

The Family Circle.

RESURGAM.

Only a withered leaf
Whirled in the autumn air;
Relic of days that are past,
Days all too bright to last,
Symbol of hopes o'ercast
By grim Despair.

Only a faded flower
Plucked in the days of yore;
Reminder of hours that in happiness sped,
Emblem of love that has long since fled,
Joys that have vanished and hopes that are dead
Forevermore.

Only a mound of earth
Under the winter's snow;
All that is bright must fade and die,
All that is beautiful here must lie;
Time seems on leaden wings to fly;
Mourning we go.

But when the dawning comes,
Filled with a glad surprise,
Bursting the bonds of earth,
Praising his matchless worth,
In an immortal birth
Joyful we'll rise.

—Lichen in Chicago Standard.

WHY DAVID OLIPHANT REMAINED A PRESBYTERIAN.

"Now, Mr. Oliphant, can you conceive any reason, except national prejudice, to which I am sure you are superior, why you should not be with us in the Church? It is, as you know, quite time you made up your mind. It is, indeed, solely with the hope of assisting you to a decision that I have desired to see you now."

An urbanely dignified clergyman is speaking to a young man in an Oxford Common Room.

"I am very sensible of your lordship's condescension," replied David Oliphant, late scholar of St. Magnus, to the Right Reverend, the Bishop of Alchester.

That learned and liberal prelate was to preach before the University on the following day, and in the meantime he was endeavoring to serve his Church by attracting to her bosom, that refuge at once so inclusive and so exclusive, another of those brilliant young Northmen who have given to St. Magnus its primacy among Oxford colleges, and from whose number the Anglican Church has obtained many of her finest scholars and her wisest prelates.

The bishop's main question David Oliphant did not answer immediately, for many strange things were working within him. His certain desire was to do the work of the Christ. So much was clear to him—but how and where? The answer was not definite. His college friends were entering the Church by troops. They were as earnest and hopeful as he—they looked forward to beginning their work at once. They seemed beckoning him to come along with them, into their mother-church, at whose door stood the amiable and comfortable bishop of Alchester with hands outstretched in welcome. And then before David Oliphant there rose up the vision of his own rugged Cameronian kirk—like nature, a stern but not unkindly foster-mother. He thought of the four long years of strictest theological training which awaited him if he returned to the North—four years for the scholars of St. Magnus equally with the rudest country lad who had stumbled through the requisite sessions in arts. Small wonder that he wavered, dividing the swift mind, or that the bishop waited his decision with the smile of successful persuasion in his shrewd and kindly eyes.

"We need such men as you, Mr. Oliphant," said the bishop; "with your

parts and—ah—your other advantages you may go very far."

They say that before the mind of the drowning, the past defiles in a panorama of inconceivable rapidity. David Oliphant had almost made up his mind to follow what seemed his manifest destiny, when certain visions of a long time past rose up before him; stood a moment clear and then vanished, even before the grey eyes of his Grace of Alchester had lost their expectant smile. How swiftly they came and went, it is hard to give an idea of. They take so long to tell, so unwillingly do words carry pictures.

These are the things which came to David Oliphant, in clear and solemn vision, during the five minutes ere he answered the Bishop of Alchester.

He saw an old gray-headed man, who worshipped, leaning upon the top of his staff, in a sheltered nook behind a low white-washed Galloway farm house. He held his broad bonnet in his hand, and the wind blew a stray lock over a brow like the weather-beaten cliff. His lips moved, but there was no sound. A little lad of five came pattering up the foot-worn path which led to the private oratory of the family high priest. He had asked hurriedly of the general public of the kitchen, "What gate did G'appa gae?" but, without waiting for the superfluous answer, he trotted along that well-known path that "G'appa" always "gaed." The silent prayer ended, the pair took their way hand in hand to the heights of the crags, where under its shallow covering of turf and heather, the gray teeth of the granite shone. As they sit they speak, each to the other, like men accustomed to high and serious discourse.

"But why did the martyrs not go to the kirk the king wanted them to?" the child asked.

The old man rose, strong now on his feet, the fire in his eye, his natural force not abated. He pointed North to where on Auchenroch Muir, the slender shaft of the martyrs' monument, gleamed white among the darker heather—south to where, on Kirkconnel hill-side, Grier of Lag found six living men and left six corpses—west toward Wigtown Bay, where the tide drowned two of the bravest of women, tied like dogs to a stake—east to the kirk-yards of Balweary and Nether Dullarg, where under the trees the martyrs of Scotland lie thick as gowans on the lee. The fire of the Lord was in his eye.

"Dinna forget, David Oliphant," he said, his voice high and solemn, as in a chant, "that these all died for Christ's cause and covenant. They were murdered because they worshipped God according to their conscience. Remember, boy, till the day of your death, that among these men were your fore-bears, and forget not also who they were that slew them!"

And after twenty years the late scholar of St. Magnus remembered.

Again the young man saw a wide black night filled with the echoes of thundering and the rushing of rain. The same child stood in the open door-way, and weeping, called pitifully for "Grandfather." There was no answer but the whole firmament lighted with white flame from east to west; and in that silent moment of infinite clearness, he saw his grandfather's figure upright on the knoll before the house, the head thrown upward toward that intense whiteness where the

heavens seemed to open and the very face of God to look through.

Once more he saw a Sabbath morning still with the primeval stillness of "a land where no man comes or hath come since the making of the world." Peace all about the farm-steading, silence on all the fields, hardly a bleat from the lambs on the hill; within, a cool and calm crispness as of homespun linen kept in lavender. It was the silence which, in an old Cameronian household, succeeded the "taking of the Buik" on the morning of the day of the Lord.

Suddenly at the outer door the old man appears, and he calls upstairs to his couple of manly sons—to him ever but lads to do his will—"Boys, bring the 'Queen's Airm's' up to the march dike this minute!" The men come downstairs, and, without any show of surprise, take down the old muskets off the wall, provide themselves with powder and shot, and follow their father along the wide stony sweep of the hill-road. The little lad also follows, with a sense that the bottom has dropped out of his universe when guns could be taken down on Sabbath morning.

In the brisk morning sun a scattered group of men and dogs was drawing slowly through the great gaps in the pine woods toward the gate which was the entrance of the small rock-bound farm. At this gate the old man stands, his stalwart sons behind him, his broad blue bonnet in his hand. The hunters come coursing over the green. But ere anyone can open the gate, the old man steps forward, his white head bare to the sun. David Oliphant can see the white hairs glisten even now.

"My lord," he says, "forty years I have been on your land and your father's land. It does not become me to tell you that you are breaking the law of God by hunting the beasts of the field on his day; but, my lord, one thing you cannot do—you cannot break it on this land as long as I am upon it?"

The great laird came forward, young and passionate, a Rehoboam of many foolish counsellors.

"What's that he says, Daly? That we can't hunt on his farm! I'll teach the canting old hypocrite that every yard belongs to me. Open the gate, Daly!"

"My lord," said the old man, "I am not careful to answer you concerning this matter, but I beseech you for your father's memory not to do this thing."

The young man wavered, but a murmur rose from his companions.

"Don't let them spoil the sport with their canting and their blunderbusses. Stand out of the way, Oliphant! Down with the gates, Daly!"

But Daly was not destined to take the gates down, for once again the voice of the Cameronian elder rang out, steady and respectfully as ever.

"My Lord, it is not my will to shed human blood, or to resist you by force though I might well do it, but I solemnly warn you I will shoot every dog of yours that sets foot on my land this day. Boys, are you ready? Stan' forrit!"

The visions melted from before David Oliphant, and he saw only the patient bishop waiting his answer, yawning a little because this dinner was deferred. But there was no uncertainty in the young man's answer.

"My lord," said he with steady voice

and eye that had come to him from his grandfather, "I thank you heartily for your good and kindly thought for me. Indeed, I am in no way deserving of your interest; but, such as I am, I must cleave to my own Church and my own people!"
—S. R. Crockett, in *The Stickit Minister*.

ENGLISH INFLUENCE IN INDIA.

While the English community of Lahore, as elsewhere in India, has elected to live away from the native city, and while the original nucleus of this settlement was planted, for sanitary and other reasons, far from the city walls, it has gradually filled up the intervening space, so that the usual neutral ground or no man's land has ceased to exist. In the crowded suburb of Anarkali, which we must traverse in order to reach the post-office, the bazars extend out from the city gate to the European civil lines. This quarter, where the architecture is chiefly Indian, with that yellow and stuccoed suggestion of Portuguese influence which still survives, is given over for the most part to "Europe shops," kept by English-speaking natives, Eurasians, and occasional Parsees. These shopkeepers are mainly clad in what might be called an adaptation of the European dress to Indian needs, and in their shops and warehouses everything in the way of clothing, household articles, jewelry, furniture—new and second-hand—as well as provisions, wines, and other luxuries, can be purchased usually at rates as cheap as in England, for there is close competition. As the government has not yet resorted to a tobacco monopoly (which is a dangerous experiment in Eastern countries), almost every variety of tobacco and cigarettes may be found in the show-cases of these shops—Vanity Fair, Old Judge, as well as Egyptian, and the Kaiser and Hind cigarettes of Malta. The cheapest, and naturally most popular, cigars are the Trichinopoly and Manila cheroots, which are good and remarkably low in price. In every little "medical hall" kept by an anglicized native there is always a stock of the standard remedies, such as quinine, phenacetine, and anti-pyrrhine, put up in convenient shape, and often these packages bear the label of some well-known American firm. Fortunately for the health of a community which supposes itself to be possessed of common-sense, the sale of these simple remedies is not, as in Austria and some other Continental nations, restricted by law, and a physician's order is not necessary for the purchase of a box of quinine pills.

Few English names appear on the signs in this suburb, but "Cheap Jack" and "Cheap Shop" are considered by the native merchant to be of lucky omen, and "Europe Shop" still holds its own in popularity. "Badruddin Hassan" suggests by association of ideas the trade of the pastry-cook, and in front of one shop, of which the exact location is not now quite clear to the writer's memory, there is a piece of very delightful English, which reads thus: "All kinds of Syrup, Jelly, Pickles, and Medicine Selling Company." Over these shops and lower stories there are often balconies of carved wood, such as one sees within the walls, and they are usually occupied by young ladies of the nautch-dancing sisterhood, who are keenly alive to the value of a scarlet or a yellow blossom in their blue-black hair, but unfortunately some of them