

OLD ST. ANDREWS, FIFE.

I AM glad to know that it is becoming fashionable for well-to-do Americans and Canadians to take a week on the Atlantic and spend their holidays in old historic St. Andrews. I could fancy no more delicious earthly place of rest for the weary than in this sea-washed, venerable old town, with its wide still streets, its skeleton ruins and ancient gateways. It is a city of the past; originally of the Culdees, who, flourishing in the ninth century, were superseded by Anglican Monks from Northumberland, these giving to the Monastery they then founded the name of their patron, Saint Andrew. A city of intense historic interest, being one of the great arenas where truth and freedom wrestled with and overthrew a powerful ecclesiastical tyranny, bearing yet on its grim front the marks of the shock of battle.

From the early days of old, St. Andrew's University has been famous the world over. It is the oldest in Scotland, being founded in 1411. It has 100,000 printed volumes, besides 160 manuscripts, and its museum is a treasure house of antiquities and natural curiosities. In these, its corridors, with all the buoyancy of youth, have walked the feet of men whose after tread shook the world they lived in. St. Salvador's College, and St. Leonard College, the one founded in 1456 and the other in 1512, were amalgamated and became the United College in 1747. There is also the clerical college of St. Mary's, all three being now included in the University. Hither,

From Greenland's icy mountains,
From India's coral strand,

Hither students yearly to these venerable halls of learning.

The tall, square tower of St. Regulus is the first landmark that challenges the attention of the traveller from the east coast to the city.

St. Regulus, or St. Rala, was a mediaeval anchorite, and is thus referred to in *Marmion*, where the Palmer explains why he may no longer tarry:—

For I have solemn vows to pay,
And may not linger by the way.
To fair St. Andrews bound:
Within the ocean cave to pray,
Where good St. Rule his holy lay.
From midnight to the dawn of day,
Sung to the billows' sound.

The tower is one of the oldest erections in this country, being built somewhere about 1127-1144. It is one hundred and eight feet in height, and from this high altitude, which, I need not say, commands a magnificent view, Dr. Chalmers was wont to take his astronomical observations. Inside, on the first landing, the transom beam of one of the ships of the Spanish Armada is still preserved. In the floor of the little vestibule below are several lettered marble tablets in which loving survivors have pathetically tried to preserve for a while the individuality of the now indistinguishable dust. But indeed the ephemerality of life is vividly realized here, among these mouldering generations who all forgotten lie around the base of this hoary but still substantial tower.

The cathedral was built a considerable time after St. Regulus; and it was consecrated after the deliverance of Bannockburn in presence of Robert Bruce as an act of gratitude and homage to that warrior and patriot. The proportions of this noble old pile, as still indicated, were magnificent; it was tall, strong and massive, and the records tell how its copper-covered roof shone in the sun and was seen far out at sea. An hundred and fifty years were spent in its erection, but what can withstand the fury of an enraged people—in one single day of the Reformation it was destroyed, when as Tennant sings:—

Among the steer, strabash and strife,
When bickerin' frae the towns o' Fife,
Great bangs o' bodies thick and rife,
Gaed to Sanct Andro's toon;
And wi' John Calvin in their heads,
And hammers in their hands, and spades,
Enraged at idols, mass, and beads,
Dang the cathedral doon.

It is now floored with graves. One of the walls is completely obliterated, and on being enquired the reason of this the caretaker calmly replied:—"Oo, the wretches juist made a quarry o't."

The castle stands on a high stratified sloping rock, looking out on a wide stretch of tawny sands, up over which unceasingly the foaming surges of the tide roll and recede, with an ever-swelling, far-dying roar. It was originally built in 1200, but after having been taken and retaken repeatedly it was at last demolished to prevent further seizure. About the end of the 14th century however, it was again re-built, and in it James I. was educated and James III. born.

Crossing what was once a drawbridge over a now dry moat, I went to see the famous, or rather infamous bottle dungeon, where in the "good old days" they imprisoned people who dared to differ from the powers that then were, either in religion or politics. A gnome-like specimen of humanity, old and bent, noticeably unwashed, and with a dew-drop pendant from the point of his fat nose, conducted me thither. He tremblingly lit two miserable bits of candle which were stuck into holes in the ends of a flat strip of wood a little over a foot long, and with a string attached to the middle thereof he swung the dim lights slowly down into the dungeon. For some twelve or thirteen feet down it looks like a well constructed draw-well, but of smooth, perpendicular masonry, without one single jutting stone whereunto a human foot might cling. This is the neck of the "bottle." At the base of this it suddenly widens out to about sixteen feet, which is hewn

out of the solid rock to the depth of another five feet or so making in all a distance of some eighteen feet downward of utter blackness, for the mouth of the dungeon itself is a dark, unlighted, over-arching chamber. As I peered down into the gloom made visible by the swinging candles, the old gnome in a cut-and-dry monotone recited for my behoof the history of this horrible dungeon, but to my unlistening ears it might have been the incantation of a weird wizard, for my thoughts were with the heroes who, in defence of the liberty which we now so jauntily enjoy, blanching not nor quailed, as in its sightless and soundless gloom they awaited their doom of death by slow fire. Strong must have been their faith and stout their hearts, for into that dread darkness came—

No voice from the upper world,
And no change of night and day;
No record to mark the dreary hours,
As they slowly pass away.
But only the stormy wave,
As it leaps against the rock,
May be heard within that gloomy cave,
With a faint and distant shock.

It was in a room adjoining this dungeon where he had been confined, that the gentle, handsome, and scholarly Wishart, while awaiting martyrdom at the stake, dispensed to a few of the faithful the first Protestant service of the Lord's supper in Scotland.

Want of space forbids further enumeration of the many other places of interest such as the Martyrs' Mount, the Madras College, ancient walls, and Culdee ruins. I can only suggest to those having means and leisure that no finer place for the recuperation of body and mind can be found than old St. Andrews. Here is delightful sea-bathing—on a glorious sea-beach, wild, rugged and picturesque, with long reaches of shining yellow sands girded and framed in rocks. The Witch Lake is the gentlemen's bathing quarters, used for drowning witches in the olden time; and there are pleasanter stretches of less grim memory for the use of ladies. The long, green, breezy links are always alive with golfers, for the royal old game is still a favourite, although, unlike our national game, it is monopolized by one class in a way not to be understood by a transatlantic mind.

At five o'clock in the afternoon I went to hear Andrew Lang, who is now delivering a series of lectures on Natural Theology to the students of the University. The hall in which the audience were assembled was "large and commodious," and the walls were adorned by some very fine life-size portraits of Principal Shairp and others connected with the professoriate. The hall itself, however, was, to my mind, not so artistic in construction as our Convocation Hall in Toronto University.

Mr. Lang is tall, rather military looking, of pale complexion, and impresses one as being a gentleman, and scholarly. His hair, which is now gray, he wears pretty long, parted near the middle of the forehead, and thrown back from a full high brow. He wears side whiskers, somewhat darker than his hair, but his moustache is jet black and abundant. He also sports an eyeglass, which seems to bother him so much, as to compel him to dispense with it at intervals. His speech, though rapid, is distinct. At first, I found it difficult to get accustomed to the sound and pronunciation of many of his words. It was the first time in my life I had ever heard a Scotchman, and a Fife man to boot, speak with such an ultra-Anglican accent. His constant use of the "ow" sound in pronouncing "O" reminded me unpleasantly and incongruously of the Salvation Army twang, with which we in Toronto are so familiar. For instance, in speaking of the natives of the Gold Coast, he says: "The neytives of the gowld cowst." Apart from this defect, the lecture was a rare treat; the fruit of much research, evincing profound and original thought, which he presented in a clear and attractive manner. I was glad and thankful for the privilege of hearing it. I cannot think of anything more *apropos* with which to conclude than this quotation from his very beautiful poem, which for the delectation of those of your readers who may not have seen it, I now transcribe from his book.

ALMA MATER.

ST. ANDREWS 1862.—OXFORD 1865.

St. Andrews by the Northern Sea,
A haunted town it is to me!
A little city, worn and gray,
The gray North ocean girds it round,
And o'er the rocks and up the bay,
The long sea-rollers surge and sound,
And still the thin and biting spray
Drives down the melancholy street,
And still endures, and still decay
Towers that the salt winds vainly beat,
Ghostlike and shadowy they stand,
Clear mirrored in the wet sea sand.

O, ruined chapel, long ago,
We loitered idly where the tall
Fresh budded mountain ashes blow
Within thy desecrated wall!
The tough roots broke the tomb below,
The April birds sang clamorous;
We did not dream, we could not know
How soon the fates would sunder us.

O, broken minster, looking forth
Beyond the bay, above the town,
O, winter of the kindly North,
O, college of the Scarlet Gown,
And glowing sands beside the sea,
And stretch of links beyond the sand,
And now I watch you, and to me
It seems as if I touched his hand!

And therefore art thou yet more dear
O, little city gray and sere;
Though shrunken from thine ancient pride,

And lonely by the lonely sea
Than those fair halls on Isis' side,
Where youth an hour gave back to me!

All these hath Oxford; all are dear,
But dearer far the little town,
The drifting surf, the wintry year,
The college of the Scarlet Gown,
St. Andrews by the Northern sea,
That is a haunted town to me.

The castle stands on a precipitous rock looking out on a wide stretch of tawny sands, over which, continually, the foaming surges roll and recede with an ever swelling, far-dying roar.

JESSIE KERR LAWSON.

SERMONS BY THE LATE BISHOP HARRIS.*

THERE are few members of the Anglican communion—or even of any religious communion, who take any wide interest in the work of the Gospel in the world—who can have forgotten the painful emotion caused on both sides of the Atlantic by the intelligence that the Bishop of Michigan, while attending the Lambeth Conference, had been stricken with paralysis, and lay at the point of death. Too soon the apprehended result ensued, and the Church experienced the sad and, as it would seem to us, the untimely loss of one of her noblest sons. There will be many persons, therefore, who will rejoice to possess the handsome volume now before us, not only because it contains fifteen sermons of very great excellence—far away above the average of sermons preached by bishop or presbyter—but also because it contains more than one interesting memorial of the Bishop himself, one of these being an introductory memoir by the Hon. James Campbell, of Detroit, the other a memorial address delivered at Detroit by the Bishop of New York, Dr. Henry Potter, both of them dear and attached friends of the late Bishop Harris. Not less interesting is the brief but touching preface by Miss Harris, the Bishop's daughter, who has done her work of editing with eminent ability and unusual success. We can hardly imagine the sermons appearing in a more perfect form if the author had himself corrected the proofs.

To those readers of the memorials who had not the privilege of knowing the late Bishop Harris, it will probably appear that the testimonies here borne savour of what Coleridge somewhere calls the "hyperbole of affection." But this will hardly be the case with any of those who knew him. Physically, morally, and spiritually, Bishop Harris stood head and shoulders above his fellows. In stature he was considerably over six feet, and the photograph which accompanies the present volume gives no unfair representation of the grand, calm face, which was an index of the mind which it represented. Dr. Harris united strength, gentleness, and sweetness in a very remarkable and unusual manner.

The late Bishop was successively lawyer, soldier, lawyer, and clergyman. "He was the son of an Alabama planter, Buckner Harris, Esq., of Antauga County, and his school-days began at the age of four years." At the age of fifteen he entered the University of Alabama, in 1856. Three years later he left the college, and passed to the study of the law under Chancellor Keys, and was admitted to the bar in 1860, at the age of nineteen, by special legislation, on account of his legal minority. In the following year he married, and before the year had ended he accepted that which "to a young man of spirit, surrounded as he was, became inevitable, and was a soldier in the Southern army." "The life of the camp was not congenial to him," Bishop Potter tells us. "But he had a keen sense of honour and of duty, and these held him to his tasks, principally those of a staff officer, until the end. When that had come, he removed to New York and resumed the practice of the law, which he continued until the year 1868."

It was from no want of success in the legal profession that it was abandoned by Mr. Harris. Apparently the methods of the law were as uncongenial to his noble nature as had been the customs of the army in the field. "He disliked and disdained the acts by which juries are too often influenced, and still more, the sharp practice by which justice is too often wounded in the house of her friends. But his pursuit of his profession was eminently successful, and he never lost a cause."

We must refer our readers to the process by which the successful lawyer was led to abandon his lucrative profession, and seek for ordination in a church which can offer to its ministers neither the inducement of worldly position nor the hope of wealth, or even of easy circumstances, in her service. Wherever Dr. Harris went, whatever he undertook, in that place and in that work he excelled. As rector of St. James's, Chicago, he did a work which will not be forgotten for years to come. As Bohlen lecturer he produced a volume, of which Bishop Potter, no mean judge, and a man in no way addicted to exaggerated language, declares that it is the work of one who has "started out with a firm grasp of certain great principles, and then has followed them in a philosophic temper, so calm and serene as to make his pages an increasing delight, to their logical conclusions, and that with a reasoning at once lucid, vigorous, and irresistible." We can understand the good Bishop, in this connection, speaking of his departed friend as "the dear friend and teacher whom we are here to mourn to-night."

We wish very much it were in our power to refer somewhat at large to the very remarkable work which he

* *The Dignity of Man*: Select Sermons by S. S. Harris, D.D., LL.D., Late Bishop of Michigan. Chicago: McClurg; Toronto: Rowell. 1889. \$1.50.