

VISIT OF DR. MACKIE TO IONA AND THE ABBEY CHURCH.

The Cradle of the Scottish Church—A Call to Scotchmen to Bear on the Spot An Eternal Memorial.

By Rev. John Mackie, D.D., Kingston. "I am a man," said the Roman teacher; nothing that is human is foreign to me.

Next to our birthplace, there is no spot in the ancient kingdom, the name of which is better known, or held more sacred, than the little rocky island of Iona, on the western coast.

But this is not all. On that little lonely island, the very history of Scotland as a kingdom, leads its beginnings. There, Aidan was crowned by St. Columba, the first Christian king, not of a tribe, but of a nation; and to him, in unbroken succession, can be traced after thirteen hundred years, Edward VII, the reigning monarch of the British Empire.

It was a pilgrim's most precious privilege to visit the island, three years ago, when the dream of his life, many and many a time did he walk its shores in spirit; climb its highest heights; look out on the fretted coast of mainland, with its towering mountains behind; and on the treeless islands that dot the western horizon, and the glorious sunsets that transfigure the Atlantic into a vast sheet of burnished gold, and the heavens into the gorgeous grandeur of apocalyptic visions.

On the loveliest of summer days, he saw with his eyes in actual reality, the picture of the scene that had taken place on the sacred, historic shore of Iona. He was out of the world. The whole Atlantic rolled between it and his earthly tarrying place; and a glittering band of sea severed it from the larger island of Mull, whose mountains with the mighty ranges of the mainland behind, formed a panorama of magnificent grandeur. But as yet, the eyes were hidden not to see it. One thing filled them full, and its very nearness, at first produced a mist. It was the hoary pile of ruins, a short walk to the right of the rocky landing place, and the first building, containing that line the pebbly bay. The square tower, and roofless walls, of the Abbey Church, centuries old—how many, no one can say—stood out in lonely, melancholy, ruined grandeur—as if touchingly appealing to Scotland, and Christendom, for sympathetic remembrances and renovating aid. Alone, the pilgrim entered, as sacred ruins should be, if one would feel the power of their spirit working; and slowly he stepped over broken cornice, mullion, and column, and dove heads and architraves, and the wistfully he gazed on the massive pillars most eminently carved, and marvelously preserved. On this one Adam and Eve with the Angel Gabriel, are finely sculptured. On that one Peter crouched of the ear of Malchus. On another, it represented the arrest of Christ in Gethsemane, and the scission on Calvary. On another are griffins and dragons with their tails merging into elaborate scroll work. Beneath, are the mortal remains of abbots, and priors, thames, and chiefs, whose faces of whinstone lettered, and finely covered with devices marking the bed of each. Here in the centre of the choir, is the tomb of Malcolm of Moray, the massive slab showing by

deep indentation, where the effigy of precious metal,—irresistible temptation to Norseman, and lain. There, a little to the north, and hard by the spot where the altar of purest marble had stood, is the tomb of Abbot Mackinnon. His effigy is in stone, and though much defaced by ruthless hands, is easily adjudged the finest specimen of this class of work within the precincts of the abbey. The figure is in full canonical, and all the intricacies of folds and lines and ornamentation are most delicately traced. Around are bass-reliefs of exquisite workmanship, representing scripture scenes,—sermons in stone,—that impress the mind, and linger in memory. Everywhere are stones, large and small, covered with labyrinthine tracery, and rich foliage, and all the exuberance and variety of Celtic symbolic art. Above, are the lofty, massive walls, looking to the open heavens, with here and there a broken space; here and there patches of fern luxuriating in the damp; and here and there on the lichen ridges, yellow clumps of fragrant wall flower.

In the lush of centuries, the pilgrim moved, and looked, and worshipped, full of the heroic past—the steep ascent to heaven,—and of the glorious future—the manifestation of a hammer fell on his ear. Following the gentle tapping, he discovered two men, cunningly putting together fragments of richly sculptured stone; tenderly placing in their original position blocks that had fallen; skillfully and faithfully reproducing the destroyed, and steadily, reverently, though slowly erasing "Ichabod" from the venerable pile; and bringing back the past of holy worship, and saintly life and work, into the present. The work had gone forth: the deep silence of ages was broken; the ruins were to be reclaimed; and "Praise to the Holiest in the Height" was again to rise within the hallowed enclosure, from the spiritual children of those resting beneath the sculptured slabs; in the nameless graves around, or beneath the tangled seaweed; or in lovely mirr, or mountain side; known only to heaven, and watched—neer not incredulous age!

What wrought the change? Iona, gifts of St. Columba, for sacred uses, by his kinsman, Conall the king of the Scots, had in the vicissitudes of centuries, come into the possession of the Dukes of Argyll. The noble father of the present duke, better known in Canada as the Marquis of Lorne, venerating the ruins, with their holy precincts, and anxious for their safe custody, in succeeding years, had, some time previous to his lamented death, restored them to the Church of Scotland. Not the island, but that which is everything of worth on the island, the roofless walls of the Abbey church; the "garth" or graveyard, of St. Oran, round the ruins of the tiny oratory, built, as is believed, by Queen Margaret, and if so, with her Chapel St. Margaret's, on the Castle Rock of Edinburgh; the oldest house of God, in the land; and the spacious, beautiful remains of the scholastic institution, known as the nunnery, of convent, in active service, for over three hundred years, have been vested in trustees; the principals of the universities and others; as the inalienable possession of the Scotch people, while it lies, that is, while Scotland lasts. It was the pious wish of the illustrious duke, and worthy son of the church, that the Abbey church should be restored, and divine worship celebrated within it. It was also his desire, that when restored, the Church of Scotland should manifest the most catholic spirit, and place the building at the disposal of any Christian denomination wishing to hold religious services in it. The church, and the people of Scotland, having gratefully received the gift, are now carrying out the duke's desire, and their own. Already, have the choir and transept been roofed in, and fitted up; and during the summer and autumn months large congregations of parishioners, and visitors, assemble to worship, on the sacred spot, the God of all ages, and the Saviour of all. Moreover, the Scottish church is fully determined to make it the holy centre of Christian unity, for the whole cir-

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WORKED BIG GAME

PRINCESS THE DUPE OF MUSICAL FRAUD.

Protège of Archduchess Frederick Hoodwinked Two of His Royal Patrons.

Vienna, March 21.—Fritz Hahn, the protégé of the Archduchess Frederick and of Princess Pauline Metternich has just been exposed as a musical fraud, who not only stole and passed as his own the compositions of great masters, but even copied their letters in his correspondence with his distinguished patronesses.

Hahn came here from Stuttgart, and having an interesting face and an exceedingly long mane of hair, soon attracted a female contingent that hailed him as a genius. He had a letter of introduction to Princess Metternich, and so won her over that she interested the Archduchess Frederick in the young man. Hahn claimed it was as easy for him to compose classic as ragtime music, and in four months Hahn submitted to Princess Metternich no less than eleven symphonies which were produced with the utmost success at leading concert halls and at the palaces of the great, and the newspapers and the best critics pronounced them "master works."

Princess Metternich, elated at having discovered this new genius, was so enthusiastic that she made up a purse, intending to publish Hahn's eleven symphonies in two editions, a de luxe edition, and one for the common people.

But, strange to say, the composer would not hear of it; "his symphonies were for the select only," he "hated printed music," and "cared nothing for popular recognition." His refusal to accept Princess Metternich's generous offer roused the suspicion of several music publishers, and they appointed an expert to study Hahn's manuscript symphonies. This was done and it was discovered that every one of Hahn's eleven symphonies were copied from the old masters, copied note for note. There wasn't an original line in any of the works that had attracted critical and popular attention.

DOG VARIATIONS

Pointers and Setters Are of the Canine Aristocracy.

It is a mistake to suppose that dogs are anywhere near alike in character. Even those of the same breed vary, and about as much as men and women of the same nationality. As to the manner of their pointing, dogs, they are to a great extent the result of their contact with man, and they develop along the same lines. And, on the other hand, it is impossible to make anything out of a mean-spirited dog, just as it is out of a mean-spirited person. The dog's instinct is about the same as human instinct. A dog reacts, learns, judges by facts, exactly as a man reasons. He is quicker of observation. He has the keen sense of smell, which makes up to him in some measure for the vicious experience of human beings. The dog must experience a thing to know it, and his faculties have been trained by generations of observation, of taking note, until they have reached their present perfection.

A dog has not the power of speech with which to conceal his thoughts. Consequently he is franker than man, but quite unconsciously so. When he is a dependent, he has the faults of one. He is vain, jealous, suspicious and a snob.

Pointers and setters are essentially of the aristocracy of the dog world, and they have gentlemanly qualities. They have the grand air. They will allow themselves to be admired by ordinary people, but they never give their allegiance to any except the accomplished hunter. They are elegant of form and vigorous of muscle, like any athlete, and have a power of discrimination and thought.

The well bred contempt of a fine dog of one of these breeds for a man who has not intelligence enough to understand his strategy in the field must be seen to be appreciated. There is a story told of a trained pointer that was taken out with a party of inexperienced hunters. She was seen to spring to the top of a wall and then fall back. It was supposed she had caught her foot, and they ran to release her. She was holding by her paw, and was beaten down, as a stupid dog and turned and walked deliberately home. It was finally found that she had scented a covey of birds on the other side of the wall and, fearful of flushing them before the hunters came up, had fallen back out of sight.

You can note the dignity and moral worth of some dogs in their carriage, the poise of their heads and the expression of their eyes. A dog of sterling character never steals any more than a human being of this kind steals.

Oddities of Tipping. Horace Walpole records the astonishment of George I when told that he must give five guineas to the servant of the range of his park for bringing him a brace of snipe out of his own pond. Apparently, everybody in England is at some time or other justified in demanding a fee, unless it be the monarch. When Tait became Archbishop of Canterbury and met the queen, he breathed a sigh of relief on at last encountering a person to whom he had not to pay something. According to Bishop Burnett, a man used to have to give a tip in order to be despatched. He tells the story of Lord Russell, when under sentence of death for high treason, asking what he ought to give the executioner. "I told him ten guineas," he said, "with a smile it was a pretty thing to give a fee to have his head cut off."

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"What for?" wonderingly asked Mrs. Quigley. "I have just been nominated for a public office," he faltered, "and I don't want you to find out what kind of a man I really am."

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