

lift up her voice in the street, but she made the laws by which Rome ruled the world. Let us hope in a coming day, not Egeria, but Mary, the mother of Jesus the great archetype of the christian motherhood, shall be felt through all the laws and institutions of society. That Mary, who kept all things and pondered them in her heart—the silent poet, the prophetess, the one confidential friend of Jesus, sweet and retired as evening dew, yet strong to go forth with Christ against the cruel and vulgar mob, and to stand unfainting by the cross where He suffered.

From the time my mother discovered my store of manuscripts, she came into new and more intimate relation with me. She took me from the district school, and kept me constantly with herself, teaching me in the intervals of domestic avocations.

I was what is called my mother's-boy, as she taught me to render her all sorts of household services, such as are usually performed by girls. My two older sisters about this time, left us to establish a seminary in the neighborhood, and the sister nearest my age, went to study under their care, so that my mother, said playfully, she had no resource but to make a girl of me. This association with a womanly nature, and this discipline in womanly ways, I hold to have been an invaluable part of my early training. There is no earthly reason which requires a man, in order to be manly, to be unhandy and clumsy in regard to the minutiae of domestic life; and there are quantities of occasions occurring in the life of every man, in which he will have occasion to be grateful to his mother, if like mine, she trains him in woman's arts and the secrets of making domestic life agreeable.

But it is not merely in this respect that I felt the value of my early companionship with my mother. The power of such women over our sex is essentially the service rendered us in forming our ideal, and it was by my mother's influence that the ideal guardian, the "shadow wife," was formed, that guided me through my youth.

She wisely laid hold of the little idyl of my childhood as something which gave her the key to my nature, and opened before me the hope in my manhood of such a friend as my little Daisy had been to my childhood. This wife of the future she often spoke of as a motive. I was to make myself worthy of her. For her sake I was to become strong, to be efficient, to be manly and true, and above all pure in thought and imagination and in word.

The cold mountain air and simple habits of New England country life are largely a preventive of open immorality; but there is another temptation which besets the boy, against which the womanly ideal is the best shield—the temptation of vulgarity and obscenity.

It was to my mother's care and teaching I owe it, that there always seemed to be a lady at my elbow, when stories were told such as a pure woman would blush to hear. It was owing to her, that a great deal of what I supposed to be classical literature both in Greek and Latin and in English was to me and is to me to this day simply repulsive and disgusting. I remember that one time when I was in my twelfth or thirteenth year, one of Satan's agents put into my hand one of those stories that are written with an express purpose of demoralizing the youth—stories that are sent creeping like vipers and rattle-snakes stealthily and secretly among inexperienced and ungarded boys, hiding in secret corners, gliding under their pillows and filling their veins with the fever poison of impurity. How many boys in the most critical period of life are forever ruined, in body and soul, by the silent secret gliding among them of these nests of impure serpents, unless they have a mother wise, watchful, and never sleeping, with whom they are in habits of unreserved intimacy and communion!

I remember that when my mother took from me this book, it was with an expression of fear and horror which made a deep impression on me. Then she sat by me that night, when the shadows were deepening, and told me how the reading of such books, or the letting of such ideas into my mind would make me unworthy of the wife she hoped some day I would win. With a voice of solemn awe she spoke of the holy mystery of marriage as something so sacred, that all my life's happiness depended on keeping it pure, and surrounding it only with the holiest thoughts.

It was more the thrill of her sympathies, the noble poetry of her nature inspiring mine, than anything she said, that acted upon me and stimulated me to keep my mind and memory pure. In the closeness of my communion with her I seemed to see through her eyes and feel through her nerves, so that at last a passage in a book or a sentiment uttered, always suggested the idea of what she would think of it.

In our days we have heard much said of the importance of training women to be wives. Is there not something to be said on the importance of training men to be husbands? Is the wide latitude of thought and reading and expression which has been accorded as a

matter of fact of course to the boy and the young man, the conventionally allowed familiarity with coarseness and indelicacy, a fair preparation to enable him to be the intimate companion of a pure woman? For how many ages has it been the doctrine that man and woman were to meet in marriage, the one crystal-pure, the other foul with the permitted garbage of all sorts of uncleansed literature and license.

If the man is to be the head of the woman, even as Christ is the head of the Church, should he not be her equal, at least, in purity?

(To be Continued.)

CRAYONS OF CANADIAN CLERGYMEN.

THE REV. JOHN HOGG OF GUELPH.

Here is a modest, retiring man of great worth, who deserves to be brought forth to light. Indeed, if we have been correctly informed, he begins to be appreciated in a matter in which we had long thought he was unjustly overlooked: that is to say, in not having received proper credit for his scholarship. He has lately received a *Doctorate in Divinity*, of which he is abundantly worthy.

Doctor Hogg, if we may call him so, must be over fifty years of age, perhaps nearer sixty than fifty; yet young looking, strong, and active. He is a native of Scotland, the son of a small farmer, educated in Glasgow, where he successfully prosecuted and finished his collegiate course, and nourished a large, strong body on porridge for breakfast and supper, with a herring and pot of potatoes for dinner. Of this he is not ashamed, nor ought he to be. To such simple fare he probably owes his good health and great scholarship. If all who desire knowledge were equally abstemious, we should have more learned men, despite their early penury.

Although he exhibits a plain exterior, and although his Scottish accent and homeliness crop out on minor matters, we pronounce him the most thorough scholar we ever had personal intercourse with. He is thoroughly familiar with *Greek* and *Hebrew*, joined to complete mastery of *Latin*, *German* and *French*. He has no need of seeking for a translation for the most elaborate or critical work in either of these last mentioned languages; neither does he obtain his knowledge of the latest works, in these or the English language, on exegesis, theology, science or philosophy, from the Reviews, which he wholly eschews. He buys the earliest issues of the originals, and grapples with them in person, forming his own independent opinion of them for himself. He is incessantly engaged in study, and his course of study is wide, continuous and exhaustive. We regard him as a very able theologian; he is Calvinistic, but liberal.

Mr. Hogg is not a 'popular' preacher, in the usual acceptance of that term. His speaking is not that of a ready extemporiser. To that he makes no pretensions; but give him time, and he will produce something respectable. His pulpit preparations are painfully elaborated, and entirely memorized—yea, they are preached in his study, before they are preached to the people; yet, in the pulpit no scrap of notes trammels his delivery. That delivery is very earnest, but not so impressive as it would be, if his manner were a little more flexible. With something like a lisp on his tongue, his voice is strong and musical, though its power of emphasis and variation is not great. He is eloquent in thought and language, which makes even his argumentation, which is cogent, appear declamatory.

No more laborious pastor ever existed. For reasons satisfactory to himself, he does not try to develop lay talents, so much as some other pastors; on which account his own duties are made the more onerous. He has been often seen on foot, with his coat across his arm, during the periodical visitation of his members, or going to see some distant sick person, trudging (or rather *striding*, for he is of almost gigantic height, and long in limb) away to the country, and performing a circle of twenty miles, or more, in a day; an edifying example this, to all young ministers of this land. Somewhat late in life, he obtained a help-mate for him in his pastoral attentions. Both minister and wife are much, and deservedly, beloved; and happy is the flock who rejoice in such a pastor and pastor's wife as they.

Dr. Hogg is quiet and neighbourly with all the ministers and congregations around him. He will interfere with do one; but then let no one interfere with him; he will not quarrel, but then he knows how to preserve a dignified reserve when he thinks his kindness has been imposed on.

He commenced his public life as a United Presbyterian minister. He served for several years the congregation in Hamilton, which afterwards fell into the hands of Dr. Orniston. While there the writer learned that Dr. Hogg was no theoretical dissenter, or

voluntary. He received and responded to a call which removed him to Detroit, Michigan, where he remained for a time. There is much in his character, which would prevent his being a resident of the United States from choice, or if it could be helped. Knowing his principles on Church establishments, we were not surprised, when a dozen years ago, more or less, we learned he had returned to Canada, and taken charge of the small residuum of Kirk members in Guelph, which were left after the sweeping Free Church disruption in that place. Small as were the "grape gleanings," Mr. Hogg's Scottish sagacity enabled him to perceive that a good thing could be made out of the situation, and a good cause gathered out of the wreck. Their church site, which was in the centre of the Market Square, they sold to the city corporation for a very large sum. They had a glebe lot adjacent to the town, part of which was sold, leaving, however, enough to pasture the pastor's pony and cow. The avails of the two sales, enabled the adherents of the old cause to build a beautiful church, and provide a convenient manse, in a central and conspicuous part of the town. The minister's diligence soon collected a congregation and organized a church; and the purity and reliability of his character, has retained them. The pew rents go wholly to the support of the minister. May their prosperity long continue.

The Home Circle.

"LET THE GOOD PREVAIL."

(AN ANCIENT GREEK SAYING.)

On, fellow-men, through storm and showers,
Through mist and snowdrifts, sleet and hail!
Brace up the strong right arm of power,
And—Let the good prevail.

Let never selfish thought intrude,
Nor selfish fear your heart assail;
Work bravely for the common good,
And—Let the good prevail.

True brothers in the race of life,
Rejoice not if a brother fail;
We all may conquer in the strife.
And—Let the good prevail.

Rejoice not in a brother's woe,
Life's sea is wide for every sail;
Each in our turn we come and go,
So—Let the good prevail.

O truthful lips, O toiling hands,
O many hearts that never quail,
Work each for all what God commands,
And—Let the good prevail.

Men are not units, one and one;
One body all, we stand or fall;
The common good must aye be won,
So—Let the good prevail.

The common good, the common health,
Tho' selfish tongues may sneer and rail,
Be this our task, our truest wealth;
And—Let the good prevail.

Go, take your Bible from its shelf,
And read the ancient hallowed tale;
Love thou thy neighbour as thyself,
So shall the good prevail.

CLEANLINESS OF PERSON.

THERE is no one cause so productive of disease as the lack of attention to cleanliness of person on the part of such a vast majority of people. To keep the pores open, so the fetid matter discarded by the growth and progression of the body may not be retained in the system as the germs of disease, is not the only thing necessary in cleanliness; but we should be careful how we take unclean substances into our systems, so the vitality required for a healthy growth shall not be wasted in throwing off these foul secretions. In no one thing do people display so much recklessness as in the use of tobacco. If "cleanliness is next to godliness," we are, as a people, far from enjoying the felicity of having a heavenly Hebe or a Ganymede of cleanliness as our cup-bearer, to minister to our spiritual life those subtle essences of æsthetic enjoyment which raise us above the animal kingdom, and fit us for better and purer lives than we can now enjoy. James asks, "does a fountain at the same place send