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Religious Miscellany.

PULPIT FLOWERS.

BY WILLIAM C. RICHARDS.

I love the flowers, I love their tints and grace,
Their radiant beauty, and their odors sweet;
And every where I look on their bright faces,
I hold their presence as a precious treat.

Poor is the home, though grand, that has no spring,
Where spring's first breath in the pale snow-drops
And when the perfect June to its fair warden
Pays fee in blushing rose.

Dear to my sight are blossoms at Love's altar,
That drop their fragrance on the timid bride,
White seal of faith, too strong and pure to
faller.

Nor welcome less pale flowers before the chancel,
That quivering hands upon the coffin spread,
Where their celestial beauty seem to cancel
The dust-doom of the dead.

O, beautiful alike in joy and sadness,
To crown the pallid bride of Love or death:
Earth has no gloom beyond the spell of gladness
In their dear bloom and breath.

And so my heart falls not out with the fashion,
That lifts the rose and lily to the place
Where reverent eyes gaze dimly on Christ's
passion.

And faint hearts seek Christ's grace—
On either side the consecrated preacher—
Like priests of old that Moses' hands sustained—
These pulpit flowers recalled the perfect Teach-

By his own hand ordained.
With tearful eyes the lilies I consider,
Sweet symbols of my Father's love for me,
That make the world beside a false, vain bidder
My end and crown to be.

The odors that are poured from each rare
chalice,
My ardent soul makes incense clouds that
rise
Beneath my prayers up to my King's fair palace,
In heaven's untarnished skies.

Each perfect crest and crown of floral beauty,
By faith transmitted to my soul, becomes
A blossom on the barren rock of duty,
And covers it with blooms.

And if, than empty speech, I choose them
rather
The sweet, dumb lips to eloquence shall
break;
And from the lilies of my Lord I'll gather
Sweet lessons for his sake.

So, for the pulpit flowers that bloom on Sunday,
To whose sweet thought provides them,
Thanks and love:
I pray their hands twice brighter garlands
one day,
In paradise above.

—Harper's for September.

REV. E. H. DEWART, Editor of the *Christian Guardian* has been writing of scenes in England. We take the liberty of appropriating one of his letters in part:—

At Sunderland I met and became acquainted with Mr. Squance, a son of Mr. Squance the missionary, who was one of those who went out to India with Dr. Coke on his last voyage. He showed me some interesting letters of Dr. Coke, and the ordination parchment which he gave his father, in which he styles himself "a bishop in the Church of God," and not of the Methodist Church. It will be remembered that the missionaries who went out with Dr. Coke reached India in a state of destitution, and found unexpected relief in the liberality of a merchant, who advanced them what money they needed. Mr. Squance was accustomed to say that they had a promissory note, "call upon this," and in their extremity they spread this note before the Lord, and the answer came almost immediately: "you can have just what money you want." In his old age Mr. Squance was quite blind. When some one beneamed his blindness, he replied:

"'Bless shall I see and learn to know,
And every power find sweet employ
In that eternal world of glory."

During my stay at Newcastle, through the kindness of Mr. Bainbridge in securing an order of admission for a small party and inviting me to be one. I visited the celebrated gun works of Sir William Armstrong. It is about a mile out of the town, and the works extend a mile in length. The machinery for accomplishing the different parts of the work is ponderous, varied and ingenious to an extent that baffles my powers of description. Some of the largest of the works are formed from the fact that 3,000 men are employed. They make their own iron on the premises. The furnaces in which the crude ore is smelted look like two vast round towers. The fly-wheel of the engine which blows the furnace is twenty-five feet in diameter, and the great steam hammer for the heavy forging strikes with a weight of sixty tons, and yet so delicately adjusted that it can crack a nut without crushing the nut or break the cry without crushing the hammer for the works of it.

There are large guns in the different stages of progress. The iron is carried round in spiral fashion to form the barrel; then these are encased in larger barrels and pressed into one by heat, until the gun is made the requisite strength and thickness. The thickness and strength are taken into the finishing enormous. We were taken into the finishing enormous. We were taken into the finishing enormous.

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making these terrible machines of ruin, without deep regret that still, in this advanced age of the world, so much of human energy and skill should be spent on implements avowedly designed for the destruction of life and property. Surely this is a reproach to our boasted progress and civilization.

From Newcastle I went with my friend, Mr. Charles Forster, to visit Durham Cathedral and the ruins of Finchale Abbey, about fifteen miles distant. The Cathedral is a noble structure, and is finely situated on a high, beaming cliff which rises over the serpentine River Wear. It is this wonder, the Wear that Edgar Allan Poe calls "The Ghoul-haunted Wear?"

As I have written nothing about the English Cathedrals yet, I shall not here attempt any description of that of Durham. Its historic associations are, however, deeply interesting. All the Cathedral services are of the High Anglican type. In Durham, two tall wax candles stood upon an altar similar to those in Roman churches. In the library of the Cathedral is sacredly preserved some of the venerable Bede's manuscripts of the gospel, and a copy of the account for the expense of making St. Cuthbert. The venerable Bede lived at Jarrow on the Tyne, and several memorials of him are preserved in this neighborhood.

I saw also a portrait from life of Bishop Butler, and a great many old books and manuscripts. Leaving old-fashioned Pyram, I started with Mr. Forster to walk four miles to the ruins of Finchale Abbey. Our walk was a good part of the way through an old country lane, now little travelled, and past the cottages of miners. On the whole, I think the laboring classes are better paid in England and are more comfortable than in generally supposed in Canada. Finchale Abbey was situated in a picturesque bend of the River Wear, and faced on the other side of the river by a high, rocky bank. At first we felt disappointed, as the Abbey seemed such a complete ruin that little or nothing remained; but on more fully exploring it we found much to interest us. The outline of the nave and side aisles of the Abbey Church can be distinctly traced; portions of columns are still in good preservation. We were disappointed to find the crypt and found the arches of the perfect. The style of these arches was peculiar. From each column that supported the stone ceiling, eight arches branched out, meeting similar branches from other columns. The effect is very graceful and striking. The same style I afterwards saw in the old hospital of St. Andrews, at York, and in the crypt of the Minster. It must be strong and enduring, for in ten cases, at least, it has outlived the ruins of nearly all other portions of the buildings of which it was a part. I could not sit upon the top of a broken pillar without trying to re-people this strange old ruin. Here the chapel bell called the monks to prayers, and here was once a centre of life and influence of which nothing but these ivy-covered ruins remained.

It is strange how the ivy claims all these old ruins as its rightful possession. A picnic party from the rural district were holding their festivity on the spot that was once the nave of the church, playing at some game of forfeits, in which kisses rewarded the boys and punished the girls, as merrily as if no remnants of decay were around them. Is there not in these ruined towers and churches a symbol of the broken power of the system of credulity and superstition which they represented? No temporary galvanism of Ritualism can ever bring back its departed life and power. All that God and nature did for that beautiful spot remains. The river bends and ripples as *Christus, Christ!* The one blessing that wraps and contains all blessing for us is Jesus.

The personal Jesus, person to persons, the divine Jesus to the human soul—this alone is salvation. And the personal Jesus is not a religion that once made its home here still lives and blesses the earth by its life-giving streams. I write this amid the roar and stir of London. This is a wonderful place. The surge of modern life and memories of olden times are both at their strongest here. I have visited St. Paul's, Westminster, City Road Chapel, the Tower, both Houses of Parliament, &c.; but I shrink from attempting to describe London. I will make the attempt in my next.

E. H. D.

FATHER O'KEEFE VICTORIOUS.

Eccelestial tyranny is victorious has received a check. It will be remembered that the Rev. Father O'Keefe was dismissed from his position as a manager of the National Schools in Callan (a purely civil office) by the Irish Board of Education, not from any failure on his part to observe the rules of the Board, or because the educational interest of the parish required it, but simply because it had pleased His Eminence Cardinal Cullen to suspend him from his priestly office. The Board had demanded an investigation, but the Board refused it, thereby showing its complete subservience to ecclesiastical caprice. This sort of thing, however, was so repugnant to the spirit of the British constitution, and that innate sense of fair play which underlies its workings, that it at once excited public attention, and Mr. Bourne, a Liberal, taking the matter up brought it before Parliament. After a long struggle with the Government, which did its utmost to screen the Irish School Board, it at last succeeded in obtaining a committee of enquiry into the whole circumstances of Father O'Keefe's dismissal, and the result was that the action of the Board was condemned as utterly indefensible. As a consequence a rule drawn up by the Secretary of State for Ireland, placing the dismissal of School Masters, Ireland, upon a more satisfactory footing, has been agreed to by the Board. Under this rule the commissioners constituting the Board "reserve to themselves the power of withdrawing the recognition of a patron or local manager, if he shall appear to them that the educational interests of the district require it;" but "such recognition will not be withdrawn without an investigation into the above matters, held after due notice to the patron and local manager and to all parties concerned." For the future, therefore, priests or clergymen who may have been suspended by their ecclesiastical superiors will not, as a mere matter of course, be also dismissed from their positions. Suppose that any one of our Church praying circles should agree to merge their whole united desires into this single one. "Come, Lord Jesus!" Here

would be a "prayer-gang" different from any other prayer, but it will not be able to force the civil power to homologate it. Enquiry must be made into every case, and where it appears that a priest or clergyman has been suspended for sufficient cause, such as immorality, infirmity, or any disqualification that may unfit him as much for a school manager as a minister of religion, then the board after giving both parties a fair hearing may concur with the ecclesiastical authority in its dismissal. This is a very satisfactory arrangement, and should prove most acceptable to the clergy of all denominations, as forming a considerable check upon any arbitrary proceedings that might be contemplated by their superiors. To complete the victory thus gained, Mr. Bourne, who had a motion for censure of the Irish Board of Education on the paper, precluded its withdrawal by asking whether Father O'Keefe, who had been admittedly treated with injustice, would have the retrospective benefit of the new rule which Mr. Gladstone at once replied that the new rule had been adopted fully and frankly by the commissioners of National Education in Ireland, and that he could state from information on which he could rely, that they would give to the Rev. Father O'Keefe its full benefit if he should renew his application.

It will be seen that a very important step has been taken here in setting bounds to papal encroachment in Ireland, which, in the well-known motto that have, for some time been making to remove ecclesiastical as well as other grievances, has been allowed to obtain considerable headway. The principle involved in an important one, implying, as it does that ecclesiastical sentences are powerless to affect the civil status of the individual against whom they are directed without a concurrent action of the civil power, is not to be exceeded distasteful to Cardinal Cullen and the Papal Legate who have been reputed to be the virtual rulers of Ireland, and shows how vaulting ambition sometimes overleaps itself.

The situation now is this:—Father O'Keefe has been suspended by Cardinal Cullen; his parishioners believing him tyrannically dealt with, have petitioned the Government, and here to his pastorate; the civil power at first looked on the Cardinal, but had afterwards to acknowledge its error, and retrace its steps; so that His Eminence, even though fortified by a Papal rescript, has not only been virtually foiled in his attempt to crush a poor priest, but has brought about the erection of a strong barrier to similar action on his part, or that of others, in the future. It may be hoped that education progresses in Ireland, we shall see of this manly and independent spirit among her people.—*Montreal Daily Witness.*

THE POOR IN HEAVEN.

Here comes a great column of the Christian poor. They have always walked on earth. The only ride they ever had was in the hearse that took them to the Potter's Field. They went day by day poorly clad, and meagrely fed, and insufficiently sheltered. They were jostled out of houses whose rent they could not pay, and out of churches where their presence was an offence. Considering the insignificant way in which they were treated, it is not surprising that many of these wretched creatures, who are the mass of the poor, should be so ready to accept of a religion that offers them a more comfortable position in the next world. They are not to be despised, for they are the mass of the poor, and the mass of the poor is the mass of the world.

THE POOR IN HEAVEN.

Eccelestial tyranny is borne with weeping. Be faithful; you must give account to God at last.—*The Christian.*

THE SCHOLAR IN POLITICS.

A COMMENTARY ADDRESS.

(From Scribner's Monthly.)

I wish, under favor of your patience, to depart a little from the accepted custom of the occasion. I venture to ask you, on this high day of the Dartmouth year, to abandon scholastic themes for the hour, and pass to the broader plane of public affairs. The topic has not, indeed, been always grateful to academicians. The scholar has been assumed to dwell apart, and to concentrate himself to higher than every-day affairs. He was to do noble thinking; he was to rule in the realm of ideas; he was to adorn the learned professions. But I am emboldened to a more practical discussion of duties more vital, by an address delivered before these very societies, perhaps in this very building, by an American scholar and thinker, who could not mind his business and keep out of politics. But now they all fall out in the splendid fame of the Martyr-President! Respectability mourned long and sore over the promising Cincinnati lawyer who threw himself away on fugitive-slave cases and futile attempts to organize political parties on humanitarian ideas, and could only get recognition from negroes for his pains; yet that same respectability mourns again, and just as sincerely as the whole country besides, at the open grave of the great Chief Justice. We are all of us ready enough to honor the politician, like the prophet, "when we have got through stoning and come to know him."

And after all it is very natural, this low opinion of politics in the abstract. A pursuit certain to be long judged by the average character of the men who follow it; and the average character of your ward politician cannot be drawn in attractive colors. He is nearly sure to be a demagogue. He is apt to take liberties with the truth. He is in great danger of taking liberties with the public purse—if he can get a chance. Good or bad himself, he is reasonably certain to be often figuring in what is not to be had situations. There can be no question about the bad company he keeps, especially when he belongs to the opposition. Generally he is apt to see a politician in that bad sense which, as one of our essayists has pointed out, has actually degraded the meaning of the word from which the name is derived, and led to look upon a politician man merely by a cunning man, largely endowed with caution instead of feeling. Of this average bad company manager, this township wire-puller or ward demagogue, you shall see no word of disapproval which we cannot all heartily re-echo. It is precisely because the men whose duties and whose interests demand from them an active participation in political affairs have fastidiously ignored duty and interest alike, that in the common mind, politics has come to mean "office-seeker" and the "Man Inside Politics," whom *The Nation* is so fond of maturing, is universally understood to be a man professing an anxiety for the good of the country or the good of the party—in his mind convertible terms—in order that he may the more conveniently fill his pockets.

Well,—it is all happily over. The vanquished lie to fight another day, and meantime do not find their condition quite intolerable. The victors—perhaps it will not be considered partly. I venture to suggest that as they contemplate the fruit of their labors, after all they do not feel quite so happy as they expected. It is a good time for victors and vanquished alike to turn aside from the personalities which necessarily transpire yet infinitely degrade such contests, and consider their abstract duty as citizens.

It is an exaggeration to assume that this duty is the very highest—those of religion alone accepted—of all that can possibly press upon you? I know very well the unwhish idea of the contrary, every man knows it, who has ever passed a week with college walls. It has been the habit of the educated classes, the custom of colleges, an effect of the atmosphere, to foster only sentiments of pity, or worse, for the man of letters who so far forget himself as to stoop to politics. In many a New England college it has at times been displayed a marked aversion to a loss of caste to show a marked tendency to political discussions; and more than one luckless undergraduate, whose fervid disputes about the Kansas-Nebraska bill or the rights of Freedom against Slavery in the Territories disturbed the scholastic air, never fully attained the standing of those wiser students who confined their talk to Tennyson and society. The other day a man whose name is held in honour throughout the country, for his generous gifts to the higher education of our time, denounced his misfortune about his son. He had wanted to see the boy up in business as a banker; but the perverse fellow had gone into politics, and when last heard from, had actually taken a seat in the Legislature. The good man looked upon that son of his hope as lost to him, and almost regarded the family name as disgraced.

To what statistics for the protection of rogues, and wild technicalities to aid the escape of assassins,—that is respectable, for it is not a part of the noble profession of the law. To spend your time applying remedies whose value every year makes you more doubtful of, for diseases whose real nature every year makes you more uncertain about,—that is respectable, for it is a recognized feature. Dr. Holmes would say a main feature, of the foremost of the human mind. To spend days and nights in steadily scheming to persuade your neighbor to buy your Pacific Mail on the belief that its increasing value is not yet recognized, while you secretly know it to be worthless and are only anxious to unload it on him before the final crash comes,—that is eminently honorable for it is one of the recognized methods of shrewd business management adopted as essential by well-to-do every speculator who does a thriving trade anywhere in the United States, or, for that matter, in Christendom. To devote little attention to the honest and economical administration of the affairs of the whole community, to strive for equal laws and exact justice among your fellows, to seek a public policy that shall promote alike the interests of the citizen and the greatness of the Nation,—it has long been one of the noblest breaks at the most highly educated classes in our Democratic community to hold the pursuit where these are the legitimate ends a business too degrading for gentlemen and scholars.

Yet the same people have always reversed their judgments when they get far enough away from the politician to see him. Emotion has done the mischief. The banker who perilled his private fortune in carrying the Government through the war of the Revolution,—the very name of Robert Morris scarcely conveys a suggestion to-day to the average reader; but the name of the politician whom he named for Secretary of the Treasury widens with the generations, till Alexander Hamilton is remembered as the man who saved the Nation.

Delivered before the United Literary Society of Dartmouth College. Also, in substance, before the Society of Amherst College and the Alumni of Miami University.

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recognized throughout the world as one of the few first-rate men of his century—perhaps the one supremely great actor and thinker whom this continent in the eighteenth century produced. The men of respectable pursuits—the mere physicians, lawyers, bankers, gentlemen, and scholars of that time—how do they rate now in the estimate of our fastidious friends who despise politics and politicians, by the side of the laid of eighteen who used to desert their worshipful company to write political pamphlets, or share in local political struggles? Illinois has had many shrewd, far-seeing men through the half-century of her history,—profound jurists, accomplished scholars, incomparable men of business,—the miraculous work of whose hands is to-day the wonder of the whole country. Thousands of them have raised through most of their lives, in the estimate of this politics-despising aristocracy, far above the rank, smooth Springfield lawyer who couldn't mind his business and keep out of politics. But now they all fall out in the splendid fame of the Martyr-President! Respectability mourned long and sore over the promising Cincinnati lawyer who threw himself away on fugitive-slave cases and futile attempts to organize political parties on humanitarian ideas, and could only get recognition from negroes for his pains; yet that same respectability mourns again, and just as sincerely as the whole country besides, at the open grave of the great Chief Justice. We are all of us ready enough to honor the politician, like the prophet, "when we have got through stoning and come to know him."

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DELIVERED BEFORE THE UNITED LITERARY SOCIETY OF DARTMOUTH COLLEGE.

the times. Even the undergraduates about us have felt it. Ten or fifteen years ago, the staple subject here for reading and talk, outside study hours, was English poetry and fiction. Now it is English science, Herbert Spencer, John Stuart Mill, Huxley, Darwin, Tyndall, have usurped the places of Tennyson and Browning, and Matthew Arnold and Dickens. The age itself has changed and the politics change with it. We are no longer sentimental; we have mines to develop instead of fugitive slaves to fight over; Congressmen to watch instead of United States marshals; the percentage on our funded debt to calculate instead of a percentage for a draft; Pacific railroads to inspect instead of army corps.

Naturally the sentimentalists die hard. They have had an easy and a powerful away over the national feeling, and they do not surrender it without a struggle. It was a great principle on which they rode into public esteem. Ever since they have been hunting for hobbies which they might try to persuade the public were great principles too. One screams about the Chinese; another about the slavery of our mothers and sisters; another about the serfdom of labor in a country where every laborer may become, in a small way, a capitalist, in the second or third year of his continuous work. The great orator of the anti-slavery epoch, the greatest popular orator in our time, has been flourishing in such Serboian boys ever since the northward wave from Appomattox left him stranded in Boston, with his vocation gone.

The Rev. Petreoleum V. Nasby solemnly observed to me the other day, that he no longer took any interest in politics. He will do better, by and by—he is one of the improving kind; but in that he stands as a type to the whole race of the sentimentalist, and yet yet politics seems to me to offer more now than ever before to fascinate the intellect and tax the best culture of the time. To hate slavery, to love the flag,—that, happily, required no scholarship. On issues like that the people needed no intellectual leadership. On questions that involve learning and study, the better educated may lead; where any honest science is sufficient, they will lead themselves, and lead—as for fifteen years they did—their leaders.

Nowadays the would-be leaders are bewailing the lack of "great issues." They seem to me to mistake the case. The issues are greater than ever—only they demand thought instead of feeling. It is no longer a case of inspiring sentiment about the God-given right of the black man to the free air of heaven; it is the knottier problem of keeping the free black man from sealing the State of South Carolina bankrupt, or from uniting with his interiors among the white men transiently resident in Louisiana, to fan into