

to require much oil of the hazel, and though naturally delicate, was quick in his movements and could learn easily, and also furnish entertainment in amusing and tragic stories to the other children, who looked upon him as their unrivalled leader.

Henry was sent from one school to another in pursuit of better instruction, till at length, in the tender age of eleven, he found his place in a classical school, five miles from his home. The chief difficulty in this new institution of learning was the want of a house in which to study. At length a house was secured, with two window frames, but no glass to let the light in and exclude the rain and snow. One of these openings they filled up with sods, but the other had to be left open for the sake of light. A table was the furniture and stones served as seats. Henry seems to have been the aristocratic pupil, for he had a stool to sit on; but the teacher generally borrowed it, because it was considerably softer than a cold stone. For more than two years Henry walked these ten miles daily to attend this cheerless school. He committed to memory the Odes of Horace and parts of Virgil, but he delighted most in Cicero and Demosthenes. The walking exercise proved most beneficial, and the boy grew in physical strength, could outrun all his school-fellows, lead in all games, walk on stilts as high as the eaves of the houses, and read more Latin and Greek than the best of them.

At the age of fourteen Henry set out on foot for the University of Glasgow. Walking sixty miles, he arrived at the seaport, where he embarked for Portpatrick in Scotland, where he resumed his walk, and in due time reached Glasgow, a distance of eighty miles. He was not alone, however, in these walks. Other Irish students, in similar circumstances, accompanied him, enlivening their wearisome journey with anecdotes, flashes of Irish wit and debate. Even the people who lived along the roads which these young men so often travelled on foot in their thirst for knowledge, knew them well and made them welcome at their table and fireside, asking no better reward than to hear their merry laugh and be enlivened by their good humour. Their sleeping accommodations might not be considered by the children of these days as very comfortable; but to sleep in an old arm-chair in the kitchen, or on a piece of carpet on the floor, was considered a great luxury by these foot-sore students. On one occasion, when this party "were trudging along the road to Ayr, one of them became suddenly ill. It was late at night; the town was some miles distant, and the poor young man was unable to proceed. His companions carried him to the nearest farm-house. The people were in bed, but the students opened the door, entered the kitchen and kindled a fire. The good man of the house hearing a noise, popped his head out of the half-opened door of his room and calmly surveyed the scene. 'What's that, Jock?' cried his wife, half asleep. 'Ow, it's jist naethin ava but a wheen Irish collegioners.' Then, telling them where they would get milk and bread, and handing out 'a drap o' whisky for the sick laddie,' he shut his door and went to sleep." I have some fears that the students of our days are not so well behaved always as to entitle them to such consideration. And yet all boys may practise politeness and good conduct to deserve the respect and welcome of strangers.

He left the University in due time, studied theology, and at the age of twenty was licensed to preach the gospel. But with all his college training he never forgot the training of his early childhood, and looked upon the teaching of his mother, in the Shorter Catechism, the Confession of Faith and the Holy Bible, as the final and sole standard of appeal, as the best course in theology which he had ever taken. As a boy of twenty, dressed in a blue coat, drab vest and white cord trousers, he presented himself before the Presbytery and was licensed to preach. But surely a child so interesting, a boy so industrious and a student so successful, must become something great. Yes, and so he must. He became known to the world as Henry Cooke, D.D., LL.D., President of Assembly's College, Belfast, Ireland—a great preacher, a powerful orator, and the leading minister of the Presbyterian

Church in Ireland. Without knowing it, he described his own character a few days before his death in 1868, when he said to a friend: "be faithful to your country, to your religion, and to your God."

"The lives of great men all remind us
We can make our lives sublime,
And departing, leave behind us
Footprints on the sands of time.
Let us then be up and doing,
With a heart for any fate;
Still achieving, still pursuing,
Learn to labour and to wait."

—New York Observer.

CHRIST IN THE PSALMS.

There are many who profess to expel Christ from the Psalms in the interest of the Psalms themselves. But the Psalter as a living thing, and the association with it of our Incarnate Lord, stand together. Those were memorable words which Mr. Coleridge wrote upon the margin of his Prayer Book, "As a transparency on some night of public rejoicing, seen by common day, with the lamps from within removed, even such would the Psalms be to me, uninterpreted by the gospel." A living statesman has spoken in language of transcendent truth and beauty, of the Psalter in one of its aspects, as "the whole music of the human heart, swept by the hands of its Maker." But not all the human universality of the Psalter; not all its unquestionable pathos, and cries from the depths; not all the mystic elevation of the "Songs of Degrees;" not all the ringing bells of its Hallelujahs, can alone preserve for it its present place. A learned Brahmin Pundit has lately become a convert to the gospel. From his acknowledged eminence as a Sanscrit scholar, it was expected that he would first study the Greek of the New Testament as its cognate language. But his love for the Psalter is so deep that he had first devoted himself to Hebrew. For in the Psalter he finds Christ and the gospel; and, without that, he would no doubt prefer the ancient hymns of his race and country. Without an intense conviction in the hearts of God's children that Christ is in the Psalter, that it is in sympathy with His Passion and His Glory, its words would, after a brief season of deference to ancient custom, be almost unheard in our churches and cathedrals. They would be comparatively silent, for the future in sick rooms, and unbreathed by the lips of dying saints. The voice of millions of Christians about them would be like the pathetic cry of a simple old man, who said, when the photographs of his grandchildren, in a distant land, were presented to him, "It is they, and it is not they; take them away." The Psalms for the future might no doubt remain and be read in a book, of which successive editions might be called for; but the fitting symbol for the frontispiece of that book would be a broken lyre dropped from a dead man's hand.—*Bishop of Derry, Bampton Lectures, 1876.*

THE NEW REVISION PREPARED FOR.

In a year, at farthest, the Revision of the New Testament will be finished. Publication will probably speedily follow. Those who have been for so many years devoting a large share of their time to this work naturally begin to consider the result of such publication. Criticism, wise and unwise, honest and prejudiced, may certainly be expected. In many cases the perusal will be a test of the real submission of the reader to God's word; in others, hasty judgment, mainly the result of ignorance, will find expression in words of praise or blame, alike indiscriminating.

There can be no doubt that many circumstances have combined to prepare the way for a favourable reception of the Revision. That the work was begun at all; that it has been unchecked, in its beginnings and progress alike, by ecclesiastical deliberations; that such harmony has prevailed among those engaged in the task, and that consequently there has been such remarkable unanimity in results,—all these things are propitious.

But for the circulation among the mass of Bible readers, nothing has been a better preparation than the seven years' study of the Scriptures brought about by the International series of Sabbath-school Les-

sons. The faults of this method of Bible study have been frequently noted, and this closing year of the series has naturally called for special attention to the obvious objections. But nothing has ever accomplished more for the study of the Bible in America. The Reformation, perhaps, did more for Europe, but no method has succeeded more fully in directing a mass of minds to the exact words and meaning of the Scriptures. With all the defects in the helps published, it has been possible to circulate large editions of notes by competent scholars, which have presented to the Sabbath-school teacher facts that were unknown, twenty-five years ago, to the average pastor. The Revision seeks to present, in the emendations adopted, the same facts already emphasised in commentaries, notes, etc. Furthermore, the methods adopted have encouraged a desire to know the exact thoughts, and to value exactness in words because it leads to exactness in thought. The habit of mind thus cultivated is exceedingly favourable to an unbiassed reception of the Revision. As we now rejoice in the providential orderings which led the way to the universal acceptance of King James' version, so our descendants may mark the many circumstances which paved the way for success of this last monument of patient labour "in the word." The uniform lessons for Sabbath schools will doubtless be regarded as not the least potent pioneer in the pathway of its triumph.—*Prof. M. B. Riddle, D.D., of the Bible Revision Committee.*

AUGUSTINE ON THE THEATRE.

His testimony with reference to theatre-going is very explicit. While a student at Carthage he was particularly attracted by the theatre, the spectacles at which were of unusual magnificence. The Christian Church, as it has been said, "abhorred the pagan theatre. The idolatrous rites, the lascivious attitudes, the shows, which were its inseparable accompaniments, were equally opposed to the dogmatic monotheism, to the piety, and to the mercy of the gospel." One of the most significant signs of a man having become a Christian was his habitual absence from the theatre; and no one was more emphatic on this point afterwards than Augustine himself. In his Confessions he goes to the root of the matter. Supposing obscenity and idolatry to be banished from the stage, and taking it at its best estate, are its effects morally wholesome? Is it good that the passive emotions should be excited, when no active exertion is intended to follow? Augustine, as the result of his own experience, very decidedly pronounces against theatre-going even under its most favourable condition.

"IF THY RIGHT HAND OFFEND THEE."

Cut it off. Why? It is a good hand. It might even prove to be a very useful hand. Why not keep it, restrain it, regulate it, use it—in "moderation?"

Because "it is better for thee to enter into life halt or maimed, than having two hands or two feet to be cast into everlasting fire."

That is Christ's doctrine about anything that tempts to sin. It may be as harmless as a hand, as useful as a hand; cut it off if it is a perpetual temptation. It may be as harmless as an eye, as useful as an eye; pluck it out rather than let it lure you to hell.

This glass of wine—what harm in it? Is it not one of God's good gifts? Is it not a "fruit of the vine?" Is it not that which "cheereth God and man?" Shall I cut it off? Ay! cut it off, though it were as bright as the hand, if it tempts thee to evil.

But it does not tempt me; I am strong. The withes that bind other men have no power over me. I can sleep in Delilah's lap and wake and laugh defiance at the Philistines. It only tempts my brother, my child, my friend; or the poor, weak-willed creature that cites my moderation as an excuse for his self-indulgence.

"It were better for one that a mill-stone were hanged about his neck and he cast into the sea, than that he should offend one of these little ones."

Till the wine-cup neither tempts you nor your weaker brother to sin, it is surely Christian to cut it off. Is it not?—*Christian Weekly.*