not be a woman—"with wisdom;" that is good, and "in her tongue is"—what? Not foolishness; but "the law of kindness."

Let such a woman talk—she talks to some good purpose. Blessings on a woman's tongue—when its notes are not discordant, but low and sweet; touching the hearts of all who hear, like the breathings of angel's harp!

Well, this perfect woman has her reward. To be sure, her life is a life of self-sacrifice, but sacrifice is sweet when prompted by love. She is in comparative obscurity; but that is to her no evil. The world does not know her virtues nor praise her; but better than the world's praise is the fact that "the heart of her husband doth safely trust in her," and "her children rise up and call her blessed." In them she lives and is content to live, till her work on earth is done and she calmly goes to her rest and to her reward on high.

Oh! if all the matrons in this age and land were such as she, how strong would be our homes, and then of course, how great and glorious would be the nation and the church. But this woman! Alas she belonged to a ruder age than this which is so highly polished. She was a Jewess, not a Christian, and she lived many, very many years ago.—*Rev. J. L. Boswell, in the Methodist.*

For half-an-hour after eating sit erect, or walk in the open air.

Finding a Girl in the Bible

An English town missionary, a short time ago, related a remarkable incident. There was a lodging-house in his district, which he had long desired to enter, but was deterred from so doing by his friend, who feared that his life would be thereby endangered. He became at length so uneasy that he determined to risk all consequences, and try to gain admission. So one day he gave a somewhat timid knock at the door; in response to which a coarse voice roared out, "whose there?" and at the same moment a vicious-looking woman opened the door and ordered the man of God away. "Let him come in, and see who he is and what he wants," growls out the same voice. The missionary walked in; and bowing politely to the rough-looking man whom he had just heard speak, said, "I have been visiting most of the houses in this neighborhood to read with and talk to the people about good things. I have passed your door as long as I feel I ought, for I wish also to talk with you and your lodgers." "Are you what is called a town missionary?" "I am, sir," was the reply. "Well, then," said the fierce-looking man, sit down and hear what I am going to say. I will ask you a question out of the Bible. If you answer me right, you may call at this house, and read and pray with us or our lodgers as often as you like; if you do not answer me right, we will tear the clothes off your back and tumble you neck and heels into the street. Now what do you say to that, for I am a man of my word." The missionary was perplexed, but at length quietly said: "I will take you." "Well, then," said the man, "here goes. Is the word girl in any part of the Bible? if so, where is it to be found, and how often? That is my question."

"Well, sir, the word girl is in the Bible but only once, and may be found in the Prophet Joel, iii, 8. The words are, 'And sold a girl for wine, that they might drink.'"

"Well," replied the man, "I am dead beat; I durst have bet five pounds you could not have told."

"And I could not have told yesterday," said the visitor. "For several days I have been praying that the Lord would open me a way into this house, and this very morning, when reading the Scriptures in my family, I was surprised to find the word girl, and got the concordance to see if it occurred again, and found it did not. And now, sir, I believe that God did know, and does know what will come to pass, and surely his hand is in this protection and your good."

The whole of the inmates were greatly surprised, and the incident has been over-ruled to the conversion of the man, his wife, and two of the lodgers.—*American Wesleyan.*

Choosing a Career.

One sharp lesson of the autumn panic, and, indeed, of our shifting American fortunes without any panic at all, is the wasteful folly and cruelty of the old education of woman. It is folly, in an economic sense, that ignores the sharp possibilities of the future for our girls, while we send our boys out into life fully armed and equipped for the fray.

The young man, returned from college or the scientific school, in the bright glow of dawning powers, untrammelled as yet by care, and under the shelter of his father's roof, decides upon his career. Admiring aunts and sisters wait their prayers and hopes upon the winds that wrap his said; the father's experience and counsel pilot the boat through the shallow waters near the shore. Every thing aids his start—youth, freshness, and special training. He has no responsibility upon him save for his own health and good behavior.

When does a woman choose her career? In middle age; broken down by sorrow, when she has seen her life's hopes go down one by one in the horizon. As a girl, she has waited in her father's house for the lover who never came. All of youth has gone by in vague dreams. In the frivolous business of fashionable society her strength has spent itself.

Her hands are skill-less save in delicate embroidery; her brain is sluggish, though it aches with new anxiety and despair. Heavily weighted with responsibility, it may be, with the broken-down father or the always invalid mother now suddenly dependent upon her, she sets out upon this new path with weak, uncertain steps. Beginning a career at forty, all untrained!

The daughter of her washer-woman can distance her; the girl who used to bring home her shoes has already shot far ahead. She scarce used to notice these girls, save when they were thinly clad or looked hungrier than usual. It was easy to loosen her purse-string or send them into the servants' room to be warmed and fed. Where are they now, while she is halting, timorous, on the sharp stones of the highway? The washer-woman's girl is salaried teacher in the model school-house yonder; the other is book-keeping in her father's shop, and it says her well.

Al! that artisan father, that mother toiling early and late, had a deeper wisdom in their need than the merchant, the clergyman, the railway king, in his hour of power. What cruelty like to their indulgence now! The unreasoning fondness which reared their girls in luxurious helplessness, which assumed the future as certain in its golden road, has its parallel in other lands. There are Asiatic fathers who put out the eyes of a girl that she may be a poor pathetic beggar. To the study of the Chinese prototype we commend the American father who, choosing a career for his boys in the fine freshness of early manhood, leaves his darling daughter helpless amidst the buffets of the changing tide.—*Harper's Magazine.*

Popery in Ireland.

Mr. Gladstone has lately been very unfortunate. In politics it is impossible to please everybody, but it is not often that an experienced statesman offends both friends and foes. But that was the case with Mr. Gladstone's Irish University scheme. The Conservatives had no occasion to put forth their strength to prevent the passing of a

Bill that was condemned by all sections of the Liberal Party. Not only was the scheme distasteful to Protestants, but it was denounced by the Roman Catholics in Ireland; and Mr. Gladstone, who had been in favour with them, was censured and opposed. The effect of the right hon. gentleman's essay on Ritualism is analogous, but still more remarkable. No sound Protestant does or can approve of an essay which excuses so many of those Popish practices that have been the means of perplexing thousands of the members of the Church of England. English Protestants are no longer in a state of complete apathy. They are at length aroused by the insidious advance of the arrogant clergy of Popery, and they expect a Protestant statesman to distinctly condemn Ritualism, which is the active and powerful ally of Popery. We admire the genius of Mr. Gladstone, and we sincerely respect his high character, and we are therefore the more disappointed that he is not an avowed and determined foe to Ritualism. We represent the feelings of our Protestant fellow-country, and it is impossible to doubt that Mr. Gladstone, and for the time the Party he leads, are injured by the essay. We turn to Ireland, and we see that the essay has infuriated the Papists, and Mr. Gladstone is savagely and coarsely reviled. It is not difficult to explain why Mr. Gladstone has excited the wrath of the Papists by his Irish University Bill and by his Essay on Ritualism. The Papists have lately assumed an attitude of haughty pretension. They demand abject submission, and will not be content with toleration, even when the toleration is largely in their favour. In his essay Mr. Gladstone intimates his opinion that in spite of the utmost efforts of the Papists the Church of England will continue Protestant. What impertinence for a Protestant to doubt the word of Dr. Manning, who is able to assure the Pope that England is being rapidly converted! So Mr. Gladstone is fiercely anathematized. Popery is a system of slavery, and only those who debase themselves escape the curses of the Pope and his priests.

The temper of the Popish hierarchy in Ireland has been sorely tried of late. The disestablishment of the Irish Church has not done them the good they expected. On the contrary, it has done them some harm. It has roused the Irish Protestants, and at no time during the present century has Protestantism in Ireland been so vigorous. But the great modification is the failure of the Home Rule movement. That was concocted by Cardinal Cullen, and worked by the priests. It is not a movement that pleases the Irish people. It is really a stupid sort of contrivance. Feudalism meant the independence of Ireland. Roperal meant Ireland having a separate and independent Legislature. Then what does Home Rule mean? That there shall be a big vestry at Dublin, to be called the Irish Parliament, for the management of the local affairs of Ireland. But the priests have ordered the people to vote for Home Rule candidates, and there are about sixty Home Rule members in the House of Commons. Well might Cardinal Cullen think that with such a force he could dominate over any English Government. Surely sixty would turn the scale in most party divisions, and consequently no Ministry could keep in office unless it bought the support of the Popish hierarchy in Ireland. Never was a reasonable calculation more completely falsified in the result. England, Scotland, and Protestant Ireland have resolved upon union against Ultramontanism, the common foe. It is the Home Rule sixty against about 600. No man can hold office, or hope to hold office, who is not the avowed and implacable enemy of Home Rule and Irish Ultramontanism. Neither the Government nor the Opposition seek the support of the Home Rulers, but both sides carefully repudiate an alliance with the Home Rulers. Thus the Home Rule movement, instead of making the Popish hierarchy supreme, has lost it the influence it formerly possessed.

But the hold of Popery upon Ireland is not relaxed, and will never be so long as the priests are allowed to control the education of the majority of the people. Generation after generation is taught to hate the Government of its country, and to give its affection and its allegiance to the Papacy. That is the cause of Irish discontent and of Irish enmity of England. There is only one remedy for the evil; it is to do as they are now doing in Prussia—that is, not to allow the Popish priests to control the secular education of the people. If the Irish are taught the facts of history in lieu of the Popish fictions, they are now taught there will be an end to Irish discontent and disloyalty. It will be a happy day for Ireland when we have a statesman who has the courage to emancipate her from the mental and political enslavement of Popery.—*Weekly (Eng.) Review.*

Sunday Retirement.

Church-goers, and especially church-workers, should endeavour to secure to themselves some part of every Sunday for quiet devotion at home. Whatever else your Sundays are, never forget that they should not entirely lose the character of Sabbath days—days of rest. No doubt the Christian Sunday—the day of the Lord's resurrection—is not an exact counterpart of the Jewish Sabbath. Yet, apart from all argument as to the obligation of Sunday rest, I am sure that Christian people require a weekly Sabbath for their own health, spiritually as well as bodily; and that some part of the day should be spent, if possible, not merely in religious duties, as distinguished from what are called secular, but in private religion as distinguished from public religious services, class-teaching, visiting the sick and infirm, tract distribution, looking up those who neglect public worship, and other Sunday activities. It is quite possible to spend the Sunday in a whirl of Church services and other occupations, all in themselves excellent, besetting the Lord's Day, but so closely following one another as to make Sunday anything but a day of rest. For your minister it must be so; but then they, having much command over their own time, can choose another day for their Sabbath. For most of you it is not so; your Sabbath must be on Sunday, or not at all.—*Advance.*