

votion, so his altruism took the form of service. Behind and beneath all there was a steady unbroken reflectiveness, a careful study of the mixed and intricate conditions of life and society, and a constant habit of thinking himself, so to say, into the lives and experiences of other men, especially of those in mental or moral perplexity or in sore trial or disappointment.

In how many forms was expression given to this sympathy, intellectual, moral and spiritual? In preaching and in discussion, public or private, his desire not to misrepresent your point of view was manifest. But still more significant and helpful was his purpose to keep your point of view always in mind, to take account of it, and make it part of his own case. To put oneself habitually in another's place, requires a great soul as well as an alert intelligence. In nothing, perhaps, was he greater than in this attribute, because in nothing was he more Christ-like. He was, to be sure, passionately devoted to truth. But great as he was as a lover and expounder of truth, he was greater still as a lover and helper of men. Thus is to be explained his singular tolerance alongside of his eagerness to get others to think and to do the right thing. How difficult such an achievement is may perhaps be best judged of by the fact that his tolerance was supposed by some to be the result of indifference to opinion or belief. Of such men also he was tolerant, knowing them better than they knew themselves. In this also, let us trust, he was a type of the coming age and the crowning race of men. Equally noticeable was Mr. Macdonnell's attitude of soul and mind towards the common life of life among common men and women. His demeanor towards any who approached him was so respectful, with a right chivalrous regard for men as men—the two-fold outcome of his reverence and his sympathy. To him every man was sacred as a brother, and still more sacred as a brother for whom Christ had died. Hence his patience in listening to a tale of trouble from a tramp or any friendless man. He wanted to know the history of every case before he would act or judge. And no history of human want or woe was irrelevant to any of his moods or to his great life purpose. All had a personal interest for him. In his classification of society there was no place for the familiar category of "uninteresting people." Shall we say that in listening to troublesome cases, and in the many kindred employments of his busy life, he was wasting his time or dissipating his energies? We know what he would have said, or at least what he must have felt. Even from the point of view of utility and influence, we may at least say this, that the main power of his life was exerted through his ideas and their public utterance; that his thought and speech also had a history, and they owed their quality and force to his habitual deeds.

But perhaps this congregation knew and tested his sympathy best in times of trouble and bereavement. I shall not enlarge here, nor is there any need. The sick and sorrowing in his flock were very near to his heart. Nothing could interfere to prevent his seeing them and trying to comfort them. Some of you know that even his own supreme sorrow did not exclude the thought of you from his mind and heart, nor restrain his presence from your homes and bedsides. And what a well-spring of comfort there was in his visits and in his words! Even when no word was spoken, the comfort would be imparted just the same; you saw in his eyes that he had taken your burden upon his soul, that he had pondered over your grief and measured your loss—those wondrous eyes with their depth of suggestion, with the strong steady gaze that told of concentrated purpose, and a surrender of the soul to Christ and to you. Surely this sympathy was a reminder to us of Him who had enkindled it! How can we learn best of the love of Christ and of His sacrifice? All sermons and exhortations are dull and lifeless as compared with a living reproduction of the spirit and work of Christ.

This is, after all, the quality that gave him his widest power, that made literally tens of thousands in our land mourn his loss, and brought such a multitude to take a last look at his face. A guest at his house once said, "He seems to be bearing the whole world upon his heart." One might almost suppose that this was the general opinion with regard to him when one considers also how many of all classes of people came to him for counsel or for comfort.

That Mr. Macdonnell had the faculty of expressing these qualities and of making his character generally a force in the life and thought of our time, was largely due to what we may summarily call his intensity. This also was known of all men. But enthusiasm is the dangerous quality in men of both thought and action. The safe and sure cross-way between the contemplative and the active life is narrow and rugged; and many a man of good impulses stumbles and falls in a swift and heedless passage. Only wise men can be safely enthusiastic. But he was wise, with the wisdom born of insight and sympathy. He held firm and true the balance between the mental and the emotional. Many things that are much in vogue his judgment put aside as either untrue, exaggerated, or matters of indifference. Other things that were near his heart he could and would restrain. But the few great things that were the motives of his moral and religious life, he proclaimed and acted out practically, with almost superhuman energy. Hence, when in matters of ecclesiastical or public life these principles demanded application, for the redress of some wrong, or the righting of some grievance, or the relief of some oppressed or endangered class of the community, then he was the man to come to the front; and always on well-reasoned and reasonable grounds, but with words of intense conviction, he would plead for the right and denounce the wrong. Then we felt that the cause was safe with him, for

The blast upon his bugle horn  
Was worth ten thousand men."

Thought, speech and action with him came from a heart burning with the enthusiasm of love. It was thus that he let his light shine before men. The more intensely a flame burns the brighter its light and the purer its radiance. Such was the light of his life. Among the men of our time he perhaps reminds one most of Charles Kingsley. He was indeed a Canadian Kingsley, with a like versatility of talent, a like happy combination of the speculative and the practical, a like impetuous temper, held in strict control by conscience and sympathy, the same fiery energy, the same philanthropic impulse and interest, the same devotion to the cause of humanity, along with a sturdy and outspoken British loyalty. They were also alike in a comparatively early death. If we are sometimes inclined to murmur at the cutting off of such a career, let us remember that intense lives like these seldom can be lengthy lives. The flame, if it burns strong and fast, cannot burn long. Let us rejoice in its brightness and pureness. He at whose altar fires the flame was kindled and perpetually fed, may safely be trusted for the results of the sacrifice.

Yet we must not underestimate the loss. The ending of his life closed a chapter in many lives. To many souls that light was a guide and inspiration. To many his departure would seem to be the withdrawal of a strong steady impulse towards righteousness. To many he was a leader in the war against evil, going forth as a knight of Christ with the charge laid upon him that was given to the young king in ancient Israel, "Ride forth prosperously in behalf of meekness, truth, and righteousness." His practical power came largely from the fact that he taught us to find our strength and confidence, not in our force of brain or will, but in the consciousness that we are doing our duty and serving Christ. And so he became a monumental example and reminder. He moved men to say when in doubt as to a critical moral choice, "Would D. J. Mac-

donnell do this, or this, or this, if he were now in my place?"

Moreover, there was nothing about him to diminish the force of his spiritual attraction. God be thanked, this one of our ideals we have not been compelled to shatter, shattered thought it would have been by a single act of unkindness, or selfishness, or dishonor. There were in him none of those obtruding angles of self-assertion which so often reveal admiration or dampen enthusiasm. His character seemed to be as near the perfect sphere of consistency and beauty as is possible to be moulded out of weak and sinful humanity.

Then we remember again that his influence was not only wide, but minute and specific, that his work was helpful because it was so personal; because he so ministered to individual needs. Such lives as his seem to me to be like some great river, which blesses a whole nation in its course, and yet here and there comes close to the dusty high-way, that it may quench the thirst and rest the eye of the weary traveller.

And now we are apt to say, "This is all gone; and his life-work is a thing of the past." But thus it cannot be. Let us think a moment. It is the kind of influence exerted by a man that determines its degree of vitality and finally its claims to immortality. And the influence of our friend and brother was of a kind that is self-developing and self-perpetuating. There is nothing that lasts or rules like love; and love was the very essence of his life. If he drew a great multitude to him on the day of his interment, he must, in greater or less measure, have drawn the same souls to him in life. And by the law of love he shall still rule in and through them from his tomb. "Love never faileth;" and while there still abide of him faith, hope, and love, the greatest of these is love.

There is one thing yet to be emphasized—Mr. Macdonnell's readiness. In view of the chances and changes of life he bore himself always so that we could observe that he was ready. As he was constantly ready for duty, for burden-bearing, for any helpful work, whether of his own seeking or of other's asking, so, also, he was ready for the larger calls and messages of Providence. Just as he crossed the Atlantic of his own motion, in what seemed to him a critical moment for one of the enterprises of the Church, so he habitually acquiesced in events not of his own choosing, whether it were a casual disappointment or the severest stroke he ever had to endure. And, after all, what is the life of a good and true man? Is it not waiting for God's will? Yes, and something more, preparing for God's will. A recluse or a hermit may wait for the will of God. But it is the Christian hero, the true servant Christ and of men, who rightly prepares for it. Readiness comes from service, from the temper and habit of the "living sacrifice."

It is inspiring to think of Mr. Macdonnell in the latest years of his life; for then he revealed the biggest possibilities of a life of faith and hope. In that triumph of Christian manhood, the process and outcome of his whole life were revealed. We could see that he was already wearing the victor's crown. And when the closing weeks and days brought him face to face with the final issue, he simply waited and prepared as before. He had never expected to live a long life. Yet he desired to live, if it might be so, for the sake of others, and for continued influence upon his fellows. And so he hoped ever still for life. But when on the day before he died, it was told to him that he would soon be going to join her who had gone on before him, he simply said, with a look of bright surprise, "Oh! I didn't know. How long will it be?"

And now, as we his people are pressing on to the same issue, we seem to see him still as our leader, standing at the end of the road, looking back at us with the same old look of love and yearning, and still pointing upward and onward.

On thinking of our friend in these latest days, with his twofold earthward and heavenward aspect and desire, two images rise before me. The one is that of the ardent thinker and leader of thinking men—forming plans and cherishing anticipations of still higher achievements, and then hearing the warning that they may never be realized. And the words of the youthful poet, so early called away, come into my mind:—

"My spirit is too weak; mortality  
Lies heavy on me like unwilling sleep;  
And each imagined pinnacle and steep  
Of God-like hardship tells me I must die,  
Like a sick eagle, looking at the sky."

But another and more helpful picture takes the place of this. It is that of the humble faithful worker for Christ longing for more and richer employment, yet submitting to be called home by the wise and unerring Master, when His voice is heard.—

"Go home content, the evening falls,  
Day's tired sinews are unbenet ;

No more the thrush or linnet calls,  
The twilight fades, go home content."

"Father, the field is but half-turned,  
And yet the spring is well nigh spent,  
My son the hour of rest is earned,  
The day's work done, go home content."

"Father the field is rough and bare,  
Its sullen surface scarcely rent;  
I'll plough but one more furrow here—  
"Not now, my son, go home content."

"Father, the wheat will never root,  
The sun has sunk the hills anent;  
My weary labor will not boot;  
With work half-done, how be content?"

"My child, the sun has seen thee toil  
With sturdy back and brown arms bent;  
Thou' other hands should till this soil,  
Thy work well done, go home content."

"Lord I have worked my little day  
On the long task that Thou hast sent.  
The evening falls; my homeward way  
I go to Thee; I am content!"

### GAELIC HYMNS.

BY REV. NIEL MACNISH, D.D., LL.D.

There is no intelligent member of our Church who does not cheerfully admit, now that the devotional exercises of our congregations have been immensely improved by the introduction of hymns and of the hymnal with which Presbyterians have been familiar for more than a quarter of a century in Canada. Strict adherence to the Psalms and a stubborn determination to ignore our Paraphrases, because they are of human composition or formation, have happily become almost, if not entirely, a thing of the past in the Presbyterian Church of Canada. Very many in our Church are not aware that there are Gaelic hymns in existence; and that, therefore, our Gaelic congregations, if they are so disposed, have in their own language tuneful and accurate translations of the best and most pious and popular hymns that are known to our English congregations and that are wont to be sung by them. There was published not long ago in Scotland a magnificent collection of Gaelic hymns. The collection was made by the late Rev. Dr. Archibald Kelly MacCallum, of Glasgow. It is said in the preface to the collection in question, "that the accumulated material amounted to over 50,000 lines, and consisted of (1) original Gaelic hymns, ancient and modern, (2) hymns translated from the English, and (3) miscellaneous poems, also translated." The editor, Mr. John Whyte, of Edinburgh, has brought much taste and ability to bear on the preparation of the hymns of which mention has been made. Those hymns were translated by the late Principal Dewar, of Aberdeen; by the late Rev. Dr. MacKintosh MacKay; by the late Dr. Norman MacLeod, *Cairid nan Gardheal*; by the late Rev. Dr. Cameron, of Brodie, and others who have passed away, as well as by the ablest and most popular of the Gaelic ministers and scholars who are now alive. The Gaelic scholar who reads carefully the collection of Gaelic hymns to which we are referring, will find abundant reason to admit, that the translators have done their work faithfully and well, that they have shown that the Gaelic scholarship of our day is both refined and extensive, and that they have made Gaelic worshippers everywhere their debtors, owing to the able and faithful manner in which they have reproduced, in the same metre and with the same rhythm, the hymns which have the hoar of years and use on their side. We are aware that for several years Gaelic hymns have been used in some of the congregations in Canada. We have much pleasure in calling the attention of the Gaelic ministers and congregations to the Gaelic hymns—four hundred in number—along with original Gaelic hymns which were published some time ago by Mr. Archibald Sinclair, 10 Bothwell Street, Glasgow, and which can be procured through any Canadian bookseller. There are many Gaelic congregations in our Church to whom the Gaelic versions of the best and most pious English hymns cannot be otherwise than profitable and acceptable. There are three vacant congregations in the Presbytery of Glenegarry where Gaelic is required. Gaelic gives forth no sign now, that it has any intention of laying aside its vitality and vigour by passing into forgetfulness. We shall be happy to find, that our reference to the Gaelic Hymns which have been recently published, will lead Gaelic ministers and congregations, that have not already introduced those hymns into the ordinary worship of the sanctuary, to avail themselves without delay, of hymns which cannot fail to be profitable to Gaelic worshippers, and to lead them to deeper veneration for the worship of God in the venerable language of their forefathers.

Cornwall.