

Pam
MM69
G138

ALPHABETIC
STAMP

TO THE PUBLIC.

The author has been afflicted with "spinal" disease upwards of thirty-seven years; was seven years confined to bed, during which time his hip joints became immovable. He has spent upwards of two years in New York under treatment, and is much benefited. He there underwent five severe and dangerous operations in the hope of regaining the use of his limbs. The New York surgeons broke both hips, and have succeeded in making him an *artificial hip joint—the first of the kind in America.*

Though unable to move without crutches he is endeavouring to earn an honest and independent livelihood in the *only way that his physical condition will allow*, viz. : by lecturing and selling his lectures.

The following extracts from a few of the many letters in his possession will show how his lectures are spoken of by the clergy :—

"An able writer and an effective speaker."—REV. D. J. MACDONNELL, Toronto.

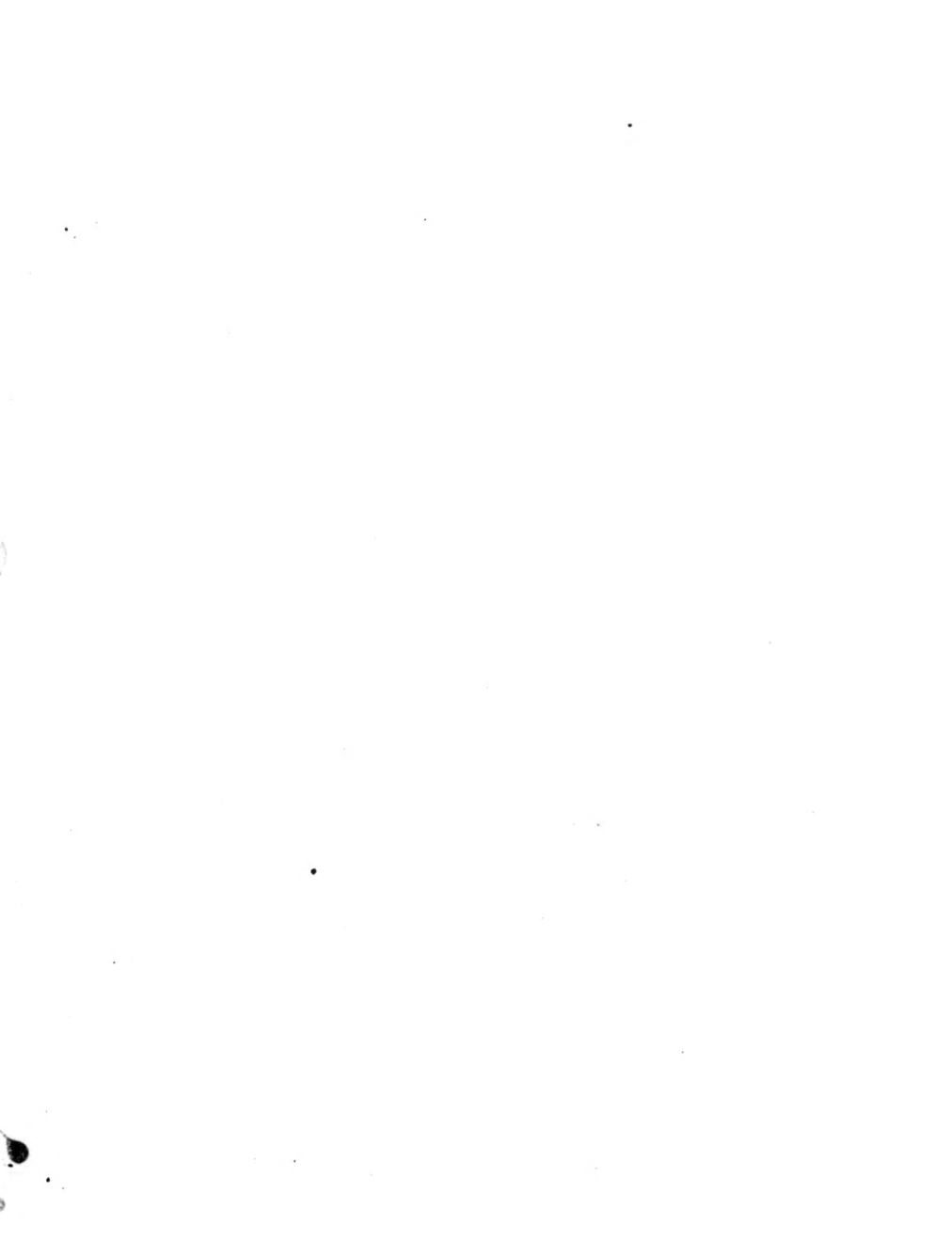
"His lecture was interesting, instructive and devotional. I commend Mr. G. to the confidence of the Church and public."—REV. JOHN POTTS, D.D., Toronto.

"I was deeply interested."—REV. PRINCIPAL GRANT, Kingston.

"Everyone was delighted with it."—REV. J. A. MURRAY, London.

"Fitted to instruct and quicken any audience in town or country."—REV. G. M. MILLIGAN, Toronto.







THOS. GALLOWAY.

LECTURES

DELIVERED BY

THOMAS GALLOWAY.

“The Story of My Life.”

“Through Scotland on Crutches.”

“Through Ireland on a Jaunting Car.”

“How to Make Life a Success.”

“19th Century Miracles.”

“Praise.”

“A Creature Unknown to Natural Science.”

TORONTO, ONT.:

C. BLACKETT ROBINSON, PRINTER, 5 JORDAN STREET.

Form
MM69
G138

ANNEX

STAMP

FEB 20 1951

PREFACE.

The writing of a Biography is always a difficult and delicate task, because of the interlinking of the life of the subject of the Biography with the lives of others. This difficulty is increased manifold when one undertakes to write an Autobiography, because many of those with whom the Author was on terms of intimacy and friendship, and others with whom he may have been intimate but not friendly, but quite the reverse, are still living, or their friends and relatives are, and it is next to impossible—perhaps altogether impossible—to entirely free the mind from the bias given it by the pleasant and the unpleasant associations that are oftentimes forced upon us in the battle of life. To give to each his due amount of praise for noble sentiments and generous deeds; and, where we cannot commend, to pass as lightly over, and deal as charitably as may be with demerits, which in the eyes of others may not have been demerits, but grounds for admiration and commendation, requires a delicacy of feeling and a depth of judgment such as I make no pretension to. I will try to give to each “honour where honour is due,” and shall certainly “set nought down in malice,” but will endeavour to present my own checkered life with its trials and its sufferings, its defeats and its victories, its discouraging features and its cheerful trusting hope, believing that from the story of my life, others of God’s tried and suffering ones may draw cheer, and comfort, and hope, and be led to seek and obtain eternal consolation in the God of all comfort and the Christ of all grace. God grant that such may be the case, and His name be glorified thereby.

March 1st, 1896.

T. G.

THE STORY OF MY LIFE.

My father was born in 1806, in the royal town of Lochmaben, Dumfries-shire, Scotland, the birth-place of Scotland's idolized King, Robert Bruce, from whom he traced his descent on his mother's side. My mother was born in the neighbouring town of Lockerbie, in 1811. Together in 1832 they sailed for the New World, to seek a home. They spent one year on Shore's Island in the St. John river near Fredericton, New Brunswick. In 1833 they came to Toronto, and settled on Yonge Street, where so many immigrants to the west seem to have found their first resting-place.

The following year my father "took up" one hundred acres of bush land in the Township of Scott, in the County of Ontario, and having erected a small log house thereon, thither they removed with the little they possessed of this world's goods, driving as far as possible with a team of horses. When it was impossible to go any farther thus the horses were unhitched from the waggon, my mother with her babe in her arms climbed on to the back of one of them, and my father leading the other they made the remainder of their journey through the forest to their new home, if home it could be called. It had no window, no floor save the bare earth, neither stove, nor fireplace, nor chimney. The light came in through the chinks in the walls which were afterwards stuffed with moss gathered from the trunks of the forest trees. The fire was made on the earth in the centre, the smoke escaping through a hole in the roof.

Here they spent the first night in the wilderness together. The second night my mother with her babe less than a year old, was alone in that forest home where she was to endure the hardship and privation inseparable from a life on the frontiers of civilization; the wolf, the bear, and the wild Indian her frequent yet dreaded visitors. Ah, who can tell the loneliness and desolation of heart, the homesickness, the sorrows and cares and trials of the frontiersman's wife!

What woman could endure them were the future not radiant with hope? What woman would venture on such a life did she not see in the sunny days to come a peaceful, comfortable, happy home, lit up with the love of a fond husband and echoing the merry shouts and laughter of light-hearted, romping, winsome children? Hope! Hope! What glowing pictures thou dost paint on the canvas of the future, pictures that lift the soul of the mortal above the mere sordid desires of self and the world, and make the heart glow and throb and pulsate with the thrilling ecstasy of self-denying, self-sacrificing, God-like love. O Hope! What would this sin-cursed, sin-blighted world be without thee to illumine, to elevate and inspire. Few, few of thy roseate dreams are fulfilled, few of thy glowing visions become reality! This world is little better than a charnel-house of faded visions and unrealized expectations, yet without thee to cheer us and lead us on life would soon go out in black and gaunt despair.

Here in this home in the forest my mother spent many years with little companionship except that of her children. My father was compelled to be absent a great part of each year earning a subsistence for his family. For this purpose he had to go twenty to thirty miles from home, only returning at intervals, making the long journey on foot through the dark forest after completing his day's work, often reaching home after midnight. During these long intervals of separation my mother rarely saw any human being except half-savage Indians. All around was unbroken forest, no other settler's cabin was visible. During storms the tall forest trees around would sway to and fro, their branches often chafing the roof and walls, seeming as if they would fall and crush both house and occupants. Wolves and bears were often seen prowling near by, and the howls of the former oft-times disturbed the slumbers of herself and children. It was only after long years of hardship, self-denial, thrift and persevering industry that a comfortable home and competence were secured.

Here in this forest home I was born in 1847. I presume the most trying times of the family were over, as I have no recollection of any want of either food or clothing. The

earliest incident which my memory recalls was the death of my uncle which occurred when I was about a year and a half old. He had been a hotelkeeper for some time, and had unconsciously acquired a liking for alcoholic beverages. One day he suddenly awoke to the fact that he was not a master but a slave. Possessed of an iron will he determined to be free. So leaving the hotel he came to my father's to fight his battle for freedom. He fought and won; but his victory cost him his life. When the craving came upon him he would go out and walk till exhaustion induced sleep and forgetfulness. Returning from one of these exhausting tramps he flung himself down on a bunk in which some of us children slept at night and almost instantly expired. The incident was so striking and so deeply impressed on my young mind that I can still recall the sad scene. This was my first acquaintance with death, but, in how many forms, and in how many places I have met that dread visitor since. Alas, how many broken hearts, ruined homes and blighted lives has alcohol, that curse of our race, been responsible for! When will our legislators—when will the Christian people of our land, rise in their might and say: "This curse shall cease from our land. Our sons and our daughters shall be no longer its prey?" The next incident of which I have any recollection was the putting of a pump in our well, which occurred when I was about three years old. It was, I believe, the first pump in the neighbourhood. Well do I remember wondering what the strange thing with its coat of bright red paint was intended for. And when in position, how the working of the handle up and down made water flow from the spout was a great mystery.

Beyond these two incidents nothing remains of my early childhood days. When a little more than four years old the school-master, R— B—, came to board with us. He was a quiet, quaint, droll Irishman, who liked to entertain and amuse children because while doing so he amused and entertained himself. He long ago dropped out of the profession, and for many years has eked out a subsistence with the aid of a plot of land which he purchased with the savings from the pedagogic portion of his life. His qualifications

would not rank very high nowadays, but I used to think him the embodiment of wisdom. A mutual liking soon sprang up between us, and I longed to go to school, and constantly begged to be allowed to go. As the good-natured teacher expressed perfect willingness I was duly fitted out and started to school, the teacher leading me by the hand, for I was bashful and everything was strange.

Soon this bashfulness wore off, and, instead of walking with my hand in that of my teacher, I used to run on before him shouting, "T—o—m, Tom, T—o—m, Tom. When I get bigger I must have a bigger name." One morning as I was thus running along barefoot I started down a small hill with a great burst of speed, when, on glancing down, I saw, just where my bare foot must fall, a huge snake that was crossing the road. It was too late to stop or to place my foot elsewhere, and I can yet recall the sensation of horror that almost paralyzed me as my foot fell on the cold reptile. The teacher heard my horrified exclamation and hurrying forward killed it.

During this first summer at school I had a grand time. If the weather was at all fine the teacher turned me and other little ones out to play during the greater part of the day, only calling us in when he wished to give us a lesson. Thus I experienced little of the dreary discomfort so trying to children when confined in a hot ill-ventilated room, or of the torture of sitting for hours on an uncomfortable seat too high for me. Instead of sitting on a hard seat, my little aching legs dangling without support, I was chasing butterflies, making "bird-nests" in the sand, "mud-pies," or miniature forts. And often since I have been constrained to think that if pedagogues of the present day would show the same consideration it would be better for the little ones both physically and intellectually. Kindergartens did not exist in those days, but for entertainment and physical development, our play, in my estimation, far exceeded kindergarten work.

In those days teachers were very different from what they now are. Then, any man who had a very slight acquaintance with the three R's, and could wield the birch well could be a school teacher, and unless the man was naturally kind-

hearted and fond of children the little ones often had a trying time. At the end of the year our teacher resigned and another one was engaged. He proved to be a regular martinet, and our happy days with a minimum of study and confinement and a maximum of pleasure and progress came to an end.

My childhood's years rolled quickly by. We children were early taught to assist in performing many of the multitudinous tasks that are found on a farm. Through winter's cold and summer's heat, in storm and shine, we each had daily to perform our allotted share of these "chores," besides acquiring, as well as we could, sufficient knowledge of the lessons that were given us to satisfy a teacher not always too indulgent; and many were the stripes some of us were obliged to receive, not for any fault of our own, not because our task was incomplete, but simply that the teacher might show his authority or work of his temper which was often an unknown quantity in the morning, but not always so at night. Happily for the youth of our land those days are past and gone, and our school teachers are no longer permitted to inflict torture as the whim of the moment impels them.

My ambition was to stand at the head of my class, and my ambition was often, but not always attained, for at that time, as at the present, there were many clever children, both boys and girls, whose ambition was quite equal to mine; their natural ability was equal or greater, but nature had endowed me with more stick-to-it-iveness which balanced and more than balanced the others.

During the first ten years of my life I was a stout, healthy, happy, active boy. Then an accident happened which resulted in untold suffering and life-long disability. One of my elder brothers was sent one day to the barn to pick straw to braid himself a sun hat. Straw hats were not then braided by steam, and for people who had only a very limited income, and a not very limited family, the hat question, even the straw hat question, was an important one, and most of our family—all the elder ones at least—were taught to braid their own hats and my mother sewed them. I do not recollect that I was sent on a similar mission, but my brother was anxious

that I should go as I would thus accomplish two ends—be company for him and also pick straw to make myself a hat for the next summer.

The sheaves we were to select from were on a scaffold almost at the very top of the barn. We succeeded in reaching the place in safety, completed our work and started to descend when the accident occurred. My brother slid down from the scaffold, holding on to the sheaves as he descended, and alighted safely on one of the beams on which the scaffold rested, bringing, however, quite a quantity of straw with him. I attempted to follow him and succeeded in descending to the beam all right, but my feet, unfortunately, alighted on the straw which my brother had dragged down. The straw slipped from the beam, there was one moment of horror, and then unconsciousness. Two other elder brothers who were working in the barn at the time heard the dull heavy thud, and hastening to the place found me apparently dead. They lifted me from where I had fallen, and for awhile stood speechless, gazing into my apparently lifeless face, and when I began to show signs of life and returning consciousness, they carried me gently to the house and handed me over to my mother's care. Had I been put in bed then and kept there for two or three weeks it is quite probable I should not have suffered any permanent injury, but in less than one hour I had rallied sufficiently from the shock to walk about. My friends were thankful that my life had been spared. What their feelings would have been had they known the years of agony that would ensue I can only conjecture from incidents which transpired later.

“A woman when she is in travail hath sorrow because her hour is come; but as soon as she is delivered of the child she remembereth no more the anguish for joy that a man is born into the world.” This is true—universally true—because the future is unknown. Could the mother look into the future and see the life her child will live, the character he will form, the sorrows and trials and sufferings that lie before him, it would no longer be universally true. As time rolled on what then must my mother have felt during the long years of apparently hopeless misery that resulted from this fall? Her

affection for her child, her sorrow for my sufferings, and her despair of any release save death, at length constrained her to exclaim, "I would be glad if his sufferings were over, and he laid away in his grave." I felt the words keenly. I thought then that she was weary of caring for me. I knew afterwards that it was not self but the true mother love that spoke; that she was thinking only of me, of my release from a trouble that seemed hopeless, from an agony that she thought death alone could end.

For nearly two years after this fall I felt no ill effects, but seemed the same strong, healthy, active child as before. Threshing time in 1859 came. The threshing-machine was with us on Sept. 1st and 2nd. Hands were scarce and difficult to get, so every boy about the farm was pressed into service. In those days the hardest way was often the best way—oftentimes the only way. The grain fell from the separator into a box which held about a bushel and sat directly beneath the machine. It was my duty to take another similar empty box, set it against the end of the full one, and shove it from beneath the machine that it might be carried away, emptied, and returned to me to repeat the operation. During the first day I succeeded very well. In the afternoon of the second day I experienced great difficulty, and finally had to retire unable to continue the work.

Next morning I seemed myself again. My parents left home that day to be gone for some days. I was sent to drive the oxen for my brother who was ploughing, and continued to do so during the forenoon. About half-past one in the afternoon we returned to the field, but had only been at work a few minutes when I was seized with severe pains in the knee and ankle joints, and was obliged to sit down. Presently the joints began to swell, and by three o'clock they had become so swollen and painful it was with great difficulty that I succeeded in reaching the house. On the return of my parents, the family physician, Dr. J— N—, was called in. After a brief examination he pronounced my trouble inflammatory rheumatism. This proved to be another mistake, but it was not discovered to be such for ten long years.

I was immediately put under treatment for my supposed

ailment. All the remedies for rheumatism known to the pharmacopœia, and also electricity, wet pack, cold shower bath, etc., were tried with varying results. None proved beneficial, while some were positively injurious. Sometimes I was confined to bed for weeks or months; sometimes I was well enough to go to school. But always when any considerable improvement took place the doctor immediately insisted that I must be put to work, that my muscles were wasted, and unless I was made to work they would never grow. A terrible mistake! Rest, absolute rest, was what I needed, and consequently a short period of work was always followed by a most serious relapse, the most excruciating agony and another long confinement to the house or perhaps to bed. The doctor meanwhile maintained that he understood my case thoroughly, and was doing all for me that medical skill could do, and my parents had such implicit faith in him that his word was never doubted, nor was another physician consulted about my case. I do not believe that Dr. N—— ever thought that he was wronging me, yet under like circumstances, would it not be more creditable to the doctor and more considerate to his patient to admit that he was not satisfied with the result, and leave his patient free to get other advice, or even counsel him to do so? On general principles I think it would; and thus regrets and painful reflections in after days would be avoided.

Year after year passed away. I would be confined to bed for a month or two, then would come a period of apparent improvement, a short term at school, an effort to perform some kind of work as the doctor insisted, and then another relapse still more serious than the preceding one. During all these years of suffering I endeavored to get an education; the greater part of the little I possess I acquired by my own efforts in bed. In the year 1865 our county council, desiring to promote and encourage education, offered for the following year, to be awarded by competition, scholarships of \$40 each in the different municipalities in the county, the number of scholarships in each municipality being determined by the population. As our township was small it received only one. Competition was limited to pupils of the public schools. I at

once determined to compete and succeeded in wining it by 48 marks after a keen contest.

Besides obtaining the highest standing in a written examination, I must also undergo an oral one, and likewise attend a high school in the county for a period of one year. Accordingly in the spring of 1866 I became a pupil of the Uxbridge High School. Although my health was so poor that I could only attend school a portion of the time, I not only secured the scholarship but also the highest standing in the school in every subject which I took up

In the spring of 1867 I determined to try the examination for teacher's certificate. My health and strength were at this time failing fast, and when the time for the examination arrived I was so weak that when driven to the room door I could not walk in without assistance. My friends attempted to dissuade me from trying the examination, but I had prepared for it and was determined to go through if possible. At the last moment my courage almost failed me. I felt that my strength was not equal to a long written examination. However, I laid the matter before the board, and they kindly consented to grant me an oral one. The result was that I was deemed worthy of the highest certificate the board could grant (1st A.), the examiners expressing regret that they could not grant a higher one. I had gained the end I had labored so hard to reach. Beyond that the satisfaction has been small, for I have never been able to use my certificate.

Immediately after this examination my health became so very unsatisfactory and my sufferings so severe that I was obliged to quit school altogether. During the fall and winter there was no perceptible improvement in my condition. In June, 1868, my father decided to take me to the Maritime Provinces to try change of air and sea bathing. The sail from Toronto, down lake Ontario and the St. Lawrence, was doubtless pleasant for those who were well, but I have little recollection of anything except that I suffered severe pain, and that captain, crew and passengers were all extremely kind.

On reaching Point de Chene, New Brunswick, we found comfortable lodging close to the sea-shore, and here we con-

cluded to rest. For a little time there seemed to be some improvement; then came a sudden and serious relapse. Dr. Harrison, of Shediac, was called in. After a very careful examination he pronounced my trouble "spinal disease," the result, no doubt, of the fall which I had nearly twelve years before. He advised the use of certain remedies, and also that I should return home at once, as there seemed no prospect of betterment, but the reverse, and the doctor thought I was going home to die.

Accordingly we started homewards, *via* St. John, N.B., and Portland, Maine. On board the steamer *New York*, somewhere off the Maine coast, an old gentleman, whose hair and beard were as white as snow, came and talked with me. His kindly winning way and tender sympathy were very pleasant. For some time we talked on various subjects of mutual interest, and afterwards about my own ailment, its origin, progress, treatment, etc. Finally, taking me by the hand, his eyes expressing an interest beyond what tongue could speak, his voice full of sympathy and of a yearning that only those can understand who have felt the constraining love of Christ in their own souls, he tenderly said "Your prospects seem poor for this world, what are they for the next?" In an instant he was gone, but the thoughts, the longings that had their origin in that question have begotten in my soul a hope, a trust, a faith that have never gone from me, and, I pray God, never will.

In our home there was too much of that reserve in speaking of Spiritual things which is so characteristic of many Presbyterians, especially Scotch Presbyterians, the result no doubt of the persecution of the Covenanters, when men might think, and believe, and hope, and trust, but the longings, and desires, and aspirations of the heart for heaven and heavenly things must remain unspoken unless they were cast in a certain mold and fashioned after a certain established pattern.

Despite this reserve in speaking about spiritual life and experience we were early taught the fundamental truths of Christianity. We were required to commit to memory the Shorter Catechism and large portions of the Bible. Rever-

ence for the Sabbath, for God's Word and for His Church were inculcated both by precept and example. Patriotism, loyalty to "the powers that be," integrity, truthfulness and general moral uprightness were constantly instilled. In course of time a Union Sabbath School was established near by, and we became regular attendants, and though my parents did not always approve of everything in connection with it, they always upheld it and generously contributed to its support.

For the Scripture knowledge and Christian doctrines thus acquired I trust I have been sincerely thankful. They furnished food for profitable thought and spiritual growth and comfort in after years when confined to bed and racked with pain I was unable to wait upon the usual means of grace. But it has always been to me a source of keen regret that in our home there was not that interchange of spiritual thoughts, and hopes, and desires, that confidential converse about all that pertains to the soul's life and growth and welfare for which I so often longed. For this my parents were probably more to be pitied than blamed. The habits acquired in early life are not easily overcome. Obligated by the customs of the community in which they were reared to exercise self-restraint in religious matters, the enforced reserve in time developed self-dependence and, to some extent, self-sufficiency. Hence, when their minds were most active, their feelings most deeply stirred, their utterances were fewest and briefest

The journey home from the Maritime Provinces was very trying, and I can still recall the look of disappointment on my mother's face when she learned that my search for health had been fruitless. For some months I was able to sit up a little almost every day. In the beginning of December I became so much worse that I was obliged to remain in bed, but it was expected that I would be able to get up again in a few weeks or months as I had always done before. Had I known then that for seven long years I should be confined to that bed, that for ten years I should be confined almost wholly to the house, suffering agony that words are powerless to express, I think the knowledge would have killed me. How kindly our Heavenly Father deals with us! In love

and mercy He conceals from us what shall befall us. How grateful His children should be that they "walk by faith, not by sight."

During those seven long years' the memory of which now seems like some hideous nightmare, I endured the most excruciating agony. Besides the pain my disease caused me, I "suffered many things of many physicians, and was nothing bettered but rather grew worse." I could only sleep a few minutes at a time, and would wake dreaming some horrible dream to find that I was suffering such terrible pain that it seemed impossible to lie another moment in that position, yet to move was almost as painful as to keep still. During the weary hours of the long wakeful night I could not help sighing, "Would God it were morning." In the morning I was so weary I sighed, "Would God it were night." But whatever of anguish or heartache I felt was concealed as much as possible, and I was usually found cheerful and apparently happy and contented. Especially did I endeavour by an assumed cheerfulness and even mirthfulness to conceal my mental and physical suffering from my mother. So well did I succeed that she often exclaimed. "Oh, how can you be so light hearted!" What I really suffered, mentally and physically, none ever knew but myself and my God. In the silent watches of the night when all else were wrapt in sleep I often besought God with strong crying and tears to either grant me some relief from pain or to give me patience and fortitude to endure it. The result was always renewed strength and trust and comfort.

Our friends and neighbours were extremely kind and thoughtful. My schoolmates, in particular, were very attentive. Especially so was my beloved school-teacher, Mr. McNevin, long since called to his reward. How many weary hours my young friends beguiled of pain. How cheering and comforting was their thoughtful remembrance of me. They wore no sad, woe-begone faces when they entered my room. They never burdened me with words of sympathy or sorrow. A pleasant, cheerful greeting, a gentle pressure of the hand, or, if I were worse than usual, some of the inner circle of my lady friends might imprint a kiss of heart-telt sympathy upon my lips, but that was all.

At length my sufferings became so extreme that I was obliged to resort to the use of opiates which I continued for five years. When the necessity for their use no longer existed a tremendous struggle began. The longing for the drug often seemed too much for the human will to contend against. At times I felt that the vital forces must fail unless I had another dose, and often my hand was partly extended to take the poison, but I always realized that if I took it again my will power would be broken and I be a helpless slave. Yet no word ever passed my lips to tell to others, and none ever suspected, the desperate struggle that was going on between will and habit; I was even haunted for months with thoughts of suicide, the consequence of suffering and opiates combined. Thank God, grace and strength were given me from on high to enable me to overcome. Though for many years I have had no desire for opiates, yet the struggle I had ere I conquered has deepened my sympathy for those poor slaves of habit to whom God has not given the will power that He gave to me, or the grace to call on Him who is able to "bring us off conquerors and more than conquerors."

During those five years my nervous system was so sensitive and irritable that the slightest change of position, the touching of the bedstead, or of the bedclothes, often caused muscular convulsions so intense that every muscle would become rigid as iron and the perspiration burst from every pore. At such times I could scarcely get breath enough to live. After administering opiates my mother would stand by my bedside bathing my forehead with cold water to keep me from fainting, and moistening my lips to allay the burning thirst which always accompanied those convulsions. After hours of such agony that it seemed as if the muscles must inevitably be rent asunder, utter exhaustion would cause them to relax, and tired nature would sink for a few minutes into the unconsciousness of sleep, blessed sleep!

During these years of suffering, doctor after doctor was called in. Dr. J. D. S——, alone, was able to give any relief except such as was secured by drugs, or to do me any real good. I have no doubt that he was the means, under God, of saving my life, though his skill and experience were insufficient to enable me to rise from my bed. At length my father

declared after sixteen years of unavailing treatment that he would doctor no more.

There may be those who blame him, first for coming to such a decision and afterwards for adhering to it. Yet, it is not strange if, after such an experience, he should conclude that as medical science and skill had done nothing for me in sixteen years that they could do nothing; and being Scotch, with a strong regard for his word, he religiously kept it. Whether he was justified in the course he pursued I will not attempt to determine. I who was, and am, most concerned do not feel like uttering one word of censure. God over-ruled all for my good.

Some time after my father arrived at the decision to doctor no more I called in Dr. J. J. H—, who had often seen me, but had never treated or examined me. He at once advanced the idea of mechanical support, thus giving absolute rest to the diseased parts, which seems to me to be the only rational method of treating injury, or disease of the spinal column. Dr. H— put me in communication with Dr. W. B. DeGarmo, of N.Y., and acting on his advice, proposed to get a Spinal Support for me. These instruments were much dearer then than since, and as I was now dependent on my own resources to meet doctor's bills, etc., the problem of how I should pay for it seemed to the doctor difficult, if not impossible of solution. It was not so to me. Though I had been so long confined to bed I had not been idle. Occasionally I could get writing to do at reasonable rates, though I was not always able to do it. Sometimes I had opportunities to learn how to do fancy work of various kinds, and though I learned only as a means of passing my time, for working at it was preferable to doing nothing, I soon found that my work commanded a ready sale, and by these means I had earned and saved sufficient to pay for the Support, and also to remunerate Dr. H— for his time and skill.

Slowly, very slowly, I improved under the new treatment, though for a long time the improvement was not perceptible to any one but myself. At length it became evident to all that saw me, and most people would naturally suppose that

my father on seeing the improvement would relent. But with some natures, to prove them in the wrong is only to make them more obstinate, and his nature was of that kind. His course towards me seemed hard and unfeeling, but it forced me to depend on my own resources, and taught me self-reliance which I had never before had reason to cultivate, but which I should need much in after years.

Very slowly, but steadily and surely, I gained health and strength, and when I was strong enough to be lifted into a carriage and taken for a short drive, I could have shouted with delight; but the joy and pleasure of my first drive, and of every drive that I took for years, was marred by a severe attack of pain that lasted for several days.

Great was the surprise of our neighbours when they saw that I was really recovering. No one, except myself, ever thought that I would leave my bed till I went to my grave, and so several doctors declared. But what others thought, or believed, or said, had no effect on me. I felt that I had still vitality enough to rally if the proper remedy were found and applied; and I constantly prayed God to guide me in this, as in all things, and if it were His will, that He would raise me up again and give me just such a measure of health and strength as He saw best for me,—as would best conduce to His glory and my soul's eternal welfare,—and my life should be spent in His service. I always believed that I would be raised up, that God would never have given me such strong faith only to disappoint me, and the flower of faith at length gave place to the fruit of realization.

But as my spinal column healed the vertebrae all grew together, and I thus lost all motion in it from the neck downwards. My hip joints had also grown fast owing to my inability to use them, and as I had been obliged to lie with the limbs drawn up I was in a sitting posture and remained so nearly fourteen years, a bondage so terrible that only those who have been similarly afflicted can conceive the misery it entailed. The knee joints, were, at one time, almost as stiff as the hips, though I succeeded in regaining the use of them. Notwithstanding the defects in spine and hip and knee, I could now be lifted into a carriage, and the monotony of my

life was broken by an occasional visit to the home of a neighbour or friend.

In May 1873, while I was confined to bed, our family circle was first broken by the very sudden death of my second sister. Two years later my eldest brother was suddenly stricken down, and after lying for some weeks in an unconscious condition he, too, passed away. The death of these left a sad blank in my life, though I seldom spoke about what I thought or felt. But now one of the greatest calamities that can befall any one—more especially one in my condition—came upon me, in the death of my mother, which occurred in July 1879, from hemorrhage of the lungs. She had been for some time in failing health, but no one—except herself—anticipated such a sudden or terrible end. I afterwards had good reason to believe that she was well aware that her end was near. On the day of her death she seemed more active and cheerful than usual and took a hearty dinner. After rising from the table she went to the door. While standing there she coughed. Instantly the “golden cord was loosed,” and in a few minutes life was extinct.

Other members of the family—especially my father—felt her death keenly. I knew that I had lost my best earthly friend. I will not dwell on the fast sad rites. Home seemed home no longer. My mother had anticipated this, and my third brother, who was in comfortable circumstances, had promised her that he would provide a home for me when she was no more. But six weeks after my mother's death, while he was raking hay, his horse ran away and killed him. Coming so quickly after my mother's sudden death, the shock of my brother's violent end was very great. I was stunned, almost paralyzed for a time by the blow. To make it worse my father was from home, and I was the only one of the family within many miles. My father felt this second bereavement very sorely. He was now past the allotted age of man, and the shock was so great that he was never really well afterwards.

After my mother's death we tried, my father and I, to keep our home and for that purpose hired a housekeeper. This proved unsatisfactory. Finally, my brother's widow

came with her family, to take charge of the house and care for my father, and I turned out in my weak and disabled condition to face the world alone. How to earn an honest and independent livelihood was the question. My Pastor, Rev. Dr. Smyth, now of Montreal, whose kindness to me has been more than a brother's, suggested that I should try lecturing. I thought the matter over for a time, carefully and prayerfully, and determined to act on the suggestion. The venture cost me much anxiety until I had proved by actual trial that the plan was feasible. I had had no training or other preparation to fit me for the work. A very limited education, an almost total ignorance of the world and the ways of the world, and a weak, deformed body racked with pain seemed a poor equipment. But though I had never trod the halls of a University, I had graduated in another school—the school of suffering—and had retained my individuality. Though ignorant of the world and its ways, yet during the long years I had spent in bed my Bible had been my constant companion—not an unconsulted, and, I trust, not an unprofitable one—and my peculiar life of suffering had made me look at many of its truths in quite a different light than they are viewed by the strong and healthy. While my poor weak body, and patient, hopeful, trusting perseverance, under almost insurmountable difficulties, gained me many kind attentions and many friends.

True, I saw many dark, discouraging days. Climatic changes affected me seriously. I was often tortured with pain, yet must conceal it and seem at ease, or appear on the platform when I was ill enough to have been in my bed. I was usually treated with kindness and consideration by Christian people, but it was not always thus. Some of those who stand high in the Church, and high in the estimation of Christian people, have treated me with positive rudeness. Some calling themselves "Ministers of the Gospel of Christ" have abused me like a pick-pocket for trying to earn an honest living in the only way possible. Some of them, I know, were heartily ashamed of themselves afterwards. But, thank God, with few exceptions those clergymen with whom I have come in contact had lived so near the Master that

they had imbibed something of His spirit and extended to me the same Christian courtesy and kindness as they would wish extended to themselves under like circumstances. I trust and pray that Almighty God will fittingly reward them and all others who act in a Christ-like manner.

During the spring and summer of 1880 I laboured to the full extent of my strength, and in December I went to New York to try to get straightened and to get the use of the hip joints again. My friend, Dr. DeGarmo, encouraged me to hope that this was possible. During the first few months I had private lodgings and was treated by Dr. DeGarmo. He first endeavoured to loosen the joints and stretch the muscles and ligaments by means of a steady tension. They did not yield as readily as he had anticipated, and he advised me to take ether and let him apply force sufficient to break up the adhesions. To this I consented; but the bone from want of use or other cause had become exceedingly brittle, and instead of the joint moving the thigh bone broke. With my consent an attempt was made to form an artificial joint. This was accomplished, but owing to the point of fracture being too low I could not use it, and the only result of the experiment was to prove that such a thing was practicable.

Owing to the expenses which were beyond my means, and sickness where I was boarding, as soon as I could be moved, Dr. DeGarmo got me into St. Luke's Hospital. Here, by his advice and under his direction, I had the neck of the other thigh-bone broken with a hammer and chisel, and succeeded in making a really useful, artificial hip-joint. Worn out with a whole year's confinement and suffering, I returned home on Christmas eve.

I had not succeeded as well as I had hoped, yet the improvement in position was sufficient to make me wish and hope for further betterment. Accordingly I set to work lecturing as soon as my strength would permit in order to secure means to obtain further treatment. I returned to New York in the month of April, but found to my dismay that the doctor who had operated before was in Europe. The operation was too serious to trust a doctor, however eminent, who had not performed it before, so I reluctantly returned home. I felt

greatly disappointed, but it was all providential. My father was never the same after the death of my mother and brother, and at this time was very unwell, though going about the house. One day, about two weeks after my return, he was suddenly taken worse, spoke only once and was gone. Whatever his faults or failings may have been, he has left a name behind him for hospitality, generosity, ability, integrity, and public spirit second to none in the community.

Having seen his remains consigned to their last resting-place, I set to work once more, and it was not till February, 1883 that I again went to New York. In March, I entered St. Luke's Hospital a second time as a patient, hoping that another operation like the last, if successful, would enable me to walk without crutches. In this I was disappointed. There was a blunder in the operation that cost me five months of terrible agony, made two more operations necessary, almost cost me my life, while the betterment resulting from this last visit to the hospital was reduced to a minimum. Had it not been for the great interest taken in me by Dr. and Mrs. De Garmo and the extreme kindness of the hospital officials, Mr. Uhl, of the Y.M.C.A., and others, I scarcely think I would ever have returned to my native land alive. As it was, my strength was utterly exhausted, and, returning home in the month of March, I caught a heavy cold which settled on my lungs. In my weak condition I was unable to shake it off. The trouble continued to increase, and after three months of unavailing treatment my doctors advised me that they could do nothing more for me. One of them, however, thought change of air might benefit me. Accordingly, I started for the Maritime Provinces. At first I was obliged to go inland, but after some weeks I located in St. John, N.B. From that time I improved steadily, and in three months was able to resume lecturing.

In the winter months I have not been able to do much, as I cannot stand the hardship and exposure inseparable from winter travelling. During the summer of 1885 I laboured constantly and with good results, but while giving my last lecture that year in Norwood Presbyterian Church, I broke down with heart failure. Though I rallied sufficiently to

finish my lecture, the trouble was much more serious than I at first supposed. In a couple of days I was able to reach Toronto, but I was obliged to remain there a whole week before I could continue my journey home.

All winter and spring I fought for life. When summer came I started a third time for the seaside in search of health. By the time I had reached Belleville, Ont., I felt so exhausted that I deemed it unwise to attempt to continue my journey without rest. I took a cab into the city. It had been raining and the cushion was damp. I thought nothing of this at the time, but next morning I was waked by a pain in my thigh which soon grew so severe I decided to call in a doctor. He pronounced the trouble either rheumatism or neuralgia, and administered opiates to give relief. He presently awoke to the fact that the pain was caused by inflammation which worked upwards and an abscess formed in my side. The doctor despaired of my life. So did Rev. M. W. McL——, who was a kind and frequent visitor. For weeks the agony continued. I felt that I must die or go insane unless I could get sleep, so the doctor administered heavy doses of chloral, and finally I fell asleep and slept for hours. When I awoke it was dark and the pain was all gone. The abscess had reached an old wound in my side, had torn it open, and I was fast bleeding to death. I stanchd the bleeding till morning and then sent for the doctor. A second time he told the kind people with whom I was staying, and who were tenderly caring for me, that I would surely die. I did not think so, and having no more faith in him after hearing his opinion, I wrote to Dr. DeGarmo for his opinion and advice. I followed his directions and the wound quickly healed, but my strength did not return. All that summer and the next winter life was a burden. When the summer of 1887 came, I felt that I could not live unless I could get away from the heat, so I started once more for the seaside. I reached St. Andrews, N.B., now becoming a fashionable summer resort. The cool sea breeze was both life and health to me, and my recovery was much more rapid than I had dared to hope.

Again a period of comparative health was vouchsafed

me, but in the fall of 1889 my heart troubled me seriously, and remembering the effect of the sea air before, I decided to try the ounce of prevention rather than the pound of cure, crossed the Atlantic to the British Isles, and spent the winter with my mother's relatives. During four short months I enjoyed pleasant and profitable intercourse with those of my own blood in the land of my ancestors, visited many places of interest because of historical incidents, family traditions, classic story or heroic martyrdom, while health and strength improved daily.

Returning to Canada in the month of June, I continued to work during summer and autumn with varying success. In December, 1890, I took me a helpmeet, who has proved a helpmeet indeed. Whatever else Providence has denied me, He has given me a good, loving, faithful wife, and has sent us a bright, sweet-tempered little daughter, now four years old, who is truly "papa's sunshine."

In April, 1891, I took an attack of la grippe, so severe that for five months it was doubtful if I could survive. Had it not been for the unwearying care and good nursing of my wife, I have little doubt that the attack would have had a fatal termination. I made a slow and a poor recovery; and in July, 1892, I broke down a second time with heart-failure while speaking in the Presbyterian church in Petrolea. As soon as I thought I was able, I started homewards. Several times on the way I thought I was dying. On reaching home I sent for a doctor and put myself under his care. For thirteen months I struggled for life. In the fall of 1893, I began to improve and was looking forward to complete recovery in the near future when I was suddenly seized with neuralgia in the base of the brain and spinal cord. My right arm became helpless. The pain in my head was so intense that I often thought I must go insane. Night after night, for weeks in succession, the pain was so excruciating that I was obliged to send for the doctor. Four months this terrible agony lasted. Nervous prostration followed. Life became an almost insupportable burden. I was often tempted to commit suicide. Only my strong faith in God and His comforting, all-embracing promise, "I will never leave thee, nor for-

sake thee," restrained me. How true is the assurance that He will not suffer His own to be tempted "beyond that they are able to bear, but will with the temptation also make a way of escape."

During this long period of sickness and suffering, three assignments—one genuine and two fraudulent—swept away the little I had been able to save, and left me deep in debt. Twice I essayed to work to provide for the maintenance of myself and those dependent on me. Each time I was taken so ill before reaching my proposed field of labour that I was obliged to return home. An eminent physician in Toronto told me it was not likely that I would ever be able to travel again.

"Some murmur when their sky is clear and wholly bright to view,
If one small speck of dark appear in their great heaven of blue;
While some with thankful love are filled if but one streak of light,
One ray of God's great mercy, gild the darkness of their night."

At this time I seemed to be encompassed by "an horror of great darkness." In the whole sky there seemed not one ray of hope. I was becoming despondent, when a letter from Dr. DeGarmo told me that he was coming to Toronto, and would come to see me. The very thought of seeing him revived my sinking spirit. When he came and examined me he assured me that there was no organic trouble, that it was only functional, and he could see no reason why I should not be restored to my accustomed state of health. Hope revived. His skill at length availed so far that I was able in the fall of 1894 to do a little work and so keep the wolf from the door.

Slowly, very slowly, health returned and spirits revived. During the early summer months of 1895 I continued to improve, and in August, by the advice of my physician, I went once more to the Maritime Provinces and continued to work there for more than three months. The change had a marvellously stimulating effect upon me. My heart began to beat with something like its normal strength. Health and vigour returned, and about the middle of December I came home feeling that I have strength and vitality to go on working, if God so wills, for the maintenance of myself, my wife

and child, for the good of my fellow-men and for the glory of His great name.

In connection with most lives there are dispensations of Providence which, at the moment, seem incomprehensible ; yet as time reveals God's purposes, the wisdom and goodness of the Supreme Disposer of events become more and more apparent. " Why am I required to pass through such a long period of suffering ? " is a question that I often asked myself, but asked in vain, for I found no satisfactory answer. I think I can now see a part, if not the whole, of the reason.

In the first place, by my personal, practical acquaintance with the one form of spinal disease from which I suffered I have been enabled to make such suggestions, and lend such assistance, to others similarly afflicted as have been blessed by God to the restoration of many of them to health and usefulness ; and, in the second place, that the perfecting process might be begun and carried on in me in the way which Infinite Love and Wisdom saw best, just as it behooved the Captain of our salvation to be made perfect through suffering.

It was long a mystery to me why I should be kept alive, a burden to myself and to others, while many who could enjoy life and were useful in both Church and State were taken away. I now understand that these having completed the work which God had designed for them here, were called to receive their reward, while I was kept alive that the sustaining power of the grace of God might be manifested in me, that my affliction might be made a means of grace to those about me, and, having passed through seasons of fierce trial and temptation, that I might be instrumental in helping others out of the " horrible pit," out of the " miry clay " of sin, and setting their feet on the Rock, Christ Jesus.

I often asked myself the question, " Why was I denied my heart's desire to enter the ministry, and forced into the lecture-field instead ? " Had I entered the ministry in the regular way I might have proclaimed the unsearchable riches of Christ to a few hundreds, or perhaps a few thousands, of my fellow-beings. As it is, I have done so to hundreds of thousands. When I began lecturing I spoke on week-evenings

only. Coming occasionally where there was no minister, or where the minister was ill, I was asked to give the people a Sabbath service, and did so. Gradually Sabbath work grew upon me until I now do a large part of my work on the Sabbath. I have always selected subjects that I believed would not only interest but profit my hearers while profiting myself, and while I lecture I shall select such subjects only.

During my journeyings the poor, the sick, the suffering, whether in body, mind, or soul, often send for me to visit them, believing that because of my own life of trial I must know how to sympathize with, cheer and encourage them. Many who have felt that they were struggling under insupportable burdens or striving to overcome insurmountable obstacles, have been encouraged by my unfaltering, God-given perseverance, to press onward and upward, resolved, God helping them, to win. Even ministers of the gospel have said that my words and my example have inspired themselves and their people with renewed zeal and hope and courage for the Master's work.

To say or think that I understand the whole of God's purpose in afflicting me, or that I see the whole of the results which He intended to spring from my affliction, would be presumption. But I am content, for "what I know not now I shall know hereafter." And though I know naught of what God has in store for me during the remainder of my sojourn here, yet while the memory and consciousness of His sustaining grace during the trials and sufferings of the past remain with me I can trust Him for the future.

" I know not what shall befall me,
 God kindly veils my eyes,
 And so each step in my onward path
 He makes new scenes to rise,
 And every joy He sends me
 Comes as a strange and sweet surprise.

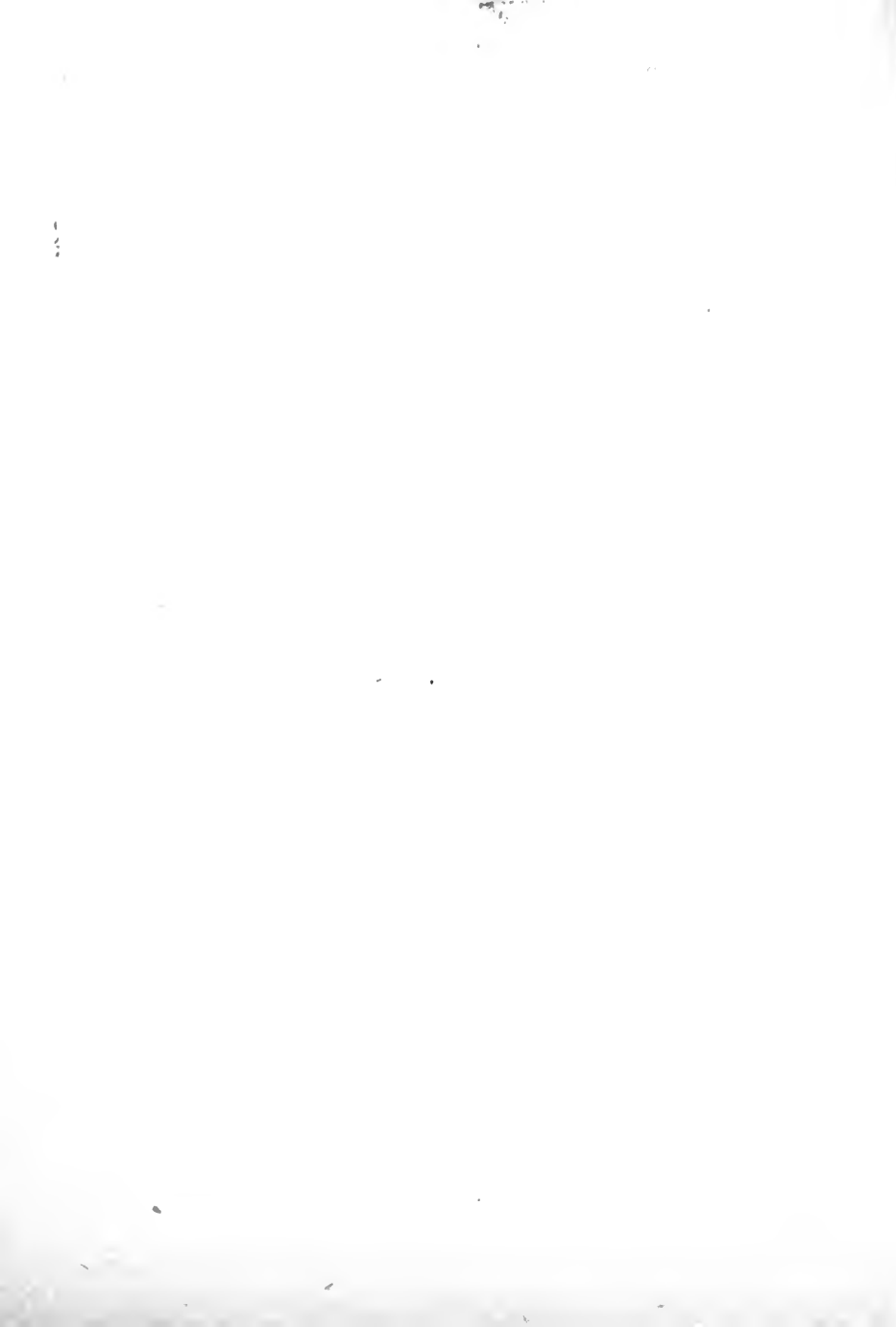
I see not a step before me
 As I tread on another year,
 But the past is safe in God's keeping,
 The future His mercy shall clear,
 And what looks dark in the distance
 May brighten as I draw near.

For perhaps the dreaded future
Has less bitter than I think,
The Lord may sweeten the water
Before I stoop to drink,
Or, if Marah must be Marah,
He will stand beside the brink.

It may be He has waiting
For the coming of my feet,
Some gift of such rare blessedness,
Some joy so strangely sweet,
That my lips will only tremble
With the thanks they cannot speak.

O restful, blissful ignorance !
'Tis blessed not to know,
It keeps me so safe in those arms
That will not let me go,
And hushes my soul to rest
On the bosom that loves me so.

My heart shrinks back from trials
That the future may disclose,
Yet I never had one sorrow
But what the dear Lord chose ;
So I send the coming tears back
With the whispered words, ' HE KNOWS. ' "



THROUGH SCOTLAND ON CRUTCHES.

WHILE in the British Islands I took many trips to places of interest, historical and otherwise. I purpose taking you with me this evening on one of these ; not on crutches, as I went, that would be too painful and fatiguing, but only intellectually. The pleasure may be less on that account ; so, also, will the pain.

On Monday morning, April 21st, 1890, I left Dumfries for Melrose by way of Gretna and Longtown. At each of these places is a railway junction where I changed cars. At the former is the famous "Green," where the Gretna blacksmith married runaway couples ; sometimes as many as three hundred in a year, of all ranks in life, from chancellors of the empire down to humble peasants.

After leaving Longtown, we soon pass through the Liddesdale district, the country of the Dandy Dinmont of Scott's "Guy Mannering," and come within three miles of Hermitage Castle, founded in the 13th century, and famous for Queen Mary visiting Bothwell there when he was ill, soon after the murder of Rizzio.

The first place of importance which we reach is Hawick, which played an important part in the border feuds and was often burnt by the English. Quite close to the railway is an artificial mound of earth, called "The Moat." It is 30 feet high, 312 in circumference at the base, and 117 at the top. It is circular in form, and is of such antiquity that it is not known when, by whom, or for what purpose it was made, though supposed to be of Roman origin. The old fortress of the Barons of Drumlanrig is at Hawick, and now forms part of the Town Hall. It also is visible from the station.

About three miles to the south-west of Hawick is Branksholm Castle, immortalized by Sir Walter Scott in his "Lay of the Last Minstrel." It was from this castle that William of Deloraine was sent to Melrose Abbey to visit the tomb of the Wizard Michael Scott, and get therefrom his "Mighty Book."

"The Lady of Branksholm greets thee by me,
Says that the fated hour is come,
And that to-night I shall watch with thee,
To win the treasure of the tomb."

Such was the message Deloraine carried to Melrose Abbey to the "Monk of St. Mary's Aisle." Said the monk:—

"I swore to bury his Mighty Book,
That never mortal might therein look,
And never to tell where it was hid
Save at his chief of Branksholm's need,"

Having removed the stone which covered the tomb:—

"Before their eyes the wizard lay,
As if he had not been dead a day;
His hoary beard in silver rolled,
He seemed some seventy winters old;
A palmer's amice wrapped him round,
With a wrought Spanish baldric bound,
Like a pilgrim from beyond the sea;
His left hand held his Book of Might,
A silver cross was in his right;
The lamp was placed beside his knee;
High and majestic was his look,
At which the fellest fiends had shook,
And all unruffled was his face;
They trusted he had gotten grace.

* * * * *

"Deloraine in terror took
From his cold hand the Mighty Book,
With iron clasped, and with iron bound;
He thought as he took it the dead man frowned."

Michael Scott belonged to Sir Walter's ancestral line. He lived in the 12th century, and his reputation extended all over Europe. He was so far in advance of those among whom he lived, both in wisdom and knowledge, that the ignorant and superstitious invested him with supernatural powers. He wrote several able works on mathematics and other of the exact sciences, and the expression the "Mighty Book" has reference to these manuscripts, which the ignorant thought contained the magic spells and incantations for the possession of which he had sold himself to the devil.

Leaving Hawick, we soon come to Hassendean, the

"Hazeldean" of "Jock o' Hazeldean;" and then the Eildon Hills come in sight. These three hills or mountains seem at one time to have formed only one mountain, which, during some volcanic convulsion, had been torn into three. Tradition says that Michael Scott one morning sent a demon to divide this mountain and that he completed the task before breakfast.

Passing on we soon reach Melrose. Here I was met by a cousin from Edinburgh, a teacher in one of the city schools. At Melrose the chief attraction is the Old Abbey or Monastery, made so famous by Scott in his "Lay of the Last Minstrel," and thither we turned our steps. Having knocked at the gate we were presently admitted on payment of the usual fee, and a tall, lithe Scotch lassie, with pleasant face, sparkling eyes and raven hair presented herself as our guide. She was lady-like and modest in manner and fluent in speech. She was well up in the architecture and sculpture of the place and in its historical associations, and I found her one of the most satisfactory guides I ever had.

She led us from chapel to chapel, pointing out their general resemblance and the difference in detail; calling attention to the various styles of windows, each different from all the others, and every one emblematic of the Trinity; and to the endless variety of ornamental carvings on pillar, arch and corbel, no two being alike. One of the most beautiful, and at the same time one of the most difficult of execution, was the curly Scotch kale carved on the capital of one of the pillars. It looked as if the living leaves had been placed there and then petrified. The Abbey is now a ruin. The greater part of the roof has fallen, arches have given way, and many of the beautiful pillars are lying in fragments. Several of these fragments are gathered together in front of the beautiful east window, and one piece worn smooth by the contact of clothing, was pointed out as the one on which Sir Walter Scott sat and conjured up the weird fancies of his waking hours and then crystallized them by his genius, and so preserved them for the recreation and entertainment of generations yet unborn. Of course, we sat on that same stone, but we did not dream Sir Walter's dreams.

Melrose Abbey was begun by King David I. in 1136, was ten years in building, and was dedicated to the Virgin Mary. It was destroyed by the English under Edward II in 1322. In 1326 King Robert Bruce gave £2,000 (equal to £50,000 now) and the beautiful fabric was erected, which, even in ruins, excites universal admiration. It was several times plundered and burned by the English, was sadly defaced at the Reformation, and fiercely bombarded by Cromwell.

The Abbey, with its buildings, gardens and walks, was encircled by a high stone wall one mile in circumference, but now consists of the ruins of the church, cruciform in shape, which afford the finest specimens of Gothic architecture and sculpture in Scotland. Everything is graceful, elaborate and rich, combining great delicacy of touch and boldness of execution. While the stone of which it is built is soft enough to admit of great variety and delicacy of chiselling, it possesses great power of resistance to the weather, and the most minute ornaments still retain much of their original sharpness of outline. Many writers have tried to describe the Abbey, but none have done so more beautifully than Sir Walter Scott.

“The darkened roof rose high aloof
 On pillars lofty and light and small:
 The key-stone that locked each ribbed aisle
 Was a *fleur-de-lys* or a *quatre-fenille*:
 The corbels were carved grotesque and grim;
 And the pillars with clustered shafts so trim,
 With base and with capital flourished around,
 Seemed bundles of lances which garlands had bound.”

Alexander II. is buried near the high altar under the surpassingly beautiful east window which Scott describes thus:

“The moon on the east oriel shone
 Through slender shafts of polished stone,
 By foliated tracery combined;
 Thou wouldst have thought some fairy's hand
 'Twixt poplars straight the osier wand,
 In many a freakish knot, had twined
 Then framed a spell when the work was done
 And changed the willow-wreaths to stone.”

The heart of Bruce was deposited in Melrose Abbey after an unsuccessful attempt by Lord James Douglas to carry it to the Holy Land. Being hard pressed in battle with the Moors in Andelusia, he flung the heart of Bruce in its silver casket into the enemy's ranks, crying, "On, brave heart, as thou wert wont ; Douglas will follow thee or die," and pressing forward fell covered with wounds.

The Lords of Liddesdale are buried in the Abbey with many another gallant Scot. Above the grave of Michael Scott, the wizard, stands a statue of the great magician, with weird face, longer on one side than on the other, and wild, staring eyes. If he looked like the statue it is no wonder his neighbors thought there was something uncanny about him. In the churchyard lie the mortal remains of Sir David Brewster.

Among the many strange and striking epitaphs in the churchyard the following I thought worth transcribing :—

" The earth goeth on the earth glistening like gold,
The earth goes to the earth sooner than it wold,
The earth builds on the earth castles and towers,
The earth says to the earth all shall be ours."

In these lines the pride, the brevity, the greed and the vanity of human life are strikingly set forth.

Scott says :—

" If thou wouldst view fair Melrose aright,
Go visit it by the pale moonlight,
For the gay beams of light-some day
Gild but to flout the ruins grey.
When the broken arches are black in night,
And each shafted oriel glimmers white ;
When the cold light's uncertain shower
Streams on the ruined central tower ;
When buttress and buttress alternately
Seem framed of ebon and ivo y ;
When silver edges the imagery,
And the scrolls that teach thee to live and die ;
When distant Tweed is heard to rave,
And the owlet to hoot o'er the dead man's grave,
Then go—but go alone the while—
Then view St. David's ruined pile ;
And, home returning, soothly swear
Was never scene so sad and fair."

If these lines be true, then I did not "see fair Melrose aright," for I went in daylight with a companion, and during the whole of our visit there fell a cold, drizzling rain, yet I was charmed with the lovely old ruin. Having purchased the "Lay of the Last Minstrel," bound in box-wood, and "The Lady of the Lake," bound in Rob Roy tartan, from our charming guide and dropped a shilling in her hand,—in the Old Land one must never forget that shilling,—we bade adieu to her and Melrose Abbey.

Just outside the Abbey gate is the Abbey Hotel, which advertises meals, luncheons, cabs, etc., at reasonable rates, and needing some fortification for the inner man my cousin proposed to seek for it in this hotel. I expressed the opinion that we might easily find one more satisfactory. He seemed to think that what I said was an imputation of want of respectability, so I said, "Well, go in I'll follow you." We went in and called for a cold lunch to be provided at once. We sat down beside the grate to warm and dry ourselves during the few minutes we expected to have to wait. Fifteen minutes passed by. The 15 became 30, and the 30 became 45, 50, 55, but still there was no sign of lunch. We had expected in less time to be on our way to Abbotsford, and my patience being entirely exhausted, I rang the bell and inquired if our lunch was not ready. I was assured it would be ready in a few minutes; and just one hour after our order was given we were asked to step into the dining-room and directed to seats at one end of the table. On the table before us was a bone, which at one time had been covered with meat, but now only a few small fragments clung to it. There were also some bread, two glasses of water and two hot potatoes. In the potatoes lay the solution of the long delay. It was no longer a cold, but a hot, lunch, and to be charged for accordingly. It was a poor lunch and poorly appreciated, but the bill—well, the less said about that the better, only, when you visit Melrose Abbey, do not patronize the Abbey Hotel unless you want to be robbed.

Though cabs could be procured at the Abbey Hotel, we thought once was often enough to be robbed in one place, so we went elsewhere and got a cab at a reasonable rate to take

us to Abbotsford. Abbotsford stands on the south bank of the Tweed, on the site of an old farm-house, on a farm of 100 acres, which was known by the suggestive but inharmonious designation of "Clarty Hole." It was purchased from Dr. Douglas, of Galashiels. It was paid for by instalments. The letter with the last remittance contained these lines:—

"Noo, the gowd's thine,
And the land's mine."

This was the nucleus of the property. The last addition to the estate was Huntlyburn, purchased in 1817. The present house was begun in that year and finished in 1824. The general ground plan is a parallelogram, irregular in outline, but striking in effect, and may well be called "a romance in stone and lime." The general style of the structure is the Scottish Baronial, and it is safe to say that the whole world beside has nothing like it. On it and the estate upwards of £50,000 have been spent. The house is approached by a gateway leading to an open court or lawn of about half an acre and has a frontage of nearly 160 feet. The rear windows overlook the river Tweed.

It is surrounded by plantations of oak, birch, mountain-ash and pine, interspersed with a profusion of lilac, laburnum and shrubbery. The grounds and plantations, as well as the house, were all the creations of the immortal proprietor. Sir Walter says, "My heart clings to the place I have created; there is scarce a tree on it that does not owe its being to me." And the taste of the proprietor is still so evident that we were fascinated by the quaintness and the beauty.

"Well might we deem that wizard wand
Had set us down in fairy land."

Abbotsford contains relics and curiosities from every part of the world. Visitors are admitted by a side entrance, and while waiting in the entry for a guide, we had time to look at the pictures on the walls. Many of them were battle scenes, border raids, shipwrecks, etc., and having looked at these, we thought we could understand in some degree how Scott was able to paint such vivid word pictures of similar scenes.

While looking at the curiosities in one of the rooms, my attention became fixed on a peculiar-looking powder horn. After some demurring on the part of our guide, I induced him to let me examine it, and, to his astonishment, as well as my own, I found a map of the state of New York etched upon its surface. It probably belonged to some British officer who had fought in the American Revolutionary war.

Among the many things which I noticed were a huge war-horn from Hermitage Castle, Rob Roy's gun, the Marquis of Montrose's sword, the pistols of Claverhouse, the pistols of Napoleon found in his carriage after the battle of Waterloo, the keys of Lochleven Castle, fished from the bottom of the lake; the great chest in which the bride in the song of "The Mistletoe Bough" unwittingly locked herself and was smothered; b-r-a-n-k-s for the cure of scolding women; irons for fastening martyrs to the stake; old arms and armour of all ages and styles, and other things of interest without number.

I saw there an ebony chair presented by George IV.; two carved chairs presented by the Pope; an ebony writing desk by George III.; the silver urn given by Lord Byron.

Among the many portraits on the walls is one of Scott's only son Walter, Lieutenant-Colonel in the 15th Hussars. He is standing beside his war-horse. The young man died on his way home from India to inherit the estate in 1847, when, by the fruit of his father's brain, it had been redeemed from the incumbrances placed upon it by the disasters of 1825. The study contains 20,000 volumes still arranged as they were left by their owner. The present owner of Abbotsford is the daughter of J. R. Hope-Scott, Q.C., and granddaughter of Sir Walter.

Within those walls of stone, adorned with so many strange and interesting relics, the genius of Scott called to life again the departed dead of years long gone by, and brought into being many quaint and amusing characters that peopled the dreams and visions of his fertile brain, and constructed those fascinating tales in prose and verse that have made his readers laugh and weep by turns, and have amused alike the golden-haired child and his gray-haired sire. Yet Sir Walter's readers did not all appreciate him in the same way. In one

of his many tours through the north of England, he met an old servant who exclaimed, "I'm varra glad to see ye again. I ha'e gotten some o' thae story-books o' yours yet, an' they're just grand. Whiles I canna sleep, and then I just tak' ane o' your books an' read a wee bit, and wow! I'm fast asleep in five minutes."

On Sept. 21st, 1832, in the dining-room at Abbotsford, Sir Walter breathed his last, and it was with sorrow as for the death of a dear friend that his millions of readers and admirers learned that the magic wand of the "Wizard of the North" had lost its power, that the throbbing heart had ceased to beat and the fertile brain to think, and five days later the mortal remains of the great departed were taken to Dryburgh and laid to rest in St. Mary's aisle, the most beautiful as well as the most interesting part of Dryburgh Abbey.

Returning to Melrose, we took train for the Athens of the North, where we spent the night.

Tuesday, April 22nd, we started for the battle-field of Bannockburn. A run of half an hour from the Waverly Station brought us to Linlithgow, nearly 20 miles west of Edinburgh. Linlithgow had a Royal Castle and an endowed Church as far back as the reign of David I., Edward I. of England, who had encamped here the night before the battle of Falkirk (1298) also wintered here in 1301, and next year built "a pele (castle) mekill and strong," which in 1313 was captured by the Scots through the assistance of Wm. Bunnock, or Binning, and his famous hay cart. He was employed to draw hay to the garrison, and the Scots, with his connivance, concealed several of their number in the load of hay. Then he contrived to stick the load fast in the gateway, so that the portcullis could not fall. Immediately those concealed in the hay sprang from their place of concealment. Their comrades who had been in ambush hastened forward, and, creeping through beneath the cart, their combined strength was sufficient to overpower the guard, capture the garrison and take possession of the castle.

An expedient so bold so bravely executed, and in a righteous cause assuredly deserved success. It is a notable illustration of what true patriotism will inspire brave men to do

and dare for country and for freedom. It has but one parallel in history—the wooden horse which enabled the Greeks to capture ancient Troy.

A magnificent palace was subsequently built on the site of the castle. Of it Scott wrote :—

“ Of all the palaces so fair
 Built for the royal dwelling
 In Scotland, far beyond compare
 Linlithgow is excelling,
 And in its park in genial June
 How sweet the merry linnet's tune.
 How blithe the blackbird's lay,
 The wild buck *bells* from thorny brake,
 The coot dives merry on the lake,
 The saddest heart might pleasure take
 To view a scene so gay.”

The palace was burned in 1424 and was rebuilt chiefly by James III, V., VI. It is a large quadrangular pile with corner turrets. It stands on an eminence projecting into the lake, a sheet of water about 100 acres in extent. It was once the Versailles of Scotland, a favorite residence of the Scottish kings, and often formed part of the marriage settlement of their consorts. James V. was born within its walls in 1512, and his beautiful and unfortunate daughter Mary in 1542. The national parliament, which had often sat in the palace, met there for the last time in 1646. At Linlithgow James III. sought safety when in danger of assassination. From here Queen Margaret beheld her husband, James IV., depart for Flodden, and from one of the turrets she watched for his return, and it is still called “ Queen Margaret's Bower.” In the adjoining Church of St. Michael, in the aisle dedicated to St. Catherine, Sir Walter Scott, in “ Marmion,” makes the apparition burst upon the sight of James to warn him against his expedition to Flodden. Castle and church are both visible from the railway station and look very picturesque. (There is now a project on foot to restore this church at an estimated cost of £15,000.)

Linlithgow (the town on the grey lake) was once a place of considerable importance, and being the seat of a royal palace was the scene of many stirring and important events.

Besides those already referred to, I might mention that the University of Edinburgh took refuge at Linlithgow from the plague in 1645-6. In 1570 the Regent Moray was assassinated in the High Street of the town. The Scottish Covenant was publicly burned there in 1661. Prince Charles Edward marched through the town in 1745, and the palace was burned by Hawley's dragoons in 1746.

Passing thence we soon reached Stirling. Alighting on the platform, we walked to a stand whence 'Buses start every hour for the village of Bannockburn, three miles distant. As they pass within a short distance of the battlefield, we took our seats in one, and with others rumbled along the uneven streets of the old town, and presently alighting made the remainder of the journey on foot to the most renowned of Scotland's many battlefields, and the most important in its results, —Bannockburn.

That we may understand how this battle was brought about let us take a brief survey of the chief incidents in Scottish history immediately preceding it.

When Alexander III. died, and his daughter, the Maid of Norway, who was next in succession, no less than thirteen claimants appeared for the Scottish throne. Edward I. of England, was asked to arbitrate in the matter, when, instead of deciding according to the then rule of succession that the throne belonged to Bruce, the grandson of David, brother of William the Lion, he gave the throne to John Baliol, a great-grandson of the same David, because the latter promised to acknowledge the supremacy of Edward, though Edward had by treaty acknowledged Scotland's independence.

Scarcely was Baliol crowned ere Edward made him feel that he was king but in name. Baliol resented and resisted his supremacy and after a brief war was taken prisoner, carried captive to London, and vanished from Scottish history. King Edward at this time carried away from Scone the Sacred Stone on which the Scottish kings were crowned hoping that with it, the Stone of Destiny, the independence of Scotland would cease; a delusion from which he was soon rudely awakened.

Edward's knights and nobles lorded it over the unhappy nation with a high hand till Sir William Wallace, the Knight of Elderslie, sprung to arms, stung to action by the murder of his wife, and struck for vengeance and for national freedom. Though struggling against tremendous odds success crowned his efforts. Castle after castle was taken by a combination of the most marvellous daring and skill; army after army was forced to fly, till not a single English garrison remained on Scottish soil. Then the noble Wallace carried the war into England, that he might take thence food to save bleeding, starving Scotland from perishing by famine.

Edward's ablest generals could not cope with this untrained soldier, this man of the people. At Cambus Kenneth (near Stirling), with only 5,000 men, he met in one day three English armies of 20,000, 30,000, and 10,000, respectively, defeated them in turn, and took them all prisoners. Even the proud and haughty Edward, till now invincible, was made to fly before Scotland's patriot chief.

Threats, promises, bribes were all tried upon this noble man to move him from his purpose, but in vain. At length the English king set a price upon his head. He was betrayed for the love of gold, carried captive to London, tried as a traitor, and, though he owed no allegiance to Edward, was found guilty of treason. The noblest knights at Edward's court, his daughter, aye, his queen, pleaded for the life of this patriot, one of the grandest, truest that ever breathed. Edward denied their prayers, declaring that while Wallace lived even his throne was not safe, and by that very declaration admitted that this knight of Elderslie, this uncrowned patriot was greater than he. On August 23rd, 1305, the pride and glory of Scotland was hanged, drawn, and quartered with the greatest brutality.

Edward fondly hoped that with Wallace would expire the Scottish spirit of independence, but he was quickly made to feel how sorely he had deceived himself. He had kept the Bruces at his court by promises of the Scottish crown—promises that were never intended to be fulfilled—but now Robert Bruce, grandson of the claimant, startled by Edward's inhuman cruelty, awakened from his lethargy and fled to

Scotland, determined to win his country's freedom and her crown, or perish in the attempt.

Time would fail me to follow, even briefly, his chequered career. Suffice it to say that though the patriotic cause many times seemed lost, yet still the king did not despair. Through cold, hunger, and poverty; through desertion, defeat, and treachery, he struggled on till now the claim of the king of England to the possession of Scotland hung on the chance of a single fight. Of all the Scottish castles, only Bothwell and Stirling remained in the hands of the English; and the latter, the key to Scotland, was closely invested by the Scottish army. To the relief of this castle came Edward II. of England, on June 23rd, 1314, with 40,000 horsemen, 50,000 archers, 10,000 bill-men and spear-men, besides an innumerable number of camp followers. It is declared to have been the most numerous and best-equipped army that ever before or since took the field on British ground.

From England, Ireland, Wales, and Normandy had been gathered the flower of their chivalry, that by one overwhelming blow the inborn Scottish love of liberty might be forever crushed. On came this great armament, troop after troop, like the waves of a mighty ocean. A space of five square miles flung back the sun's rays, dyed with every brilliant tint, from gorgeous standards, burnished arms, and glittering armour. Over hill and dale and stream surged this immense host in terrible array.

At Bannockburn lay Bruce with only 30,000 Scots; but every man "trained to arms in stern misfortune's field," full of confidence in the prowess and sagacity of his heroic chief, animated by an almost savage feeling of wrath and resentment against the invaders, and determined to do or die for his loved ones, his home, and national freedom.

One advantage alone the Bruce possessed over his foe—he could choose his ground—and that choice evinced the most consummate military skill. My cousin and I made our way to the flagstaff which stands on the summit of a small hill close to the "bore stone," where the standard of Bruce was planted, and the field of Bannockburn lay before us. And what a field for a battle! What a position for the commander

of the Scottish forces! From the "bore stone" the whole of the field of Bannockburn is visible. No other spot on that field would have suited the Bruce so well. Away to the rear flowed the river Forth like a thread of silver in a carpet of green. In front, at the bottom of a gentle declivity, with a circular sweep flowed the Bannock, which played such an important part in that fateful day. To the left was the old Roman Road, which was well guarded lest the English horsemen should dash along it, and take the Scots army in flank and rear. To the right rear lay the village of St. Ninian and Stirling Rock and Castle, for the possession of which the battle was fought, while near by and in full view was the glorious, inspiring field of Cambus-Kenneth. Beyond and all around was a vast amphitheatre of hills, which shut in the field and completed the lovely picture.

The right wing of the Scottish army commanded by Edward Bruce rested on the Bannock, which there rushed and foamed between precipitous crags that effectually guarded it from any flanking movements of the enemy. The left wing, commanded by Lord Douglas and Sir Walter Fitz-Alan, High Steward of Scotland, extended away eastward almost to the old Roman Road. In front of this wing stretched a field of brushwood that seemed to offer an admirable ground for the operations of cavalry, but was in reality so honey-combed with rows of deep pits as to threaten the complete destruction of any such force. The centre was commanded by Randolph, Earl of Moray. In front were the Halbert and Milton bogs, with a space of firm ground, about five hundred yards in width, between them. This was the only possible approach for the English horsemen, and it, too, had been honey-combed with pits covered with brush and grass. Here, on this vantage ground, so beautiful in peace, so soon to be the theatre of deadly, murderous strife, the Bruce, with only 30,000 patriots, but every man resolved to conquer or die, calmly, prayerfully awaited the coming of the haughty Edward, with his hundred thousand chosen steel-clad warriors.

About 4 in the afternoon of the 23rd of June, the vanguard of the English army came in sight clad in all the gor

geous panoply of war. As they advanced, 800 horse were detached from the main body, and attempted to steal unperceived to the relief of Stirling Castle. But nothing escaped the eagle eye of Bruce; and Lord Randolph Moray, with only 80 spear-men, was sent to intercept them. He halted his little band at a place that the English must pass ere they could reach the castle; and, the first rank kneeling, the second stooping, the third erect, with his triple line of steel awaited the charge of 800 horse.

On they came at full speed, thinking to crush their enemy beneath their feet, but not a horseman passed that line of steel. Horses, speared and terrified, turned and fled, or fell on their riders, crushing many a gallant knight. With that rushing, living tide surging against them, Lord Randolph and his heroes stood like stubborn rock. The enemy, unable to break the solid phalanx, turned and retreated to the main body, leaving many dead and wounded on the field, while the Scots did not lose a single man.

As the evening wore on, King Robert, clad in complete armour and mounted on a strong and active pony, rode once and again over the field in full view of both armies. At length, approaching much nearer the English army than his own, Sir Henry de Bohun, a knight of great size and strength, secretly mounted his charger, and, giving him the spur, dashed forward with lightning swiftness, hoping to slay the unprepared king, and end the war with a single blow. Calm and collected, seemingly unconscious of his danger, King Robert waited his approach. On came the mighty warrior; but, just as every eye looked for Bruce to be hurled to earth, the pony, obeying his master's hand, swerved aside, the king rose in his stirrups, his battle-axe flashed a moment in the sun, and Sir Henry, cloven from helmet to throat, rolled dead on the field, while the battle-axe was shivered to fragments by the blow.

At this, the enthusiasm of the Scots knew no bounds. Bruce called his chiefs about him, and spoke eloquent words of encouragement, praised the Almighty for such a prosperous beginning, and then retired to the little Kirk of St. Ninian, where he spent the greater part of the night in prayer.

Throughout the night, silence reigned in the Scottish camp. The English spent the night in drunken revelry.

When morning dawned, both armies were drawn up in battle array. There was no change in the Scottish lines, save that Bruce, now mounted on his magnificent charger, took up his position beside the royal standard at the "bore stone." When all was ready for the onset of the English, suddenly and simultaneously, as if it were the action of one man, the Scottish army sank one knee to earth, and every head bent low in adoration. King Edward saw the act, and exultingly cried "See, they kneel; they plead for mercy!" It was even so; but they knelt to a greater than he, even the Lord of Hosts, "who great in might and strong in battle is." Then the Abbot of Inchaffray, in full canonicals, walked slowly and majestically along the Scottish lines, pronouncing his blessing on their brief and fervid prayer, and exhorting them to fight for liberty and fatherland.

Struck with awe, the English stood still with the signal for the onset on their lips. The Abbot passed from sight, the kneeling warriors sprung to their feet, the English trumpets sounded the charge, and, flanked by a great multitude of archers, the horsemen rushed like a whirlwind on the Scottish lines, while the archers covered their attack with a discharge of arrows, so thick, so close, that the very sky was obscured. Onward they rushed in full career, till the foremost ranks encountered the rows of pitfalls; then down they sank to rise no more. Those behind pressed on, crushing to death those before, who had fallen in the pits. The grand order of battle was broken, yet on they rushed against the "dense woods of Scottish spears," only to be hurled back with terrible slaughter. Again and again they strove to penetrate the solid ranks of the Scottish spearmen. Horses, wounded, reared and plunged, or fell to earth, crushing to death their own masters, the wounded and the dying.

Lords Moray and Douglas, with their spearmen, bore down on the advancing English infantry, but the flights of arrows from the English archers fell among them with deadly effect. Bruce, perceiving this, sent Sir Robert Keith with 500 horsemen clad in steel, who fell upon them unawares in

flank and rear, and put them to flight; and Douglas and Moray, no longer harassed by the archers, repelled every attack of the English infantry.

Gallant bodies of horsemen flung themselves in quick succession against the Scots, but only to meet their death. Order had long since disappeared from the English ranks, while the Scots, cool, firm, inflexible, pressed forward, dealing destruction at every step.

The English strove, by force of numbers, to turn the tide of battle. King Edward flew from post to post, from group to group, from rank to rank, urging, entreating, commanding them to stand and make one last desperate effort for England's honour; but the day was already hopelessly lost. The flower of the English chivalry lay helpless in the pits or on the green sward, trampled to death by flying, struggling steeds frenzied with pain, cut down by Scottish claymores, or surrendering themselves unresisting prisoners of war. Bruce, on his gallant charger, dashed over the field. The bravest knights of England fled before him, as from one who was more than mortal. He was, indeed, the controlling, guiding spirit of that mighty strife.

On every side rose shouts of victory, and then, suddenly, as if they had sprung from the bowels of the earth, an immense army appeared on the top of the Gillie's Hill, and, with terrible cries, rushed towards the battlefield. It was only the Scottish camp-followers, but the sight struck terror to every English heart. They waited not to examine the cause of their terror. The trumpets sounded the retreat, and, fast as their panting steeds could fly, the English fled that fatal field. But, alas! hedged in between their pursuers and the river Bannock, unable to retreat hastily, they were thrown into utter confusion, and, rushing they knew not whither, great numbers either stuck fast in the Milton Bog and were smothered, or were drowned in the Bannock, whose channel was choked with the bodies of horses and men.

Edward fled in despair. It was no longer a battle, but a rout. But victors and vanquished were both weary, and when evening settled down upon the field, the strife of war had ceased, and silence reigned. Thirty thousand English warriors lay dead upon the field, and SCOTLAND WAS FREE.

“When the summer moon rode high in the starlit heavens, the scene was changed. Surrounded by his nobles, knights, and soldiers, bare-headed, and lowly bending to the blood-stained earth, the king of Scotland knelt to join in the fervid thanksgiving offered up by the Abbot of Inchaffray to that Almighty God of battles, from whom alone king and noble, knight and serf, acknowledged with heartfelt gratitude and humility that glorious triumph came. Not a sound broke the solemn stillness, save the fervid accents of the venerable man, and the deep responses of the thousands kneeling round. There, in sight of the dead and dying, the silvery moon gleaming back from the armor they had had no time to doff, the weapons they had wielded so bravely and well cast from the hands now crossed upon their breasts in prayer, the unhelmeted heads low bent”—there knelt that victorious army, their brave hearts filled with one grand, thrilling emotion of gratitude and thanksgiving. *Was not the last link of slavery broken? Was not Scotland FREE?*”

Scotland, for independence' sake, maintained, during nearly 400 years, an almost continuous struggle with her more powerful and grasping neighbor, and at the battle of Bannockburn she finally vindicated her right to that independence by proving to her would-be conqueror and to all the world that she was able to maintain it. After the battle of Bannockburn, Robert Bruce laid aside his sword no longer needed, and for fifteen years he reigned the idolized king of the nation he had delivered. As an administrator and legislator, he showed an ability not surpassed by that which he had manifested as a warrior and general. Brave, liberal, wise and pious, he was a monarch such as the world has seldom seen.

As we stood by the “bore stone” gazing on that field where the proud, patriotic, liberty-loving Scots so gallantly repelled the serried hosts of England, our bosoms swelled with the patriotic spirit which animated our ancestors, and nerved them for the fight. My companion, gifted with a rare power of song, burst forth with:—

“Scots wha hae wi' Wallace bled,
Scots wham Bruce has aften led,
Welcome to your gory bed
Or to victory.”

And never did that patriotic song sound so grandly to me as it did then, when sung on the very place where the Muse-inspired Burns, on the very soil which had been stained by the blood of my ancestors, shed to maintain inviolate their hearths and homes, and Scotland's independence. Together we took a walk over that field where the fate of a nation was decided, and down to and across the Bannock, which played such an important part in that momentous day. Returning, I picked up a pebble about three feet from the "bore stone," to bring away as a memento of my visit; and, walking on toward Stirling, I turned, and turned again, to look upon that field that I might call it up when far away.

Leaving Stirling, we next stopped at Doune, and meeting with a rare specimen of the Highlander of bygone days, Mr. Duncan McLaren, he very kindly volunteered to escort us to Doune Castle, a fine old relic of the feudal ages. It is situated on the point of land at the junction of the Ardoch Burn and the river Teith. It is bounded on the east by the Ardoch Burn, on the west and south by the river Teith, and on the north by a ditch extending between those waters.

"The Castle buildings form a large quadrangle, the halls and domestic apartments occupying the entire front or north side, and about half the extent of the west side. The remainder is occupied by a strong wall 38 feet high and 7 feet thick, inclosing an inner court about 105 feet square." Outside of this again, and close to the inner slope of the dry ditch, was a second wall, from 8 to 10 feet high, with bastions at the corners. The style of the buildings leads to the belief that the castle was built in the fourteenth century, but exactly when or by whom is not known.

It is divided into two distinct sets of apartments—the judicial and the residential. The judicial comprise the guard-room, prison, court-room, or barons' hall, with the strong room adjoining it and immediately over the inner prison.

At the entrance there can still be seen the fastenings for the check-chain which was drawn across when the gate was left open, to prevent the sudden entrance of horsemen. There is also the place for the portcullis, which could be hoisted or let down at pleasure from the window in the barons'

hall above. The portcullis no longer exists, but the gate still remains. It is formed of heavy bars of iron, interlaced in a curious manner, that adds greatly to its strength.

On the right of the entrance is the guard-room, with a place for temporary confinement. On the left is the prison, consisting of three vaulted cells, two of them with lights opposite the guard-room; the inner one is entirely dark. From the first cell there is a square opening in the top leading to the barons' or judgment hall. Through this opening prisoners were taken for trial, and if found deserving of death were removed to the adjoining room, and let down through a similar opening to the inner or condemned cell.

Passing between the guard-room on the one hand and the prison on the other, we entered the court through another strong gate. In the centre of the court the well, long lost, has been discovered, cleaned out, and repaired; and now contains abundance of good water, pleasant to the taste.

Ascending a stone stair we found ourselves in the barons' hall, 43 feet long, 26 wide, and 23 high. It has been restored, as nearly as can be ascertained, to what it was like centuries ago. The floor has been relaid as of yore, with red, buff and black tiles. In the roof are still to be seen the original rings from which the chandeliers were suspended. In the east wall are two large fire-places, with the original stone mouldings, and iron grates of the sixteenth century. The hall has been fitted up in the fourteenth century style as a judgment hall. The furniture consists of a large table, state chair, with the armorial bearings of the Earl of Moray, the proprietor, beautifully carved thereon, and two smaller chairs, each surmounted with a coronet. There are seven forms and three stools. One of the latter has a brass plate inserted, bearing an inscription stating that the whole of the furniture of that room had been made from the wood of the old gallows tree which grew in front of Doune Castle, and was blown down in November, 1878. The stump of the tree still remains.

Close to the entrance to the barons' or judgment hall is the door leading into the great banqueting hall, 67 feet long, 26 wide, and 40 high. At the east end is a dais elevated

about five inches, and in the centre of the floor is the hearth and fender of an open fire-place, octagonal in shape, the smoke passing through an aperture in the roof. At the west end is a serving room with a minstrel's gallery above. This hall must have been very imposing in appearance, and singularly well adapted for the style of rude and generous hospitality of the feudal ages, when every follower found a seat at his lord's table and a place at his hearth.

Near the banqueting hall is the kitchen, with its monster fire-place 18 feet wide, in which a whole ox might have been roasted. In the huge chimney a remarkable provision was made for the purpose of ventilation. I climbed to the roof of this old castle, and found the parapets on the top of the wall, both on the inside and the outside, in a good state of preservation. These parapets are breast high, about two feet thick, with a pathway three feet wide between for the defenders of the castle in time of war.

The old castle was frequently the abode of royalty. A room is still pointed out as Queen Mary's room. The castle was held by the followers of Prince Charles Edward in 1745-6. James I. and II. frequently resided in it. Sir Walter Scott makes the Knight of Snowdon sleep at Doune Castle the night previous to the chase, in the "Lady of the Lake."

Wandering through this old castle, I was able, by the help of the imagination, to call up the scenes of bygone days in the stirring times when might was right, when every man acted on the principle :—

" He may get who has the power,
And they may keep who can."

I heard again the deep baying of the hounds, the shrill blast of the hunter's horn echoing through the forest glen, and beheld the wild whirlwind of the chase as hunters and steeds went thundering by. I gathered with the baron's retainers to the grand banquet in the banqueting hall after the chase, the table graced with a wild boar's head as its centre-piece, while it groaned beneath the smoking haunches of venison, wild-fowl and fish, and wine and ale flowed free,

and gable and rafter resounded with laughter and jest. I saw the travel-stained messenger, breathless with exertion, dash into the hall, unannounced, and startle baron and retainers alike with the stern cry: "The foe! To arms! To arms!"

I beheld again the wild assault, the stubborn defence, the fierce hand to hand encounter, while vaulted arch and corridor resounded with the clang of mail and the clash of arms. I heard the fierce shouts of the combatants echo through the lofty chambers, the stern defiance hurled from wall and tower, and the dying groans of its brave defenders done to death.

I pictured to myself the scenes that not once but many times were enacted within its walls, in which truth and right and honor and love contended, too oft unsuccessfully, with pride and anger, jealousy and greed. I sat with the prisoner in the dungeon keep, shared his scanty crust, his litter of straw, and his agony of suspense. I heard the brutal jests and oaths of the rough soldier guard, dreamt the horrible dreams of the prisoner's uneasy slumber, and was startled to consciousness again by the grating of bolts and bars, and the creaking of hinges as the prison door swung open.

I stood in the old judgment hall, and saw again the trembling criminal, the stern judge, the soldier guard, and the rabble throng. I watched the rough and ready justice that too often hanged the prisoner first and tried him afterwards. I heard the death sentence pronounced, and followed the noisy, surging rabble throng to the gallows tree on the green, where, with scarce time to breathe a prayer for mercy, the poor wretch, alas! too often innocent, was suspended from an overhanging bough, where he was left swaying in the wind, a warning to others, till bone dropped from bone and dust returned to kindred dust.

Having purchased a photograph of Mary Queen of Scots, a volume of Scotch poems bound in wood from the old gallows tree, and some other trifles as souvenirs of my visit, I was presented with a "Guide to Doune Castle," by the custodian, Mr. James Dunbar, formerly of the 79th Cameron Highlanders, and, bidding adieu to him and to our kind old Highland friend, we stepped on the train once more and

were soon at Callander, where travellers alight to "do" the Trossachs, the scene of Scott's "Lady of the Lake." We had been drenched with rain both at Bannockburn and Doune, and now, when we stepped on to the platform at the Callander station, it was again coming down in torrents. Having found comfortable quarters in the Biggs' Hotel, we learned that we were a week too early; that the coaches only ran to the "Trossachs Hotel," and not to Loch Katrine; that the steamer was not yet running, even if we should reach the lake. Here was a state of things not calculated to put one in the happiest of moods. We had been misled by a notice in the Edinburgh papers. To return without seeing the Trossachs was not to be thought of, yet to go on seemed impossible. But there is nothing like trying. A friend in Edinburgh had given me the name and address of a Callander gardener, Mr. Thos. Ritchie, and I determined to send for him. Very soon he made his appearance, and proved himself one of Nature's noblemen. He very kindly volunteered to harness his pony, and drive myself and my friend to Loch Katrine next morning; and most gladly we availed ourselves of his kind offer.

Next morning we had the pleasure of meeting, at the breakfast table, a lady whom we learned was a granddaughter of Scott's "Old Mortality." She was getting well on in life, had travelled extensively, and was very intelligent and chatty.

Promptly at 9 o'clock, Mr. Ritchie drove up to the hotel door, according to appointment. It was a cold, dreary morning, with frequent showers, and just then the rain was coming down in torrents; but, donning our mackintoshes, we climbed into the "machine" and started. Away to the north-east lies "Glenartney," where the stag spent the night before the chase in the "Lady of the Lake," and at a less distance Uam Var, the highest point of the Braes of Doune, for which he made when disturbed by the hounds and hunters:—

"The noble stag was pausing now
Upon the mountain's southern brow;
With anxious eye he wandered o'er

Mountain and meadow, moss and moor,
And pondered refuge from his toil
By far Loch Ard or Aberfoyle,"

which lie away to the south-west.

" But nearer was the copse-wood grey
That waved and wept on Loch Achray,"

which is almost directly west. Off we go with Ben Ledi before us. Soon we come to Bochastle Heath, and then to Coilantogle Ford, where Fitz-James fought the duel with Roderick Dhu; and in a few moments to Loch Vennachar, which is a beautiful sheet of water of considerable length, but no great width.

On the top of a hill a little west of Callander is an immense boulder, which is called "Samson's Putting-Stane." It is said that Samson, who, according to Highland tradition, once lived here, took a "skunner" at some of the citizens of Callander, and determined to destroy the town. So, one morning before breakfast he went out, and, standing on the top of Ben Ledi, hurled this immense rock at the town; but, not having had his breakfast, he was not able to throw the stone as far as he intended, and so Callander escaped, but the stone remains to this day. This is the story of "Samson's Putting-Stane" substantially as Mr. Ritchie told it.

While we drove along, he beguiled our way with entertaining chat about places and individuals. Two gentlemen once came to Callander, and, desiring to go a-fishing, bargained with one Norman Macfarlane, a half-witted character, to conduct them to a good fishing ground. The recompense demanded and agreed upon was five shillings and a pint of whiskey. The gentlemen being ready, and Norman having received his whiskey in advance, the party started for Loch Vennachar. On the way thither Norman kept tasting the whiskey, and when they reached the fishing ground his pint was almost gone. Pushing out into the lake, fish were soon found, and presently the gentlemen took out a bottle, and tasted some rare old "mountain dew." Norman followed

their example, and finished his. The next time they tasted, Norman asked to drink with them, but was told he had already got his share "Aweel, aweel," said Norman, "if she'll trink alane, she'll fush alane," and, leaping overboard, swam ashore, leaving the gentlemen to get on as best they could.

Crossing "Laurick Mead," the mustering place of Roderick Dhu's clan, we soon came to Glen Finlas, inhabited only by Stewarts, who all claim to be descendants of Prince Charles Edward, the Pretender. They are very reserved with strangers, and marry only Stewarts.

In this glen we crossed the "Brigg o' Turk," where "the headmost horseman rode alone," and here we encountered the bitterest storm of rain and hail I have ever had to endure. The glen seemed a sort of funnel into which the storm drew, and along which it rushed at a high rate of speed. It dashed full in our faces, and every lump of hail made our faces sting, while the chill, moisture-laden, mountain air seemed to freeze our very vitals, and right glad were we when the storm had spent its fury, and the bright sun shone out once more.

Away to the left is Aberfoyle, where once lived a woman known as "Muckle Kate McGregor," said to have been the largest woman that ever lived in Scotland. Kate was licensed to sell spirits, and many a tourist called at Kate's and asked for a glass of the "crater," solely to get a peep at Kate. Brawley she knew what their object was. But woe to the patron who was ignorant of Kate's method of doing business. If he laid down a crown in payment, Kate never gave back any change; but pocketed the coin, with her blandest smile and "Thank ye, sir; I'm rael muckle obleeged tae ye. Ye're awfu' leebetal." If he unwarily laid down a guinea or a sovereign, it was all the same. All was grist that came to Kate's mill. When the Queen was staying at the Trossachs some years ago, her servants soon heard of "Muckle Kate," and went in troops to see her, and, of course, she knew well why they came. The report they carried back aroused the curiosity of the Princess Beatrice, and she, too, went. When she entered Kate's humble dwelling, Kate remarked: "An'

ye'll be anither o' the Queen's lassies." Her visitor told her that she was the Queen's daughter. Kate replied: "Oh, indeed! its no' easy kennin ye." When Muckle Kate died some years ago, her remains had to be taken out at the window, as the door was not large enough.

Driving on past Loch Achray, Ben An arose on the one hand, and the bold cliffs of Ben Venue on the other.

"The hunter marked that mountain high,
The lone lake's western boundary,
And deemed the stag must turn to bay
Where that huge rampart barred the way.

* * * * *

The wily quarry shunned the shock,
And turned him from the opposing rock;
Then dashing down a darksome glen,
Soon lost to hound and hunter's ken,
In the deep Trossach's wildest nook
His solitary refuge took."

I was pointed to a spot away up on Ben An, where

"The good steed, his labours o'er,
Stretched his stiff limbs to rise no more,"

and some white paint daubed on the rocks is made to do duty for his bleaching skeleton.

When we had almost reached the Trossachs proper (this whole district is now called "The Trossachs," though the name is properly applied to a pass about a quarter of a mile in length, just before coming to Loch Katrine), we overtook Captain Monroe, of the steamer "Rob Roy," which, in the tourist season, plies on Loch Katrine. Mr. Ritchie introduced us, and told him of our desires and our disappointment. He regretted that we were just a week too early, and also that he had no "Highland Cheer" on the "Rob Roy," else he would have asked us to go aboard and partake with him. As we had been drenched with rain the two previous days, my cousin had that morning taken a flask of spirits with him. He said that whatever it might be elsewhere, he had been assured it was a necessity in the Highlands. So,

drawing his flask, he invited the captain to taste. He did so, and then, in the kindest manner possible, volunteered to send two of his men, if we so desired, to row us to Eilen's Isle and the Silver Strand. And here let me say that this seemed to be the one never-failing way to reach a Highlander's heart in that part of the world, and were we going back to the Trossachs again the genial captain of the "Rob Roy" would give us a genuine Highland welcome.

On reaching the landing, he ordered two of his sailors to man a boat, and, stepping in, we were soon bounding over the blue waters of Loch Katrine. The sun burst forth in all his strength after the shower, and

"Each purple peak, each flinty spire,
Was bathed in floods of living fire,"

and

* * * * *

"All twinkling with the raindrops' sheen,
The brier-rose fell in streamers green,
And creeping shrubs of thousand dyes
Waved in the west-wind's summer sighs."

While the sailors plied the oar, we drank in the beauty and the grandeur, and I thought that rarely, if ever, had my eyes rested on a lovelier scene. The Highlanders tugged at the oars, but scarce a word they spoke, till again my cousin tried his magic spell, when, lo! what a change. Faces brightened, eyes sparkled, and tongues were loosed. Our interest became that of our boatmen. Every spot of the adjacent locality mentioned in the "Lady of the Lake" was pointed out—Roderick's Watch-Tower (a rocky pinnacle standing boldly out on Ben Venue, far above the rest of the mountain), Coir Uriskin (the Goblin's Cave), the Silver Strand, with the airy point on the promontory which the knight of Snowdon reached after a difficult scramble; and, "raptured and amazed," gazed on the lake, for

"Gleaming in the setting sun,
One burnished sheet of living gold,
Loch Katrine lay beneath him rolled."

A Highland storm came rushing down the lake, and our boatmen pulled hard to gain the shelter of Ellen's Isle; and ere it broke on us in all its fury, we glided

"Underneath the aged oak,
That slanted from the islet rock."

Here we rested until the storm was past, and then we made for the Silver Strand, "the beach of pebbles bright as snow."

And here let me say that the Silver Strand was of comparatively little extent to what it was in Scott's time. The outlet of the lake had been dammed up to furnish water for the city of Glasgow, and the greater part of the Silver Strand had been submerged. The dam was then being raised several feet higher, and I presume by this time the Strand is a thing of the past.

Having secured a few of the pebbles, we pushed off again to Ellen's Isle, where our boatmen fastened the boat, and, climbing the rocks, brought back flowers, ivy, heather, etc., for me to take away as mementoes of my visit.

I was shown where the rustic bower had stood, but shortly before my visit someone had set it on fire, and it was burned to the ground, so that it is now no longer possible for me or any other to

"On heaven and on my lady call,
And enter the enchanted hall."

And no more do "weird women" there "cast their spells on wandering knights."

After we left Ellen's Isle to return to the landing-place, my cousin sang "Hail to the Chief." How grandly it sounded out on the bosom of the lake, where Scott represents it to be sung, with only Nature, in all her loveliness and loneliness, to listen and applaud. And how wondrously the hills and rocks caught up the stirring notes and repeated them; and when the singer ceased, "lake and hill were busy with the echoes still." Fainter and fainter came the closing strain, "dhu, ho, ieroe," and when the last faint, whispering note

had died away, the Highlanders, electrified by the song, took off their bonnets and cheered.

Bidding a grateful adieu to the genial and obliging Captain Monroe and his men, we began the return journey to Callander, taking in again every feature of that lovely glen as we went. Having had tea with Mr. Ritchie and his estimable wife and daughter, we hastened to the railway station, and on the way we met a niece of Lord Macaulay, and noticed a strange, circular, grass-grown mound of considerable size, called by the natives "Tomahassock," and supposed to have been made by the Romans. Taking a last look at Callander, and bidding a grateful farewell to our very kind friend, Mr. Ritchie, we stepped on the train, and ere many hours were walking the streets of Glasgow.

And here I desire to bear witness to the faithfulness and accuracy of Scott. Every rood of the country which is the scene of the "Lady of the Lake," he must have travelled over, noting every feature of the landscape, and every bit of grandeur and beauty, with the eye of an artist, while his memory treasured up all and enabled him to recall it perfectly. Others may have travelled over the same district, have seen the same features, and possessed the same power of memory, enabling them to recall what they had seen. Yet who but a Scott could sketch such vivid word-pictures of the scenes and incidents of the poem that the residents of the locality should speak of the "Lady of the Lake," not as fiction, but as reality, saying: "Here is 'Glenartney,' where the stag spent the night before the chase. There is 'Coilantogle Ford,' where Fitz-James fought the duel with Roderick Dhu. And yonder is the 'aged oak which slanted from the islet rock.'"

Not only those of a literary turn of mind, but the tourist and the lover of the beautiful and grand in nature owe a debt of gratitude to Scott. The Trossachs has existed for thousands of years—perhaps for all time,—but the world in general knew it not, and might never have known it had not he first seen it with his artist eye, and then, with the genius of an artist, depicted it in the "Lady of the Lake." And others, having read this poetic story of the days of chivalry

and been thus directed thither, have looked through his eyes, seen the beauties that he saw, and, enchanted with the surpassing loveliness, have with heart and voice adored the God who made it all, and by making it assures us that He not only loves the beautiful as well as the good and the true, but also by so constituting us that we can appreciate and enjoy it, makes manifest His love and care for us His sinful, erring children.

It was His hand that traced the course of the "babbling brook"; His hand that hollowed out the channel of the rushing river and the bed of the placid lake; His hand that reared aloft the giant mountains that lift their massive forms on high, and hide their lofty summits in the fleecy clouds of heaven; His hand that rent the pristine rocks into fragments and hurled them together in heaps of awful, rugged grandeur; His hand that clothed them with lichens and mosses, softening their rough, sharp outlines, and then threw over all a network of vines and shrubs of thousand dyes, transforming their rough and rugged grandeur into the most bewitching beauty; His hand that planted and nurtured the stately trees that crown the mountain's brow, and painted the many-tinted flowers that adorn the valleys and the plains. "O, Lord, how manifold are Thy works! in wisdom hast Thou made them all." "The heavens declare the glory of God," and the beauties of earth His love. Would that men, while contemplating God's countless works of grandeur and of beauty in nature (made for our pleasure), would let their thoughts "rise from nature up to nature's God," and praise the Lord for His goodness and His love; and most especially for that best and greatest manifestation of His love—Jesus Christ. Then would their souls be filled with heaven-born longings and heaven-desiring aspirations; and, having loved and served and worshipped the God of love here, they would, at length, go to dwell with Him amid glories and beauties such as eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, nor the heart of man conceived.

THROUGH IRELAND ON A JAUNTING CAR.

ONE evening, some years ago, I went to hear a lecture on Ireland by an Irishman. He began his lecture by declaring that "*Ireland is the greatest country in the world*." By *greatest* he did not mean the most extensive, but the most important. The Irish are, I believe, above most other people, passionately attached to their native land. The late Hon. Thomas D'Arcy McGee gives expression to this love of country in the following lines in "The Heart's Resting-Place":—

"Where'er I turned, some emblem still
Roused consciousness upon my track;
Some hill was like an Irish hill,
Some wild bird's whistle called me back,
A sea-bound ship bore off my peace
Between its white cold wings of woe;
Oh! if I had but wings like these
Where my peace went I too would go."

Well, I presume our Irish friend was fully under the spell of this patriotic feeling, else he would not have made the assertion. But Irishmen, as a rule, do nothing by halves, and this one was no exception to the rule. He not only made the assertion, but undertook to prove it true. Though his logic might not convince either you or me, it afforded immense satisfaction to the Irish part of his audience, and great amusement to the rest. You know that logic which would be frowned at by hair-splitting Scotchmen, would arouse in an Irish audience the wildest enthusiasm; and that which, said by a Scotchman, would be voted dull and stupid, would, if said by an Irishman, be called brilliant and witty; and the greater the absurdity, the more brilliant the wit.

You have, no doubt, heard of the Irishman who had lived some years in Philadelphia; and, when speaking one day of his longing to see the land of his birth once more, got off this bull: "Plase God, if I live till I die, I'll see Ould Oireland again before I lave Philadelphia."

Perhaps you have heard, also, of that other one in Ireland who was denouncing absentee landlords, when a stranger asked: "Are there, then, so many of them?" "Be Gor!" said Pat, "the country's swarmin' wid them."

Crossing the Atlantic from the western world to the British Isles, Ireland, as it looms on the horizon, is the first land that greets one's eyes that have for days rested on "water, water everywhere." Of course the sight is a more welcome one if the passage, like ours, was a rough and dangerous one. I shall never forget the thrill of pleasure which I felt when, on the morning of February 2nd, 1890, before day had yet dawned, I stepped out on the deck of the SS. Parisian, and saw the beacon lights on the Irish coast. In a little while the news spread through the ship that land was in sight, and one and all hurried on deck to take a look at what the New York *Puck* calls "Ould Oireland, the land of diviltry and distress." We were just rounding the headland to enter Lough Foyle, and soon we were near enough to see, here and there, patches of that vegetation which, from its richness and greenness, caused Ireland to be called the Emerald Isle.

Speaking of the west side of Lough Foyle, Sir Walter Scott says:—

"Nothing can be more favourable nan this specimen of Ireland—a beautiful variety of cultivated slopes, intermixed with banks of wood; rocks skirted with a distant ridge of heathy hills, watered by brooks; the glens or banks being in general planted or covered with copse."

As we passed along the coast, we saw, to the right, various objects of interest, such as a coast-guard station, a fort, and an old, ruined, ivy-grown castle, before we met the packet off Moville, which carries passengers and mails to Londonderry. Going down the Lough again, we saw on the eastern shore another fort, and then that marvellous natural wonder, the Giant's Causeway.

Having seen Ireland at a distance, I resolved, if it were convenient, to pay it a visit.

On Tuesday, May 13th, the convenient time for visiting Ireland having arrived, I ran down by rail from Dumfries to Stranraer and crossed to Larne. The distance between these

ports is only $39\frac{1}{2}$ miles. Formerly it took four hours to make this short passage. A few days before I crossed, a new side-wheel steamer, the Princess May, had been put on the route, and there was a good deal of curiosity manifested as to her speed. The captain felt no small degree of satisfaction when he found that the time from when she cast loose at Stranraer till she was alongside the dock at Larne was only one hour and fifty-five minutes. It was the first time I had seen a vessel plough through a calm sea with such speed that the water ran up the bow and poured over on the deck in a continuous stream.

Larne is now a flourishing town with extensive manufactures, and a large export and import trade. Historically it is of little interest, except that Edward Bruce, with 6,000 Scots, landed here in 1315 to attempt to free Ireland from English rule.

At Larne I took rail for Belfast, 24 miles distant. The ride along the shore of Lough Larne is very pleasant. We soon pass the little village of Ballycarry, interesting as being the site of the first Presbyterian church in Ireland. The next place of interest is Carrickfergus. There is an old castle at Carrickfergus, which is a fine specimen of an ancient Anglo-Norman fortress. It was taken by Edward Bruce in 1315. William III. landed at this castle in 1690 on his way to the Boyne.

I reached Belfast about 11 a.m.; and, engaging a jaunting car soon afterwards, I drove about the city for a couple of hours to get a general idea of it. Belfast is the principal city in the North of Ireland, and in size and importance is second only to Dublin. It is situated at the mouth of the river Lagan, and is built with considerable regularity; the principal streets are wide, and many of the public buildings elegant. A great part of the town is not more than six feet above high-water mark, and has been subject to inundations. The harbour has been improved, till it is one of the finest in the kingdom; and, when the improvements now going on are completed, the largest vessel afloat will be able to enter the port. While many parts of Ireland are languishing, and the population decreasing, Belfast is rapidly growing in population,

wealth, and importance. The town is comparatively new. In 1612 it consisted of only 120 huts, and a castle roofed with shingles. In 1851 the population was 87,000; in 1871 it had become 174,000; in 1881, 208,000; in 1891 it was 273,000.

Formerly linen was the one great industry of Belfast, and it was an interesting sight for me to see, at the noon or evening hour, her operatives pouring in a living tide from her linen factories,—3,000, 4,000, or 5,000 from each, filling the street from side to side, and sweeping everything before them as they surged along. But in recent years many other industries have been established. Ship-building has assumed considerable proportions, and the way in which the wrecks of some of the Belfast-built ships have held together through repeated storms has given her ship-builders a reputation for material and workmanship of which larger and more pretentious contractors might well be proud.

When I had got slightly acquainted with the general features of the city from the jaunting-car, I went to the office of Sir James H. Haslett, ex-mayor of the city, and presented a letter of introduction. Sir James received me most cordially; and, as soon as he could leave his office, went out with me, and we climbed to the top of a street-car, and thus we continued to "do" the city till nearly 6 p.m., when rain began to fall and put an end to our sight-seeing.

Alighting from the car, we walked a short distance, when Sir James, turning to me, said: "This is our home; and if you will accept our hospitality while in the city, you will be as welcome as the flowers of May."

I was taken completely by surprise. I had expected no such kindly and courteous invitation; yet, what could I do—what should I do—but accept it with thanks, which I did the more readily when I saw that Sir James had anticipated his invitation by having my valise sent on before; and, I assure you, he and Lady Haslett, and their bright, interesting children made my visit to Belfast a very pleasant one indeed.

I can only refer briefly to a few of the many places of interest to which Sir James accompanied me. Among them was the fine new Free Library on Royal Avenue. It contains 20,000 volumes, and the number is being rapidly

increased, while, contrary to what is usually the case, the majority of the books taken from it are not works of Fiction, but works on Art, Science, Biography, Travels, etc., which fact speaks volumes for the intelligence of the citizens of this progressive city.

The reading-room of this really fine institution is already too small. On the walls are several portraits by Gainsborough and other great artists. In the main room on the first floor are excellent full-length portraits in oil of Sir James and Lady Haslett—a gift from the workingmen of Belfast when this genial, courteous and talented man was mayor of the city in 1887.

Mr. Johnston, who is in charge of the Art department, took great pleasure in escorting me through his rooms, which, although only in process of being arranged, promise, under his skilful hand and artistic eye, to be not the least attractive feature of the institution.

Sir James accompanied me to the new town hall, erected at a cost of £35,000. It is a fine building, is well fitted up, and on the walls of the Council Chamber hang oil portraits of many of the ex-mayors of the city. But, though recently erected; it is already too small, and the site is bad. The old Linen Hall in Donegall Square has been purchased with the intention of building a new town hall equal to the requirements of this rapidly-growing city; and, as the site is all that can be desired and the grounds are extensive, Belfast will no doubt have reason to be proud of its town hall that is to be.

Of her public buildings, Belfast has no reason to be ashamed. Her Banks, Custom House, Post Office, and many of her Churches, both Protestant and Catholic, are quite in keeping with the needs of a great and progressive city in this nineteenth century.

I had the pleasure of visiting, with Sir James, the May Street Presbyterian Church, of which the late lamented Dr. Cooke was pastor for forty years. In the porch is a handsome memorial erected to his memory at a cost of £600; and on the east side of Donegall Square is a finely-executed bronze statue of this great and good man, whose name is still revered by the citizens, and will be for many years to come.

As Belfast possesses not only excellent elementary and model schools, but also the Royal Academical Institution, Queen's College, the Presbyterian and Methodist Colleges, the intellectual welfare of the citizens is well cared for.

Their physical comfort and cleanliness is also provided for, as the city possesses fine public baths, with hot and cold water and every necessary appliance, under able management. There are also large tanks, in which lessons in the art of swimming are given by competent instructors.

Sir James' little sons, James and Horace, accompanied me through the beautiful Botanic Gardens, and proved most attentive and intelligent escorts. These gardens are the property of a company of shareholders. They are free to themselves, their families, and friends. Others are charged a small admission fee. In these gardens I first heard the notes of the cuckoo; but the shy bird could not be seen.

The suburbs of the city contain many fine residences in beautiful grounds, which are well worth seeing, as is also the People's Park.

Cave Hill, to the north-west of the town, rises 1,140 feet above the sea; and, when viewed from a certain direction, shows the profile of a human face, which the citizens call the Duke of Wellington's, but the French, Napoleon's.

The Belfast City Council has recently completed a work of improvement that is a credit to the enterprise and business sagacity of her public men. The worst slums of the city were bought by the corporation—the old, dilapidated, vermin-infested, disease-breeding structures removed—and large, tasty business blocks erected in their stead; and Belfast has now a Royal Avenue where her slums were that would be a credit to any city, and rivals in beauty the far-famed Sackville Street of Dublin, and all without costing the city one penny.

I left Belfast on the morning of Thursday, May 15th, for the Giant's Causeway. For some miles our way lay along Belfast Lough. From Carrickfergus Junction is a pleasant run across the country to Antrim, on the Six-Mile Water near Lough Neagh. This lake is the largest in Ireland, and the largest in the United Kingdom; yet, it is only 15 miles in length by 12 in breadth. It is remarkable for the petrifying

power of its water. At the Irish fairs it is a common thing to hear itinerant vendors of small wares crying :—

“ Buy the famous Lough Neagh hones ;
You put them in sticks and they come out stones.”

In the vicinity of Antrim, and visible from the railway, is one of the most perfect round towers in existence, 92 feet high and 53 in circumference. History fails to tell when these towers were built, or for what purpose. It is conjectured that they were intended for the preservation of precious books and parchments, as places of refuge in troublous times, and for homes for the religious votaries of the early Christian Church. Some contend that they were built after the introduction of Christianity, from the fact that over the door of the one near Antrim there is carved, in stone, a cross within a circle, but both the date and object of building can only be surmised.

From Antrim to Coleraine and Portrush the railway runs through a pleasant fertile country ; the fields are like gardens, and were such thrift and industry general throughout Ireland, the professional agitator's occupation would be gone. This part of the journey over, we take the electric tramway for the Causeway. This tramway was the first of the kind in the United Kingdom. It was built by the brothers Sir William and Dr. Ernest Siemens ; the former, knighted by the Queen, died in 1883, the latter in December, 1892.

The tramway is placed upon the side of the roadway next the sea. By the fence is placed a raised conductor rail of T shaped iron, supported on wooden posts 18 inches high, with insulating caps. This rail is kept constantly charged with electricity, and from it the car draws its supply.

Three miles east of Portrush are the ruins of Dunluce Castle. A sharp, jagged, precipitous rock rises boldly out of the ocean almost a hundred feet high. On the levelled summit of this rock, and covering its entire surface, is a pile of ruins—turrets, walls, and towers—grey with age and exposure, seeming more like a continuation of the natural rock than the work of man. It is certainly one of the most picturesque ruins I have ever seen. At the bottom of a deep chasm a

single wall eighteen inches in width connects the rock with the main land. With this exception the rock is water-bound, and, as it is perpendicular, the castle must have been impregnable.

The flow of the tide on this rock-bound coast is grand; and the marvellous beauty of the perpendicular green waves rushing in and breaking in snowy whiteness is one of the most enchanting sights I ever beheld.

On arriving at the terminus of the electric tramway, we started for the Causeway. Immediately we were besieged by a host of beggars and would-be guides. At Coleraine I met a Captain Martin, of London, and a young man from Derry, who was born and reared at the Causeway. They suggested that I should join them, and we would not need a guide. But to shake off either guides or beggars we found impossible. Whichever way we looked, a would-be guide was pouring his information into our ears. Whichever way we turned, a half-a-dozen beggars were importuning us to give them a shilling, or to buy a few fragments of stones or fossils which they carried. To refuse was only to increase their importunity. To give to one was to be compelled for peace' sake to give to all.

Dogged in this way by guides and beggars, we made our way over a rough and dangerous road a full mile to the Causeway. Captain Martin, dreading the return journey, both for himself because of heart-disease, and for me, proposed that we should send for a jaunting-car to bring us back. This was done, and then we turned our attention to sight-seeing.

The Giant's Causeway is from 300 to 500 feet thick, and extends over an area of nearly 1,200 square miles. The whole rock seems to have been volcanic in its origin, and is composed of basalt or lava deposited in beds or layers. Several of these basaltic beds are columnar; three of them remarkably so. The columns of the upper one are coarse and large, exceeding 200 feet in height. The lower one of the three, where it is uncovered for a distance of 300 yards, as it gradually dips into the sea, forms the Causeway proper. Our rocks are usually deposited in layers, and so are these lava beds; but each bed is composed of perpendicular columns, not continuous, but in sections, one end of each section being

concave and the other convex, the hollow end of one fitting exactly over the projection of the one beneath. The majority of these pillars have five, six, or seven sides. Some have only four, and some eight. Only one has been discovered with three sides, and three with nine sides. The exposed ends of these columns form the Causeway; and, though 15 to 20 inches in diameter, fitting so closely together that it would be impossible to introduce the point of a pen knife between them. In some places the ends of the pillars resemble a frightfully uneven pavement. In others they are exposed in fanciful shapes, and have been given fanciful names.

On the way to the Causeway we passed a rock in the sea near the shore, shaped like a Tam o' Shanter, and called the "Highlandman's Bonnet." A little farther on is another peculiar-shaped stone called the "Giant's Saddle." We paid two-pence each for a glass of water from the "Giant's Well," a spring of water gushing from the very top of the Causeway.

In the tourist season, either an old man or an old woman stands by this spring, having a tray, a half-dozen glasses, and a bottle of "poteen." They cannot *sell* the "poteen," but they make those who patronize them pay well for the *water*, and put a little of the "poteen" in it.

Finally we reached the "Giant's Wishing Chair," where the stones have been removed in such a way as to resemble an immense arm-chair. The old guide said: "Every wish made in that chair is sure of being fulfilled, but you must never tell the wish." Of course we all sat in the chair. I was the more willing to do so as from it a great deal may be seen. Away in one direction is the group of pillars called the "Honeycomb," and near it the place where Lord Antrim and his party partook of lunch some years ago, and since called "Lord Antrim's Parlour." Away in another direction is seen a peculiar pillar resembling a woman partly stooped. It is called the "Giant's Granny." Tradition says she was turned to stone for the sin of having two husbands at the same time. In still another direction is seen the "Giant's Chimney Tops"—three irregular pillars standing on a promontory—the tallest of them 45 feet high.

It is said that one of the ships of the Spanish Armada, driven on the coast by stress of weather, mistook these pillars, more numerous then than now, for the towers of Dunluce Castle, and the crew wasted their powder and shot on them with the result that several were knocked down.

From this same chair may be seen a range of pillars called the "Loom." The "Giant's Organ" is a still more beautiful object. It forms no part of the Causeway, but is placed apart in the mountain. It consists of a number of large pillars, declining on either side to shorter and shorter ones, like the strings of a harp. They have evidently been exposed by a land-slip.

The natives say that this organ plays only once in every seven years, and that is Christmas morning. When it plays, all the hills and promontories dance three times round; and it plays only two tunes—the "Boyne Water" and "St. Patrick's Day"—so that neither Catholics nor Orangemen can be offended, but one has to be up very early in the morning to hear the music.

The columns of the Causeway, chemically considered, are composed of about one-half flinty earth, one-quarter iron, and one-quarter clay and lime. They have been formed by a perfect fusion of the ingredients into one mass, which in cooling has crystallized into regular forms, as starch will in drying. Of the Causeway, Kohl says: "With all the explanations that can be offered, however, so much is left unexplained that they answer very little purpose. With inquiries of this nature, perhaps, not the least gain is the knowledge of how much lies beyond the limits of our inquiries, and how many things that lie so plainly before our eyes, which we can see and handle, may yet be wrapped in unfathomable mystery. We see in the Giant's Causeway the most certain and obvious effects produced by the operation of active and powerful forces which entirely escape our scrutiny. We walk over the heads of some 40,000 columns, all beautifully cut and polished, formed of such neat pieces, so exactly fitted to each other, and so cleverly supported, that we might fancy we had before us the work of ingenious human artificers; and yet what we behold is the result of the immutable laws of nature,

acting without any apparent object, and by a process which must remain a mystery forever to our understanding."

It is said that a very fine view of this natural curiosity is obtained from the water, but no boat could live in the sea that washed the rocky shore when I was there, so I had to content myself with the view from the land.

Of the many traditions which attempt to account for the Causeway, I will give only one: "The Giant, Fin McCoul, was the champion of Ireland, and felt very much aggrieved at the insolent boasting of a certain Caledonian giant, who offered to beat all who came before him, and even dared to tell Fin that, if it weren't for the wetting of himself, he would swim over and give him a drubbing. Fin at last applied to the king, who, perhaps not daring to question the doings of such a weighty man, gave him leave to construct a Causeway right to Scotland, on which the Scot walked over and fought the Irishman. Fin turned out victor, and, with a generosity quite becoming an Irishman, kindly allowed his former rival to marry and settle in Ireland." Since the death of the giants, the Causeway, being no longer wanted, has sunk under the sea, only leaving a portion of itself visible here, a little at the Island of Rathlin, and the portals of the grand gate on Staffa.

Having seen the truly wonderful "Giant's Causeway" as well as our limited time would permit, the Captain and I climbed on the jaunting car, taking care to sit on the side farthest from the precipitous shore, over which a fall meant instant death; the jarvie seized the horse by the bridle, and we started along the dangerous road from the Causeway to the electric tramway. Immediately every beggar and every would-be guide that could get within arm's length of the car laid hold and held on, and the horse had all he could do to drag us and them up the steep hills.

One old man, with a face almost as long as my arm, who could not get within reach of the car, trotted alongside, and in the most plaintive tones entreated us to buy some view of the Causeway which he held toward us, fortifying his appeal with the pathetic assurance that he was "the only one of the crowd that hadn't taken in anything that day." This was

repeated again and again as we rode along, as often as he could get breath enough. Finally, I handed him a shilling and told him I would take a copy of his views. If you ever passed from densest darkness to brightest sunshine the change was no greater than the change in that old man's face, and in the most fervent accents he exclaimed: "May all sorts o' mutilation an' grace an' holiness fall down upon yeez. May God condimn yer sowl to happiness, an' grant yeez long life and reprobation both here an' hereafter." The Captain, quite overcome by this touching benediction, took another of his little books, and was startled somewhat when he cried: "The beauty o' the earth ye war. May the angels make yer bead in heaven this night."

When we reached the Causeway Hotel and paid for the car the sum stipulated, we supposed we had discharged our obligations in the matter, but we were soon undeceived. The car was the smallest part of the bill we were expected to pay. The jarvie had to be paid for leading the horse, and every beggar and every would-be guide who had, either by design or accident, laid hand on the car, expected to be paid for doing so. To hand over the amount demanded was only to have fresh demands made upon us. To refuse was to bring down upon us a very torrent of remonstrances at our niggardliness. Nor was this all: when we had to some extent satisfied their demands for money, we found they were thirsty also, and were invited to walk into the hotel and treat them to Ireland's curse.

When we landed at the Causeway terminus of the electric railway we discovered that it was run to draw guests to the Causeway Hotel, and not for the convenience of the public. If we returned to Portrush by it that day, we had only one hour and fifteen minutes to get a mile to the Causeway, see it, and return, while we would have to wait four hours at Portrush for a train. To see the Causeway in that time is out of the question. Having gone to see it, we were determined to do so, though if we did, we must either remain at the hotel over night, or hire a jaunting car to take us to Portrush. We chose the latter alternative, and hired the car before going to the Causeway, and now while we were being

besieged for money and whisky the car was quietly ordered out, and we escaped from our tormentors and started to catch the train for Londonderry.

After leaving Coleraine some distance behind, the scenery to our left was very grand and picturesque, consisting of bold cliffs rising almost perpendicularly some hundreds of feet above the railway.

As we drew near Londonderry I was shown the place where the boom was placed across the river Foyle during the siege of 1689, and also where the vessel was stranded on the shore by the rebound when she burst the boom, and was floated again by the shock of her guns firing a broadside at the enemy.

On reaching the Maiden City, I put up at the Northern Hotel, which stands close to the gate that the 'Prentice Boys closed. The city owes its rise to a monastery founded there in the 6th century by St. Columba. The original name was Derry, "the place of oaks." When the estates of the O'Neils were confiscated in 1609, the greater part of the lands, including Derry, was bestowed on, and still belongs to, the citizens of London. Hence the name London's Derry or Londonderry. The city is governed by a body of 26 elected by the London City Council. Derry was pillaged by the Danes, was occupied by the English at the invasion, and has passed through many vicissitudes.

In the War of the Revolution the city threw itself earnestly into the cause of William of Orange and the siege it then endured is one of the most memorable in British History. The town was not sufficiently fortified to stand a siege by regular troops, while Governor Lundy was treacherously preparing to hand it over to the enemy. Lord Antrim's soldiers had advanced to within 60 yards of the Ferry Gate when 13 Scotch apprentices seized the keys, drew up the bridge, and locked the gate. The citizens, always noted for their high spirit, inspired by the act of the boys, determined not to yield.

It was then that the heroic Rev. George Walker appeared on the scene. He saved the Governor from the rage of the populace, and allowed him to leave the city. By his stirring

sermons preached in the cathedral, and by his noble example in leading sallying parties, he aroused in the people the most obstinate determination not to surrender, though reduced to the greatest extremity by starvation. The siege lasted 105 days. When it was raised Walker went to London, was warmly received at Court, thanked by the House of Commons, created D.D. by Oxford, and made Bishop of Derry by the King. But his martial spirit was aroused. He could not be induced to take quiet possession of his bishopric. He must needs go to the Boyne. He headed a troop at the Battle of the Boyne and was there killed.

Having partaken of a palatable tea I sallied out to see the Maiden City. I concluded that the easiest and quickest way to do so was from the top of the old wall which did such good service more than 200 years ago, and is still preserved as a promenade. Derry was then a small town not more than a mile in circumference. At the present time there is much more of Derry outside of the walls than inside. The walls vary in thickness from, say 15 to 30 feet: five or six feet on either side being stone and the space between filled with earth.

At the gate which the 'Prentice Boys closed I climbed to the top of the wall, which is there bristling with cannon. As I stood there and looked down upon the city, memory recalled the leading incidents in connection with the siege, and that probably to the heroic defence we owe our own civil and religious liberty. I became for the time being one in spirit with the brave defenders. As I listened in imagination to the stirring exhortations of the noble Walker, my nerves thrilled, my heart throbbed, and my blood flowed with quickened current along my veins. I watched the desperate sallies of the starving garrison and saw raw troops reduced to skeletons by hunger, perform deeds of valour worthy of veterans. I admired the heroism and constancy that still stood firm and held the fort, while dogs and vermin, tallow and hides constituted their only food, and disease and slaughter were daily thinning their ranks.

I walked on the top of the wall to the Doric column in the western bastion, on the top of which stands a statue of the

great organizer and inspirer, the heroic, patriotic Walker, and thence past the cathedral (erected 1633) in which Walker delivered his rousing sermons, around to the place whence I started.

Next morning, after a walk through the town, I took train for Portadown. For some distance our route lay along the west bank of the river Foyle, and afterwards through a tract of country, rough and hilly, with deep glens and narrow fertile valleys abounding in peat-bogs. These seem to be aggregations of almost pure vegetable matter. They furnish a supply of cheap fuel for the inhabitants and cannot possibly be exhausted for centuries. As we went south the thrift and industry which have made Ulster so productive and her population so provident and contented, began to disappear, and it was no rare thing to see strong, hearty-looking men basking lazily in the sun. Presently the sky clouded and rain began to fall, and I was glad when I reached Portadown, where I spent the night.

Saturday morning I took the early train for Drogheda. The only place of much interest that we pass is Dundalk, a town of 12,000 inhabitants. It is noted as being the last town in Ireland where an Irish monarch was crowned and resided in royal splendour. Edward Bruce, who was invited by the Irish to help them shake off the English yoke, stormed and took Dundalk, was crowned and resided here for two years, when he was killed in battle with the English on the hill of Foighard, near Dundalk, in 1318. With him the hopes of the Irish of that time for independence died, though the longings of the Irish race for it may never die.

A two hours' run through a district abounding in beautiful scenery and natural wealth, brought us to the ancient town of Drogheda, one of the most quaint, stand-still old places in all Ireland; with narrow, ill-paved streets making little pretence at cleanliness; and low, old-fashioned, thatched dwellings, with one or two panes of glass just under the eaves admitting scarcely light enough to make the darkness visible. With every natural advantage in the way of a grand harbor, proximity to Liverpool, and a fertile country, Drogheda, like every other place in the southern part of Ireland, except, perhaps, Cork, is not only stagnant, but retrograding.

Procuring a jaunting-car, I called on the Rev. Alex. Hall, Castle St., to whom I had forwarded a letter of introduction the day before. Though it was his busy day, he most kindly acceded to my request to accompany me to the Battlefield on the Boyne, nearly four miles distant. On the way, we had a good look at the St. Lawrence gate of the old wall, one of the most artistic, well-preserved structures of the kind in the island. Some years ago it was proposed to pull it down, but a gentleman living near by, possessed of a stronger love for the antique and the beautiful than his neighbours, walked out on the street with his rifle and threatened to shoot the first man who laid destructive hands upon it, and in consequence it still stands an attraction and an ornament to the little old town. We also saw portions of the old walls and the ruins of an old abbey whose tower is still standing and still bears the marks of Cromwell's cannon balls.

It was market day, and as we drove along the streets my eyes rested on many a strange but characteristic sight. Women were hurrying to market with a huge basket on either arm, from which protruded the heads of screaming chickens, quacking ducks and gabbling geese. Big, strapping mountaineers jogged along in their quaint little carts, drawn by a diminutive ass or mule, the quadruped and cart so very small and the biped so very large that it seemed to me it would be easier, and more in keeping with the fitness of things, for the latter to carry the former, cart and all, than for the former to draw the latter. These little carts were all drawn up in a row along one side of one of the streets, the wheels removed, and the body of the cart let down on the pavement that would-be purchasers might the more readily see and examine the one or more squealing porkers each contained. Bleating sheep and lowing, skinny-looking cattle were plentiful, and would-be purchasers were flitting to and fro.

Out of the town our way lay between hawthorn hedges, fragrant with opening bloom. Away to our left is Slane Hill. A little farther away, too far to be visible, is Tara, formerly the capital of Ireland and the home of Ireland's kings. At each Easter day it was customary for all the fires in Ireland to be extinguished, and when the King had relighted his on

the hill of Tara they were all relighted, signifying that all Ireland received its light from the King. But one Easter morning, after St. Patrick had landed in the island, he lighted one on Slane Hill before the King had lighted his on Tara. On enquiring what the innovation meant, the King was told it was a sign that the fire of Christianity had been kindled in Ireland.

Driving on we soon came in sight of "King James' Hill," so called from his having watched the battle from it. Soon we saw the obelisk which marks the place where Schomberg fell, and then the place where King William's troops forded the river and charging up the hill in the face of a heavy fire, put to rout the opposing army and gained one more onward step in the struggle for civil and religious liberty.

We drove a short distance up a glen, known as "King William's Glen," from his having led his troops down it to the battle. It is one of the loveliest spots imaginable. On the one hand art has done much to beautify it, on the other nature has had her own way, and her work possesses a luxuriance and a beauty all its own. At the bottom of the glen, almost concealed by the foliage, runs a babbling brook whose murmurs scarcely disturb the almost death-like stillness of the place.

Retracing our way, we crossed the Boyne bridge close by Schomberg's monument, which is built on an immense rock close to the river. The place is pointed out near by where King William was shot in the shoulder, the night before the battle, while reconnoitering. Driving along the base of King James' Hill, we returned to Drogheda by another way, drove down to see the harbour and shipping, and the new railway bridge, a work of considerable magnitude, requiring great engineering skill and exhibiting excellent workmanship. After partaking of lunch with my obliging, intelligent and entertaining companion and his worthy wife, I bade good-bye to them and Drogheda and took rail for Dublin.

My *vis-a-vis* was a Roman Catholic priest, who proved a pleasant travelling companion. I began to question him regarding the state of Ireland. He confessed, though reluctantly, that all through the south and west of Ireland every

industry was languishing. Having gained so much I inquired the reason. After considerable hesitation, he admitted that the present agitation was responsible for the unsatisfactory condition of things, and the result was very doubtful.

The greater part of the country we passed through between Drogheda and Dublin seemed very fertile, but everything had a neglected appearance.

On arriving at the Dublin station, I engaged a jaunting-car, and set about "doing" Dublin. The first public building of interest that I saw was the Custom House, which was completed in 1791 at a cost of £400,000, having been ten years in building. On the front, overlooking the Liffey, are four colossal figures, representing Navigation, Wealth, Commerce, and Industry. The structure, which is one worthy of the Irish capital, is surmounted by a dome 125 feet high, bearing on its summit a figure of Hope, 16 feet high.

The next place of interest was the Bank of Ireland, formerly the Houses of Parliament. It being Saturday afternoon, it was not possible to gain admittance, which I much regretted. In front of the Bank is College Green, and across the street Trinity College, established in 1593 under a charter from Queen Elizabeth. At the entrance are statues of Goldsmith and Burke, and on the Green in front an equestrian statue of William III., gorgeous in black paint and gilding. I regretted very much that I could not see the numerous statues and paintings in the College.

I drove thence to the Castle, which is rather disappointing. Its architecture may be equal or superior to that of Edinburgh Castle, but it lacks the commanding position of the latter. Over the gateway is a statue of "Justice" balancing her scales. I went thence to take a look at Christ Church Cathedral. In recent years Mr. Henry Roe, distiller, has had it restored at a cost of £200,000. The vaults are believed to have been built by the Danes; the upper portions were erected at various times between the 11th and 14th centuries. It contains the tomb of Strongbow, Earl of Pembroke in Henry II.'s time. On it are figures representing him and his wife Eva. This was the Strongbow who began the conquest of Ireland, and Eva was the daughter of the Irish King who invited the English over to assist him.

I drove thence along Nicholas St. to St. Patrick's Cathedral. If you want to see *life* take a walk or drive along Nicholas St. on Saturday afternoon or evening. Along both sides of the street were heaps of old clothes, old hats, old shoes, old umbrellas, and other articles in every conceivable state of delapidation and filth. Intermixed with these were stands for the sale of candies, fruits, and trinkets. The fronts of the houses were literally fringed with old garments hung up for inspection. The buildings seemed to be chiefly butcher shops, green grocers, second-hand clothes shops, whiskey saloons, and worse; and on almost every doorstep sat one or more drunken women, helpless for the time, while others, only a little less paralyzed, staggered along and leered at passers-by or gave vent to their feelings by a demoniacal laugh or shout. On through this I drove, with heart aching at the terrible sights I saw on every hand. In the shops and houses I saw women who were literally clothed in rags, and their faces scarce visible for filth. If any city on earth needs a temperance crusade it is Dublin, with its 1,400 licensed liquor saloons. In no other city that I have ever been did intoxicating drink seem to have such a death grip on the people, and in no other, I trust, are those who pander to the depraved tastes of the citizens held in such high respect. *

I have just said that Christ Church Cathedral had been restored by a distiller. I soon came to St. Patrick's Cathedral, which was restored by Sir B. L. Guinness in 1860-62 at a cost of £140,000. And it is thus that the destroyers of their fellow-beings, both soul and body, make amends, and hope to secure an entrance into the eternal home of the good and the true.

In no other city have I ever seen the statues of brewers and distillers set up as an ornament, or their fellow-citizens point to them with pride as the monuments of public benefactors. Deluded people, to thus honour those who have been the curse of the city, and the ruin of tens of thousands of its inhabitants.

The establishments for the production of intoxicating beverages in Dublin are on an immense scale, seeming like small towns. Their barges may be seen by the dozen on the Liffey. Their carts are to be met everywhere on the streets

distributing their produce. It needed not the work of agitators and boycotters to paralyze industry and shackle trade. This alone is sufficient. But when aided by the other, is it any wonder that while Belfast is rapidly increasing in wealth, population and importance, Dublin should be as steadily declining?

St. Patrick's Cathedral occupies the site of a much older structure, built by the Patron Saint himself. It dates between 1190 and 1370. In it Dean Swift held office, and in it he is interred.

I drove from St. Patrick's Cathedral to the Four Courts of Dublin, a splendid pile of buildings, erected between 1776 and 1800. They contain the Courts of Queen's Bench, Chancery, Exchequer and Common Pleas, hence the name. I drove from the Four Courts to Phoenix Park. Just inside the entrance is the Wellington Testimonial, erected in 1817 at a cost of £20,000. Farther on is the statue of Carlisle, Chief Secretary of Ireland under the Melbourne administration, 1835-41, and Lord-Lieutenant under the Palmerston Government, 1855-58. He was very popular in Dublin. Near by it is that of Viscount Gough, a hero of the Peninsular War and of the Indian Mutiny. In the Park is the Vice-regal lodge. On May 6th, 1882, the new Lord-Lieutenant, Earl Spencer, had just entered the garden on his way from taking the oath of office, when, on looking up, he saw four men assassinate the new Chief Secretary, Lord Cavendish, and the Under Secretary, Mr. Burke, and then drive away. The murder was committed in daylight, was witnessed by many people, and for atrocity equals any ever perpetrated under the sun. Close to the driveway is a cross cut in the green sod marking the place of the foul deed. Standing by it was an old woman with a basket of oranges, who entreated me to "Buy an orange, sor." I told her that I had one in my pocket. "Sure," said she, "ye'll buy an orange on the very shpot where the gintlemen were murthered." I did not feel like buying from one who sought to make money out of her country's shame. However, she began again, "I'm a poor distressed creature; for God's sake." When I had paid her for some oranges she broke out again with, "May the merciful Father grant ye a long life, an' aisy death, an' a favorable judgment. Heh!"

Phoenix Park is seven miles in circumference. The citizens of Dublin have reason to be proud of it. Few cities have such an extensive and beautiful recreation ground. Here I first saw polo played, and I marvelled much at the intelligence and agility of the horses who seemed to understand the game almost as well as their riders. The horsemanship was most excellent.

On my return from the Park I drove past the magazine and within sight of Kilmainham Jail, which so many of the agitators who have cursed Ireland have reason to remember with anything but pleasure. I drove along Sackville St., the finest in the city, being broad and well-paved, while the places of business are commodious and attractive. In this thoroughfare is a statue of Lord Nelson, standing on a pedestal 121 feet high, erected in 1808 at a cost of nearly £7,000. Near the monument is the Post Office. It was built in 1818, is entirely of granite, and presents an imposing appearance.

Having exhausted my time, I hastened to the railway station and took train for Belfast. As far as Portadown we traversed the same line as before. At that station I took the line to Belfast.

The next station north of Portadown is Lurgan, where Drs. Montgomery and Cooke had the famous and memorable debate over the Arian Heresy, which had crept into the Presbyterian Church in Ireland and was sapping its energy and destroying its spirituality. Dr. Montgomery's defence of Arianism was felt by all except Cooke to be unanswerable.

After half an hour's intermission, during which Cooke laughed and chatted as gaily as the most light-hearted child, he took his place and began the most stupendous task ever undertaken by any debater, and that without a single note or a moment's preparation. But when he had finished the fate of Arianism was sealed, and Dr. Cooke was hailed by his enthusiastic countrymen as the ablest debater, and the greatest and most accomplished orator that Ireland has ever produced, and who has rarely had his equal.

I reached Belfast at 9 p.m., and was soon beside a glowing grate in the home of Sir James H. Haslett. On Sabbath morning I went to Elmwood Church, and heard a very fine

sermon, expressed in chaste and beautiful language, by the Rev. Dr. Murphy. In the evening I went to Christ Church to hear Rev. Dr. Kane, but a stranger occupied the sacred desk. Next day I visited the house in which Dr. Cooke resided, and then bade good-bye to my kind friends, Sir James kindly presenting me with a life of Dr. Cooke as a memento of my visit to Belfast,—a visit to which I shall always look back with much pleasure,—a memento which I shall always prize most highly.

Naturally, you ask, "What do I think of Ireland and the Irish people?" Ireland's misty skies, half-disclosing, half-concealing, have a strange fascination; but they have not the sunny brightness of Canada's. Her fields are fruitful and greener than ours, but they are not so variously productive. Her hills possess a wondrous beauty, but they lack the massive grandeur and the mineral wealth of those in my native land. Her rivers have an unspeakable charm, but they have not the volume that lends majesty to a St. Lawrence, a Saskatchewan or a Mackenzie, and their sands are not of gold.

Her sons and daughters are brilliant and witty, but they are unstable and effervescent. Nothing can surpass their warm-heartedness and generosity, but they are strangely eccentric; they will overwhelm one with their kindness and lavish hospitality, and then for very love knock him down. They are industrious and faithful, but are too prodigal of their hard-earned substance. Their patriotism has never been excelled, but their credulity makes them too readily become the dupes of professional agitators and their very ardour often ruins the cause they would give their heart's blood to promote. Their devotion to their Church and their religious guides has scarce a parallel, but their fervour is too often tainted with bigotry and their zeal with indiscretion.

Yet I look into the future and I see happier days in store for Ireland, and a grander destiny than has yet been hers. I see education no longer confined to the few, but become the possession of the many. I see her people with all the old time religious fervor and more than the old time zeal that was theirs when Ireland deserved and received the title "Isle of Saints." I see religion and education going hand in hand to

enlighten, to elevate, to refine and inspire the people of this old land, till once more the eyes of all Europe—aye, of all the world—shall be turned to her, and as men gaze at some bright, blazing meteor, whose flashing beams illumine the midnight sky, so shall they behold in astonishment and admiration the material prosperity, the intellectual progress and the warm, glowing, man-elevating, God-honoring piety of Ireland.



HOW TO MAKE LIFE A SUCCESS.

Is man a child of destiny? I answer *He is*; and I answer, *He is not*. Like the greatest dramatist the world has ever produced, I believe that "there is a tide in the affairs of men which, taken at the flood, leads on to fortune." I believe that, in one sense, man can and does carve out his own future; that, in one sense, he is *not* a child of destiny. Like the same great dramatist I believe that "there is a Providence that shapes our ends, rough hew them as we will." I believe, like him, that man's future is fore-ordained of God; that in one sense he *is* a child of destiny. Let me illustrate this seeming contradiction.

Father Mathew, the Irish apostle of Temperance, was a man with scarce a quality, intellectual or moral, that was at all remarkable, except benevolence. He could not have originated the Temperance movement, or any other. Yet, for a time, his fame was second to that of no other man of his day. He was just coming into prominence as a preacher when the Temperance movement was introduced into Ireland from the United States, and the Temperance movement was the tidal wave which made Father Mathew famous. He was enlisted in the movement at the auspicious moment. He took the tide at the turn and was borne on to success. He made his triumphal progress through Ireland, sometimes administering the pledge to fifty thousand persons in a single day, and pledging between two and three millions altogether. "There is a tide in the affairs of men, which, taken at the flood, leads on to fortune." Man is *not* a child of destiny.

Again, man *is* a child of destiny. One day a wild, reckless youth landed in India. His fortune had been wasted, and his character lost by dissipation. Weary of a life which was a disgrace to his friends and a burden to himself, he loaded a pistol, and, putting the muzzle to his head, drew the trigger. The powder flashed in the pan. Bent on suicide he renewed the priming, and, strange to say, again the powder flashed in the pan. Renewing the priming once more, a third time he put his finger on the trigger and the muzzle to his brow, and was about to draw, when, struck by his remarkable escapes, he laid the pistol down,

saying, godless and graceless man though he was: "*Surely God intends to do some great things by me, that he has so preserved me.*" That godless, graceless man is known in history as LORD CLIVE, *the founder of our great East Indian Empire, the noblest appendage of the British Crown.* "There is a Providence that shapes our ends, rough-hew them as we will." Man is a child of destiny.

It would be useless to multiply illustrations. The two I have given make it quite evident that there are two distinct agencies at work moulding man's life, a human and a divine, each acting in its own sphere, doing its own part, but never interfering with its co-worker. The divine is beyond our control. The human we can direct at will. If we turn to the Inspired Volume, we find these two distinct forces recognized, else where would be the sense in the apostle's injunction to the Philippians? "Work out your own salvation with fear and trembling, for it is God which worketh in you, both to will and to do, of His good pleasure." These two forces, distinct and separate, yet never at variance, together work out the problem of life. It is the old question of Foreordination and Free-will (or God's plan and man's choice). Yet Foreordination and Free-will are not antagonistic. They are in perfect harmony.

Some years ago Dr. Talmage was spending his vacation in the Western States. A locomotive engineer offered him a ride on his locomotive. Willing to add this new sensation to his many strange experiences, he accepted the invitation. As he stepped on the locomotive a Methodist minister stepped on also. While enjoying their ride the two began discussing Foreordination and Free-will, and soon the discussion waxed warm. At length Talmage said: "My brother, there is no difference between you and me. This road is Foreordination; this locomotive is Free-will. Neither is of any use without the other, but both together carry us to our destination."

They could not change the road, but they could choose which direction they would ride on it. And as this was true of their journey, so is it true of the journey of life. We cannot interfere (if we would) with the Divine agency, but we can control the human. Man's life *must* be either a SUCCESS or a FAILURE, and it rests with him to decide which it shall be. It is foreordained.

that man *must* go either to heaven or hell. The road to heaven is the road to hell ; which place we reach all depends on the direction we travel, and the choice rests with us. Man's life is just what he makes it. God gives him existence, and endows him with a threefold nature—physical, intellectual and moral, or spiritual. Time is the warp in his loom ; opportunity is wound up in his shuttle, and with these he weaves the web of life—a web that the “good and faithful” can make “a thing of beauty, and a joy forever ;” a thing that men will gaze on with feelings of admiration and respect ; that they will call grand, beautiful, sublime ; of which even God will say, “Well done.” A web that the “wicked and slothful” can make a horrible monstrosity ; a thing which men will shrink from with feelings of disgust and pity, and even Infinite Compassion “cannot look upon with any degree of allowance.” The materials are the same, but how different are the results. Over the one Infinite Wisdom, Justice and Pity mingled will write FAILURE ; over the other, SUCCESS. And just here arises a very important question, What constitutes success, and what failure ? Our opinions about other things differ greatly, and they differ about this also.

A tourist in Scotland asked an old man, who was breaking stones by the wayside, if he knew the Carlyles. “Aye, man,” said he, “aw ken them brawley weel. There was Tam, an’ Jamie, an’ Sandy, an’ Jock, the doctor, an’ some five lassies forbye. Tam wasna o’ muckle accoont. He gaed aff an’ writet some buiks. He sent me ane ance, ca’ed ‘Saucer Resorties,’ or some ‘at, but aw could mak’ neither heid nor tail o’ the trash intilt. But Jamie, the farmer, owerbye at the Newlan’s there, is a clever fellow. D’ye ken, man, Jamie raised the best hogs that ha’e been seen in Ecclefechan market this twenty year.”

Fine hogs are all very well in their way, yet the world will award the palm of success to Tam, who, in the old stone-breaker’s estimation, “wasna o’ muckle accoont.”

“ To win and to wear, to have and to hold,
 Is the burden of dream and prayer ;
 The hope of the young, and the hope of the old,
 The prize of the strong and the fair.
 All dream of some guerdon life’s labour to bless,
 And, winning that guerdon, have named it *success*.”

All hope for success, all work for it, but the accomplishment of one's plans and purposes in not necessarily success. "Boss" Tweed planned and worked to get millions of plunder, *and got it*, but was his life a success! Napoleon Bonaparte fought for fame and power, and half a continent lay helpless at his feet; but on the lonely isle of St. Helena did he think he had won success? "If a man strive for masteries, yet is he not crowned, except he strive lawfully."

A man's life can only be called a success when he attains the end for which he was created. To do this he must make the most and best of all those things committed to his charge, whether they be time, talents, wealth, position, privileges, or opportunities. Success—complete and entire success—is the goal we all should strive for. Of him who reaches it alone can it be said, as our Saviour said of Mary of Bethany, "*She hath done what she could.*"

He who has thus honestly and conscientiously tried to win success, though he may not be able to look back over his life without deep sorrow for sins of commission and of omission, can yet look forward without dread, and even contemplate the end of life with unwavering trust in Him who gave it; for "like as a father pitieth his children, so the Lord pitieth them that fear Him. For he knoweth our frame; he remembereth that we are dust," and though "to err is human, to forgive is divine."

But if there be a man who can look back over his life and not see "something attempted, something done," for man's good and God's glory,—if there be one, the mainspring of whose life has been self, and self only,—his lot is sad indeed.

"If such there be, go, mark him well;
For him no minstrel raptures swell;
High though his titles, proud his name,
Boundless his wealth as wish can claim,—
Despite those titles, power and pelf,
The wretch, concentred all in self,
Living shall forfeit fair renown,
And, doubly dying, shall go down
To the vile dust from whence he sprung,
Unwept, unhonored, and unsung."

Though such a man were rich as Cræsus, the poorest beggar on our streets is more to be envied than he if his heart but throb with love to God and man.

“A sacred burden is the life ye bear,
 Look on it, lift it, bear it solemnly,
 Stand up and walk beneath it steadfastly,
 Fail not for sorrow, falter not for sin,
 But onward, upward, till the goal ye win.”

Having seen what constitutes success, and what failure, we have next to inquire how the one is to be attained, and the other avoided. There is an old proverb, “Deserve success, and you will command it.” But, “How shall we deserve it?”

There are many things which may not be absolutely necessary to success, but are yet of very material assistance in winning it, and he who is wise will avail himself of every such aid. The first of these aids of which I shall speak,—and I’ll only speak of a few of them—is a strong, active, healthy body. For a poor constitution and ill-health nothing can compensate. With them as a clog even genius finds her wings clipped, and perseverance is almost hopelessly handicapped. While waiting and seeking for health and strength equal to the effort the auspicious moment is lost, another steps in and wins the prize. Never before, in the world’s history, was competition in every calling and pursuit so fierce as now; never did success demand for its attainment such sterling physical and intellectual qualities as in this latter part of the nineteenth century. Carlyle truly says, “The race of life has become intense: the runners are treading upon each other’s heels; woe be to him who stops to tie his shoe-strings.”

I do not mean to say that he who is weighted with a weak, diseased body may not attain a measure of success in the struggle of life—may not even distance many who are blessed with every physical advantage, for I remember that Ben Jonson was a dwarf, John Milton was blind, Isaac Newton and James Watt were weak and delicate, Robert Hall suffered from spinal disease, Horatio Nelson was little and lame, Alexander Pope was a hunchback; yet these, and others afflicted as they were, have lived lives that command the admiration of the world, and have left names behind them that will live to the end of time—names that are cherished because of the great achievements of their owners and the blessings they conferred on our race—names that we fain would hope are inscribed in the Lamb’s Book of Life. Yet I cannot but think how much greater their achievements might have been, in this life at least, had they not laboured under such physi-

cal disabilities, for their greatness was attained not because of these, as many suppose, but in spite of them.

The value of good health cannot be estimated. It is beyond price. Having a strong frame and good health man has the greatest physical blessing earth can bestow. The strongest intellect is weakened, the brightest mind clouded, the loftiest genius hampered by weakness and ill-health. "Health is a very large ingredient in what the world calls talent. A man without it may be a giant in intellect, but his deeds will be the deeds of a dwarf." There is no calling in which men do not need bodily health, strength, and agility. Therefore, as a valuable aid to success, preserve health and strength if you have them, and endeavour in every possible way to secure them if you have not.

Having a strong, healthy body, one has an adequate support for a powerful mind. The influence of matter over mind is great—marvellously great. Yet the influence of mind over matter is perhaps greater. Hence the next aid to success which one should secure is a healthy, vigorous, well-stored, systematically developed mind. The mind should be healthy, that its balance may not be easily disturbed, for "who can minister to a mind diseased?" It should be vigorous, in order that it may be capable of sustained effort. It should be well-stored, that it may have a fund of information to draw upon at will. It should be systematically developed, because success is purchased too dear if one becomes a one-sided monster to gain it.

In days of yore, fame, wealth, position, beauty, everything desirable which this world could bestow, might all be secured by strength and courage alone. But the age when the gallant knight who bestrode the noblest charger, and wielded the heaviest battle-axe and sharpest sword, gathered to himself life's prizes is past and gone. 'Tis mind, not muscle, that rules the world to-day.

'Twas mind that made Benjamin Disraeli, a member of a despised, outcast race, rise to be a star of fashion in the proudest and most exclusive society in the world, the trusted and beloved adviser of our gracious Queen, and Prime Minister of the most powerful nation of the earth. 'Twas mind that made a stonemason, Hon. Alexander Mackenzie, the most successful leader the Reform party in Canada has had for a quarter of a century. 'Twas mind that made the Right Hon. Sir John A. Macdonald

Prime Minister of Canada for more than twenty years, one of the ablest of constitutional lawyers, and a member of the executive committee of the Privy Council of Great Britain and Ireland. 'Twas mind that raised Lincoln, Grant and Garfield, from poverty to the Presidential chair of the United States.

It is true that, even yet, men of powerful physique, iron will and inflexible purpose, but with undeveloped mind, may secure a certain amount of wealth and fame—may become not only notorious, but popular. (Our own Hanlan is an example of such a man.) Yet their fame and popularity are both transient. They perish, and themselves and their fame are alike forgotten. 'Tis the man of mind whose deeds are recorded in history; who finds a permanent niche in the temple of fame; whose name is indelibly inscribed on the roll of honour. In this nineteenth century "the mind's the standard of the man," in a sense, and to a degree that it never was before.

In earlier ages, when the store and range of human knowledge were less extensive, a man of genius might excel in several departments. Bacon, Dante and Leonardo da Vinci were men of almost universal attainments. But all are not Bacons, or Dantes, or Da Vincis. And at the present time the store and range of human knowledge have become so vast that he who would excel—he who would rise above mediocrity—must devote all his time and energy to one branch, and be content to remain in comparative ignorance of all the rest. Pope says:—

"One science only, will one genius fit,
So wide is art, so narrow human wit."

With the exception of a few great minds, the men whose names are historic are identified with some one achievement upon which *all* their life force was spent. You think of Watt, and the shrill whistle of the steam-engine falls on your ear; of Edison, and the electric light flashes through the midnight darkness; of Wilberforce, and the coloured race stand forth free men; of Garibaldi, and the dream of a united Italy is an accomplished fact. It is the man of single and intense purpose, who steels his soul against all things else—it is the man that can say with St. Paul, "*This one thing I do*"—that is the successful man to-day. And this brings us to the next thing to be considered, *viz.*, the

choice of a profession, or what one thing shall each man do, that he may be a success in his calling.

To no other cause, perhaps, is failure so frequently to be traced as to a mistaken calling. Sidney Smith says, "Be what nature intended you to be, and you will succeed; be anything else, and you will be ten thousand times worse than nothing." And Mathews in "Getting on in the World" says, "If there is any fact demonstrated by experience, it is that no man can succeed in a calling for which nature did not intend him." And Smith and Mathews may be correct. Yet there is another fact demonstrated by experience, which is, that man has within him a power of adapting himself to circumstances which enables him to thrive in almost any pursuit. If he be determined to succeed, experience will quicken his instincts; he will become wise, cautious, discreet, far-sighted, and those who know no better will declare that he was made for the place and bound to succeed. "Nothing is denied to well-directed labour. Nothing is to be obtained without it." An intense desire will itself transform possibility into reality.

If it were true that one can succeed only in that calling for which nature designed him—for which he has a predilection—then this world would contain little else than failures, for I am convinced that most men are what they are, not from choice, but from force of circumstances. But they bow to these in the beginning, that in the end they may rise superior to them, and win in spite of them. As the lithe willow bends before the storm and rises when 'tis past, they stoop to conquer.

But for every man the profession is best which chords most nearly with the bent of his mind, if he can embrace it without compromise of his social standing or moral principle. Be what you wish to be, if possible; but if not, lose no time in indecision, but promptly determine to what calling you will devote yourself. Having once decided what you will do, *do it*. Stick to it even though you may prefer another. You will probably succeed better in the calling to which you have already served an apprenticeship, even though not to your liking, than if you turned to another. A traveller once asked an Irishman of two roads leading to the same place, which he had better take. "Take ayther road ye loike," said Pat, "an go six moiles, thin come back an throy the other, an whichever road ye take first yees'll wish yees had stuck to it."

“If it be possible, give *all* your energies to the highest employment of which your nature is capable ; . . . and if you fail to reach the goal of your wishes, which is possible in spite of your utmost efforts, you will die with the consciousness of having done your best, which is, after all, the truest success to which man can aspire.”

Among the many qualities of mind and heart which conduce to worldly success, none is more frequently underrated, yet few are of more real importance, than courtesy. Hawthorne used to say, “God may forgive sins, but awkwardness has no forgiveness in heaven, or on earth.” Courtesy is to a man what beauty is to a woman. It creates an instantaneous impression in his behalf, and is worth more as a means of winning favour than the finest clothes and jewels ever worn. “Give a boy address and accomplishments,” says Emerson, “and you give him the mastery of palaces and fortunes wherever he goes ; he has not the trouble of owning or carrying them ; they solicit him to enter and possess.” It is easy to depreciate courtesy as a trifle, but trifles make up the aggregate of human life. Courtesy costs little and is worth much.

Another valuable aid to success is cheerfulness. The spectres of neglect, unkindness and despair fly before it, as fogs before the sun. Is your situation unpleasant? Make the best of it. Is your labour hard? A cheerful disposition will enable you to do double the work with half the physical and mental exhaustion. Are your friends few? Cultivate a cheerful, sunny disposition, and friends will gather about you as if by magic, and you need never want a friend or a dollar.

“Be glad, and your friends are many,
Be sad, and they turn and go.
They want full measure of all your pleasure,
But they do not want your woe.

“Rejoice, and men will seek you,
Grieve, and you lose them all.
There are none to decline your nectared wine,
But alone you must drink life's gall.”

Learn also how to economize ; and especially how to economize time. In order that one may do so he should be punctual. He who lacks punctuality wastes the time of others, and his

own. Whatever claim he may pretend to have on the latter, he has none whatever on the former. When Washington's secretary pleaded a slow watch as an excuse for being five minutes late, Washington replied, "Then, sir, you must either get a new watch, or I must get a new secretary." And Washington was right.

He who wastes his own time is a spendthrift, and will yet be poor in that of which he is so prodigal,—may even crave it as Queen Elizabeth did when she cried: "*My kingdom for an hour of time.*" He who wastes the time of others is a thief, and robs them of that which can never be restored. Many things if lost may be replaced, but lost time is gone forever. Time is the only portion of eternity that man can call his own. It is not only money, but the very stuff life is made of. Even the odds and ends of it may be worked up into results of the greatest value. Henry Kirke White learnt Greek while walking to and from a lawyer's office. Hugh Miller, while working as a stonemason, became an able scientist, and one of the most facile and brilliant authors of his day. Elihu Burritt, while pursuing his trade as a blacksmith, mastered eighteen languages and twenty-two dialects.

Learn, then, how to economize all things, but especially *time*. "Glean up its golden dust, economize those raspings and parings of existence,—those fragments of days and wee bits of hours—so valueless singly, so inestimable in the aggregate,—which most persons sweep out into the waste of life," and you will have time for all life's duties, and be rich in leisure.

I would say also:—Cultivate self-reliance. Learn to put your own shoulder to the wheel before looking for help. The inspired penman says, "It is good for a man that he bear the yoke in his youth;" and that which one acquires by his own exertions is of infinitely more value to him than the richest legacy or costliest gift, because he has the experience, or training, acquired while working for it, and that is priceless.

Grace Greenwood says, "Men who have fortunes are not those who had \$5,000 given them to start with, but boys who have started with a well-earned dollar or two. Men who have acquired fame have never been thrust into popularity. . . . They have outstretched their own hands and touched the public heart. Men who win love do their own wooing, and I never knew a man fail

so signally as one who induced his grandmamma to speak a word or two for him. Whether you work for fame, love, or money, or anything else, work with your own hands and heart and brain. Say, 'I will,' and some day you will conquer."

I might speak of accuracy, tact, reliability, and so on, did time permit, but I must leave the aids, and hasten on to the essentials of success, or the three P's: PERSEVERANCE, PATIENCE, PIETY. I call these *essentials*, because *without them man's life cannot be a success, with them it cannot be a failure.*

He who would make his life a success should get *Perseverance*, because "Perseverance overcomes all obstacles." Without it none can be either great or good. Life is one long series of struggles with difficulties and temptations. Were it only one battle, one difficulty, one giant effort might win success. But as life is, after each struggle he who would "be a hero in the strife" must gird himself anew for the conflict. "Each victory will help us some other to win." But life's heroes have often learnt more from their failures than from their successes. Defeat has taught them where their weakness lay, but instead of discouraging has spurred them on to greater and more persistent efforts, and thus the talent that was cradled in weakness has grown strong by perseverance. Had the great men of the world been discouraged by defeat they would never have been heard of—they would not have been great men. Without perseverance nothing great has ever been achieved. All those whose names are blazoned on the scroll of fame have been distinguished for unflagging perseverance.

Lord Beaconsfield's first speech in Parliament was a failure. The House refused to give him a hearing. He simply said, "The day will come when you will be glad to hear me." He persevered, despite insult and ridicule, and after long years they under whose laughter he had wilted were made to writhe in turn under his burning sarcasm and the whole civilized world listened with breathless interest to his utterances on the profoundest political problems of the day.

In his first sermon Robert Hall stuck almost at the beginning. Covering his face with his hands he sobbed aloud, "O I have lost all my ideas," and burst into a flood of tears. A second trial ended in a still more agonizing failure. A third effort was made, and from that hour he took rank as the most brilliant pulpit orator in England.

Six times Robert Bruce tried to deliver Scotland. Six times he was forced to fly before his enemies. While hiding in a hay-loft from his pursuers he saw a spider make six unsuccessful attempts to reach a rafter. It made the seventh, and succeeded. Inspired by the spider's example he tried once more. Bannockburn was fought, and Scotland was free.

Wolfe, with an insufficient force, sought a long time in vain to capture Quebec. He was severely repulsed in an attack upon Montcalm's entrenchments, his troops were dispirited, promised reinforcements did not arrive, he himself was ill with fever and suffering from a fatal disease. It is impossible to conceive of prospects gloomier than were his. He even wrote home to England to prepare the public mind for failure or retreat. But one more effort was made, and within five days from the date of that letter the Heights of Abraham had been scaled, Montcalm defeated, the seemingly impregnable fortress surrendered, and the name of Wolfe had become immortal.

Marcus Morton ran sixteen times for Governor of Massachusetts, and was defeated every time. He ran again, and was elected by one vote. Men feel that it is useless to struggle against one who will not be beaten. They get out of your way, convinced that the path before you does not belong to them but to you, and success is yours.

But *Patience*, also, is necessary to success. By patience I mean the ability and willingness to bide one's time. Indeed of all the lessons humanity has to learn in this school of the world, the hardest is *to wait*. Not to wait with folded hands that claim life's prizes without previous effort, but having toiled, and struggled, and crowded the slow years with trial, to see no results, or perhaps disastrous results, and yet to stand firm, to preserve one's poise, and relax no effort—this is patience indeed. To know how to wait is one of the great secrets of success. It is often asserted that only a man of genius can win the great prizes of life. But, Buffon says, "Genius is only a protracted patience." Without patience the man of brilliant parts is always a failure, because he puts his trust in his brilliancy instead of in hard work. It is the slow, persevering, patient plodder who wins life's prizes. Indeed the great men of the world have been as remarkable for dulness and stupidity in early life, as for patience in later years.

Newton, when at school, stood at the bottom of the lowest form but one. Adam Clarke was pronounced by his father to be a grievous dunce. Dr. Chalmers and Dr. Cooke were dismissed from school as incorrigible dunces. Professor Dalzell at Edinburgh University said of Scott, "Dunce he is, and dunce he will remain." Burns, Wellington and Napoleon were all dull boys. Ulysses S. Grant was called "Useless" Grant by his mother. In short, nearly all our great men have been more noted for their indefatigable perseverance and unconquerable patience than for their brilliancy. They knew how to "labour and to wait," and the waiting is often more important than the labouring.

Dr. Guthrie, after he was licensed to preach, waited five years for a call, yet the Presbyterian Church in Scotland has only produced two greater men during the present century.

James Watt, that he might have a competence for his old age, toiled patiently for thirty years ere he perfected the steam-engine. The obstacles to be surmounted were so great that once, *but once only* he faltered, and wrote to a friend, "I curse my inventions." But at last his efforts were crowned with success, and in his old age he enjoyed the competence he had laboured so patiently to win.

Columbus visited in succession the courts of Italy, Portugal, England and Spain. He pleaded and waited, waited and pleaded, and, at last, his patience and perseverance were rewarded with three old leaky ships, and another continent was added to the world.

For a quarter of a century the British nation toiled and waited for Waterloo. At length it has come. All day long Napoleon's cannon have hurled their iron storm against the British lines, ploughing them through and through. All day long the French cavalry and infantry have done their worst. The British ranks are melting away like snow-wreaths in spring. The plain is strewn with unnumbered dead; the hands of the living are weary, and their hearts growing faint with coming despair. "On an eminence looking down on the duel of nations, astride his war-horse, surrounded by his staff, sits Wellington, field marshal of England. In his hand is a glass with which he scans the horizon. Now and again he looks along the carnage-wrecked plain, then turns to the far distance, sighing, 'O would to God that night or Blucher

would come!' Harik! a bugle! then a peal; then ringing all over the field the notes of the 'advance' quickening to the charge. Then with a shout that fills the air, with clash of sabre and thunder of horse's hoof, comes sweeping the Imperial legion, Napoleon's invincibles held in reserve by that marvellous genius till this hour. See how all melts before their onslaught. The allied forces are hurled back as from a resistless storm of rushing death. Napoleon's eagles again sweep the field. All seems lost. Still the Iron Duke sits there and sweeps the distance. A courier dashes up with despatches and asks for orders. He gets only one word for answer, 'Wait!' Another and another follow, and each gets only that one word, 'Wait!' 'Wait!' The glass sweeps the horizon again, and then Wellington throws it over his head, throws his hat after it, leaps from his horse and begins to write despatches. What is it? Why that cloud yonder, puffing now with fire and smoke; that dark mass defiling into the plain at the double quick is the Prussian reserve. Blucher has kept his promise. Waterloo is decided, and Napoleon's eagles go down forever." "*Learn to labour and to wait.*" "*Perseverance overcomes all obstacles,*" and "*All things come to him who waits.*"

Some toil for wealth, some for fame, some for position, thinking that if they win the goal for which they strive, their life must be a success. He who toils for the latter should remember that position and power cannot confer happiness, which should be the consequence of real success. "Uncasy lies the head that wears a crown." He who toils for fame must know that the idol of the multitude to-day may be hunted like a wild beast by that same multitude to-morrow. Fame is fleeting as a shadow. Neither can wealth confer happiness. Nathan Myers Rothschild, the banker, who for years wielded the purse of the world, was profoundly unhappy, and with sorrowful emphasis, exclaimed to one congratulating him on the gorgeous magnificence of his palatial mansion, and thence inferring that he was happy, "Happy! Me happy!"

Since wealth, fame, and position cannot confer happiness, there is such a thing as *unsuccessful success*. It is a fact that a man may succeed in all his worldly undertakings, and yet his life be a deplorable failure. And conversely, he may fail in all his worldly undertakings, and yet his life be a grand success. If this be so, who then, you ask, are the successful men?

"Speak, History! Who are life's victors? Unroll thy long annals, and say, Are they those whom the world calls the victors, who won the success of a day? The Martyrs or Nero? The Spartans who fell at Thermopylæ's tryst, Or the Persians and Xerxes? His judges or Socrates? Pilate or Christ?"

Success, truly understood, must be sought, not in what we *have*, but in what we *are*. Queen Caroline of Denmark felt this when she prayed, "O keep me innocent, make others great!" And He, whose life was the grandest success this earth has ever known, said, "A man's life consisteth not in the abundance of things which he possesseth."

Ah, friends, there is another, and still more important, essential to success, viz., PIETY. He who has *piety*, as well as *perseverance* and *patience*, will be truly successful,—successful for this world, and successful for the next, for "godliness hath the promise of the life that now is, and of that which is to come." "Seek first the kingdom of God and His righteousness, and all other things shall be added unto you."

When our lives are illumined with the light of eternity, it will be found that true success has often been attained by

"The low and the humble, the weary, the broken in heart,
Who strove, and who failed, acting bravely a silent and desperate part;
Whose youth bore no flower on its branches; whose hopes burned in ashes away;
From whose hands slipped the prize they had grasped at; who stood at the
dying of day,
With the work of their life all around them, unpitied, unheeded, alone,
With death swooping down on their failure, and all but their faith overthrown."

Whatever one may have or acquire, his life cannot be a success without true piety. This is properly called "The one thing needful." It consists in "love towards God and faith in the Lord Jesus Christ," which constrains us to cleanse the heart and purify the life—constrains us to perseverance in, and patience in and with well-doing only—constrains us to resist the devil and his wiles, and to worship and serve God "in the beauty of holiness." Mark you,

"They only the victory win,
Who have fought the good fight, and have vanquished the demons that tempt
us within,
Who have held to their faith unseduced by the prize that the world holds on
high,
Who have dared in a high cause to suffer, resist, fight,—if need be, to die."

William Wilberforce devoted his life to the liberation of the slaves in the British West India Islands. He had to contend with apathy, prejudice and self-interest, but he toiled bravely on. Humanity, fortified by sterling piety, would not be denied the boon it asked. In and out of Parliament for thirty years he was the devoted, disinterested champion of the colored race. Freedom's battle in such hands must win, and on his death-bed his soul was rejoiced with the glad tidings that the British House of Commons had passed through its second reading a Bill, which there was then no doubt would become law, by which the British nation gave £20,000,000 sterling, to wipe the stain of slavery from British soil. What a glorious victory!—a whole nation surrendering at discretion life-long prejudices and a great ransom to the unflagging perseverance, indomitable patience, and sterling piety of one man.

David Livingstone counted all things nothing compared with the grand but stupendous task of opening up the dark continent of Africa to the benign influences of civilization and Christianity. The world has seldom witnessed a more sublime spectacle than that lone pilgrim toiling at his self-appointed task, his purpose unshaken, though he was beset with pestilence, famine, savage beasts and still more savage men. And so faithfully did he do his work that the ignorant savages of that benighted land, without hope of reward, moved only by gratitude to their benefactor, carried his lifeless body on their shoulders to the sea-coast (a journey that required six months), and there handed it over to his countrymen that it might be returned to friends and native land. No such eloquent tribute was ever paid earth's greatest conqueror. It was even more eloquent than that paid by Britain's greatest and best, when, amid a nation's tears, they laid him away in Westminster Abbey, with the noble and the honored dead.

General Gordon, with a sublime trust in God that some have called fanaticism, went alone at duty's call into a hostile country where thousands and tens of thousands of enemies were thirsting for his blood. By true nobility of character alone he gathered about him the best in the land, and held Khartoum for 317 days against unnumbered foes—held Khartoum in the hope that help would arrive, and, in the stead of anarchy and bloodshed, he

might be able to establish a stable government, and put an end to the slave trade—held Khartoum though well he knew that some one had blundered—held Khartoum till a too tardy relief was almost at the gates—able to escape alone, he chose to stay for the welfare of a degraded race, and, trusting in his God, held Khartoum till the hand of the traitor assassin laid him low ; and never was he so truly great and noble as then,—never was he so beloved of God, never did he stand so high in the estimation of mankind as when the whole civilized world mourned, as for a brother, the sad, untimely end of Britain's latest and greatest hero.

I might go on and tell of John Howard, dying a martyr to the cause of prison reform—of John Pounds, the cobbler, rescuing unaided five hundred street arabs from a prospective life of crime and misery, and making them useful, intelligent, moral members of society—of General Havelock, facing unflinchingly every foe, even the last and greatest, to whom we all must yield, and saying in his last moments, "Come, my son, see how a Christian can die"—I might tell of these and many others, but enough has been said about the lives of great men. They "all remind us we may make our lives sublime."

Friends, we have come back again to our starting-point. *Man's life is just what he makes it. It must be either a SUCCESS or a FAILURE, and the choice rests with him.* Think of the momentous consequences of that choice.

If we choose the road that leads to failure, we shall have the world with its illusive joys, its transitory pleasures, its fleeting vanities, its hollow mockeries. We will find that each of its flowers conceals a thorn, its choicest fruit palls on the taste, its glittering prizes are empty baubles, its smiles are more dangerous than its frowns, its friendships more cruel than its enmities. It will promise us joy, and give us sorrow ; promise us love, and give us hate ; promise us pleasure, and give us pain ; promise us freedom, and bind us with the shackles of a slavery worse than death ; promise us enjoyment here, whatever may be in store for us hereafter, and it will cheat us of the enjoyment it has promised, and every blessing will become a curse. Memory will torture us with the remembrance of privileges slighted, opportunities neglected, and offers of mercy spurned. Conscience will strangle hope, and goad us to despair. If we choose the downward road it will lead us to

that place where the lost will spend their eternity, "weeping and wailing and gnashing their teeth;" the shrieks of the condemned will ring in our ears, the tortures of the damned be our portion. We may then cry for mercy, and pray for the end of the death that never ends, and the fiends in hell will shout in derision. God Himself will "mock us and laugh at our calamity."

If we choose the road to success we may have doubts and fears, but they will all vanish; we may have trials and tribulations, but shall overcome them all; we may have conflicts, but the enemy shall not prevail against us; we may have bereavements, but we shall not sorrow as those who have no hope. The roses we gather will not all have thorns; the fruit we pluck will not all be bitter; the promises held out to us will not all be broken; our joys will not all be sorrows; our friends will not all be false; our hopes not all vain. Our journey may be long, and the pathway rough and steep, while beyond lies the vale of death. But He who is our guide has trod the path before. He knows the difficulties that will beset us, the trials we shall endure, and has promised us help for every time of need, and what He has promised, He is able also to perform. And when we go down into the vale of death we need "fear no evil," for He who has triumphed over death will be with us, and "the peace of God which passeth all understanding" will be ours even there. Beyond this narrow vale lies the celestial city with its many mansions. As "the ransomed of the Lord enter its shining portals" sorrow and sighing shall flee away, "and eternal joy and gladness shall be our portion." But why go on? Words and imagination would fail me if Revelation did not, for "eye hath not seen nor ear heard, neither have entered into the heart of man, the things that God hath prepared for them that love Him." Friends, "Be not deceived; God is not mocked; for whatsoever a man soweth, that shall he also reap. For he that soweth to his flesh shall of the flesh reap corruption; but he that soweth to the Spirit shall of the Spirit reap life everlasting."

19TH CENTURY MIRACLES.

MANUFACTURERS of shoddy try to give their manufactures the appearance of good cloth. Counterfeit money is always made as much like the genuine as possible. As with counterfeit money and shoddy goods, so is it with religions: the false is given, as far as may be, the semblance of the true.

Now, to one coming in contact with Christians and Christianity for the first time, two things stand out so prominently as to attract immediate and special attention. The first is a Book which purports to be a special revelation from God; is regarded by Christians with feelings of reverence and is accepted by them as the infallible rule of their faith and life—the Bible. The second is the power of working miracles, which was bestowed upon the prophets and preachers of the true religion in critical times, being at once the proof of the Divine origin of the religion which they taught and of their own commission.

As the Bible and miracles are the most striking outward characteristics of the true religion, we may expect that false religions will endeavour to copy the true in these respects, and on examination we find this to be the case. Since the completion of the canon of Scripture the founders of every false religion that has arisen throughout Christendom have claimed to have received a supernatural revelation and to possess superhuman power. For example, Mohammed promulgated the Koran and Joe Smith the Mormon bible, while both pretended to work miracles. And now, in these last days, appears Mrs Eddy with her "Science and Health," teaching what purports to be a new religion which she calls "Christian Science" and claiming to possess the power to heal the sick, miraculously. It is with this new religion that I purpose dealing, but before doing so will refer briefly to what is scarcely a new religion but rather an abnormal excrescence which has grown upon Christianity itself—the faith-cure theory. I will be as brief as possible.

I believe in the faith-cure doctrine as it is taught in the Bible. I believe that in answer to the prayer of faith, God has many times healed the sick and raised them up again. It is reasonable and

Scriptural to expect restoration in cases in which the affliction has accomplished the purpose that God had in sending it, and when the restoration would be for God's glory and man's good. And if otherwise, then, as in the case of Hezekiah, to whose life fifteen years were added, viewing it from a human standpoint, it had been well for Hezekiah and for the whole Jewish nation had his life not been prolonged.

But the fact that God has seen fit to restore *some* of His afflicted ones is no reason that He should cure every sick or afflicted person, even though they ask in faith. The idea is preposterous. It would be equivalent to making man immortal, provided he had sufficient faith. It is fanaticism, because they depend on prayer alone, without using the means; and "faith without works is dead."

I know that faith-cure people will refer us to the Epistle of James v. 14, 15, for their authority, so let us turn to that passage. It reads: "*Is any sick among you? let him call for*"—whom?—a few old women, or young ones if he prefer them?—Not at all—"Call for the elders of the church; and let them pray over him, anointing him with oil in the name of the Lord." Anointing with oil was by far the most common method of treatment by the physicians of that time, and is still practised by physicians of the present day, and possibly might with profit be followed to a much greater extent than it is, while, "*in the name of the Lord,*" I understand to mean, that they asked God to bless the means used—"And the prayer of faith shall"—what? heal the sick?—no such thing—"Save the sick: and the Lord shall raise him up"—from what?—a sick bed? The Word of God does not say so, and no one has any right to assume so. I believe that the Bible is its own best interpreter, so I turn to my reference Bible and I find myself directed to Mark vi. 13, 16, where I read that when Herod heard of Christ's miracles he said: "It is John whom I beheaded; he is risen from the dead." Hence, I understand that it is *not from a sick bed but from the dead that he is to be raised*. There might be some room for discussion as to whether it is temporal or spiritual death; though the next sentence is very suggestive, "*If he have committed sins they shall be forgiven him.*" But at present it is sufficient to know that this passage will bear no such construction as has been put upon it, and confers no such authority as is claimed.

I know it is their custom to say that only those who have faith can be cured. But in the Sacred Records we find instances in which there was no faith on the part of the one for whose healing the miracle was performed—for example, the lame man sitting at the gate of the temple called beautiful, who was healed by Peter and John (Acts iii.), and we find one recorded instance in which the disciples were unable to work a miracle of healing—that of the lunatic boy recorded in Mat. xvii.—and Jesus said they failed, not because of the boy's unbelief, but because of their own.

In the *Christian Guardian* of July 4th, 1888, there is a paragraph which furnishes a strange commentary on this faith-cure doctrine. The paragraph states that Dr. G. D. Watson, one of the prominent faith-cure advocates in America, is laid aside from nervous exhaustion and is assiduously cultivating a piece of ground in Florida in order to recover; while Dr. Cullis, the apostle of the faith-cure doctrine on this continent, is suffering from organic disease of the heart.

Is it too much for an incredulous public to say, "Physician, heal thyself"? If the prayer of faith is sufficient to heal those weak in faith, surely it ought to avail for its chief advocates. The only conclusion to which a person of good sense and sound judgment can come is, that the faith-cure doctrine as it is taught to-day is neither reasonable nor Scriptural.

And now let us look at the doctrines and miracles of this new religion, Christian Science.

GOD.

In the *Christian Science Monthly* for Aug., 1889, I find the tenets or beliefs to which those joining this new religion are expected to subscribe. The first is: "*As adherents of Truth we take the Scriptures for our guide to Life.*"

Very good, if it be true, but if true, their understanding of the Scriptures is unique, for on turning to the Christian Science platform as set forth in "Science and Health," I read in *Article II.*, "*God is mind. He is Divine Principle, not person. He is what the Scriptures declare Him to be—Life, Truth, Love.*"

Now, I ask, is this God as He is set before us in the Scriptures? Assuredly not! *Life, Truth and Love* are attributes of God, but they are no more God than shadow is substance, or light is the sun. The Scriptures declare that "God is a Spirit"—not spirit, but "A

“SPIRIT”—not a principle, an attribute or an influence, but **A PERSON**, and they invariably represent Him as **A PERSON**—thinking, speaking, acting.

THE TRINITY.

Article XIX. says : *Life, Truth and Love constitute the Triune God*—that is, Father, Son and Holy Ghost. God the Father, we have seen is *Divine Principle*, not person. In this same Article XIX. Christ Jesus is declared to be *only a man*, while the Holy Spirit is *Divine Science*. How do you like the Triune God of Christian Science? What a substitute for the blessed Trinity of Scripture! Are you prepared to look up to a *principle* or an *influence* as the first person in the God-head?—to put that in the place of “Our Father” which is in heaven, who knoweth our frame, who remembereth that we are dust, and pitieth those that fear Him like as a father pitieth his children.

Are you prepared to look up to a man as being the second person in the God-head, instead of Him who was “God manifest in the flesh”? “very God of very God,” and yet “bone of our bone and flesh of our flesh.” Are you willing to place any man, be he never so good, in the room and stead of the sympathising Jesus, who can be touched with the feeling of our infirmities because He was in all points tempted like as we are, and is able and ready to succour them that are tempted?

Are you prepared to *Deify* Divine Science—*Christian Science*, with nothing Christian or scientific about it except the name, and place it in the room and stead of that Holy Spirit who wins men, even against the allurements of the devil and their own evil nature, to love and to seek the pure, the beautiful and the good? God forbid that we should be such fools!

THE CREATION.

Article X. declares : “*All that possesses being or reality is Mind, and there is no such a thing as matter.*” If that be so, then of necessity it follows, that God is everything, and everything is God. Is not that Pantheism of the very rankest kind? And if no such a thing as matter exists, then it follows, that this church does not exist, and there was no necessity for you to come in by the door, as you did, because you might have walked through those solid walls as readily as through the door.

Am I misrepresenting? No, I am not, for Article XI. says: "*Divine science shows that matter and mortal body are the illusions of human belief, which seem to appear and disappear to mortal sense alone.*" If this be true, then our bodies have no existence save in our imagination.

When at Hamilton a short time ago I went out to the lovely cemetery on Burlington Heights and saw there eleven graves where the remains of as many victims of the Y railway disaster, burned so that they could not be identified, were buried. Am I to understand that those remains were no part of the human beings who yielded up their lives in that holocaust? Am I to understand that those bodies existed only in the imagination of the victims, and that their physical sufferings were, like their bodies, *only imaginary*, though they were so terrible that they resulted in the sundering of soul and body?

Am I to understand that when I stood beside my dear mother's grave and saw her mortal remains committed to the "house appointed for all living," that it was only her belief and mine over which the minister pronounced those solemn words, "*Ashes to ashes; dust to dust*"?

There is a mother who has held her babe to her bosom and felt its little heart throb against her own; she has felt its dimpled baby fingers against her cheek, its soft, loving, baby arms about her neck, and its sweet kisses on her lips. She saw her baby sicken and waste away; she spent weary days and sleepless nights beside its little cot, she smoothed the uneasy pillow, and sang the low, sweet lullaby that had lost its magic power to woo peaceful, refreshing sleep. She moistened the parched lips, fondled the little wasted hands in hers, and brushed the golden curls back from the marble brow, damp with the dews of death, while in the anguish of her soul she cried: "Would, God, I could die for thee." She saw that little wasted form laid away under the "clods of the valley," and went back to her lonely home where she listened in vain for the patter of the feet and the prattling of the tongue that were music in her ears. She gathered up the little white dress and the tiny shoe, the rattle and the whistle, and her heart ached as if it must break and her tears fell like rain on those relics of her angel babe as she kissed them again and again, and laid them away in the bureau drawer as something too sacred for other hands.

to touch or other eyes to see. I ask that mother: "Can you be made to think that that baby-form was only a belief?" And all her woman's nature and all her mother's love indignantly answer, NEVER!

I turn to that husband who through long years of wedded life shared life's joys and sorrows with the woman who of all the world was his heart's chosen—with the wife who loved, yea almost worshipped, him. He held that loved one in his arms while her life ebbed away—till the throbbing heart grew still and the weary eyes closed in death, and then, heart-broken, he laid down that lifeless form and went out into the darkness to be alone with God. I turn to that widowed husband and I ask: "Was it all an illusion—a deception?" "NO! A THOUSAND TIMES, NO!" is the response of his heart. And all that is good and noble in our natures rises in rebellion against such a doctrine, and vehemently declares: "Christian Science shall not rob us of all the sacred memories we hold most dear."

Article XII. reads: "*Spirit has created all in and of Himself; God never created matter, for there is nothing in spirit out of which matter could be made.*"

If that be true, then when I read in the Scriptures that God made all things of nothing by the word of His power, I read what is untrue. Nay, if this assertion in "Science and Health" be true, the first sentence in the Bible, "In the beginning God created the heavens and the earth," is a lie. If I accept this assertion as true I can no more believe that the Scriptures are inspired—that the holy men who wrote them were "moved by the Holy Ghost." I can no more take the Bible for the rule of my faith and life. Rather than this, I say: "Let God be true, though it make every man a liar."

THE FALL.

Article XVI. teaches: "*Since God is omnipotent and omnipresent there is no room for His opposite.*"

By this miserable sophistry an attempt is made to deny the existence of the devil, and consequently of evil that both may be ignored. If God were a material God, the assertion would be true, for it is an axiom in mechanics—a self-evident truth—that "two bodies cannot occupy the same place at the same time." But God is not material; "God is a spirit," or, according to "Science and

Health," a *principle* or an *influence*; and a spirit, a principle or an influence does not occupy space to the exclusion of another spirit, principle or influence. Hence the existence of an omnipresent good spirit or principle, however powerful, does not, for want of room, make impossible the existence of a bad spirit or principle, of the devil, or of evil. Therefore, if the opposite of God does not exist, it is not from want of room. It must be from some other cause.

Article XII. says: "*God made all that was made,*" and

Article XIV. says: "*God makes good only, and evil cannot proceed from good.*"

Fire is good, when in its proper place—the grate or furnace, where it is man's servant, ministering to his need, obedient to his will. But when it sweeps uncontrolled and uncontrollable over town or country leaving the inhabitants ruined and homeless, perchance lifeless, it has then become a great and very positive evil, though originating in good.

Water is good, but when it bursts its barriers, as in the case of the Johnstown disaster, or the inundation caused by the Yellow River in China, it is then no longer good, but evil, and evil only.

The Devil himself was made by God (for "God made all that was made"), yet God is good and the Devil evil. It matters not at present whether God made him evil, or whether He made him good and he afterwards became evil. The fact remains that evil has proceeded and does proceed from good, "Science and Health" to the contrary notwithstanding.

At page 341, I read: "*Man is never sick, for mind is not sick and matter cannot be.*" And at page 150: "*Sin, sickness, death are comprised in a belief in matter. Because spirit is real and harmonious, everything inharmonious—sin, sickness, death—is the opposite of spirit, and must be the contradiction of reality, must be unreal.*"

If sin, sickness and death are not real, but only imaginary, what a marvellously powerful imagination mankind must have! Of the millions upon millions who have left this world only two have not tasted of death. Could it be possible that our race whom God made "but a little lower than the angels," and "crowned with glory and honour,"—Could it be possible that with two exceptions, they should universally be such fools as to imagine and, by imagining, deliberately and persistently bring upon themselves pain, and sickness and death, when they might have chosen health, and

happiness and life? Is man's imagination so all-powerful as to produce an all but universal rule—an all but universal obedience to a fate which man dreads and from which he shrinks? Why has not the majority—nay, why have not all—imagined the reverse and lived? Is there a reason why? Is it true that “death is the wages of sin”? and hence “death passed upon all men for that all have sinned.” I, at least, prefer to give credence to the declaration of “Holy Writ.” “The soul that sinneth, it shall die,” and to believe that it is because of universal sin that we have, with its accompaniments of pain and sickness, that dread and terrible reality, universal death.

On page 412 is the declaration: “*God or goodness could never make man capable of sin.*”

When was the Almighty's power curtailed? He made the angels capable of sin: when and how did it become impossible for Him to make man capable of sin? And if man was not made capable of sinning, why did God forbid him to sin, saying: “Thou shalt not eat of the tree of the knowledge of good and evil, etc.” “And if man could not transgress His command, why did God make the transgression of it punishable with death? It would be the height of folly for human legislators to enact a law forbidding and making punishable a crime which no citizen could possibly commit, and is God less wise than man? And if God did not make man capable of sin, where and how did he acquire that capability? Or, if he never acquired it, and does not possess it, as is asserted in “Science and Health,” why, then, for 6,000 years, has he suffered the penalty? And why is Christ called “the Lamb slain (in the purpose of God) before the foundation of the world,” to make atonement for man's transgression, if man never transgressed and was made incapable of transgression?

It must be apparent to every thinking mind which sincerely desires and earnestly seeks to know the *Truth*, that this latest attempt to improve on the doctrines of Scripture and explain away sin and the consequences of sin, can result only in an inextricable labyrinth of absurdities and contradictions.

ATONEMENT.

And now we come to the Atonement, for though **Christian Science** denies the *Fall*, it teaches the necessity of an Atonement.

Why, and for what, is not apparent, since, if man has not sinned, and was not made capable of sinning, there can be nothing to atone for, and hence no need for an atonement.

On page 528 of "Science and Health," is the following definition: "*Atonement stands for mortality disappearing and immortality coming to light. Atonement is not blood flowing from the veins of Jesus, but His outflowing sense of Life, Truth, Love. Atonement is not so much the death on the cross, but the cross-bearing, deathless life, which was left by Jesus for an example to mankind, and ransoms from sin all who follow it.*"

Now, I ask, is this the Atonement of Scripture? Listen while I read:

"SCIENCE AND HEALTH."—"Atonement is not blood flowing from the veins of Jesus."

"SCRIPTURE."—"Forasmuch as ye know that ye were not redeemed with corruptible things as silver and gold, but with the precious blood of Christ."—1 Peter i. 18, 19. "Unto Him that loved us, and washed us from our sins in His blood."—Rev. i. 5. "Without shedding of blood is no remission."—Heb. i. 22.

"SCIENCE AND HEALTH."—"Atonement is not so much the death on the cross, but the cross-bearing, deathless life, which was left by Jesus, etc."

"SCRIPTURE."—"For Christ also hath once suffered for sins, the just for the unjust."—1 Peter iii. 18. "Who His own self bare our sins in His own body on the tree."—1 Peter ii. 24.

"SCIENCE AND HEALTH."—"One sacrifice, however great, is insufficient to pay the debt of sin. The Atonement requires constant self-immolation on the sinner's part."

"SCRIPTURE."—"Nor yet that He should offer himself often, as the high priest entereth into the holy place every year with blood of others. For then must He often have suffered since the foundation of the world, but now ONCE in the end of the world hath He appeared to put away sin by the sacrifice of Himself. And as it is appointed unto men ONCE to die, and after this the judgment, so Christ was ONCE offered to bear the sins of many."—Heb. ix. 25, 28. Comment of mine is unnecessary.

But why should it be said that "one sacrifice, however great, is insufficient to pay the debt of sin"? If Jesus Christ be the Son of God, then He is infinite, and an infinite sacrifice ought to be suffi-

cient to atone for the transgression of a law even though it be the infinitely just law of an infinitely holy God. But the founder of this new religion denies the divinity of Christ. He is only a man in her estimation, and, hence, not infinite.

THE LORD'S SUPPER.

And now let us see what Christian Science teaches concerning that Holy Ordinance which a dying Saviour instituted to commemorate His everlasting, boundless love to fallen man. The great doctrines of a living, personal God, the blessed Trinity, the Creation, the Fall and the Atonement, have all been either perverted or denied. The Holy Ordinance of the Lord's Supper has fared no better. The Christian Science by-law No. IV. says: "*The Sacrament shall be observed not oftener than once in two months. It shall be observed by silent prayer, after the manner that casts out error and heals the sick, and by sacred resolutions to partake of the bread that cometh down from heaven, and to drink of His cup of sorrows and earthly persecutions, patiently for Christ's sake (Truth's sake), knowing that if we suffer for righteousness, we are blessed of the Father.*"

Where is the symbol of Christ's broken body, which He blessed and brake, and gave to the disciples, saying: "Take, eat: this is my body which is broken for you: this do in remembrance of me"? Where is the symbol of His shed blood which He took in the same manner, saying: "This cup is the New Testament in my blood: this do ye, as oft as ye drink it, in remembrance of me"? They are both gone—put aside with contempt—the sacred ordinance itself is gone, and in its place is put a thing of human invention.

Could irreverent Vandalism go farther than this, you ask in horror and amazement? Ah, yes, for though the founder of this new religion may lack reverence and sense, she does not lack audacity and self-conceit.

THE LORD'S PRAYER.

Listen while I read you the Lord's Prayer after Christian Science has revised and remodelled it. It is found in "Science and Health," page 494:

"Our Father, who art in Heaven."

Our eternal Supreme Being, all-harmonious.

"Hallowed be thy name."

Forever glorious.

"Thy kingdom come."

Ever present and omnipotent.

"Thy will be done on earth as it is in heaven."

Thy supremacy appears as matter disappears.

"Give us this day our daily bread."

Thou giv'st to mortals the Bread of Life.

"And forgive us our debts as we forgive our debtors."

Thy truth destroyeth the claims of error.

"And lead us not into temptation, but deliver us from evil."

And led by Spirit, mortals are delivered from sickness, sin and death.

"For Thine is the kingdom, and the power, and the glory, forever. Amen."

For Thou art Spirit, Life, Truth, Love, and Man is Thy likeness forever. So Be It.

Thus that prayer which Christ gave to His disciples as a model—which has been the pattern prayer of His followers for 1800 years—which you and I learned to lisp at our mother's knee—which is the grandest compendium of child-like faith, holy adoration, heart-felt loyalty, willing obedience, trusting dependence and humble, penitent petition which this world has ever possessed, is, by Mrs. Eddy, in the name of, and for, Christian Science, transformed into a jumble of high-sounding words and meaningless phrases. It is worse than the Vandalism of the dark ages—a thousand times worse. If Mrs. Eddy had her way, this foul blasphemy would take the place of that sublime form of prayer through which millions upon millions of souls, hungering and thirsting after righteousness, have approached the mercy-seat, and breathed out the soul's desires to God.

CHANGING THE TEXT OF SCRIPTURE.

"As adherents of Truth we take the Scriptures for our guide to life," so say the Christian Scientists. We have seen how they pervert and distort the Scripture doctrines; let me show you how they also change the Word itself. The Scriptures say: "Faith is the substance of things hoped for, etc." Christian Science makes it read: "*Spirit* is the substance of things hoped for." The Scriptures say: "It doth not yet appear what we shall be; but we know that when he shall appear we shall be like him, for we shall see him as he is." Christian Science makes it read: "Then shall it appear what we are and we shall be like him for we shall

be as he is" The Scriptures say : " Christ was manifested that he might bring life and immortality to light." Christian Science makes it : " Christian Science brought life and immortality to light."

It must be quite evident that those who distort the doctrines, and garble the text, of Scripture, might just as well take any other book for their guide to life and find it quite as satisfactory as the Scriptures.

MIRACLES.

Now leaving their perversions of Word and doctrine, let us turn to their authority for working miracles of healing.

When, just before His ascension, the Master appeared to the eleven as they sat at meat and commissioned them to " go into all the world and preach the Gospel to every creature," He also said : " And these signs shall follow them that believe : in my name shall they cast out devils ; they shall speak with new tongues ; they shall take up serpents ; and if they drink any deadly thing it shall not hurt them ; they shall lay hands on the sick, and they shall recover."—Mark xvi. 15-18.

Power to perform five distinct and separate kinds of miracles was hereby conferred on the apostles. The 4th might be called passive ; requiring no active exercise of faith on their part, and in Scripture there is no record of its performance. The 1st, 2nd, 3rd, and 5th were active ; that is, they required an active exercise of faith, and were all performed. By referring to the Acts of the Apostles it will be seen that the apostles " cast out devils" (Acts v. 16 ; viii. 7 ; xix. 12) ; " spake with other tongues" (Acts ii. 4 ; x. 46 ; xix. 6) ; " took up noxious reptiles," and felt no harm (Acts xxviii. 5) ; " laid hands on the sick, and they recovered" (Acts v. 15, 16 ; ix. 17, 18 ; xxviii. 8).

It is matter of history that after the apostolic age the power of working miracles was not heard of for centuries. To me it is incredible that the church performed, or possessed the power to perform, miracles, and that there is no record of it. And the fact that after the death of the apostles the church did not exercise, or even claim to possess, this power until she had become corrupt, is a powerful, if not a conclusive, argument that she did not possess it.

At the present day there are those who maintain that this power was conferred for all time, and declare that, in consequence, the sick are now healed miraculously. But note these points :

1st. None, not even their bitterest enemies, could question the reality of the miracles performed by the apostles, but, so far, these modern miracle-workers have failed to establish beyond question their claim to have performed even one.

2nd. Power to perform five distinct classes of miracles—four of them requiring the active exercise of faith—was conferred on the apostles, and they performed all these four classes, while those who claim that the mantle of the apostles has fallen on them profess to perform only one. Now one of two things must be true; they either live very far beneath their privileges, or else they lay claim to powers that they do not possess, and which God never intended them to possess. If power to perform one class or kind of miracles was transmitted, so was power to perform all, for there was no distinction made by the Master. If they can heal the sick they can also impart the power to speak in other tongues; then why do they not confer this on our missionaries, so that instead of spending long years in acquiring a language, they would, at once, be able to proclaim the unsearchable riches of Christ to the millions now perishing in heathen darkness? If they possess this power, why do they fritter it away in healing the mortal body only, which is of little worth? Why do they not follow the example of the Master, rather, and expend it also in furthering the salvation of priceless, immortal souls for whom Christ died?

But with regard to the one kind of miracles these would-be miracle-workers claim to perform, I would ask: Have you ever learned, from credible authority, of them giving sight to one who was born blind, or making one lame from his mother's womb, walk, and leap, and praise God? *Never!* Have you ever learned of them making the deaf to hear, or the dumb to speak? *Never!* Have you ever learned of them cleansing a leper, restoring a withered limb, or giving life to the dead? *Never!* And why not? There is a reason why.

Let me read once more: "*These signs SHALL FOLLOW.*" The future tense of the verb, you will note—"them that"—not shall believe. No, but "them that believe," the present tense of the verb,—that believe *now* (by *now*, I mean when the words were spoken), not them that shall believe a thousand or two thousand years afterwards.

"A wise man proportions his belief to the evidence." Fact, reason and Scripture all unite in teaching us that the so-called miracles of the present day are as unworthy of credence as those pretended miracles of the Egyptian priests and the Greek and

Roman oracles. They are unworthy the name of miracles. "A miracle is an act or event brought about by supernatural or superhuman power." These are simply pitiful absurdities. To me it seems quite evident that the miracle-working power was given for the apostolic age only—that it was never intended to be transmitted.

Insignificant as a grain of sand to a mountain, or a drop of water to the ocean, are the so-called miracles of the present day compared with those recorded in Scripture. Or to that stupendous miracle of a soul made in the image of God—pure and holy—yet sunk in sin and wretchedness; God's image defaced and hidden—a soul that has become "nothing but wounds and bruises and putrefying sores," without hope for this world or the next,—I say that those pretended miracles are as nothing compared with the stupendous miracle which takes place when such an one in simple, child-like faith grasps the outstretched hand of a living, loving, sympathizing Saviour, and, by His aid, leaves behind the "fearful pit and the miry clay," and stands on the "Rock of Ages," pure and upright before His Maker; hope once more gilding the future; God's image again shining forth in the soul; man holy as he came from the creative hand; happy as God is happy; perfect for all eternity—not through works of righteousness which he has done, but only through the perfection of Christ made his by faith.

Friends, when we "live the life that we now live by faith in the Son of God," and by word and example have assisted even one fellow-being to see his lost and ruined condition, and taught him to cry: "God be merciful to me a sinner"—when, by our instrumentality, we see even one soul growing in likeness to Him who is the brightness of the Father's glory and the express image of His person—one soul living in harmony with the Divine will, become "an heir of God and joint-heir with Jesus Christ," then, ascribing all honour to Him who is "King of kings and Lord of lords," unworthy though we be of such high honour, we may justly claim to be co-workers with a miracle-working God.

PRAISE.

THE word *praise*, like the word *prayer*, implies the existence of two orders of intelligent beings, an inferior and a superior, a master and a dependent, a benefactor and a beneficiary, a creature and a Creator. But the word *praise* implies more than this. It implies that the superior feels an interest in the inferior, that the master stoops to minister to the wants of his dependent, that the beneficiary is grateful to his benefactor, that the creature recognizes the greatness, wisdom and goodness of his Creator.

Praise Webster defines as "*admiration, approbation or commendation bestowed on a person for his personal virtues or worthy actions ;*" and this is probably the generally accepted meaning of the word. But when we think of *praise* in connection with the worship of the one living and true God—when by meditation and study of the Word of God we realize something of the breadth and depth of the term, something of its comprehensiveness—we discover that Webster's definition is a very lame one indeed, since it takes cognizance only of the act itself, without any reference to the motive that prompted it, or the state of the heart.

Every Christian knows, or ought to know, that *true praise*—*praise* which is acceptable to the Most High—can only be rendered by him whose heart is right in the sight of God ; who "loves not in word, neither in tongue, but in deed and truth." He who "glorifies God in his body, and in his spirit, which are God's"—he alone can offer God acceptable *praise*. He who "loves the Lord our God with all his heart, and with all his soul, and with all his mind, and with all his strength ; and his neighbour as himself"—his *praise* is *praise* indeed.

In view of this fact I think I am justified in saying that the *praise* offered to God is often the most fulsome flattery. Nay, *praise* ; it is the poison of asps, the "Hail, Master" that preceded the traitor's kiss. Do we not sometimes praise God with our lips while our hearts are filled with malice and envy towards our fellowmen, forgetting or ignoring the fact that he who loves God will love his neighbour as himself ; that if a man say he loves God whom he hath *not* seen, and hateth his brother whom he *hath*

seen, he is a liar, and "lying lips are an abomination to the Lord?" *Praise* is *not praise* unless it springs from a heartfelt conviction on the part of the bestower that he on whom it is bestowed is worthy. It is *not praise*, and God will not accept it as such, unless the heart of the worshipper beats with loyalty to Him, and charity towards all men.

Prayer is almost co-existent with man, and wherever *prayer* lifts her pleading voice there *praise* pours forth her song of joy or plaintive lamentation. I know not half-a-dozen systems of religion, ancient and modern, whether their object be the worship of false gods, or the worship of the True, in which *praise* is not linked with *prayer* in the service. Where one is the other is sure to be. They possess many characteristics in common. Invocation, adoration, thanksgiving, exhortation, instruction, confession, petition, intercession, etc., are common to both. Either of them may be the medium by which we teach Gospel truths, profess our faith, declare our love, express our joy, our sorrow, our hopes, our doubts, our fears; bewail our sinfulness, our inconstancy, our unprofitableness, our neglected opportunities; make known our triumphs, or lament our defeats. Either of them may be the means of keeping the love of God's people warm, of firing their hearts anew with zeal and ardor, of inciting others to glorify our Father in heaven, or of holding communion with Him ourselves. The three persons in the Godhead, their offices and attributes, the Church and her duty, man's fall and restoration,—in short, whatever concerns God's glory or man's eternal welfare—may be our theme, and *prayer* and *praise* alike be the channel by which we express our ideas. But they have striking differences.

Prayer is the petition of the needy supplicant; *praise* is the spontaneous outpouring of a heart grateful for favours conferred. *Prayer* is the wail of an agonizing, weary heart; *praise* is the language of him who has received "the oil of joy for mourning." *Prayer* is the "contrite sinner's voice returning from his way;" *praise* is the song of the penitent who "knows his sins forgiven." *Prayer* is the almost despairing cry of the lost; *praise* is the joyous tribute of him who has been redeemed. *Prayer* is the moaning of the condemned criminal, quailing before the terrors of the law; *praise* is the pæan of him who can "sing of mercy and judgment." *Prayer* is the sigh of him who is the slave of sin and Satan; *praise* is the anthem of the freed-man who "stands

in the liberty wherewith Christ has made him free." *Prayer* is the call for help of the soldier in the battle, "pressed by many a foe;" *praise* is the triumphant shout of him who has come off "conqueror, and more than conqueror." *Prayer* is the channel by which we obtain blessings from God; *praise* is the telephonic acknowledgment of His loving kindnesses and tender mercies. *Prayer* is the burden of him who "goeth forth weeping bearing precious seed;" *praise* is his thanksgiving when he "cometh again rejoicing, bringing his sheaves with him." *Prayer* is the ladder of faith up which the soul climbs slowly, wearily, often painfully heavenward; *praise* is the soul's hallelujah when it has mounted to the very presence of the Eternal. *Prayer* is the privilege of the sinner; *praise* is the duty alike of the sinner and of him who hath never sinned. *Prayer* is for time only; *praise* is for time and eternity as well. *Prayer* is for mortal man alone; *praise* is for all the works of God's hands.

"All Thy works shall praise Thee, O God." All Thy works, except the fallen angels and fallen man, praise Thee willingly, gladly; but even from these Thou shalt exact Thy meed of *praise*. Thou shalt make even the wrath of man to praise Thee, and the devil and his angels shall yet bring unwilling glory to Thy name. For Thy glory they are and were created, and they shall yet fulfil the purpose for which Thou didst create them. Thine eternal counsels are deeper than their malignity. They cannot outreach Thee. They cannot defeat Thy purposes; dominion and power belong to Thee. Thou art able to subdue all things unto Thyself, and nothing can hinder the accomplishment of Thy designs; Thou wilt not *give* Thy glory to another, and *none* can *wrest* it from Thee. "As I live, saith the Lord, Every knee shall bow to Me, and every tongue shall confess to God." Even now

"The hosts of heaven His praises tell,
And all who in His shadow dwell,
In earth, and air, and sea,
Declare and laud their Maker's might,
Whose wisdom orders all things right."

And the time is coming when—

"O'er every foe victorious,
He on His throne shall rest;
From age to age more glorious,
All blessing and all blest."

If *praise* be "admiration, approbation, or commendation bestowed on a person for his personal virtues or worthy actions,"—if Webster's definition even approach correctness—then God alone is worthy of *praise* in its highest sense. True, whoever possesses or cultivates nobility of character, whoever inculcates virtue, whoever performs good deeds from good motives, whatever *willingly* fulfils the end of its being, whether it be animate or inanimate, deserves *praise*.

We admire a flower for its delicate perfume, a diamond for its sparkling brilliancy, the snow for its spotless purity, the rainbow for its beautiful colors, the sun for its dazzling brightness, the midnight storm for its awe-inspiring grandeur, the ocean for its almost boundless extent and limitless power: and justly so. But when we admire these, we in reality praise their Maker, for they but reflect His glory and power.

We commend a man for his industry, honesty and integrity; a woman for her prudence, modesty and chastity; and such men and women are worthy of our warmest commendation and our imitation. But when we commend these, we praise Him who implanted these virtues in their bosoms. *All true praise* has God, either directly or indirectly, for its object. And He alone is all-worthy, He alone is all-wise, all-good and all-powerful. He alone is perfect in Word and Work.

Having seen what *praise* implies, and what it is; wherein *prayer* and *praise* resemble each other, and wherein they differ; and that God alone is worthy of *praise* in its highest sense, because in Him alone is absolute perfection; we will now inquire: Who should praise God? when, why and how?

I. WHO should praise God?

"All Thy works shall praise Thee, O God." So sang the Shepherd King, the Sweet Singer of Israel. And all God's works should praise Him. "All things were made by Him; and without Him was not anything made that was made." "And God saw everything that He had made, and behold it was very good."

But of all God's works, none has such reason to praise Him as fallen man. Those creatures that have not fallen from their first estate have not been promoted to a more honourable, and probably never will. The angels that fell have been left in their

degradation and sin ; while for fallen man He has prepared a way of restoration to even more than his pristine glory.

“God created man in His own image, in the image of God created He him ; male and female created He them. And God blessed them, and gave them dominion over the fish of the sea, and over the fowl of the air, and over every living thing that moveth upon the earth.”

From this holy state and high position man fell of his own free will, and God might have left him in his degradation and sin, as He left the angels who kept not their first estate ; but He chose rather to look upon him with compassion, and, in the counsels of eternity, devised a plan whereby His holy, perfect and immutable law might be vindicated, and man escape the penalty due to him for sin. The problem was a difficult one. “’Twas great to speak a world from naught ;” but even the Infinite foand, “’twas greater,” harder, “to redeem.” Heaven and earth and all creation were searched for a ransom, but *there was none to save*. Omnipotence Himself is filled with astonishment, and cries, “Is there *none* to help? Sacrifice and offering I would not. In burnt-offering and sacrifices for sin I have no pleasure. It is not possible that the blood of bulls and of goats should take away sins. Is there no way found? Is there none to save?” Then, and not till then, did the Second Person in that august assemblage, moved with compassion, start forward and cry, “Sacrifice and offering Thou wouldest not. In burnt-offerings and sacrifices for sin Thou hast no pleasure. Lo *I* come, *I delight* to do Thy will, O Lord. Prepare Me a body like unto sinful man, and let Me go to earth, and obey the law which he cannot now obey ; let Me be degraded and despised that he may be crowned with glory and honour ; let Me suffer the penalty due to him ; let Me die that he may live for ever.” All heaven starts back in amazement. Joyous faces become less joyful ; happy hearts grow almost sad, as countless voices, tremulous with a gladness that is akin to sorrow, ask, “Is it possible that the Godhead must be shorn of its glory?—that heaven must be impoverished?—that God Himself must die for man, the creature’s sin?” “Even so, Father, for so it seemed good in Thy sight.” And now we can say, “The blood of Jesus Christ cleanseth us from all sin. The grave

hath lost its victory, and death its sting. Earth hath now *no sorrow* that heaven cannot heal."

Methinks this mystery of mysteries, which even the angels desire to look into, had been the subject of the Psalmist's meditation ere he burst forth in that sublime song: "Bless the Lord, O my soul; and all that is within me, bless His holy name. Bless the Lord, O my soul, and forget not all His benefits." After dwelling a while on God's goodness and mercy he concludes by calling on the "angels of the Lord; all His hosts; all His works, in all places of His dominion; and his own soul, to bless the Lord." And shall *we* not bless Him? Can we keep from praising Him who has loved us with such a wondrous love, and redeemed us with such a priceless ransom?

The lowly moss that clothes the rugged rocks with beauty and the dew-drop glittering in the morning sunlight glorify their Maker, and shall *man* lay no tribute at His feet? The fire and hail, the snow and vapours, and the stormy wind fulfil God's Word, and shall *man* be disobedient? The pattering rain, the rippling rill, the rushing river and the mighty deep, all do His will, and sound His *praise*, and shall *man* be dumb before His Maker? Every fish of the sea, every fowl of the air, and every living thing that moveth, each in its own way, proclaims God's greatness, wisdom and love, and has *man* whom He endowed with superior intelligence and gave dominion over them—has *he* no song of thanksgiving for Him who made both him and them? The heavens declare the glory of God, and shall *man*, who can measure the heavenly bodies and weigh them as in balances—shall *man* not worship Him who called them all from naught? "The stars shall fade away, the sun himself grow dim with age, and nature sink in years," but *man*, if he will, may flourish in immortal youth, and shall *he* not adore Him who thus placed upon Him the impress of immortality? Even the cherubim and seraphim veil their faces and cry, "Holy, holy, holy, Lord God of Sabaoth; heaven and earth are full of the majesty of Thy glory," and shall *man* not call on his soul and all that is within him to praise and magnify His holy name, who left heaven with all its happiness and glory, "took upon Him the form of a servant," "was wounded for our transgressions, and bruised for our iniquities," tasted even death—the accursed death of the cross—that

man might be lifted from the abyss of sin and wretchedness into which he had fallen, be exalted above cherubim and seraphim, and set down on the throne of His Redeemer, even as He is set down on the throne of the Majesty on high?

“Oh, 'twas love, 'twas wondrous love!
The love of God to me,
It brought my Saviour from above,
To die on Calvary.”

Yes, to die on Calvary for *you* and for *me*. Think of Him alone among his accusers, “scoffed at, spit on and beat.” Behold Him staggering up to Calvary’s summit, bearing His cross, till exhausted nature fails, and He falls beneath his load. Watch him nailed to the accursed tree by his cruel tormentors, while the lacerated flesh, quivering at every stroke, bears witness to the keenness of the pain. Hanging on the tree, His body writhes in agony as the pangs of death lay hold on Him, His soul was “exceeding sorrowful, even unto death,” at the thought of what He must endure to save a lost and ruined world; but now that earth and hell have conspired to visit upon Him the punishment due to all the sins of earth’s unnumbered millions of transgressors His human strength fails Him. He raises His eyes heavenward seeking for that strength that has never been denied Him before, and, oh, the anguish on His face as He realizes that His Father, too, has forsaken Him! oh, the agony in His voice as he cries, “*Eloi, Eloi, lama sabachthani!*” and, oh, what a world of compassion in that sigh, “*Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do!*”

Can you look at such a scene, and know that all this was endured by Him that you might go free, and have no gratitude in your heart, no thanksgiving on your lips? Can you look on such a scene and say that you ought *not* to praise God? Impossible! Were man to hold his peace the very rocks would find tongues to shout His praise.

What shall we, or what can we, render unto the Lord for this and all His other benefits towards us? We can but “offer unto Him the sacrifice of thanksgiving; take the cup of salvation, and call upon the name of the Lord.” We can but take the mercies He bestows, thank Him for them, and ask for more.

II. WHEN should we praise God?

It is meet and right that we should praise God always. He is the Author of our being, and we should pay Him the tribute which the creature owes the Creator. It is this tribute which the Psalmist calls for in the 100th Psalm. "Make a joyful noise unto the Lord, all ye lands. Serve the Lord with gladness; come before His presence with thanksgiving. Know ye that the Lord He is God; it is He that made us, and not we ourselves; we are His people, and the sheep of His pasture." And again in the 149th Psalm, "Let Israel rejoice in Him that made him." And the Apostle Paul in his Epistle to the Philippians says, "Rejoice in the Lord alway; and again I say, Rejoice." And David in the 34th Psalm says, "I will bless the Lord at all times; His praise shall continually be in my mouth."

III. WHY should we praise God?

He is the Preserver of our lives, upholding all things by the word of His power. He is the Supplier of all our wants; and there is not a day nor an hour when we want not. He has not only given us the fruit of the tree and every green herb to be to us for meat, but every living thing that moveth, even as the green herb. The fowls of the air neither sow nor reap, nor gather into barns; the lilies neither toil nor spin; and He, who feeds the fowls of the air, and clothes the grass of the field, provides for our returning wants. He hath ordered the return of the seasons, and declared that, "While the earth remaineth, seed-time and harvest, and cold and heat, and summer and winter, and day and night, shall not cease." And each returning season brings its needed supply. "Free as the air His bounty flows on all His works." "Every good gift, and every perfect gift, is from above, and cometh down from the Father of lights, with whom is no variableness, neither shadow of turning."

"High throned on heaven's eternal hill,
In number, weight and measure still,
He sweetly ordereth all that is."

"His thoughts to us-ward are more than can be numbered." His provision for us is never-ceasing, though we may never think of our blessings as coming from Him.

Oliver Wendell Holmes has said :—“ If one should give me a dish of sand, and tell me that there were particles of iron in it, I might search for them with my clumsy fingers, and be unable to detect them ; but take a magnet and swing through it, and the magnet will draw to it the particles of iron immediately. So let the thankful heart sweep through the day, and, as the magnet finds the iron, it will find in every hour some heavenly blessings ; only the iron in God’s sand is always gold.”

But how often is our debt of gratitude left unpaid ; our obligation unacknowledged, even unthought of ? God’s gold is there, but we do not see it. We take the blessings He bestows upon us, enjoy them, and forget whence they came.

With the wicked, the unregenerate, this is not so much to be wondered at, for “ God is not in all their thoughts.” If they think of Him at all, it is only with dread ; it is only to wish that He were not. “ God is angry with the wicked every day ;” and it is a fearful thing to fall into the hands of an angry God. The fool hath even said in his heart, “ There is no God ;” then why should he acknowledge his indebtedness to Him ?

But with the Christian it is otherwise. He has taken the Lord to be his God. He is, or should be, proud to confess that the God of Jacob is his “ refuge and strength,” his “ help and his salvation.” And his God is constantly bestowing upon him blessings that the unconverted know not of. He manifests Himself unto him as He does not unto the world. To him, He is no longer Jehovah, the Eternal, the Immutable, but Jehovah-Tsidkenu, *The Lord our Righteousness*. He has not only his creation and preservation to praise Him for, but his redemption as well. Others may speak of God’s glory and power, of His anger and His judgments ; but the Christian can tell of His redeeming love. Others may tell of temporal blessings ; but the Christian can tell of spiritual blessings. Others may be joyful in prosperity ; but the Christian can rejoice even in tribulation and adversity. Others may be joyful when the world is sounding their praises ; but the Christian can “ rejoice and be exceeding glad ” when the world is “ persecuting him and saying all manner of evil against him falsely.” Others may be joyful in health ; but the Christian can say, “ It is good for me that I have been afflicted.” Others may be joyful in life ; but the Christian can say, “ For me to live is

Christ, but to die is gain." Others see their departed friends laid in the tomb, illuminated with no radiance from on high; but the Christian looks beyond the tomb, and sees his "loved and lost ones" shining like stars in the diadem of the Redeemer. Others may start, and fear to die; but the Christian calmly falls asleep in Jesus, cheered with the hope of a blessed immortality. O Lord, "Thou hast done great things for us: whereof we are glad."

"Oh! would I had a thousand tongues,
To sound Thy praise o'er land and sea!
Oh! rich and sweet should be my songs,
Of all my God has done for me!
With thankfulness my heart must often swell,
But mortal lips Thy praises faintly tell.

"Oh that my voice could far resound
Up to yon stars that o'er me shine!
Would that my blood for joy might bound
Through every vein while life is mine!
Would that each pulse were gratitude, each breath
A song to Him who keeps me safe from death!

"Yes, Lord, through all my changing days,
With each new scene afresh I mark
How wondrously Thou guid'st my ways,
Where all seems troubled, wilder'd, dark;
When dangers thicken fast, and hopes depart,
Thy light beams comfort on my sinking heart.

"Shall I not then be filled with joy?
Shall I not praise Thee evermore?
Triumphant songs my lips employ,
E'en when my cup of woe runs o'er;
Nay, though the heavens should vanish as a scroll,
Nothing shall shake or daunt my trusting soul."

IV. How should we praise God?

Praise may be rendered in two ways; by *word* and by *deed*. When a devotional exercise, employed in the worship of the one living and true God, it is usually expressed in song, and sung with musical modulations of the voice. Man may be satisfied with *praise* when it pleases the ear, though the heart of the singer may have neither part nor lot in the matter. You and I have been strangely moved—have felt our hearts thrill and our eyes grow moist, as we listened to songs of mirth, and love, and pathos, sung by earth's great vocalists; for music hath charms, and

the human voice, when perfect and highly cultivated, is an instrument of wondrous sweetness and power. But *praise*, to be acceptable to the Most High, must be sung with the melody of the heart; not with the voice alone, but with the heart and the understanding as well. For "God is a Spirit, and they that worship Him must worship Him in Spirit and in truth."

All honor to the man or woman who, having a heart attuned to sing God's *praise* and a well-trained voice, lends that voice to swell His praises in the sanctuary. And would it not be well for the Church of God to *insist* that those who presume to lead, sustain and guide her congregations in their praise offerings be men and women whose hearts are consecrated to God, and whose lives bear witness to that consecration? Of songs sung by choirs like this it may well be said, "Earth gives forth no holier sound, nor does heaven echo sweeter." Songs of *praise* sung by choirs like this rise above earth, reverberate through the courts of heaven, and move with joy the heart of the Eternal Himself.

Have you ever thought that our *prayers* and *praises* add to God's happiness, and withholding them detracts from it? That man should possess the power to add to, or subtract from, the happiness of the *Infinite* is a startling thought, but 'tis a true one. How wonderful that God, not wholly satisfied with the glorious symphonies of the heavenly choir, should turn from that angelic music and bend a listening ear to catch the imperfect, discordant strains of His sinful children here! How incomprehensible that there should be joy in heaven over the thanksgiving of one repentant sinner, more than over the sublime anthems of ninety-and-nine of those just ones that need no repentance! Oh, fail not then, I beseech you, to pay the tribute which the creature owes to His Creator, the redeemed to his Redeemer, the sanctified to Him that sanctifieth.

And it might not be out of place to call attention just here to the two entirely distinct functions of music in divine service. Its *first* function is to unite the voices of the worshippers in uttering *praise* to God; and its *second* to convey religious truth and sentiment to the minds of the people as listeners. It is for *expression*, and for *impression*, and when this double function is generally recognized the united praise-offerings of the whole congregation, as their voices blend in sweet songs sung to simple

airs, will be in beautiful, significant and delightful contrast with the act of the choir, as with the skill acquired by long-continued, painstaking study, and voices trained and harmonized by persistent practice, they interpret the grand musical compositions of earth's great masters and thus impress upon the minds of the listening people the meaning of sacred words,—“*teaching and admonishing with psalms and hymns and spiritual songs.*”

When this double function is generally recognized the choir will no longer be expected to sing something, called a *voluntary*, without any particular reference to the fitness of it, except that the words, so far as they are understood, shall have a pious sort of sound, shall not be distinctively irreligious. Our choirs should have a higher aim than simply to entertain the congregation, or worse still, exhibit their own skill. They should feel it their privilege, nay more, *their duty* to assist God's ambassador to implant sacred, eternal truths in the minds and hearts of the listening people, thus sowing the seed for a harvest to be garnered in eternity. But while we should ever pray, “O Lord, open Thou my lips, and my mouth shall show forth Thy praise,” we should never forget that the most acceptable praise-offering we can present to God is a noble, consistent, Christian life. It is well to profess, but our profession is worthless unless we make our lives harmonize with our profession. Lip-service alone is an insult unless we “present our bodies a living sacrifice, holy, acceptable unto God, which is our reasonable service.”

Yet the praise which man offers to God will never be perfect till this world we dwell in, with all its imperfections, shall have passed away, and man shall stand once more pure and upright before his Maker. Then, and not till then, shall he offer Him the tribute of a “a pure heart, a good conscience and love unfeigned.” Our praise-offerings here are sadly marred. Ever and anon sin and self make jarring discords in our harmony. Now and then we are charmed and strangely moved by some glad sweet voice; but while we listen, almost entranced, the singer falters, the song ceases. We look around to learn the reason, and find that the singer has left the choir. And the time is coming, we know not how near it may be, when your voice and mine shall be hushed, to be heard on earth no more; our last song ended, our last day's work done. Let us ask ourselves where and how we

shall spend our eternity. Will it be in the land "where congregations ne'er break up," where no eye shall be dimmed with tears, no heart be sad, and none shall ever go out? Shall we join that great multitude of the redeemed who stand before the throne singing praises to God and the lamb? Thank God we may, if we be "faithful and true."

O friends, let us "give all diligence to make our calling and election sure." Let us rest our hopes of salvation on Christ alone, and be able to give a *reason* for the hope that is in us. Let no harsh word or unkind deed mar the perfect harmony that should exist between our faith and life. Let our lips sound God's praises, and our lives be a constant praise-offering to Him. Let us pray God to work in us both to will and to do, "that we may worship and serve Him acceptably, and with godly fear, while in this present evil world; and when we are called hence to enter on a higher life in a better world we will no longer sing God's praises with a 'halting, stammering tongue.'" When we have entered into that "rest that remaineth for the people of God"—not a rest from labour, not a rest from *praise*, but only a rest from the strife and din of earth, an everlasting rest from our struggle with sin and Satan,—oh, what joy will be ours when our voices blend with those of angel and archangel, cherubim and seraphim, in the songs of that better land. What honor will the Father confer on us when He bids all else hush their joyous songs while the great company of the redeemed sing that new song which angels and archangels cannot sing, but only the redeemed? And will it not be ample compensation for all the struggles and trials of earth to see "Him that liveth for ever and ever" incline His ear to hear the song of the mortals who have put on immortality, and bending alternate glances of love on the praisers and the praised? How the heart of the Son will swell with satisfaction as He sees the joy of the Father over those for whom *His* soul did travail, and hears their song of gratitude and praise: "*Thou art worthy . . . for Thou wast slain, and hast redeemed us to God by Thy blood out of every kindred, and tongue, and people, and nation; and hast made us unto our God kings and priests.*" And how the walls of the new Jerusalem will ring with the voices of that great multitude, like the voice of many waters, and the voice of many thunderings, as all the hosts of heaven, all that fear God, both small and great,

join in that adoring shout, ALLELUIA : FOR THE LORD GOD
OMNIPOTENT REIGNETH.

O, that the language of every soul here this night might be :

“ God, of Thy goodness will I sing
As long as I have life and breath,
Offerings of thanks I'll daily bring
Until my heart is still in death ;
And when at last my lips grow pale and cold,
Yet in my sighs Thy praises shall be told.

“ Father, do Thou in mercy deign
To listen to my earthly lays ;
Yet shall I learn a nobler strain
Where angels ever hymn Thy praise,
There in the radiant choir I too shall sing
Thou hallelujahs to my glorious King.”

A CREATURE UNKNOWN TO NATURAL SCIENCE.

Naturalists have divided all matter into three classes or kingdoms, the *animal*, the *vegetable*, and the *mineral*. In the beginning, ere plants or animals existed, this earth, with everything in it and on it, consisted of lifeless, unorganized matter. There was then but one kingdom in nature—the *mineral kingdom*.

In itself, matter had no power to rise above the sphere in which it was created. If it was ever to become aught but lifeless, unorganized matter, the change must be brought about by a power outside of, and superior to, itself. So in process of time, when the surface of the earth had become adapted to their support, God formed plants and trees, and set them in the soil that they might grow and bring forth fruit. This was the beginning of the second kingdom in nature—the *vegetable kingdom*.

Again, when the fulness of time was come, beasts, birds, reptiles, and fishes were created. They also consisted of living, organized matter, but of a higher type than that possessed by the plants. The vegetable could assimilate and vivify only inanimate, unorganized matter of the mineral kingdom. The animal was given power to assimilate the animate and inanimate, the organized and the unorganized, the mineral and the vegetable, infusing life into the inanimate and unorganized, and elevating the already animate and organized into a higher type of life and organization. This was the third kingdom in nature—the *animal kingdom*.

The members of all three kingdoms were made susceptible of growth. Those of the mineral kingdom grow by additions from without of like matter to themselves. Those of the vegetable and animal grow from within by the assimilation of dissimilar matter. Their distinguishing characteristics have been expressed thus: "Stones grow; vegetables grow and live; animals grow, live, and feel."

At length our earth arrived at such a state that it was

capable of supporting a creature superior, both physically and intellectually, to any that had hitherto existed, and then at the head of the highest kingdom in nature was placed man, with an erect form, a reasoning mind, and a soul made in the image of God—pure and holy. A rule of life and action was given him. Whatever his heart desired that he might do—with one exception. He might not eat of the tree of the knowledge of good and evil. “For,” said God, “in the day that thou eatest thereof, dying thou shalt die.” Man disobeyed. He ate of the forbidden fruit, and on that day death passed upon Adam and upon all his race. Thereafter all mankind were “dead in trespasses and in sins.”

The same laws that govern in the material world govern also in the spiritual. Such a thing as spontaneous generation has no existence in either. “*Ex nihilo, nihil fit*” (from nothing, nothing comes), is true of both matter and spirit, in heaven and on earth. When God had created our planet then “the Spirit of God moved upon the face of the waters,” ordering, devising, organizing, constructing, vivifying, perfecting, till, as the result of the counsels and broodings of the Eternal, there sprang into existence from the Creative Hand plants and animals instinct with life, perfect in species, perfect in beauty, perfect in adaptation to the place and state of existence and to the end for which they were created.

So, now that man was “dead in trespasses and in sins”—now that the grandest piece of God’s six days’ work, the crowning glory of Creation had become a helpless wreck, an utter ruin, dead to God, and to all that is good and pure and holy, the Eternal Counsellors, incited thereto and guided therein by an everlasting, boundless love, devised a way by which the Holy Spirit brooding over the “dead in sins”—striving, convincing, converting, teaching, guiding, nourishing, strengthening, quickening, might raise the spiritually dead to a life of immortality—a “life hid with Christ in God.”

Death was permitted to lay his icy hand on man because he disbelieved God and disobeyed Him. If man, dead and undone, were ever to be quickened, and walk in newness of life, it could only be by believing in, and obeying, the God whom he had offended. Ere this could be possible full satis-

faction must be made for the sin of unbelief and for the actual transgression of the law. As the sin and the transgression were against an infinitely just law, and an infinitely holy God, only an infinite atonement could suffice. Who could make that atonement? Who could pay the debt? Not man, for he was both dead and bankrupt. Not the angels, the cherubim, or seraphim, for the whole created universe, had it been theirs to give, was as nothing in the sight of God. Where, then, was a propitiation to be found? Man "dead in trespasses and in sins" cries "Where?" The angels in heaven cry "Where?" The cherubim and seraphim before the throne of God cry "Where?" All creation is in agony. God Himself in astonishment asks "Is there none to save?"

Then from the throne of God Himself a voice, majestic and sublime, full of tenderest compassion for undone man, makes answer: "Lo, I come. I delight to do Thy will, O God." And "He who knew no sin was made sin in our stead." Surely He hath borne our griefs and carried our sorrows. . . He was wounded for our transgressions, He was bruised for our iniquities; the chastisement of our peace was upon Him; and with His stripes we are healed. . . The Lord hath laid on Him the iniquity of us all. He was numbered with the transgressors; and He bare the sin of many, and made intercession for the transgressors."

Now that God's own son, infinite in purity, in holiness, and in obedience—an obedience even unto death—hath made full satisfaction for man's offence, man, because of the atonement which Christ has made, the righteousness which He has wrought out, and the perfect obedience which He has rendered, may, once more, stand justified before God. The faith and obedience required of old are made once more *possible*, and "God can thus both be just, and the justifier of him that believeth on Jesus."

When man listened to the tempter and transgressed the law of God written on the tablets of his heart, Hope died, Peace tremblingly departed, Sin and Sorrow seized man's mind and heart, and Death snatched up the sceptre Life laid down. Despair and gloom hung o'er all creation like a

funeral pall. Man was driven from his paradise to till the ground accursed for his sake, his only expectation grief, and toil, and death. "Sorrow may endure for a night but joy cometh in the morning." The shadow of death and the gloom of the grave precede the resurrection morn. "The darkest hour is just before the dawn." And through the darkness and despair of a Paradise now lost there gleams a ray of mercy, the earnest of the brightness and the glory of a Paradise to be regained—a promise that the woman's seed should bruise the serpent's head.

In the promise, "In thee shall all the kingdoms of the earth be blessed," the patriarchs beheld the twilight of the dawning day of truth and righteousness. The glory of the morning lit up our sin-cursed world as Moses in prophetic rapture exclaimed, "A prophet shall the Lord your God raise up unto you of your brethren like unto me; him shall ye hear in all things whatsoever he shall say unto you." While seers prophesied and poets sang, the brightness and the beauty grew, and reached the full effulgence of the noon-tide glory as over Bethlehem's plains the angels sang, "Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, good will toward men." "In the fulness of time God sent forth His Son, born of a woman, made under the law, to redeem His promise made at Eden's gate."

God's promises are not like man's—they never fail. They may seem long in the redeeming, but they are redeemed. "Heaven and earth shall pass away, but my words shall not pass away" is the declaration of Him who cannot lie; and the testimony of the ages is that the word of the Lord standeth sure.

By His perfect obedience and His matchless life, Christ vindicated the righteousness of the law, proving it holy, just and good. By His death on Calvary, He satisfied divine justice, and opened up to dead and undone man the way to holiness and everlasting life, and hearkening to His gracious words, and copying His loving deeds, we may learn to walk therein.

But man, "dead in trespasses and in sins," is spiritually blind. The eyes of his understanding are darkened that he cannot see Him who is the "Way." His ears are stopped

that he cannot hear the loving entreaty, "Turn ye! Turn ye! Why will ye die?" His rebellious heart and perverse, stubborn will yield no response to the gracious invitation, "Come now, and let us reason together: though your sins be as scarlet, they shall be as white as snow; though they be red like crimson, they shall be as wool." "The carnal mind of the natural man is enmity against God. It is not subject to the law of God, neither indeed can be." He who died that we might live in Him, sadly cries, "Ye will not come to Me that ye might have life." "It is expedient for you that I go away."

Having finished the work He came to do—having satisfied divine justice, and made it *possible* for the sinner to be reconciled to God—He ascended to heaven and sent the Holy Spirit, the Comforter, to strive with man, "to convince the world of sin, and of righteousness, and of judgment to come,"—to open the eyes of man's darkened understanding—to unstop his deaf ears—to enlighten his mind in the knowledge of Christ, and so free it from captivity to the law of sin and death—to take away the hard and stony heart of unbelief, and give him a heart of flesh with new aspirations and holy desires—to renew the whole man after the image of God by enabling him to believe in Christ, the Mediator of the new covenant, for "If any man be in Christ, he is a new creature." Here, then, is a creature unknown to Natural Science—a member of a kingdom quite distinct from the three kingdoms of nature—a member of the kingdom of God's dear Son. The gracious Spirit of the Living God dwelt with and sustained the holy ones of old. He rejoiced the soul of saintly Enoch while he "walked with God"—strengthened righteous Noah while he preached repentance to the world before the flood—led Abram from his home and kindred into the land his seed should inherit—preserved Joseph guiltless in Pharaoh's wicked court—walked with Moses in the desert and through the depths of the sea—stood by Daniel in the den of lions—shielded the Hebrew children in the fiery furnace—and breathed divine inspiration into seers' prophecy and poets' song. But it was not till the day of Pentecost that He came in all His power and fulness—that He was "poured out upon all flesh."

Under the Old dispensation the knowledge of redemption through Christ was confined to one "peculiar people." Under the New dispensation the "glad tidings of great joy" were to be proclaimed to all mankind. Isaiah, with prophetic vision, saw this day, and in holy rapture cried, "The people that walked in darkness have seen a great light; they that dwell in the land of the shadow of death, upon them hath the light shined." Hereafter Christ is to be "a light to lighten the Gentiles," as well as "the glory of God's people Israel."

Under the dispensation of Works, the church of God relied on daily sacrifices, rites and ceremonies for the convincing men of sin, converting them from the error of their ways, and "building them up in holiness and comfort, through faith unto salvation." Under the dispensation of Grace, she relies on the preaching of "Christ and Him crucified," and the contact and influence of living man with man.

Life manifests, develops and perpetuates itself by action. Without action, muscle shrinks, mind decays, and energy and life give place to debility and death. The same laws that govern the material govern also the spiritual. The "new creature in Christ" is commanded to "grow in grace," to "go from strength to strength," to "go on, even unto perfection." The babe gradually attains the stature and strength of manhood or womanhood by exercising the little strength it possesses. So spiritual babes attain to the full stature of men and women in Christ by using, in faith, the grace and strength already given. Without this exercise, the spiritual man, like the natural, must become dwarfed. Where there is no action, and no desire for action, it may well be doubted whether life really exists. Every man who has himself believed in Christ and the redemption purchased by Him, learned to love the living God who first loved us, and been baptized with the Holy Spirit, is *at once* possessed with a strong desire that others might know the blessedness of sins forgiven by trusting in a crucified and risen Saviour. THIS IS THE NEVER-FAILING TEST OF TRUE DISCIPLESHIP,—OF FINDING CHRIST AND BEING FOUND IN HIM.

The disciples possessed with this desire, having been baptized with the Holy Ghost and endued with power from on

high, in obedience to the divine command, went "into all the world, preaching the Gospel," resting on the Master's promise, "Lo, I am with you alway, even unto the end of the world."

It was this desire, that, in these last days, sent a Judson, a Carey, and a Duff to India ; a Williams, and the Gordons to the isles of the sea ; a Moffatt and a Livingstone to South Africa, a Morrison to China, a Mackay to Formosa, a Gordon to the Soudan, and a McDougall to our own North-West. In obedience to this desire and the divine command, forty-three missionaries, men and women, went from Toronto alone during the year 1888 to labor in heathen lands for the salvation of souls. From every Christian country the soldiers of the Cross are going forth, and the cry is still for more. From every heathen land and every pagan isle the cry comes wafted on the breeze, "Come over and help us." The harvest truly is plenteous, but the laborers are few. Yet the results are most encouraging. Japan will soon be no more a heathen nation ; China is opening wide her gates ; India is ripe for the Gospel reapers, as is evidenced by the fact that from 1871 till 1881 the Protestant Christians in India increased one hundred per cent. ; from 1881 till the present time they have increased four hundred per cent. In other words, where there was one Protestant Christian in India twenty-five years ago, there are forty thousand to-day. Within a single generation the Sandwich Islands were Christianized ; literally "a nation born in a day." Fifty years ago the Fijians were heathen cannibals, yet from the Fiji islands 1200 church steeples point the way to heaven to-day.

What great reason for gratitude to God for His blessing on their work have the Christian women who have so warmly espoused and so zealously promoted the cause of Foreign Missions. The gratifying result is largely due to woman's energy, woman's teaching, and woman's prayers. May God bless and prosper you in your work of faith and labor of love.

Everywhere God works by means. Man is the instrument He has chosen for converting men from sin and leading them to Himself through Christ the Way. We cannot all go to heathen lands, but we can and should work for Christ and

humanity at home. "THE WORLD FOR CHRIST" should be our motto. When on earth He went about doing good, and that continually, and the apostle declares "He set us an example that we should follow in His steps." We who have named the name of Christ, who have become new creatures in Christ Jesus, should not only depart from iniquity and, by the grace of God, live blameless lives, but with gentle, faithful, choice words fitly spoken, "beseech sinners in Christ's stead"—constrain them with loving Christ-like deeds to be reconciled to God, trusting no more in their own righteousness which is of the law, but in that "which is of God by faith,"

There are only two ways by which we can influence our fellow-men : Word and Deed, or Precept and Example.

Never while it exists will our world cease to feel the influence of those burning words with which Patrick Henry closed his memorable speech urging the thirteen British Colonies to declare their independence: "*I know not what others may do, but as for me, give me liberty or give me death*"

The moral effect of that grand, wild, desperate charge of the Light Brigade at Balaclava will never die, till time shall be no more.

Why do our soldiers' standards bear such words as Blenheim, Waterloo, Balaclava, Sebastopol, Tel-el-kebir and Batoche? Is it not that looking on these they may remember the brave deeds of brave men and from their example learn to do and to dare?

You may say that these words and deeds remind us of the influence of great men only. To some extent this may be so, but as great men are few, let me give you some illustrations of the influence for good that lies in the words and deeds of the low and humble.

I. THE INFLUENCE OF WORDS.

In a long by-gone age, in a far-away clime, a little maid was taken prisoner of war and carried away a captive and a slave into the land of the invaders, where she waited on the wife of the victorious general. "He was a great man with his master and honorable. He was also a mighty man in

valor, but he was a leper." Despite her bondage the little maid's heart was filled with sympathy and love for her lord and master. Though living in Old Testament times when people were taught to hate their enemies, she exemplified in her own life the New Testament law afterwards uttered by the Master Himself: "Love your enemies, bless them that curse you, do good to them that hate you and pray for them which despitefully use you and persecute you." And one day in the fulness of her heart she exclaimed: "Would God my lord were with the prophet that is in Samaria! for he would recover him of his leprosy."

And one went in and told his lord, saying: "Thus and thus said the maid that is of the land of Israel." Her words were believed. Her master went to the prophet in Samaria, and was healed, not in body only, but in soul, and cried: "Behold, now I know that there is no God in all the earth but in Israel. I will henceforth offer neither burnt offering nor sacrifice unto other gods, but unto the Lord."

Ah, what an influence for good lies in the words of the low and humble, and how they react upon those who utter them, and fill their lives both here and hereafter with blessing. The loving words of this little captive maid have been preserved and told as a memorial of her for thousands of years, and will be to the latest generation. More about her we are not told, but God's word gives the assurance that in the great hereafter she shall shine as the brightness of the firmament for ever and ever.

In one of our Ontario counties a certain commercial traveller bitterly opposed the passing of the Scott Act. His influence was great, for his business had made him an excellent judge of human nature. But one day a lady called at his home, and while talking to his wife about her husband's opposition to the Act, remarked, "If he doesn't change he'll find himself in hell some day." His little daughter heard the words, and pondered over them. She was "papa's darling." And that night when he came home she climbed upon his knee, put her soft, loving, baby arms about his neck, and looking straight in his eyes, said, "Papa, are you going to hell? Mrs. So-and-so says you are; and if you are going to hell, papa, I'm going too; I'm going wherever you go."

The child's words went like a dagger to his heart. He burst into tears and rushed from the house. The struggle was a bitter one, but that night that man learned the meaning of the words, "If any man be in Christ he is a new creature." That night a soul dead in trespasses and in sins was quickened. That night a soul was born into the kingdom of God's dear Son. He ceased his opposition to the Scott Act, resigned his situation as commercial traveller, and began in earnest to prepare for the active work of the ministry. For several summers he labored faithfully, efficiently, and with remarkable success in our home mission field, and is to-day pastor of a congregation in the city of Toronto, and the influence of that little child's words will never cease while eternity endures.

In June, 1868, I was sailing from St. John, N.B., to Portland, Maine. I was very ill. I had been ordered home—to die. On the steamer an old gentleman, with hair and beard like the driven snow—one who had long passed the allotted age of man—came and talked with me kindly, lovingly. As he was leaving me he said, "Your prospects seem poor for this world, what are they for the next?" Up to that time I had never taken one anxious thought about the future, but that question set me thinking, and from it sprang a faith that has sustained me through trials and sufferings such as few of the sons of men are called on to endure. A simple question it was, but fraught with great consequences to me, and—who knows—perhaps through me to others also. That old man is in heaven long ago, and though he never knew on earth what his words were to me, yet he will know, and his heart will be gladder throughout eternity, and his crown brighter, for having spoken as he did.

How important it is that we should embrace and improve the opportunities God gives us. How many gemless crowns there will be in heaven, how many lost souls in hell, because we have let opportunities pass unnoticed, or shrunk from improving them, deeming the time inopportune, or we ourselves unfit, excusing ourselves like Moses, saying: "O Lord, I am not eloquent . . . but I am slow of speech and of a slow tongue?" "He that observeth the wind shall not sow; and

he that regardeth the clouds shall not reap. In the morning sow thy seed, and in the evening withhold not thine hand: for thou knowest not whether shall prosper either this or that, or whether they both shall be alike good." "Blessed are ye that sow beside all waters," said the Prophet Isaiah. What does that mean? Let me illustrate its meaning.

One very stormy night, at a prayer meeting in his own church, which was attended by only four persons—himself, his son; the sexton, and one old woman—the late Dr. Cooke, of Belfast, read the story of the crucifixion and spoke thereon with wonderful eloquence and power. On the way home his son asked him why he did not reserve such a grand discourse for the Sabbath when he would have a crowded house. Dr. Cooke replied, "I wanted to reach that old woman. I know she is a hardened sinner, and I prayed God for grace and power to save her, if He so willed." That night the old woman became "a new creature" in Christ Jesus. That is what is meant by "Sowing beside all waters." Open thy mouth as God may give thee opportunity, but "be wise as serpents." Let thy words be "choice words fitly spoken." "Let your speech be alway with grace seasoned with salt." Do thy duty in this respect, wisely and well, as thou knowest how, and leave the result with God.

II. THE INFLUENCE OF DEEDS.

"Good words are good, but good deeds are better." "Example teaches better than precept." In this "wide, wide world" there is no one without influence. I care not how poor, how weak, how insignificant they are, they wield an influence, and that influence may be all the greater because of their poverty, weakness, and insignificance. Remember "God hath chosen the weak things of this world to confound the things that are mighty, and the things that are not to bring to naught the things that are." Your own observation must have taught you this truth—*It is not the father, but the baby that rules the home.* St. Paul was right when he said, "*When I am weak, then am I strong.*"

Let me give a few illustrations of the power that lies in the example of the poor and lowly—of the influence they wield over their fellow-beings by their deeds.

John Pounds was only a poor cobbler who undertook to help a little lame nephew learn something useful while he himself worked at his last. Seeing other neglected children on the street, he thought while teaching one he could teach more. By giving food and clothing from his scanty earnings he bribed one after another to enter his little shop and become his pupils. *Unaided*, John Pounds rescued 500 street arabs from a prospective life of crime and misery and made them useful, intelligent, moral members of society. And in the British islands more than 100,000 children are to-day being fed and clothed and taught in ragged schools, as the result of the influence of John Pounds' example.

June 6th, 1844, George Williams and a fellow employee held the first meeting of the Y. M. C. A., in his room in the third story of the warehouse where he was employed. To-day that association has nearly 4,000 branches, with a membership of more than 3,000,000.

A little more than one hundred years ago, Robert Raikes opened a Sabbath school, and, because of his example, 17,000,000 scholars and 2,000,000 teachers meet each Sabbath day in the Sabbath schools of Protestant Christendom to study the same lesson selected from God's Word.

Can any mind but that of the Infinite measure the results of the influence of those three humble men—John Pounds, George Williams, and Robert Raikes? Millions of souls who otherwise must have lifted up their eyes in hell have been, and tens of millions will yet be, saved by their influence, and go to swell the songs of the redeemed in the Zion above.

It is not necessary to have a great name to do great deeds. Grace Darling was unknown till she dashed out of the light-house, launched the life-boat during a storm, and rescued a shipwrecked crew. Florence Nightingale's name was not a household word wherever the English language is spoken until she made it such by her self-sacrificing devotion to the wounded in the Crimea. Who, outside of Hamilton, Ont., had ever heard of Aggie Nicholson before her brave heart, her woman's sympathy and self-forgetfulness, amid the ruin, agony and death of a St. George railway disaster, had made her a heroine? Do not think it is necessary to have

a great name to do great deeds. Do not think that you must have great opportunities to bring about great results.

Great opportunities come to few. They may never come to you. If you are waiting for a great opportunity, the probability is that you will not be able to improve it should it come—that you will never accomplish anything. Had John Pounds and Robert Raikes waited for great opportunities, they would never have been heard of, and ragged schools and Sabbath schools might still be things of the future. Like others who have done great things they never thought of doing them. They simply did with their might what they found to do—the daily duties to God and man that presented themselves; and without being aware of it, became truly great, accomplished great deeds, and exerted a mighty influence for good on the human race.

God never does for man what man can do for himself—what his fellow-man can do for him. He never tills the soil nor sows the seed. Man can do that. And only when man has prepared the soil and cast in the seed can he, in faith, look to God for the harvest.

So when man has, by Word and Deed, by Precept and Example, broken up the fallow ground of man's carnal mind and hard heart, and sown therein the good seed of Christ's kingdom, then, and then only, is he justified in expecting God's blessing on the soul he fain would save. Nay, he is then in duty bound to ask God's blessing on his work, for though "Paul may plant and Apollos water," 'tis "God alone can give the increase." He should pray the Holy Spirit to water the seed that has been sown with the dews of divine grace, that it may spring up and bring forth fruit—to strive with the "dead in trespasses and in sins," that he may be convinced of sin and converted from the error of his ways—to brood over him that he may be quickened and "walk in newness of life,"—to take the things of Christ and show them unto Him—to reveal unto him "Christ crucified, to the Jews a stumbling block and to the Greeks foolishness, but unto them that are called, both Jews and Greeks, the power of God and the wisdom of God."

And when ye pray, pray in faith. "What things soever

ye desire, when ye pray, believe that ye receive them, and ye shall have them." These are Christ's own words. "And this," said St. John, "is the confidence that we have in Him, that if we ask anything according to His will, He heareth us. And if we know that He hear us, whatsoever we ask, we know that we have the petitions that we desired of Him." What, then, is the will of God with regard to man?

This is the will of God, even our sanctification, that we may inherit eternal life.

Therefore, when we pray for God's blessing on the work we have done, or endeavoured to do, for Christ and humanity, let us ask in faith, believing that our requests will be granted because they are in accordance with His will. God is ever willing to hear the cry of a penitent sinner, or a prayer of faith on his behalf, even though he be the chief of sinners. "He that spared not His own Son, but delivered Him up for us all, how shall He not with Him also freely give us all things."

During the dark ages there was a long and animated discussion as to what were the dimensions of the true cross,—what the length of the cross-beam, what the length of the upright. There is an old legend which would have settled the point in dispute, had they only succeeded in unearthing it. The legend says that the cross-beam reached from the tips of the fingers of God's right hand, to the tips of the fingers of His left—that is, from the extreme limit of the illimitable universe, on the one hand, to its extreme limit on the other; while the upright reached from the very lowest possible depths of human degradation and sin, up to the very heart of that God who is love.

There are none so low down that God cannot save them: there are none so wicked that He is not willing. None need despair, and we need despair of none. Therefore, "work while it is called the day, for the night cometh when no man can work." Strive by Word and Deed, by Precept and Example, to influence your fellow-beings for good and bring them to Christ, remembering that "If any man be in Christ he is a new creature." And pray for the divine blessing to rest on your work; and of this be assured, that you will not

lose the reward of your labor. For he who saves a soul from death, shall not only hide a multitude of sins, but shall himself "shine as the brightness of the firmament, and they that turn many to righteousness as the stars, for ever and ever." Then, whatsoever thy hand findeth to do for Christ and humanity, *do with all thy might* ; but while you work, oh, *do not forget to pray*.