THE HEALER

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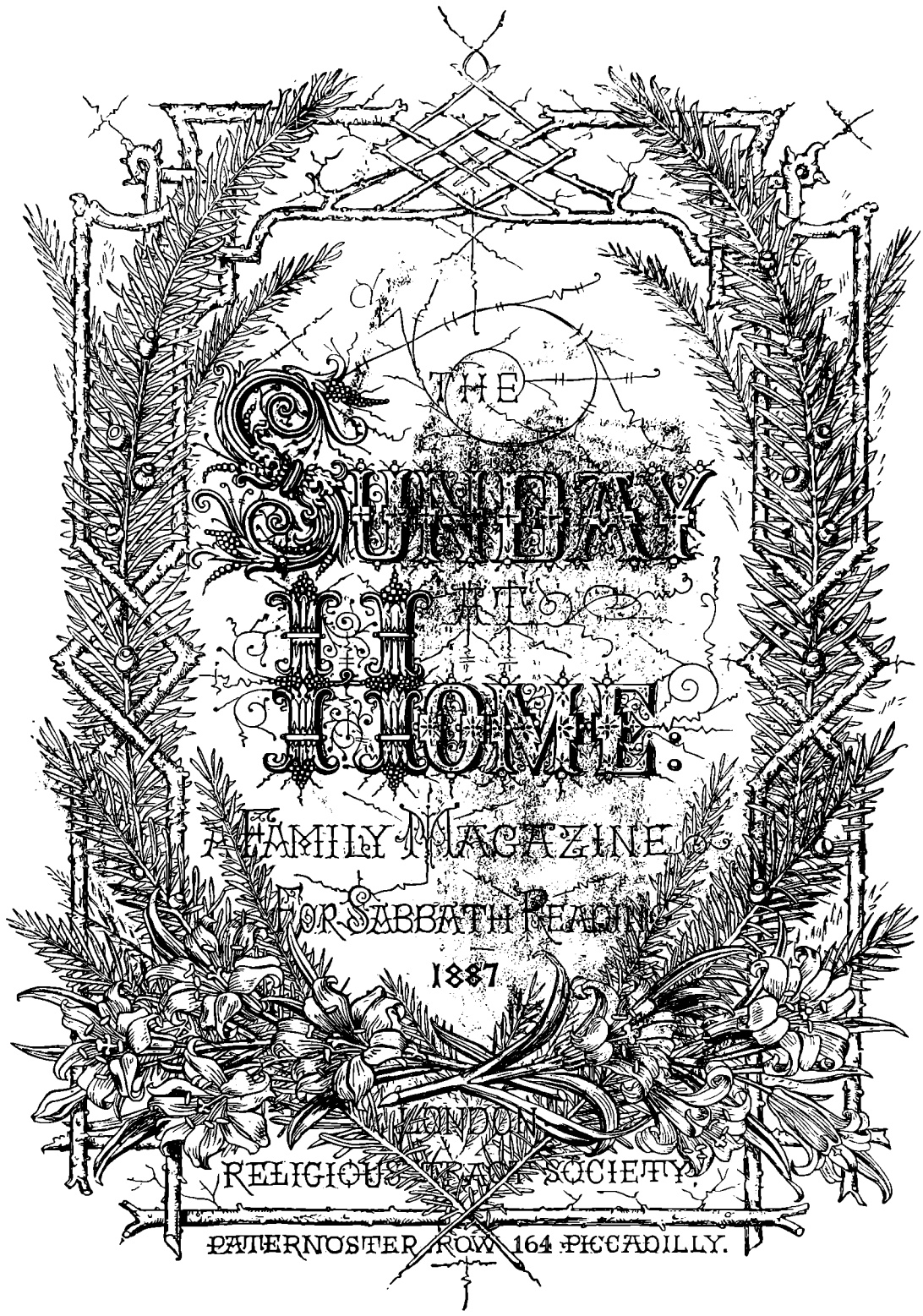
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THE SUNDAY AT HOME

O DAY MOST CALM, MOST BRIGHT! . . .
THE WEEK WERE DARK BUT FOR THY LIGHT.—*Herbert*

BARBARA'S BROTHERS

BY EVELYN EVERETT GREEN.

CHAPTER I.—THE DOCTOR'S FAMILY.

"AND SO, BAB, YOU THINK I OUGHT TO GO BACK TO MY BELOVED OFFICE-STOOL?"

ABOUT a mile-and-a-half from the picturesque sea-coast of the west of England, and some half mile from the flourishing town of St. Hilda, stood a comfortable family mansion, substantially built of red brick, and shut in behind solid walls, that had evidently not been built yesterday. There was a rather extensive garden enclosed behind these walls, a garden gay with flowers during the greater part of the year, and lawns as smooth as velvet that sloped gently down to the river's brink, and rose again on the other side in thickly planted shrubberies.

There was a conservatory too, a greenhouse, and a range of hot-houses: the stables boasted their two or three sleek, well-kept horses, and the whole aspect of the place bespoke a comfortable opulence without any ostentation or actual extravagance.

Had you chanced to inquire of a passing rustic whose house it was, he would have eyed you with

a kind of surprise at the dense ignorance displayed by such a question, and in his roundabout loquacious way would have proceeded to tell you that it was the doctor's house—Dr. Meynal's—the first physician in these, or indeed in any other parts; that there had been Dr. Meynals at St. Hilda as long as the oldest inhabitant could remember, and that each doctor had to keep one more horse that his predecessor, to meet the demands of his increasing practice; but that it was only the present Dr. Meynal who had bought this large house on the outskirts of the town, and he did so on his marriage with the Hon. Miss Talbot. Until that time a family mansion in the town itself had been the doctor's home.

And at the time my story opens, he would have added with a very grave face and a lugubrious shake of his head, that Dr. Meynal was just dead, and that nobody knew exactly what was going to happen.

All St. Hilda had been thrown into consternation by the sudden death of one of its most popular inhabitants. Dr. Meynal had grown up amongst them, like his father before him. He was a genial friend as well as a kind physician to each one of his patients, gentle or simple; and at fifty-five he had appeared to be still in the prime of life, when he had suddenly collapsed before an attack of pneumonia, and was dead before the town had awakened to the knowledge that he was even seriously indisposed.

And now the questions in everyone's mouth were—What will happen? What arrangements would be made? What provision had been made for the family? What would become of the Meynals themselves, and of St. Hilda without a Dr. Meynal to prescribe for all its many ailments?

Those who knew the family best shook their heads when the question of provision was broached. Dr. Meynal was known to have expended his patrimony in the purchase of the Cedars, when he married his beautiful young portionless wife, and surrounded her with all those luxuries that her loveliness and fragility seemed to demand. True the practice was large and lucrative—most likely it brought in some two or three thousand a year—but then the expenditure of that household could not be much under that, and there seemed little probability of any substantial provisions having been made.

The misfortunes of some people appear to afford a sort of gloomy satisfaction to their neighbours and acquaintances, but this was not the case with the Meynals, who had always kept open house, and shown a great deal of kindly hospitality to all comers. They were popular people in St. Hilda. Mrs. Meynal's helpless dependence and gentleness, Celia's beauty, Gerald's genius, and Barbara's frank impetuosity, had all won favour in the eyes of the inhabitants, and each one felt a real and keen sympathy with them in this time of sorrow and suspense.

Of the eldest son Wulfric, St. Hilda knew little. His father was known to think highly of his talents, and the young man had spent the greater part of his time in London, where he was said to be carrying all before him, and laying the foundations of a brilliant and successful career.

Although Wulfric had adopted the medical profession with the true Meynal instinct, St. Hilda had been somewhat astonished and half scandalised by Dr. Meynal's assertion that he did not intend the lad to succeed him in the practice. He believed that his son had a great career before him; the senior physician of his hospital had written many letters, loud in his praise; and as time passed by, and Wulfric obtained hospital appointments, filled them with great success, and became an acknowledged rising young man in the profession, Dr. Meynal was heard to speak more and more strongly of his determination never to allow him to waste his talents, and give up his scientific studies, for the daily drudgery of a country practice, and he sometimes even spoke of taking a nephew as assistant to the exclusion of his son.

This arrangement was understood to be contemplated with the full concurrence of the son, and Barbara, who was the most outspoken of the family was sometimes heard to explain that "Wulf hated the country, and said one might as well be buried alive as be a doctor in a place like St. Hilda." He only cared for London, and was certain of getting fame and wealth there if he only had a fair chance, and were let alone to make his way upwards as he had already begun to do.

Just lately he had taken his M.D. at an unusually early age, and at the time of his father's death he was travelling in America, and his own people had been unable to communicate with him. He was due to return however in a few days, and much interest was caused by the speculation as to what his future course of conduct would be. Would he take up the practice as he found it, all ready to his hand (for St. Hilda was intensely conservative and loyal to old traditions, and would rally to a man round Dr. Meynal's son), or would he return to his favourite studies, and his own career in the great city which he had so long made his home, and leave his family to do as best they might, and shift for themselves on Mrs. Meynal's scanty jointure, and the sum that would be realised by the sale of the house and of the practice?

Wulfric, from being such a stranger, was not much of a favourite with St. Hilda, and his supposed contempt for that place added to the distrust and suspicion with which he was regarded. St. Hilda was incapable of understanding the question from a professional standpoint, and the fact that young Dr. Meynal considered a country practice as a very contemptible thing, and far below his talents, gave rise to the belief that he was a very vain and pushing young man, who thought himself too good for what had been quite good enough for his fathers before him. Dr. Meynal's laughing explanations on the subject, his talk about his son's scientific studies and analytical researches were wasted upon uncomprehending ears. To country minds a practice was a practice, and the remedies required by St. Hilda were surely just as scientific and particular as those bestowed upon Londoners, and why Wulfric should hold them in such contempt they absolutely failed to understand. But with all

his faults and failings he was a Meynal, and as such he should receive the favour and countenance of the place, if at this juncture he should decide to settle amongst them, and take up the work his father had so suddenly laid down.

And whilst this subject was being eagerly canvassed without, a family conclave was being held within the walls of the red-brick house, upon that identical point—the future conduct of Wulfric. Dr. Meynal had been buried a full fortnight ago. The house had resumed its usual appearance; the keen edge of a deep grief had begun just to wear off; and questions of practical import, and of ways and means had of necessity come to the fore.

Wulfric was expected home very shortly. If he had seen his father's death in the papers any day might bring him, but even if not, the ship he had named as the one by which he meant to return, was due at Liverpool in a few days. He was a bad correspondent, and had kept them little informed as to his movements, but his ways were punctual and methodical, and as he had not written to advise them of any change of plan, he might be confidently expected by the vessel he had named previously.

And whilst he was on his way to his darkened home, unconscious of the loss that had robbed him of a father, his future career was being talked over and mapped out for him by St. Hilda in general and his own family in particular.

"There is only one way possible," said Mrs. Meynal with a languid gentleness that covered a good deal of latent determination and force of character. "Wulfric must settle down and take the practice; there will then be no break up of the home; and everything will be simplified."

Mrs. Meynal leaned back among her cushions with a long drawn sigh and drew her vinaigrette towards her. She was a delicately made fragile-looking woman with indications of what had once been great beauty, until time and ill health had left their traces upon her. Beauty of a kind she still had, a graceful figure, languid and refined manners, a musical voice, and clear, if somewhat sallow complexion. Many people admired Mrs. Meynal very much for her fine eyes and delicately chiselled features, but hers was not the type of face to which advancing years gave an added beauty; for such charm as it possessed was all outward and physical, not the beauty of the soul beneath shining out in that sweetness of expression that bespeaks a nearness to God, which makes so many old faces increase in beauty as the bloom of youth and health depart. She might be a woman to win admiration and liking, but hardly that reverential loving respect that should be the tribute of advancing years. Nor would Mrs. Meynal have wished to be looked upon with any such feelings. She wished still to pass for a young woman, and was often a little vexed to think that her eldest son was actually seven and twenty and looked even more. She had never been fond of Wulfric; but just now she saw a way of making him extremely useful and intended to bring about that result.

It was to her two daughters that she had just made the remark expressive of her determination, and it was received in very different fashion by the sisters. Lovely, lily-like Celia, her mother's daughter in every respect, accepted the verdict as the expression of an inevitable fact about which there could be no manner of doubt; whilst dark-eyed Barbara flushed up hotly and pushed back the short dark curls that clustered boy-fashion about her head, with a gesture common to her in her moods of impatience or vexation.

No two sisters could have presented a greater contrast than did Mrs. Meynal's daughters. Celia, with her limpid blue eyes, golden hair, tea rose complexion, and all the languid graceful elegance of her beautiful mother; Barbara with her gipsy-like face, with its damask bloom and glowing dark eyes, short curly hair and her quick abrupt movements that bespoke an impetuous, impulsive nature. Barbara had been a great pet with the father whom she had passionately loved, but her mother felt with her rather as the hen is supposed to do with the proverbial duckling to rear.

When Mrs. Meynal had made her comment upon the future and Wulfric's share in it, Celia roused herself to add,

"Yes, of course he must take the practice; what a good thing he has taken his degree. It will give people confidence in him and they will like to think that there is still a Dr. Meynal in the place."

But Barbara looked up quickly and said,

"It is easy to say that Wulf *must;* but it remains to be proved if he will. He is his own master, and has his own career before him."

Mrs. Meynal smiled and said nothing; Celia looked at her sister and spoke rather impatiently.

"His career will be at St. Hilda now. He ought to be very glad to get such a good berth for himself and to be helpful to his family at the same time,"

"Glad!" echoed Barbara in an indignant undertone, as if she were not quite sure whether or not she meant to make herself heard. "Glad to have all his cherished prospects crushed just when they seemed opening out before him so brightly! Glad to give up the life of wide interest and the companionship of kindred spirits that has made London so delightful to him, and settle down to the narrow, petty round of duties of a country doctor—to have nothing more exciting to think of than the ailments of St. Hilda! How many times has father told me of his thankfulness that Wulf was not tied down to the daily drudgery of a country practice. 'I was born and brought up to it,' he would say; 'St. Hilda has been my home and all my roots have been struck into her soil; but I have brought Wulf up differently. He has had an education and training perfectly different from mine. What is enjoyment to me would be hopeless drudgery to him. Please God he shall never have to eat out his heart in the little world of St. Hilda.' That is what father used to say."

Mrs. Meynal turned away her head and said nothing. Celia spoke with much reproach in her tone.

"Barbara, how can you? You have no feeling."

"Yes I have," returned the girl in the same low, eager tone; "but I can't bear for Wulf's whole career to be spoilt, and his prospects blighted just that we may live a little more comfortably now. If the house and practice were sold, and I went out as a governess, and Gerald went back to Mr. Dart's office—you know he offered to take him again—I am sure you and mother could live quite comfortably, and Wulf make a name for himself in his own way."

Celia quite roused up to answer such absurd propositions.

"I think you are perfectly crazy on the subject of Wulf. Pray who would have you as a governess, you careless, harum-scarum child? As for Gerald—you know he cannot endure the law. Mr. Dart's office would kill him, it nearly did before."

Barbara smiled disdainfully.

"Wulf is to do what he will detest, as a matter of course; but Gerald would be killed by a little distasteful occupation."

Celia was getting angry, but she restrained herself as she felt that an outbreak of temper would impair the dignity of her position.

"The two cases are not in the least parallel. Wulf is a qualified medical man, and an M.D., and it follows as a natural thing that he should take up the practice at a time like this; but Gerald in a lawyer's office—the thing is too absurd. He must live for his art."

"Gerald's art seems to me to be a pretty device for being idle and amusing himself."

"For shame of yourself, Barbara! Gerald has undoubted genius. Some day when he has made a great name, you will be ashamed, I hope, of the slighting way you speak of him now."

Barbara's lip curled slightly.

"*When!*" she repeated with a scepticism she made no attempt to veil. "Ah, yes, when that day comes I will be very humble; and meantime he is to live in clover and do nothing, whilst Wulf slaves for the whole family, and wastes his talents and eats out his heart in the drudgery father was so determined he should be spared. Well, it will be just like Gerald to acquiesce in such an arrangement. So long as he is comfortable, he cares for nothing else."

Both sisters were growing excited by this time, when Mrs. Meynal stopped the discussion by plaintively complaining that they made her head ache with their chatter. She added that Wulfric—like a sensible man—ought to be very thankful for so good a start in life, and have learned by this time how unlikely it was for him to get anything better. Competition was too keen in these days for young men to indulge in high-flown notions.

Barbara was silenced but not convinced. She gave up the battle, but brooded in silence a good deal over the matter all the rest of that day. She was haunted by a sense of the injustice and selfishness of those about her. She rose next day feeling an unwholesome bitterness at heart. She determined to bridle her tongue if she could; but it seemed as if the subject was to haunt her.

"And so, Bab, you think I ought to go back to my beloved office-stool, and the delightful society of quill-pens and parchment, in order that the great Wulf may set the Thames on fire at his leisure—eh?"

The speaker was a very good-looking fellow of five-and-twenty, who was lounging in an indolent attitude upon one of the many cushioned couches of Mrs. Meynal's drawing-room, and turning the leaves of an illustrated magazine with an air of critical discrimination. Celia was engaged in some delicate bit of fancy work, and the pair had evidently been exchanging confidences, for as Barbara chanced to enter before starting for a walk in the clear spring sunshine, this was the greeting she received from her brother Gerald.

She flushed a little but answered boldly, "If I were a man I should not like to be dependent upon my brother when I had an opening for gaining my own livelihood."

Gerald laughed good temperedly enough.

"Babies and girls are always very grand on that theme. So you thought of turning governess yourself, eh, Bab? My dear child, you don't seem in the least to realise the fact that if we are somewhat indebted to Wulfric for his ability to take the practice, he is quite as much in debt to us for giving it to him."

Barbara evidently did not realise it in the least and looked so very much astonished that Gerald laughed again.

"Don't you know, my child, that Wulf's modest patrimony has been entirely exhausted in his very expensive education, his allowance all these years, and the travels he has taken? He has cost double and treble what all the rest of us put together have done; and that being the case, and he being in a position to make his own way, father left him nothing but his library and instruments, whilst house, practice, money, all come to us and to mother."

"Well?" asked Barbara, as Gerald paused.

"Well, can't you see even yet? Wulf, with no practice, and no money to buy one, and only his talents and the uncertain patronage of friends to depend on, would be in a very poor way; but we offer him a comfortable home and a lucrative practice, only burdened by the conditions that the home is kept up for the benefit of all. Business is business, you know, even in families, and if Wulf is not a very obliged person he is a greater fool than I take him for."

Barbara was so astonished at this utterly new way of stating the case that she was some time in answering.

"If the obligation is all on Wulf's side," she said by-and-by, slowly and reflectively—"I don't believe it is so really—but if it is, I think you will find that he will prefer poverty, and hard work, and London. He will not be poor long. I don't believe he will be poor at all. He could get a hospital appointment, I am certain, at any time. He always likes hospital work. If he isn't urgently wanted here to keep a home over our heads, I am certain he will stay in London."

Gerald flushed a little, but only said carelessly: "That is a point that Wulf must settle for himself. I did not say the obligation was all on one side; I said it was mutual. As a man of common sense, he will see the only rational

course open to him. Wulf is a good fellow enough, Barbara, but he is not a hero of romance. He knows quite well which side his bread is buttered, and how to take care of himself. A certain practice and large income are not to be despised."

"Especially when the income is not to be his own."

Gerald smiled gently.

"Wulf will be able to look after his own interests, most fiery of Babs. Don't you be afraid for him. I only wish I had such a chance."

Barbara laughed a laugh that was less good tempered than Gerald's had been.

"You, indeed! As if you would ever avail yourself of any chance that involved hard work! You will be dependent on Wulf to the end of the chapter—you will never make a penny by your precious art."

"Barbara, for shame!" cried Celia; but Gerald only smiled in his tranquil fashion.

"Let her talk—it amuses her, and does me no harm. For the rest, my dear child, Wulf is very well able to look after his own interests. When he is tired of my society, he can pay me off, and turn me out. He is quite capable of it."

"You know he is no such thing," flashed out Barbara, hotly. "You know he is generosity itself, and you presume upon what you pretend to despise. You always sneer at Wulf—call him a diamond in the rough——"

"So he is, my dear child," interposed Gerald, calmly, "very much in the rough indeed."

Barbara caught her breath with a sort of angry gasp, and proceeded hotly—

"Yes, that is always the way you talk—as if you were a superior being, and Wulf the dust beneath your feet. You jeer at him, and hold him up to ridicule all the time you are planning to live luxuriously upon the proceeds of his talents. I scorn such meanness and such ungenerous subterfuges. You make me scorn you too."

And Barbara, as if afraid to stay longer in the room, flung herself out as unexpectedly as she had entered.

"Whew!" whistled Gerald, "what a storm in a tea-cup, to be sure. The superfluous energy of our little sister is quite fatiguing to witness;" and then he strolled to the piano, and began singing softly to himself, as if nothing in the world could ruffle his placid spirits.

Barbara meantime pursued her way, hot indignation flushing her cheek and lighting her eye, until rapid exercise began to relieve the pressure of her mind, and she relaxed her speed by degrees, feeling a little ashamed of her outburst of passion, though in no wise shaken in her own opinions of the case at issue.

"I wish I could conquer my hasty temper," she said to herself, with a little sigh. "Father spoke to me about it as he lay dying, and I promised him I would. I felt then as if I never could be angry again, and now, in less than a month, I feel just as passionate and angry as ever. I wonder what it is makes me so hasty. I sometimes feel like an Ishmaelite amongst them all, and I am afraid they feel the same about me themselves. I wonder whose fault it is. Mine, I suppose. Yet Gerald and Celia are very, very provoking, and so selfish. I do hate selfishness."

And then the girl stopped short, and some words her father had spoken to her not many hours before his death recurred to her memory.

"And you, my dear child, will struggle, I know, against your besetting sins—hasty tempers, and unkind judgment of others."

Had she been doing so to-day?

THE INNER LIFE OF LORD SHAFTESBURY.

PART I.

IT would have been an irreparable loss to literature had Lord Shaftesbury carried out his fixed intention of destroying his journals and private papers, but the loss to the Christian Church would have been still greater, as, without them, the true story of his inner life could never have been known—the life of one of the most honoured men of the century; a man who ever sought God in all that he undertook, however small, and throughout a long life of intense labour in the defence of the poor, the helpless and the oppressed, never hesitated in the belief that he was "directly called of God" to his mission, and persistently, from youth to age, set "the great end of Christ" always before him.

In the preparation of "The Life and Work of the Earl of Shaftesbury," the author, Mr. Edwin Hodder, had the inestimable advantage of many months of personal intercourse with the good Earl, and from his lips heard many of the incidents related in the three large volumes comprising his Biography.[1] But the charm of the work is in the extracts from the diaries, in which every phase of thought and feeling, every movement of the times, every subject uppermost in men's minds throughout a period of sixty years, extending from 1825 to 1885 is noted by Lord Shaftesbury in chaste and beautiful language, and with the vigour of a man intensely in earnest.

We propose in these papers to follow the course of the narrative, as it gives us glimpses into the

[1] The Life and Work of the Seventh Earl of Shaftesbury, 3 vols. By Edwin Hodder. (Cassell.)

soul of the man whose labours have done more than those of any other to alter the condition of the working classes, the poor and the friendless, and to bring about the great social reforms which have marked the history of the past half century.

The simple story of the consecration of his life to God, while yet in early childhood, is full of important lessons. His father was a cold, stern and hard man, engrossed in public duties, and caring little or nothing for the well-being of his children; his mother was a thoughtless woman of the world, given up to fashion and gaiety, who saw but little of her children, and never sought in any way to influence them for good. The tone, the conversation, the amusements, the opinions, the spirit of the home, were all opposed to the early bent of the boy's mind, which from the days of infancy was in the direction of the career he ultimately made for himself.

But "God did not leave Himself without witness." There was in the household a faithful old servant, one Maria Millis, who had been maid to young Ashley's mother when she was a girl at Blenheim in the home of her father the third Duke of Marlborough. This old nurse took a tender interest in the gentle, serious, and neglected child committed to her care; she read to him the sweet story of old, and taught him the first prayer he ever learnt, the music of which made melody in his heart even in old age. Into her ear he poured all his childish troubles, hopes, fears, and aspirations, and from her lips he received the only words of kindness, comfort, and Christian counsel he ever heard in those days. Although not seven years of age there was a distinct yearning after God, and to his old nurse, Maria Millis, he was indebted "for the guidance and the training under which the longing of his heart was ultimately developed into a settled and intelligent faith."

The early days of young Ashley's life were utterly miserable. At the age of seven he was sent to the Manor House School, at Chiswick, about the worst place in the world to which a nervous sensitive child could be sent. He lived in a state of constant terror from the cruelty of the elder boys, and suffered exquisite misery for years through the neglect and inhumanity of the principal of the school in failing to provide, sufficiently, even the necessaries of life. Seventy-five years afterwards he visited the place, and he said, "The memory of it makes me shudder; it is repulsive to me, even now. I think there never was such a wicked school before or since. The place was bad, wicked, filthy, and the treatment was starvation and cruelty."

It was while he was at this Dotheboys Hall that his first great and bitter grief came to him. His old friend Maria Millis, "the only grown-up person in the world he really loved—the only one to whom he had dared to speak of the misery of his school-life—the only one with whom any bright and beautiful ideas were associated"—was called to her rest. Very grievously the boy mourned for her, and then, "without a soul on earth to whom he could go for comfort, he turned with a child's simple faith to the Old Book that she had loved, and spread his sorrows before the heavenly Friend whom she had taught him to regard as full of pity and tenderness."

At the age of twelve, young Ashley was removed from the Manor House School, and happier days began to dawn upon him at Harrow, where he was placed under the care, and in the house of Dr. Butler, the Head Master. Silently, slowly, but surely, the divine life had meanwhile been growing in the midst of what would have seemed the most adverse circumstances, and without any of those influences which are generally considered all important to nurture it.

When he had been at Harrow about two years, an incident occurred which arrested his floating impressions of good, and concentrated them into a fixed and steadfast purpose. He was one day walking alone down Harrow Hill when he was startled by hearing a great shouting and yelling in a side street, and the singing of a low Bacchanalian song. Presently the noisy party turned the corner of the street, and, to his horror, he saw that four or five drunken men were carrying a roughly made coffin, containing the mortal remains of one of their fellows for burial. Staggering as they turned the corner, they let their burden fall, and then they broke out into foul and horrible language. It was a sickening spectacle. No solitary soul was there as mourner. A fellow-creature was about to be consigned to the tomb with indignities to which not even a dog should be subjected. Young Ashley was horrified, and stood gazing on the scene spell-bound. Then he exclaimed, "Good heavens! Can this be permitted, simply because the man was poor and friendless?"

Before the sound of the drunken songs had died away in the distance he had faced the future of his life, and he had determined that, with the help of God, he would from that time forth devote his life to pleading the cause of the poor and helpless.

Seventy years afterwards when reviewing his career, he wrote, "God called me to the work, and gave me the strength to do it. And I can see now the very spot, and I could almost tell the hour of the day at which the thought first entered into my mind, when a boy of thirteen or fourteen years of age, at Harrow School."

It was not for some years that the thought that then "first entered his mind" was put into effect. Meanwhile, he was still in the midst of the old "high and dry" school of orthodoxy. He had learned to regard it as a "meritorious thing to hate Dissenters"; he had been taught to look upon the Bible Society as "an evil and a revolutionary institution, opposed alike to Church and State," and there had not come to him that "call of God" which should inspire him to active practical service.

After leaving Harrow, he spent two years under the care of a clergyman in Derbyshire, who neither taught him anything, nor was required to do so. They were idle years in one sense, and yet not really idle, for "he was laying in a store of knowledge, on which he could hereafter draw; he was drinking in influences which were to mould and discipline his future; and his character was forming, not by violent and

abnormal means, but by the gradual, steady development which culminates in true and abiding strength."

At eighteen he went to Oxford, where he greatly distinguished himself by bringing out that energy and perseverance which were ever afterwards among his leading characteristics. Three years later he took a first class in classics, and in 1826, at the age of twenty-five, he entered Parliament.

Throughout these years he never forsook his habits of prayer, and of diligent study of the Word of God; and in a journal he notes his thoughts and hopes, his plans and aspirations. He has "visions without end"; now fancying himself "in wealth and power, exerting his influence for the increase of religion and true happiness;" now with "a great mind to found a policy on the Bible; in public life observing the strictest justice, and not only cold justice, but active benevolence." On his twenty-fifth birthday, he wrote: "I will entreat God to raise up for Old Britain young and aged saints and sinners, high and low, rich and poor, who may act as well for her interests as I always fancied I wished to do."

There were numerous temptations surrounding Lord Ashley in the early years of his parliamentary life. He had all the advantages of a singularly attractive person, a well-stored mind, a high social position, a fascinating manner, and troops of friends. The great Duke of Wellington sought his company, and loved to have him at Strathfieldsaye. Lord Brougham was loud in his praises; Southey was his constant correspondent; leaders of men in all the higher walks of life were among his friends and companions, and all society threw open its doors to him. Amid them all, the young member of Parliament calmly pursued his way, travelling on towards the light. What his ideas of duty in the public life he had chosen for himself were, may be gathered from his opinion of what a Prime Minister should be. "I have decided in my own heart," he wrote in his Journal, "that no one should be Prime Minister of this great country unless deeply imbued with religion; a spirit which will reflect and weigh all propositions, examine each duty, and decide upon the highest; be content to do good in secret, and hold display as a bauble compared with the true interests of God and the kingdom; have energy to withstand political jobbing, and refuse what is holy as a sacrifice to faction. He must calculate advantages to arise in a century, and not shows to glitter at the moment; he must appoint that which is best, and not that which is most capable of appearing so. He must leaven every deed with the feeling of religion. All things must be done to edifying, and if he do not call in Scripture and holy aid to assist him in the discharge of each office, be it important, or be it trifling, he must do it in that frame of mind and heart which is caused by long and genuine delight in the lessons derived from the truths of wisdom and Christianity."

When the time came for him to steadily face the future of his own parliamentary career, and decide on a line of action (for a year passed before he had made his first speech in the House), he wrote: "I must make an essay; not merely for party's sake and earthly power and place, but for the resuscitation of honour and British principle, with their handmaids, dignity and virtue: and if I fall I shall fall in no ignoble cause; but may I, as I have ever endeavoured to do, begin in God, and, having throughout desired nothing but His glory and the consummation of His word, conclude in the same to the advancement of religion and the increase of human happiness."

In 1828 the Duke of Wellington was called upon to form an administration, and he at once wrote to Lord Ashley offering him an appointment in the Government as Commissioner of the India Board of Control. The spirit in which he entered upon his new duties is thus shown:—"God protect me and encourage me in a career of honour and right-mindedness, and may He give me also discretion and calmness to reflect, and now that office can no longer be avoided, I pray the Heavenly Father to give me the will to discharge my duty, and the strength to perform it; to found all in His glory, and, by seeking the welfare of mankind, to render my public and my private thoughts a means of furthering the love of His religion."

From that time forth, everything he undertook was entered upon in the same devout and earnest religious spirit. He was determined that his conduct should be based upon Christian principles, and that everything should be done in a Christian character to a Christian end. It was thus he exercised the trust confided to him as a member of the Government, in relation to India; it was thus he entered upon the great question of the lunacy laws—the subject of his first important speech in the House of Commons, and on which he was one of the chief authorities to the end of his life. Before that first speech was delivered he says "I prayed most earnestly, as I ever do, for aid and courage;" and when the ordeal was over, though the "cheers and compliments were abundant," he "hastened home to throw himself upon his knees in gratitude."

As the flower opens to the sun, so, without any great revulsion, the germs of spiritual life that had been seen in the little child of seven, grew and spread until the whole life was full of fruit. For him to live was Christ, and the little unconscious touches in his diaries reveal how completely his heart was set on heavenly things. Into those diaries he was in the habit of throwing every passing thought and feeling—in them he is thinking aloud, talking to himself, dreaming, as it were, and yet recording all that he thought and said and dreamed. Through them all, there is breathed the very spirit of the Christian life. For example, when "he longs to quit the hot and dusty town" (London), it is that he "may roam in the valleys and plains to meditate on things immortal." At Brighton he walks on the cliffs and has an opportunity of what he loves, "a silent prayer in solitude and contemplation." He gives money secretly "to rescue a tempted girl"; he contributes to a fund to perpetuate the memory of Bishop Heber whom "no man ever equalled,"

and gives a hundred pounds to King's College "to raise an embankment against the overflow of irreligion;" he urges by precept and example the "quiet observance of the Sabbath;" he assists in giving freer circulation to religious literature, and expostulates against science taking the place of Revelation. In these things, and in many more, he shows the bent of his thoughts and feelings, and foreshadows his future labours.

The study of the Bible was daily his delight. While staying at the Royal Lodge, the guest of the King (William IV.), he writes:—"I do believe that if the mind be indelibly stamped with the precepts and wisdom of the Bible, it will acquire a force of analysis and judgment to extract from the labour of a day more than the scorner or neglectful could attain by the watchings of a century. I have had my solitary walk, and a short period of holy meditation. I prayed with all the fervour I could command, but all prayer is infinitely cold to express what is felt, or rather what one wishes to feel."

The unwritten word of God he studied with great diligence. One of his great pleasures was to spend his evenings with Sir James South, the astronomer, in observation of the heavens. "I may be a wicked man," he writes, musing with himself in his diary, "and one regarded by God as 'deceitful upon the weights,' but still there is within me a spirit of love and adoration which bursts forth at the sight of any of nature's glories. My soul is so filled that it cannot find vent but in aspirations towards a higher Being. Unless the mind be turned to contemplate some vast, indivisible, everlasting, omnipotent Superior, it wanders restless, unsatisfied and ignorant through the immensity of imagination, and, having begun in conceit, ends in satiety or despair. But, as for myself, my heart is so touched when I view the sweet magnificence of the Creator, that I could fall to weeping in tears of gratitude and joy. O, Great Parent, keep me ever in this frame of thought and feeling! I fear the advance of age with its coldness, its obstructions, its worldly pursuits, its hard and worldly common sense."

In 1830, Lord Ashley was married to Emily, daughter of the fifth Earl Cowper, "a wife as good, as true and as deeply beloved as God ever gave to man;" a wife, who, three years later, when the Factory Question came before Lord Ashley, and he had to decide whether he would give up ease, influence, promotion, to associate himself with the most unpopular question of the day, and to become the victim of a virulent opposition from all parties, said, "It is your duty, and consequences we must leave. Go forward, and to victory!"

Into the history of Factory Legislation, and the great struggle in which Lord Ashley was engaged for so many years, we shall not enter here. It will be enough to say that he acted up to the principles he had set before himself at the outset of his career—the glory of God and the welfare of man.

THE ART OF GIVING.

"THE poor are always with us," and yet there are certain seasons, such as the festival of Christmas and the celebration of the New Year, when the heart, in realising the Divine Fatherhood, is specially drawn to the recognition of the brotherhood of man. If Christmas good-will and New Year's greetings have their tragi-comic side, in the contrast which they present to much that goes on through the year, they are not therefore to be despised. At least, they set a standard which is not to be rejected because it is not uniformly maintained. It is something accomplished when we get poor dirty bodies to wash, and don clean garments, even for one day. They will possibly do so again, and then again; they will probably be never more so satisfied and sunk in dirt and squalor. May it not be the same with souls? It is something to have felt one gentler feeling, thought one kinder thought, or refrained for one day from selfish habits.

It is very well that the season of secular reckonings-up and new beginnings follows so hard upon the time of sacred devotion and aspiration. The heart is prepared to move the hand where the head is ready to direct it. In all ages, the Church of God has taught that the spirit of love must make itself manifest in practical mercy and almsgiving. And at the beginning of another year, when we know what we have, and what we can spare, when we take opportunity for considering our ways, it is then most natural for us to reflect on the best purposes to which we can direct our surplus, and on the bearing which our actions and habits have for good or evil.

It is never well to scoff at old customs, though it is sometimes wise to cease from them. A thing may have been good in its time, though its time may now be gone by; and surely we do not have to search far to find out how much good there was in the old system of bounties and doles, and even in the quaint parochial bequests, whose singular conditions must sometimes provoke a smile. Six old women picking up six fourpenny pieces from a worn-out tombstone is not an edifying spectacle to-day, nor are the twelve charity boys receiving sixpence each "after reciting the Creed and the Lord's Prayer," likely to be increased in devoutness by their performance. But these are survivals from a day when thought and feeling and effort flowed in far different channels, and at least they bear testimony to a touching longing for human remembrance, and an honest endeavour

THE SQUIRE'S DOLE.

to store the youthful mind with what is best worthy its consideration. Let us preserve the spirit though we change the forms, and even in changing the forms themselves, let us remember that a wise writer of to-day has said that if an angel took up teaching in one of our public schools, he would certainly begin first to inculcate reverence and good manners!

There are other old forms, less rigid, which will change of themselves, so far as they should be changed, if their ancient spirit really remain. Such are the bounties and observances of the festive seasons, which every "householder" should feel to be his proud prerogative, according to his degree and his power. Pounds of tea and yards of flannel, red cloaks and sacks of coal, were very real blessings and benefits, as dispensed from castle and hall and farm "in olden times," when village shops were scarce and lowly, and village commerce was chiefly carried on in "kind," often not within the compass of poor old good wives or struggling widows. It is not so to-day in the same sense or degree. And yet "the poor are always with us," and the command "to do good and to distribute" surely holds as strongly as ever.

Now the good old spirit was that of helping others to get what was good for them, and which they could scarcely get without help. We have to consider how this can work to-day. For, as Bishop Taylor says, "The particulars of mercy or alms cannot be narrower than men's needs are," and even in his time "the old method of alms is too narrow to comprise them all." We will not, just now, go down into the deep social problems, about helping people to get work so that they may provide for themselves, which prove emigration societies and labour organisations to be a form of charity as much higher than eleemosynary aid, as God's goodness in teaching men how to make shoes and bread is greater than His kindness in providing sheep with wool and grass! We will, to-day, leave aside those who can direct and lead these great projects, as being the legitimate successors of the famous knights and pioneers of the past, whom most of us must be content to admire at a distance. But while they are doing their work, we want to know how we can tread in the steps of the ancient "loaf-givers," how we can still keep ourselves in true, warm touch with those who are poorer, or weaker, or more ignorant than ourselves, even when we are forbidden, in their own real interests, from subsidising them with the mere necessaries of existence.

Why should we not give gifts of pleasant useful things which without our help would not be enjoyed? We hear that the lower classes in England do not care for art,—why should we not try to make them care? Remember, all tastes need cultivation, and we must not be disheartened, if our endeavours in this direction are at first met by blunders not unlike that of a poor old woman of old times, who, getting her first gift of tea, and hearing that it should be boiled, put it in the pot and then ate the leaves, telling the giver afterwards that it was "nice enough" but "she could not say she liked it better than cabbage." Let us remember that "in giving should discretion be," and instead of aiming at once at Botticellis and Blakes, let us begin with good photographs or engravings from Nicoll and Faed, or Israels and Millet: subjects which workers can understand and appreciate, and which show the dignity and beauty possible in their own sphere. Or, on a humbler scale, there might be photographs of the scene of the squire's last trip to Norway or Italy—making distant scenes real and proving kindly remembrance. The dozen recipients of such gifts might be all invited to meet, when they would see each other's treasures, and might receive a little friendly elucidation of their merits.

The same could be done in literature. Good books could be sought out, of a higher and different calibre from the red and blue bound volumes which generally find their way into humble homes as school prizes. The clergyman of the parish might excite interest in such books by judicious quotations or remarks in his week day lectures or Sunday sermons. It is very sad to think how the great wealth of English literature lies unknown to the great bulk of her labouring classes,—and how they follow wrong leaders and are led captive by crude oratory and arguments, because they do not know that "Shakespeare was of them; Milton was for them."

Here again, "discretion" must be used: the mental standard or "turn of thought" of a class or a neighbourhood must be first gauged and met, and then idiosyncrasies may be studied. A strong and well-considered effort in this direction is surely needed in these days, when reading and writing, those tools of the mind, are made the property of every one, and, unless some guidance in their use be added, are likely to be employed rather in waste and destruction than in cultivation and building up. Working people would often feel a great deal more interest in great books, if they could first know a little of the writers' real lives; and how many of them have felt their own needs and struggles, and even shared in their employments. Why should not every farmer's boy in Great Britain know about Bloomfield and the Bethunes, and every labourer, of Hugh Miller, and every journeyman baker, of Reboul, the French poet, and Dick of Thurso? Let each see what his own class can do, and has done, and then in time he will feel that "Labour compels" may be as lofty a standard as "Noblesse oblige."

Think of the beauty, too, that timely gifts could introduce into cottage homes—soundness of fabric, and truth of pattern and colour not yet too commonly found in village shops—and not likely to be found there, till gifts create a demand for them. Think of a substantial Turkey red covering for the old "settle" chair in place of gaudy chintz; of honest cocoa-matting in lieu of flaring drugget, of hand-knit counterpanes, or home-made screens. It seems to us that the young "chatelaines" would be often doing better charitable work in making things like these to be bestowed, warm with kind thoughts and words, on humble neighbours, or old servants, than they are, when stitching the richest crewel work or the daintiest macrame to be sold below cost price at some flaring fancy bazaar.

Only we would warn anybody who thinks to give heed to these hints, that their right carrying out will involve real care and pains and expenditure of time or money, or both. We have seen some efforts on these lines which have been worse than nugatory, resulting in the dissemination of cheap oleographs of over-dressed children, and simpering "beauties," of worthless story-books and insipid compilations, of cardboard "decorative plates," and bottles of evil-savoured "scent." Let the realism of that last item prove us realistic. We speak only of what we have actually smelt! We cannot forget the occasion. It was in an old schoolhouse, in a wild, outlying country district. The low, brown room was filled with healthy peasant children, over whose heads, peered older faces, many grand with life's deepest experiences, while through the wide windows, we looked out on the afternoon sun sinking behind the bare blue hills. And the chatelaine, shopping in the cheaper districts of some capital city, had bought her trumpery gifts by the pound, whether of weight or of cash—and had sent them down to this place and to these people! O, I think the squires of olden time did not give shoddy flannel nor adulterated tea. I think there was no flannel so warm as theirs, and no tea so good! When we flatter ourselves that we are going on to better things, let us take this leaf out of their old book; let us be heedful that our gifts are as sincere and as sound as theirs.

Again there is a class which needs help as sorely as ever, though it is sometimes apt to be overlooked and pushed aside in the march of modern ideas. This is the class of beaten men and women—of the old, the weakly, the utterly worn out, to whom bracing "help to help themselves" often means no help at all. Their day is over; their life's journey is drawing to a close; the most that kindness can do is to light a candle for them in the gathering twilight, or to remove a stone that threatens to trip their stumbling steps. For these people, the very consciousness of such a protecting, providing supervision, as others are likely to resent, is in itself the greatest benefit and blessing. To be summoned to the Hall, or the Great Farm, to sit awhile in the comfortable dining-room, and be asked a few kindly questions, does them quite as much good as the little gift they carry away with them. Who does not know the grim story of the poor childish old crone, led out to be burned as a witch, who, rubbing her hands, and looking round with a smile, said: "Eh! it's long since I saw sic a bonny fire, and sic a pleasant company!" What a picture of dumb chill and desolation is here suggested, and yet it does not much exaggerate the tenor of many a poor "old body's" life.

Why should not the squire, or the rich farmer, or, for that matter, the great manufacturer, or the big shopkeeper, having made up his mind how much he can spare to cheer these old folks, send for as many of them as his means will reach, and try to find out on what they have set their hearts, or where the shoe pinches sorest? He will find, probably, that in the fulfilment of some little wish or the removal of some pressing need, he will give them an unlooked for and exquisite pleasure at a lower cost than he would have expended to satisfy his own sense of fitness and generosity. (There is no reason why he should not give "what is over," or extend his economised largesse to another old lady). The writer has heard a hard-working old fishwife say, as she looked at a dilapidated "family" chest of drawers: "If I could see that done up, real nice, I'd die happy!" One pensioner would be made prosperous by the gift of a few fowls; another by payment for a little help in her garden, for whose heavier labours she has grown unfit. A third wants a pair of spectacles of rather a costly make; a fourth would like a bed rest for an invalid daughter, and so on, till, perhaps, one worthy woman whose hard-working life has secured some provision for her still industrious age, thankfully accepts a "school fee" for the benefit of some orphaned child with whom she cheerfully shares her cup of milk and her loaf of bread, and binds that apple-cheeked urchin to industry and well-doing, by reminders of his benefactor's interest in him, and certain disappointment or pleasure, in his disgrace or progress. And influence such as this, is surely the true glory of all "giving," for as St. Chrysostom says, "To know the art of alms, is greater than to be crowned with the diadem of kings; and yet to convert one soul is greater than to pour out ten thousand talents into the baskets of the poor."

And above all, let us never forget that "it is more blessed to give than to receive." Our gratitude to God who enables us to bestow, should far exceed anything we expect from those who take from us. Yet let them on their side, remember that by their thankful reception and right use of our gifts and good offices, they are giving us the greatest of all gifts. For it has been pertinently asked "If it is more blessed to give than to receive, then are not those who receive the greatest givers after all, because they give up the best part of the blessing?"

ISABELLA FYVIE MAYO.

The Door.

"I am the door; by Me if any man enter in he shall be saved, and shall go in and shall go out and find pasture."

BE Thou to me the Door of every day—
Lord of my life—which I, with footstep due
And head bowed low in reverence, may pass through,
Feeling Thy early breath around me play;
And as I pass, Thy hand upon me lay,
Which like the lintel bears a sanguine hue,
And bid me, trusting in Thy grace, pursue
The destined windings of my unknown way.
Thus meeting each new morrow I shall find,
Amid the rocks which round my path are strewn,
Some green retreat secure from sun and wind—
Where I may rest and ruminate at noon
Or peaceful eve, and bless the guidance kind
Which with the burden sends the healing boon.

RICHARD WILTON.

WONDROUS WORKS.

"Verily, verily, I say unto you, He that believeth on Me, the works that I do shall he do also; and greater (works) than these shall he do; because I go unto the Father."—*John* xiv. 12.

THIS promise would be sufficiently wonderful if given only to the Twelve, as a pledge of supernatural grace and apostolic power. But when Christ speaks thus, as the words evidently imply, to all who believe, and rests the fulfilment of the promise on the sole condition of their faith, the magnificence and mystery of the assurance become almost overwhelming. "Greater works" than the works of the Son of God! Is the disciple then to be beyond his Master, and are the achievements of the finite and the sinful to surpass the deeds of the Incarnate God?

The explanation, however, is simple. The "works" are still the works of Christ Himself, accomplished through His servants on earth. When He adds as the ground of the promise: "because I go unto the Father," He does not mean as some superficial expositors have read the words: "You must henceforth carry on the work in My absence:" but He means that His presence with the Father would imply His presence with His people also, to fill them with His own Spirit and arm them with His own might. "I go away," was but half the truth. In a sense most deep and true, He came again to His bereaved disciples; and their lives and works were henceforth all His own. "Those things which Christ wrought through me" is an apostolic phrase: and in this lies all the secret. His presence was real though invisible; and never, in Bethany or Jerusalem, or on the mount of Beatitudes, or by the still waters of Gennesaret, was He so near to His disciples, as He was when He had ascended to His Father's throne. Their enemies "marvelled at their boldness, and took knowledge of them that they had been with Jesus." Yes: it was that, and something more. They were "with Jesus" still—with Him who lived, and spoke, and acted in them, with a power more mighty and beneficent than miracle.

It was plainly the purpose of Christ to raise the thoughts of His followers from the "signs and wonders" which accompanied His earthly ministry to that yet diviner working which should through all time attend the preaching of the Gospel and the testimony of His Church.

"I go unto the Father." On earth His presence and work were necessarily restricted by limitations of time and place. He was in Galilee, or in Jerusalem, or beside the well of Samaria, or in the home at Bethany. Often those whom He visited sought to detain Him, but He must depart. "Let us go into the next towns, that I may preach there also, for therefore came I forth." Nor only so, but he belonged to one people; to the vast world without He was unknown. "I am not sent but unto the lost sheep of the house of Israel." Wonderful were His miracles; but they too were localised, restricted. We gaze in reverence and affection upon His form, as in divine compassion He stands before imploring mothers, and gives back their darlings in life and health to their embrace; but we think of other wistful mothers, who may have waited, vainly longing that the Healer would come that way. How many a funeral passed through other city gates than those of Nain! How many sisters besides Martha and Mary sadly mourned their dead! To end all such restrictions, to manifest His presence always, everywhere, to all, was the purpose of the Ascension. And the forms of beneficent activity, partially displayed on earth, reappear in yet more wondrous works of love. For every miracle, in what it wrought and in what it left undone, was a type of something greater than itself, of a larger, holier, mightier ministry.

The physical is ever a type of the spiritual. Miracles were intended for a threefold purpose; to arouse, to attest, and to symbolise. The two former functions we recognise and earnestly maintain. There is in our day a tendency to undervalue these mighty deeds, as though, instead of confirming the great message, they themselves needed confirmation. Such disparagement is contrary to the reason of the case, as well as to the plain teaching of the Gospels. It was fitting that a new revelation should be heralded by signs and wonders, if only to arouse the attention of mankind. In miracle, to use the bold comparison of John Foster, the great bell of the universe was solemnly rung, that men might give heed to the sermon that was to follow. And with this there was attestation also. The miracles were a manifest token of beneficent Omnipotence, and therefore of the Divine. "If I do not the works of the Father," said the Saviour, "believe Me not." All this we maintain, while still we repeat that the physical, in this case as in others, was for the sake of the spiritual; and miracles both prepared the way, and helped to unveil the meaning, of that which was greater than themselves.

We add another thought, which throws light on many things in our Lord's ministry, as well as on the progress of revelation in the New Testament. While His earthly life continued, the glad tidings of His love could not be fully told. He came not simply to declare a truth, but to accomplish redemption: and until this had been accomplished, the truth could only be partially declared. "Behold," He says, "I do miracles, and work cures, to-day and to-morrow, and the third day I shall be perfected." "I have a baptism to be baptized with, and how am I straitened until it be accomplished!"—*straitened*, fettered, repressed; as by some stern present necessity, keeping back the pent-up flood of love! We wonder sometimes that there is so much more on the way of acceptance with God, and the doctrines that accompany salvation, in the Epistles than in the Four Gospels, as though Christ's disciples had more to tell of the glad news

of eternal life than had Christ Himself! Through these days of His earthly ministry His hour had not yet come. He calls the weary and heavy laden to seek their rest in Him, but as yet they cannot understand how He has assumed their burden: He says to the heartbroken penitent: "Thy faith hath saved thee, go in peace," but as she weeps and trusts, she cannot know the greatness of that salvation and the warrant for that perfect peace. He depicts the Shepherd going forth into the wilderness in quest of the wanderer from the flock; but it is impossible yet to describe the pangs which the Shepherd must endure, and to beseech the erring, by all the love and sorrow of the Cross, to turn to God. "My spirit breaketh with longing," He may well have said. And meanwhile, we discern in His miracles the glimpses and foreshadowings of His redeeming work. These miracles, as continued by His Apostles for a time, still served the old purpose of arousing attention and confirming faith; but their great meaning as symbols of spiritual power gradually became less important as that power was more directly manifested. So they passed away—the vibrations of that "great bell of the universe" became fainter and fainter—then died into silence, that the air might be filled only with the music of salvation.

And still in the greater works wrought by the Gospel there is the answering reality to those deeds of wonder. To-day, as of old, the sinner loathsome in his guilt, comes to Jesus with the appeal, "Lord, if Thou wilt, Thou canst make me clean," and the Redeemer's answer is still as ready and as gracious as to the leper of Galilee, "I will; be thou clean." And on the ears which sin had deafened, He pours the music of heavenly love; and the lips which sin had sealed in almost hopeless silence He loosens to utter a celestial song. To the weary and hungry in life's wilderness, He imparts in rich profusion the bread of everlasting life. To Him the mother brings her child, and cries, like her of Syrophenicia, "Lord, help me," not in vain to Him who still imparts with a richer sweetness "the children's bread." And blind Bartimæus still sits by the wayside as "Jesus of Nazareth passeth by." Still, out of ignorance and spiritual night, he utters the appeal, "Jesus, have mercy upon me!" Still do the ready messengers of the Saviour's love say to the suppliant "Rise and come, He calleth thee,"; and still does the newly-enlightened spirit hear with bounding ecstasy the words "Thy faith hath saved thee!" Or if, to complete the parallel, we may pass to yet sublimer wonders, we may behold the Christ in the omnipotence of love, beside the grave of spiritual death, and may hear Him say to the sleeper there, as to Lazarus in his corruption, "Come forth." These are the wonders of the Gospel—the works greater than miracles, which His ministers and witnesses accomplish amongst men, "because He has gone unto the Father."

And these are the credentials of His Church. Once in the Saviour's earthly life there came to Him the messengers of one whose faith perhaps had faltered, with the anxious question: "Art Thou He that should come, or look we for another?" The answer of Jesus was an appeal to the works that He had wrought. "Go and tell John the things which ye do hear and see; the blind receive their sight, and the lame walk, the lepers are cleansed, and the deaf hear, and the dead are raised up, and the poor have good tidings preached to them." That question of the Baptist is still the appeal of a longing world: Art Thou He that should come?—the Saviour who can remove the guilt, the Healer who can assuage the sorrow, the Friend who can bind up the broken heart? Sometimes the question is asked in cold scepticism, sometimes in despairing anxiety, sometimes with awakening hope. But in whatever tone it may be presented, it is the mission of the Church to reply, "It is He: and we are His witnesses." How, then, shall this assurance be made strong, beyond all possibility of cavil? It is good to construct elaborate arguments on this high theme, to write our books of evidences, to confute, as we can, triumphantly, the allegations of unbelief. But has not the Master taught us a still more excellent way? Let us tell what things *we* "have seen and heard." The true demonstration of the Gospel is, as of old, the enlightening of the blind, the raising of the dead, the proclamation of glad tidings to the poor. Dr. Watts has a homely verse which sums up many arguments:

> Learning and wit may cease their strife
> When miracles with glory shine:
> The voice that calls the dead to life
> Must be Almighty and Divine.

The years, as they quickly pass, witness new forms of opposition to the truth, and the defenders of the faith are often anxious how best to meet the forces of unbelief. Let them, amid all their wise endeavours, be assured of this: that the most effective way will be to set forth Christ Jesus in His power and love. What has He wrought for the world? What has He wrought for ourselves?

> "He is His own best evidence,
> His witness is within.
> No fable old, nor mythic lore,
> Nor dream of bards and seers,
> No dead fact, stranded on the shore
> Of the oblivious years:—
> But warm, sweet, tender, even yet
> A present help is He;
> And faith has still its Olivet,
> And love its Galilee.
>
> The healing of His seamless dress
> Is by our beds of pain;
> We touch Him in life's throng and press,
> And we are whole again.
> O Love! O Life! our faith and sight
> Thy presence maketh one;
> As through transfigured clouds of white
> We trace the noonday sun.
>
> So to our mortal eyes subdued,
> Flesh-veiled, but not concealed,
> We know in Thee the fatherhood
> And heart of God revealed.
> Alone, O Love ineffable!
> Thy saving name is given;
> To turn aside from Thee is hell,
> To walk with Thee is heaven." S. G. G.

HEART'S-EASE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "VIOLET'S MISSION," ETC.

CHAPTER I.

"ETHEL, darling, I cannot stay a moment longer. I shall loose my train. Good-bye!"

It was Colonel Seymour who spoke. He was standing at the foot of the staircase, in his fine old-fashioned country house, in Holmsdale, calling to his daughter who had not yet made her appearance, although it was nine o'clock on a delicious morning in August, and all the house had been open to the sweet summer air hours ago.

"She is coming, Reginald," said the Colonel's sister, who just now emerged from Ethel's bed-room, and came slowly down the stairs, a tall, somewhat severe-looking lady, who bore upon her face the story of a life of suffering. "She will not be a moment, but I do so fear your having to run for your train. It is so bad for you to have to hurry," she said.

"Well, my dear, if I am to catch it at all, I must go now. The child wished so much to say good-bye, that I should like to gratify her, but I really cannot stay another moment," and he inclined his head towards his sister as she approached him, and imprinted a kiss on her cheek.

"Good-bye, Regina, be patient with the child," he said.

"Of course I shall be patient, Reginald," Miss Seymour said, but with such a look of wounded affection as showed that her brother's words had stung her a little. "You quite spoil the child. It is altogether her own fault. She would not get up when she was called and she ought to be reproved. I think it would do her good if you did not say good-bye to her."

They had walked together out on the gravel path, where Colonel Seymour stood for a moment, tapping his boot impatiently with his stick, as though he was much disturbed in mind at having to go without seeing his daughter. Then, there was a sound of a door being opened within the house, not as doors usually are, but violently, and suddenly, and there came rushing down the stairs, three steps at a time, a tall dark-haired girl of thirteen, who, to judge by the manner in which she ran out of the house, seemed much more likely to be going to a train than her father.

"You are in such a dreadful hurry, papa!" she cried, as she followed the Colonel, who was by this time well on his way down the garden. Miss Regina saw the vision flash by her, as she stood looking after her brother, and she sighed as she watched the slight and graceful figure disappearing down the drive.

"She will always be the same wild, and impulsive child," she said, as she turned back into the house, and took refuge in the little sunny breakfast-room, to await Ethel's return.

Panting from the exertion, Ethel soon overtook her father, and putting her arm through his, she clung to him with that child-like dependence which always touched his heart, and made him tender.

"I am so sorry I kept you, papa darling! I know I'm a bad, bad, girl, but you must not be very angry with me. I'll try to be better," and she turned her sunny face up to his, with such an arch look of love in it that he could not do otherwise than he did. He kissed it. She was just then, he thought, so very like his dear dead wife. The same dark eyes, and splendid hair, and above all, the same wealth of affection, which in Ethel, however, was almost boisterous. For a moment, a shade seemed to rest on his fine face, and then he said seriously, but lovingly, "Ethel, darling, you give me much anxiety of late. You are getting a big girl now, and I grieve to see you so inconsiderate."

"Oh, papa, how can you say such horrid things?" she asked, looking up with anxiety and reproach.

"But they have to be said, Ethel. Your aunt is constantly complaining of your thoughtlessness, and indifference. It troubles me, more than I can tell you."

"Oh! but Aunt Regina is always complaining of somebody. You know she is awfully cross when she is not well, and that is nearly always. She is as cross as two sticks to-day." And Ethel, as she said this, clung closer to her father's side, and looked up in his face with the most blithe and merry expression. Then her manner changed, and she said more gravely, "She is not a bit like what darling mamma was. Nurse says *she* was always gentle and kind to every body." Then she stopped suddenly, seeing a look in her father's face which she knew only too well. She had touched a chord that made him quiver. It was as though he had received a sudden shock of pain. She would not willingly utter a word that could wound one whom she loved so well, but this was just one of those instances of thoughtlessness, of which Aunt Regina complained, and not without reason, you may be sure.

No one knew how terrible a blow it had been to Colonel Seymour, that loss to which Ethel had just alluded. Some said it had changed him completely, and that his grief was excessive. Certainly he seemed to lose interest in his home, and to choose rather to go abroad than to stay at Holmsdale after that event. He walked on in silence for a few seconds, and Ethel was watching his face intently, for the moment when the cloud would disappear. She tried to hasten its departure by saying, "I wish Aunt Regina was like you. I never can understand your being twins. She looks so stern always that I believe she ought to have been a man. She would make a fine soldier. Used she to fight with you when you were both in the cradle together? I'm sure she had all the toys to play with."

Colonel Seymour smiled. Ethel's merry chatter had often lifted the cloud from his heart, as it seemed to have done now, and all trace of pain disappeared from his face, as he took her dark hair in his fingers, and told her she was talking treason as well as nonsense.

"One would think, Ethel, to hear you talk, that you did not love your aunt," he said.

"Oh, yes, I do. But she never laughs at me, as you do. She sits up straight in her chair, just like a man in a sentry-box."

Colonel Seymour could not help laughing. The picture was very deftly drawn, for, indeed, Miss Regina had an air of stiffness and severity about her, which her brother had often alluded to, but which was more the result of her

bodily ailments, than of any real stiffness or severity of nature.

"I know one thing," he said, as he laughed, and drew the long hair through his hand. "Aunt Regina would need to be a sentry when she has the care of such a wild creature as this."

"And don't you think that I have a great deal to put up with? Think how she worries me—as she did this morning, because I was not ready before you started." But although Ethel tried to look aggrieved, she only succeeded in looking saucy.

"My darling, you must really try to be a little more obedient and considerate. You know how dearly Aunt Regina loves you, and how great a sufferer she has been. I am sure you could help her, if you tried."

"And I do try, papa, but she won't let me, She says I spoil everything I put my fingers to. Is not that unkind?"

"It may be true, you know," her father said, smiling, but with a troubled look on his face, as though the relations between his sister and his child, were not quite what he would wish them to be.

They had now reached the gate which gave access from the grounds of Holmsdale, to the high road, and about a mile away, through the amber woods, the railway station was visible.

"I must hasten my steps, Ethel," her father said, "and on my return this afternoon I hope to hear a very good account of you."

The parting was very tender and affectionate on both sides. For a moment or so, Ethel clung to her father, almost passionately, as though she would not let him go. Indeed, he had to use some little force to disengage her arms, and when he looked at her, he noticed that her eyes were full of tears.

"What is the matter, darling?" he asked.

"You are going away angry with me," she said.

"No, no, Ethel!" he exclaimed, "you must not think that I am angry, because I tell you what is good for you. I only want you to be happy, and there can be no real happiness without obedience. Now good-bye, darling. Trains will not wait, even for my Ethel," and with a parting kiss, he strode away, erect, and military, so that Ethel, as she looked after him from the gate, could not but smile, and wave him a kiss, as he turned at the corner to wave her one in return. Then he was gone, and she turned back, stopping every now and then to pluck a few flowers, which she bound into a pretty bunch, and carried into the house.

"Ethel, Ethel, darling! your breakfast is getting cold. Come at once," cried Miss Regina, from the sunny breakfast room, where this morning, as always the earliest glimpses of the sunshine were welcomed by the canary which hung just now by the open window, piping his morning song with wild pleasure.

Ethel tossed her head impatiently. She would not have car d for Aunt Regina to see her tossing it, but it was a very common practice of hers lately. She called back in reply to her aunt, "All right, aunt, I am coming," and immediately went off in the direction of the drawing-room.

I really think it was growing upon her, this habit of doing just what she was asked not to do. She knew quite well that breakfast had been waiting for her for more than an hour, and that Aunt Regina greatly disliked keeping the breakfast things on the table longer than was necessary. She was beginning to feel that her influence over her father was enough to shield her against any serious displeasure, and she was foolish enough to indulge the hope that she could be her own mistress in everything, even over the authority of her aunt.

You will not need me to tell you, what you have found out by this time for yourself, that Ethel was a spoiled child. She had been petted from her cradle, but more than ever so since her mother's death. Aunt Regina was the only one who tried seriously to counteract this state of things. She did her best to be at once kind and strict, but having had much trouble in her life, and her health not being of the best, she found it hard to combine both, and her slight erect figure, so like her brother's, gave one the impression of stiffness, which did not belong to her. Ethel's description of the sentry-box was really life-like, excepting that the sentries do not, as a rule, sit in their boxes, and Aunt Regina seldom stood for any length of time.

Then, Miss Regina's duties were very much those of a sentry. She had to exercise watch over her niece, as seriously as any sentry on duty. Of late years, indeed, she had hardly a minute's peace. All day long she had to act her part of guardian with as much forbearance as she could command. If she sometimes failed in her efforts to be kind, the fault was not so much hers as Ethel's.

She rose from her chair, now, somewhat impatiently. She was in pain to-day, and the exertion of moving was in itself a trouble.

"She might have come when I called her," she said to herself, with tightened lips, as she walked towards the drawing-room. She knew that Ethel would in all probability be there. When she reached the door, she found it ajar, and looking in, without attracting her niece's attention, she saw her holding a very delicate and valuable vase in her hand, and filling it with flowers. At another time she might have considered the effect of calling out suddenly and sharply, but now she was irritated and in pain, and her only anxiety was to get the child to her breakfast.

"Ethel! you are exceedingly troublesome. Come to your break——"

There she stopped and uttered a little cry of alarm, for with a start and a scream, Ethel dropped the vase, which fell in pieces on the carpet.

"Oh, Ethel, Ethel! your father's favourite vase. It was a present to him from your mother!" Aunt Regina exclaimed, as she hastened to the scene of the disaster.

"You made me drop it, Aunt Regina. How could you call out like that?" Ethel asked, turning her flushed face to her aunt and speaking rapidly.

Aunt Regina made no reply. Already she was on her knees trying to gather up the fragments of the prized vase, which was broken beyond all hope of restoration.

HOMELY LIGHTS ON HALLOWED TEXTS.

NO. I.

"He that keepeth thee will not slumber. . . . The Lord is thy keeper."—*Psalm*, cxxi. 3.

I HAVE called these papers, in which I hope to speak very simply to the boys and girls who may read them, "Homely Lights," for two reasons. They are meant to be just such words as may be spoken during the quiet Sabbath hours when our thoughts rest upon the truths which are able to make us wise unto salvation.

It is my privilege to speak to children, in public very frequently, on those hallowed subjects, and I have always found that the most homely words are the most welcome. Now, I shall try to speak in these pages, just as I should if I had my readers to listen to what I said, but I am reminded that if all the readers of the SUNDAY AT HOME were gathered together, no human voice could make itself heard to the limits of so great an assembly.

These then, are to be "homely lights." I know a young gentleman who possesses an exceedingly good microscope, given to him by an eminent astronomer, and he spends a good deal of his leisure time in procuring and examining specimens, such as drops of pond-water full of life, the legs of insects, not torn from the poor living victims, as I have heard of some boys doing, but taken from dead objects, and so forth. Sometimes I am invited to peep through the eye-piece at the object, and it frequently happens that I fail to see anything but a dim and meaningless mass. When I express my dissappointment, the young gentleman in question says at once, with an air of authority, and as though he knew all about it, "Oh! you have not got the light on it," and he generally proves to be right.

Just so, we want the light if we are to understand the wonders of the microscope; and how much more do we need the light when we seek to understand God's Holy Word. We are promised the Holy Spirit if we ask for it, and He is the great enlightener, the great teacher. May He enlighten both the writing and the reading of these homely words!

Sometimes a very simple illustration will throw much light on deep and holy truths. An illustration is like a picture, and we are all fond of looking at pictures. They bring things before us so clearly, that we seem to understand them as we never did before.

I read in the *Times* newspaper of the 22nd November last, the following account headed "A Hero's Funeral."

"Captain Grace, of the Atlantic liner *America*, and commodore of the National Line, was interred at Bebington cemetery on Saturday, in the presence of a large concourse of people. During the recent heavy gales in the Atlantic, Captain Grace remained at his post for forty-eight hours, though almost frozen to death, and drenched with the waves. When the gale moderated, he went to his cabin, took to his bed, and died in a few hours from inflammation of the lungs."

This hero did not slumber. When I read the account of his devotion and death, it brought to my mind the words of another captain, a dear friend of mine (who I am glad to say, is a disciple of Him who is the great "Captain of our salvation"), when describing the terrors of the passengers on board his splendid steamer, during a gale in winter. When the storm was at its height, and the timbers creaked, and the good ship tossed terribly, many of the more timid made anxious enquiry for the captain. They were told that he was at his post of duty on the bridge, and that as long as the gale lasted he would remain there. Such a post of duty is no light one, when the storm is out upon the waters, and, as sometimes happens, the captain's waterproof coat is blown to ribbons by the gale. Not light, you may be sure, with the icy waves sending their blinding foam in drenching torrents over the bridge where he stands—with the care of hundreds of precious lives to add to his anxieties—knowing that upon his watchfulness and skill greatly depends, under God, whether the groaning ship shall weather the storm, or go down with all hands. The captain's post of duty, then, is a post of danger such as few can realise, for he must be ready, like noble Captain Grace, to sacrifice his own life for the salvation of those under his care.

He must not sleep. Yet our text speaks of one mighty to save, as well as mighty to keep. The most heroic captain cannot always save his ship. A sudden break in the machinery may render all his watchfulness of no avail, and with every willingness to die to save his passengers and crew, all may be lost. Yet even then, when all earthly hope is lost, how cheering to remember, "The Lord is thy keeper." "He that keepeth thee will not slumber." He holdeth the waters "in the hollow of His hand," and if we are His, we are safe there. We know of whom it is written, "He is able to save them to the uttermost that come unto God by Him."

And are not our lives—yours and mine—just like a voyage? We are sailing out upon another year, and we may have to encounter storms and trials. Oh! that we could feel that the great Captain of our salvation was really directing our lives, that His watchful eye marked every danger, and overruled it. So that whenever the storms of life shall come, we may be able to say with the confidence of trustful children, whose Father holds the helm of their lives, "He that keepeth *me*, will not slumber . . . The Lord is my keeper."

C. F. H.

SCRIPTURE ENIGMA.

NO. I.

The town where Elymas was stricken low?
Father of Mordecai's relentless foe?
Where did the heathen house of Dagon stand?
(God's ark was brought there out of Israel's land.)
Town by two kings beseiged: one fell in fight,
Pierced by an arrow in its random flight?
First-born of one who Canaan's country trod
To spy it out—he "wholly followed" God?
In Matthew's Messianic line find one,
The sire of Achim—he was Azor's son?
A woman whom an angel drove from home,
And sent her in an unknown world to roam?
The tribal name of him who vainly tried
To utter "Shibboleth," and, failing, died?
The church to whom there came this warning word:
"Remember how thou hast received and heard?"

Initial letters and the finals tell
Two names in Gospel story;
On both the Saviour's condemnation fell,
In all their pride and glory.

L. T.

The Best Hundred Hymns.

The Editors of the SUNDAY AT HOME offer Prizes to the amount of £5, £3, and £2 for the most approved Lists of ONE HUNDRED ENGLISH HYMNS; the awards being to those Lists which shall most nearly correspond with the Hundred that receive in the aggregate the highest number of votes.

No restrictions are placed upon the choice of the Hymns. Metrical versions of the Psalms may be included: also Translations from ancient and modern languages. It is confidently believed that the collective judgment of many readers will yield very interesting and valuable results. Not that a vote could be regarded as a test of *absolute* excellence; it would be but an index to comparative acceptance, popularity and usefulness; and would assuredly point out much that is choicest in Christian Psalmody. The list of the approved Hundred Hymns will be printed in the SUNDAY AT HOME; and some articles on Christian Hymnody will follow.

Lists must be sent in by the 1st of February, and the award will be made as soon as possible afterwards.

Only the *first line* of each Hymn, with the *Author's name*, where ascertainable, should be written. It is suggested that competitors should employ *quarto ruled paper*, and write only on one side.

Lists should be addressed to *The Editors of the* SUNDAY AT HOME, 56 *Paternoster Row, London*, with the word *Hymns* on the lower left hand corner of the envelope. The Editors cannot engage in private correspondence on the subject, nor can they return any of the Lists.

THE SUNDAY AT HOME

O DAY MOST CALM, MOST BRIGHT! . . .
THE WEEK WERE DARK BUT FOR THY LIGHT.—*Herbert.*

LUTHER IN THE PULPIT.

A SERMON IN THE OLD TIMES. *Pattersen.*

"OH, how I trembled when, for the first time, I had to go into the pulpit; but they forced me to preach." "Under this very pear-tree," said Luther, "I have opposed Doctor Staupitz, with fifteen different arguments, against my having a vocation to preach, and at last I said, 'Herr doctor Staupitz, you want to kill me. I shall not live three months.' He replied, 'Well, so be it, our Lord has many important things to be done; clever people are wanted up yonder.'"

Thus began a preacher whose ministry occupies such a place in history that it might, without impropriety, be described in the words of the Apocalypse: "And I saw another mighty angel come down from heaven, clothed with a cloud, and a rainbow was on his head, and his face was

as it were the sun, and his feet as pillars of fire: and he had in his hand a little book open: and he set his right foot upon the sea, and his left foot on the earth, and cried with a loud voice as when a lion roareth: and when he had cried, seven thunders uttered their voices."

In a tumbledown little wooden chapel that had been put up in the market-place of Wittenberg, while the church of the Augustines was being built, Luther first preached the Gospel as it had been revealed to him. The man who then occupied the leading place in the university of Wittenberg—Pollich—said, "This monk will revolutionise the whole system of scholastic teaching." He did more, for when he was allowed to leave Aristotle for the Bible, his mode of explaining the Scriptures seemed like the dawn of day after a long, dark night. "One would have said," reports Melanchthon, "that Christ, the apostles and prophets, were coming forth from darkness, and a loathsome dungeon."

"Coming forth" was Luther's own descriptive phrase of the first characteristic required in the preacher. Did he not get it from the eighty-eighth psalm, which so exactly expressed the deep dejection in which he had for years existed at Erfurt? "I am shut up, and I cannot come forth," was the burden of his cry to Staupitz.

But the keys of his prison-house had been found, the line of the creed—"I believe in the forgiveness of sins"; the passage from Habbakuk—"The just shall live by faith," had delivered his soul, and he had come forth like Lazarus from a temporary grave. Yet it is evident that Luther attached a still higher meaning to the phrase, for he said, "the preacher should come forth, that is, prove himself one called to preach, one who can and must preach. He must come forth as Moses from Mount Sinai, as John the Baptist into the country round about Jordan. He must in short be sent with a heavenly message."

If Luther had such a character, it was singularly obscured by his personal peculiarities. His body was anything but angelic, nothing but his eyes spoke of heaven. Those who looked into them felt they were in the presence of a soul whose springs were deeper than their's. But, oh! the perplexities of that profound mind, it saw the opposed sides of truth, but with all its efforts it could not reconcile them, and his expression was thus at times, chaotic and obscure. These apparent contradictions characterised his discourses, and greatly perplexed his hearers. Dr. Jonas once said to him, "Herr doctor, I can't at all follow you in your sermons." Said Luther, with child-like candour, "I can't do it myself."

But if he was clothed with a cloud, there was a rainbow upon his head: if his doctrine was at times wrapped in obscurities, the Gospel he proclaimed was nothing less than the everlasting covenant between God and man, a covenant declared and secured by the coming of Christ in the flesh.

To use the simple summary of Melanchthon:—"He pointed out the difference between the Law and the Gospel. He refuted the error then prevalent in churches and schools, that men merit forgiveness of sins by their own works, and are rendered righteous before God by means of external discipline. He thus brought back the hearts of men to the Son of God. Like John the Baptist, he pointed to the Lamb of God who had taken away the sins of the world. He explained how sins are pardoned freely for the sake of the Son of God and how man receives this blessing through faith."

In preaching these doctrines he was most happy. If we forget his obscurities and set aside his bursts of anger against those he conceived were doing the work of the devil, who ever spoke in a more buoyant, radiant manner of divine things? It was evident that he himself loved the God whose praise he delighted to proclaim.

MARTIN LUTHER AS PREACHER.
From a Contemporary Sketch.

He who studies the portraits of Luther will see that such was the sincerity of his character that his feet as truly manifest the man as his face. Never did a human being seem more firmly planted than Luther when he stood up to speak. His attitude recalls the words:

> His back against a rock he bore,
> And firmly placed his foot before:
> Come one, come all! this rock shall fly
> From its firm base as soon as I.

And what was the rock upon which Luther leant but the Bible? In all his full-length portraits he is represented with "a little book open

in his hands." It is the sacred volume which it was Luther's peculiar work to induce men once again to study.

The passage we have presumed to apply to Luther says, "And he cried with a loud voice as when a lion roareth." Such indeed was the impression his sermons left even on himself. "My style," he says, writing to a friend, "is awkward, rough, breaking forth like a deluge; a chaos of words; turbulent and impetuous as a wrestler who struggles with a thousand monsters one after the other; and if I may dare compare little things with great, it seems to me that something of the double portion of the Elijah-spirit has been given me: rapid as the wind, devouring as the fire, rending the mountains and breaking the rocks asunder."

Those who can only think of pulpit power in association with vast congregations will be surprised to learn that all the inhabitants of Wittenberg together—men, women and children—were not equal in numbers to more than two-thirds of Mr. Spurgeon's congregation. Nor were there ever scenes attending Luther's preaching such as have often been the case in all lands and under different creeds. No doubt there were times of great excitement in connection with Luther's career, but we can only remember one in connection with his preaching, and that was caused by his attitude towards the Anabaptists and the revolt of the peasants.

Yet his word has had more powerful results than that of any preacher since the days of the Apostles. The commission which Pope Innocent II. openly affirmed to be his:—"Behold I have put my words in thy mouth. See, I have this day set thee over the nations and over the kingdoms to root out, and to pull down, and to destroy, and to throw down and to build and to plant"—was never more manifestly realised than in the case of Luther. For he undoubtedly gave the signal for that series of great revolutions which brought about in so many countries the overthrow of the old Church and the old State and the erection of new ones in their place. No preacher more manifestly brought a sword into the world than Luther. If Luther were only Luther, and not manifestly the representative man of the Reformation, it would sound like wild exaggeration to connect with his preaching such stupendous events as the Peasant Revolt of 1523–1525; the first German Religious War of 1546–1555; the Civil Wars in France, 1562–1595; the Revolt in the Netherlands, 1568–1609; the Thirty Years' War in Germany, 1619–1648; the Civil War in England, 1642–1645; the Great Revolution in France, 1789–1794.

Those who reflect over these things will see that there must have been something more poignant, more searching in the word of Luther than in that, for example, of Savonarola. The great preacher of Florence seems in appearance a more revolutionary character, yet nothing follows from his word comparable in point of destructiveness or constructiveness to that of Luther. The preacher of Wittenberg was in the profoundest sense a reformer, he went to the root of things. morals were bad enough in his days, the corruptions of the Church were as manifest as ever, but he soon saw that to attack the surface of things was not worth the effort. For what then did he labour? To give the people of Germany a new conception of religion. And to give them a new conception of religion, he gave them a new conception of God.

For Luther knew that here was the end of the whole matter: on the thought men have about God rests all they are, and all they do. On this, states, empires, churches, societies, are built up: the character of the God worshipped, necessarily comes out in all done in His Name. So he troubled himself but little concerning man compared to what he did about God. To proclaim the praise of God, this he declared ought to be the chief aim of the preacher; to teach men His commands according to His word, comes next; and lastly to exhort them to obedience. The glory of God was his first, his all-absorbing thought; the benefit of man only came in a secondary and quite subordinate sense.

This summary, however, covers much, for Luther's gospel and the pith of his teaching is to be found in the words of the apostle, as recorded in Acts xiii. 38, 39. "Through this Man [the risen Christ] is proclaimed unto you remission of sins: and by Him every one that believeth is justified from all things."

Yet how different to our idea of the object of preaching. Perhaps we deem it an old and exploded notion. Rather believe that Luther's is the old, the universal way, and one specially needed in great crises, and at moments when the world needs to be made young again by drinking deep at the Fount of Life.

RICHARD HEATH.

Trust On.

TRUST on, O doubting heart, though the mists gather—
Hope hides from eyes that are blinded by tears—
Trust on, O failing heart, knowing the Father
Tenderly scans all Thy doubts and Thy fears.

Trust on, O weary heart, though the mists gather,
Hiding each step of the way from thy sight;
All that thou findest will come from the Father,
All that He sends thee will surely be right.

Should'st thou find joy, then, O happy heart, take it
Gratefully, prayerfully, owning His love;
Should thy joy vanish, submission can make it
Shine in the star-crown that waits thee above!

Should it be ruth, 'twas thine own will that made it;
Should it be sorrow, then sorrow is sweet;
Trust on, and falter not, till thou hast laid it
Patiently, prayerfully down at His feet.

Sweetest the herb that a careless foot crushes:
Lay bare thine heart for the stroke of the rod:
Trust on, the fragrance from heart wounds that gushes
Wafts the tried soul to the bosom of God.

HELEN MARION BURNSIDE.

BARBARA'S BROTHERS.

CHAPTER II.—FRIENDS AND NEIGHBOURS.

BARBARA'S walk that day was taken with a purpose, and that purpose was only stimulated by the rather stormy interview she had just had with her brother. She felt as we all of us do, especially when we are young, that she wanted help and sympathy, and it did not seem to poor Barbara as if either of these good things was to be had within the walls of her home.

Her present destination was a small house in a very well-kept garden that stood amongst tall pine-trees not far from the cliff. It was a pretty and picturesque cottage, over which an atmosphere of peace and calm seemed to brood, as if, for its inhabitants at least, the battle of life were over, and the burden and heat of the day merged in the rest of eventide.

Barbara was evidently quite at home in this quiet home. She did not pause to ring the bell, but walked into the hall, and opened a door to the right that led into a small, but exceedingly quaint and pretty drawing-room. This room had two tenants; the first an old lady of nearly seventy summers, with a snowy mob cap and spotlessly neat attire, who was knitting in an easy chair with an open book before her; the second a young girl of perhaps two and twenty, who was also reading and making pencil notes as she did so, and whose face expressed by its lines and general expression, a kind of chronic restlessness and dissatisfaction. Both looked up as Barbara entered and greeted her with affection; but about the girl's manner there hung that inevitable constraint that generally makes difficult the first interview after a heavy trouble.

Mrs. Granby however had grown out of such embarrassments. She drew the girl towards her, and asked after all at home with a quiet composure of manner, that expressed sympathy without obtruding it; and Barbara was not long in finding out what a relief it was to have a friend like Mrs. Granby to whom she could pour out all her heart.

So out it all came—the difficulties of the position, the difficult choice that lay before Wulfric, the opinions of the majority, and Barbara's own indignant feeling that her favourite brother would be called upon to make a great sacrifice on behalf of his family, and be burdened with claims that must be an incubus upon him all his life, whilst all the time the fiction would be kept up that he was a lucky fellow, and that the debt of obligation was at least equally divided, if not altogether on his side.

"And you know, Mrs. Granby, they all said he had such a career before him in London. His senior surgeon and physician at the hospital both think so very highly of him. One of them has almost promised to take him into partnership in a few years' time. He has done so well in his examinations too; and to think of his being forced to give up everything he cares for, and sacrifice all his prospects to come and settle down as a humdrum country doctor. Oh, I can't bear to think of it!"

"He won't do it!" cried Juliet. "He ought not to do it. One might as well be buried alive as live in a place like this. Oh, if I were a man, I would be off to-morrow—be off, never, never return any more!" And Juliet clasped her hands together, and her eyes glowed almost fiercely.

But Barbara was looking at Mrs. Granby. She had heard Juliet's views on St. Hilda and its life many times before. It was the grandmother's opinions on the case she was anxious to have. Mrs. Granby had smiled a quiet little smile at Juliet's vehement speech; but now her face was grave and thoughtful.

"Your brother has not come home yet? You have not been able to learn his own wishes?"

"Not from his own lips; but there is no need of that to find out what his *wishes* will be. He has chosen his career for life, and his choice did not fall upon life at St. Hilda. The only question is whether he will be coerced into it now through force of circumstances."

"Or from a sense of duty," added Mrs. Granby quietly.

Barbara looked at her quickly.

"Do you think it is his duty to sacrifice everything for us?" she asked rather blankly.

"I think the question would require very close investigation. I should not like to pronounce hastily upon it; but, my dear, so long as a son has no wife to think for, his first duty is to his mother. Your mother is a widow now, and in feeble health, and Wulfric is the eldest son, and has qualified himself to take his father's place at the head of the household."

"He did not qualify himself for that," murmured Barbara almost resentfully.

"Man proposes, God disposes," answered Mrs. Granby with a smile that was very still and sweet. "We try to map out our lives for ourselves sometimes, but if we insist on taking the management out of His hands, He shows us our mistake later. Let us try to do duty first, and leave the rest to Him. His blessing will more than make up for all we seem to renounce. It seems a hard creed to us when we are young, but as we grow old and see our lives in perspective, God shows us the truth of His own words, that without Him we can do nothing, whilst with Him we can do all things. To do as His will seems to direct should be the aim and object of our lives."

Barbara made no reply, but Juliet broke in hastily, "I don't see that religion has anything to

do with it, grandmother. I can't bear always mixing things up together. Wulfric may have to give up his own ambition possibly—though I think it would be a horrid shame if he has—to take Dr. Meynal's place; but if he does it, it will be just from a simple sense of duty. It hasn't got anything to do with religion, any more than the ordinary everyday things of life."

Juliet spoke with a good deal of covert irritability, and Mrs. Granby smiled as she said quietly, "Perhaps if our religion entered a little more into the everyday things of life, we should be wiser and happier than we are now."

But Juliet turned away impatiently, whilst Barbara said, "I think Wulf will try to do his duty."

"I think he will too."

"Only I do so wish it could be his duty to go back to London, and go on as he and father always meant him to. I'm afraid you think his duty is to stay here, Mrs. Granby," and she looked half wistfully into the old lady's face.

"I never like to pronounce judgment hastily, and there may be points connected with Wulfric's affairs of which I am ignorant; but I confess, it seems to me the wisest course open to him at present. He is the only member of the household that can keep things going, and he has no ties upon him—only a professional ambition to sacrifice. We all have to make sacrifices at some time in our lives, and we are generally the better for them afterwards. We have one great example always before us in Him who pleased not Himself."

A softer look crossed Barbara's face.

"I will try to think of that," she said, "but I am afraid I never shall be good. I do try, but I forget so soon as it all goes—and I have such a hasty temper."

Mrs. Granby smiled, and patted Barbara's clasped hands which lay upon her lap, as the girl sat at her feet. Barbara was a favourite with her, and had been from her babyhood upwards. The frank brightness of the girl pleased her, and she had plenty of sympathy for her wilful, wayward moods. She did not answer now, but looked in Barbara's face, and her eyes said a great deal.

And if the girl did not get quite the kind of sympathy she had hoped for, at any rate she went away soothed and comforted; and another little incident that occurred on her homeward way gave to her an additional sense of pleasure.

She was pursuing her road from the coast to the town, when she saw advancing towards her on horseback a girl of about her own age, and she said to herself, "Miss Dumaresq—how pretty she is!"

Mr. and Mrs. Dumaresq had lately taken and settled down in a large house near to the coast. It was the ill-health of the former that had induced them to give up their gay London life and come to this quiet place, and as they were "county people," and reported to be exceedingly wealthy and well connected, St. Hilda had been somewhat diffident in making their acquaintance, and at present they were but little known.

Dr. Meynal had attended Mr. Dumaresq, and calls had been exchanged between the ladies of the different houses; but no sense of intimacy had so far been established, and as it happened, Barbara had never exchanged a word with the daughter of the house. She was the more surprised, therefore, when the girl reined up as she reached her side, and looked down at her with a peculiar shy sweetness in her dark eyes.

"Please excuse me," said Reinée Dumaresq in a very gentle, musical voice, "but I felt I could not pass you without telling you how very, very sorry I am—for your sad loss."

The genuine ring of sympathy in the words brought unexpected tears to Barbara's eyes. Reinée saw them, and held out her little gloved hand, an answering glitter on her own long lashes.

"I am so sorry," she said again; "I have such a dear father—and he is ill—" and then her voice quivered a little, though she smiled bravely and sweetly as she moved away, as if half afraid of trusting herself to say more.

"That is Barbara," said Reinée to herself, as she rode along in the sunshine, "the one whose face I like in church, though the other sister is prettier. Juliet Granby says she is clever, and I am sure she is nice—she is so fond of her father. I should like her for my friend. I must ask mamma if I may invite her—she let me know Juliet directly. I think I like her face better than Juliet's. Perhaps she will help me to realise my ideal."

Barbara Meynal, Juliet Granby, and Reinée Dumaresq were all the same age—twenty-two—an age when childish things have been put away, when the soul begins to be stirred by the infinite possibilities of life, and yearns after all that is high and holy, beautiful and lofty, with a confidence in its own powers of realising an ideal that experience often sadly shakes and too often annihilates altogether. It is a time of mental growth and change, a time when life and its responsibilities assume new meanings and new importance, a time when the character often takes a decided bent either for good or ill, sometimes the motive power being from within, sometimes receiving an impression from the world without—an impression often stamped so deeply that the mark of it is never afterwards effaced. But whether for good or for evil, the impressions received at such a time do much to mould the unfolding mind.

Barbara and Juliet had led lives of great and unbroken seclusion at St. Hilda and had never known another home; but Reinée's life had been one of ceaseless gaiety and variety. The only daughter of her parents, she had been indulged and petted from her babyhood upwards, and her peculiarly bright and engaging disposition as well as her grace and beauty had made her a universal favourite wherever she had gone. Even in her nursery and school-room days she had never been shut up as many children and young girls are, and soon after she was seventeen she emerged from her nominal seclusion and went everywhere with her parents.

Courted, flattered, caressed and admired, with every wish of her heart gratified, and every

fancy indulged, Reinée stood in great danger of being utterly spoiled, and of growing into a mere pleasure-seeker, with no thoughts above the enjoyment of the hour and the gratification of flattered vanity. It would have been small blame to her had she grown selfish, frivolous and conceited, for she had everything to make her so; and yet, in some wonderful way, she had been saved from being spoilt by the dangers of her position, or from falling into the snares spread around her.

Perhaps from seeing so much of the gay world of fashion Reinée had early been able to see that the glitter was not all gold. Possibly she had observed that there was not so very much of happiness amongst all these busy pleasure-hunters: that they were weary, discontented, capricious and full of grievances, often far more tired and worn out than the real workers who had not time to spare for over-much lamentation or grumbling at their lot. She might have observed much of this without analysing at the time what it meant or to what conclusion it pointed. At any rate, she had not grown dependent upon the ceaseless round of pleasure to which she had been used; and when a sudden failure in her father's health had necessitated an immediate removal into the country, Reinée had not one regret for the life she was leaving behind, and was sorry only on her mother's account for the change that had become inevitable. For herself the idea of calm and quiet, of the silent monotonous life in a country house, of its daily round of simple pleasures and duties was a source of great pleasure, for it seemed to bring her nearer to a vague ideal existence of which she was always dreaming, but to which she had never attained.

What this ideal of Reinée's was, she would have found it hard to define, and yet it was seldom long absent from her thoughts, and had helped her almost more than anything else to keep her from growing shallow and frivolous.

Reinée had never had any religious teaching, save of the most conventional kind, yet her nature was deeply devotional. She had yearnings after the great infinities that surround our little span of life, and all her thoughts and actions were tinged by a little mysticism that gave to her a subtle charm, that few had been at pains to analyse. She had a deep belief in good, both abstract and concrete, and the hollowness of much that she had heard called good in the life she had led, had not shaken her convictions one whit. But she was deeply conscious of her own ignorance; she knew that she was feeling about in a semi-darkness for the light that was bright enough somewhere, and she wanted to find some friend in whom she could confide, some friend who would understand her vague aspirations, and would be able to give them more tangible form. She would have to find out what her ideal was before she could hope to live up to it.

She began to form rather more definite ideas here in this quiet country place than she had ever done before, and her mind was very active to-day, as she enjoyed her evening ride, and during the dinner hour that day she was a little abstracted, though rousing herself to talk to her father of her ride, and the loveliness of the country she had seen. Mr. Dumaresq idolised his daughter, and delighted to look at her and to hear her talk. He forgot his languor and weakness when she was at his side.

When mother and daughter were alone together after their return to the drawing-room, Reinée began to lead up to a question that had been a good deal in her thoughts of late.

"Mamma," she began, "I met Miss Barbara Meynal when I was out to-day. She is the younger daughter, you know. I think she was very fond indeed of her father. Her face was so sad, I could not help stopping to speak to her."

"What to say?"

"Oh! only to tell her how sorry I was. Just leaving cards at the house seems so cold and formal. I think I should like Barbara Meynal, mamma."

"Well, my dear, I have no particular objection. I do not care, as you know, about rushing into intimacies with people before one knows anything about them; but all we hear of the Meynals is quite satisfactory. She was a Talbot before she married, I hear, and his family is very much respected here. Do not be precipitate; but if you and the Meynal girls get on together, I have no objection to the friendship. You must, of course, have some friends, and as there is no society, in the ordinary sense of the term, you must make the best of such people as we find here for the present; and as soon as your father is better we can ask people down, and, in the course of time, I hope to be able to leave this place and resume our old life."

Reinée did not look as if she reciprocated this hope. She half smiled, and shook her head slightly.

"I think I like the country, mamma."

Mrs. Dumaresq looked languidly amused.

"It is the change you like, Reinée. All young things like variety, and it so happens that quiet and seclusion are just the experiences you most lack, and therefore now enjoy; but you will have a different tale to tell six months later, when the novelty has worn off, and we have winter before us instead of summer."

Reinée made no answer. She never argued with her mother; but she was not convinced. She was silent for awhile, and then screwed up her courage to say what was on her mind.

"Mamma," she began, speaking quietly and easily, "I have a favour to ask of you."

"Well, Reinée?"

Mrs. Dumaresq eyed her daughter rather keenly, for Reinée was so much in the habit of having everything given that she wanted, that this formal way of asking a favour seemed rather odd. The mother always had a latent suspicion that her child would some day or another surprise her by new and unexpected developments, that their inner life was less in accord than that upon the surface; but she was not in the least aware that Reinée was far more conscious of this than she was.

"Mamma, I want to know, now that things are so different from what they were in London, whether I may not be a little different too? You

see I have such a great deal more time on my hands than ever I had before."

Reinée spoke very quietly, and without any visible excitement. She had chosen a time to make known her request when she and her mother were alone together, and had done so from a sense of duty that showed no little conscientiousness. She knew that her father could never bear to deny her anything, and was certain to take her side; but she had long ago determined never to allow herself to act on the authority of one parent contrary to the wishes of the other, or to use her father's easily-won consent to any scheme of hers, to set at defiance her mother's wishes. By steadily adhering to this resolve, Reinée, though often placed in a difficult position, had always avoided being a bone of contention between her father and mother.

"Indeed, you have," replied Miss Dumaresq; "we could all well spare a good half of the time we have on our hands now. What plan have you in your head for getting rid of yours?"

"I thought I should like to know a little more about the poor people who live around us," said Reinée, in the same quiet way. "In London, I had no time; besides you would not have liked it, and one never knew how to begin even. But it is different in the country, and the cottages look so pretty and clean. I should like to know something about the people who live in them."

Mrs. Dumaresq's eyes were fixed steadily upon her daughter; but Reinée did not falter; she only wondered a little what made her mother look like that. It seemed almost as if there was suspicion in her gaze.

"What has put the idea into your head?"

"I hardly know; partly seeing the people in their houses, partly because I always thought it would be nice to live in the country and be friends with the poor people. You see, mamma, I have never done anything all my life but enjoy myself —I think I have got quite tired of it."

Reinée spoke simply and frankly, and Mrs. Dumaresq smiled and her face relaxed a little.

"Well, Reinée," she said, "there is something in that, I admit. Everything palls upon us at times and youth craves variety at all costs, even exchanging better for worse. You are sure you have no ulterior motive?"

Reinée looked up innocently.

"I don't quite understand you, mamma."

"No? Well, I do not know why I should not explain. You are old enough now to understand. I was afraid for a moment that you had perhaps got hold of some fantastic religious notions."

Reinée coloured a little; but her eyes did not waiver.

"Is there any harm in religion, mamma?" she asked quietly.

"No, not in the ordinary use of the term. Religion is a very good thing in its way, a very right and proper thing, and does a great deal of good. You have been religiously brought up, in so far as is necessary, and, on the whole, you do credit to your training. But this is an age of extravagance and enthusiasm, and people find it very convenient to mask their eccentricities, their self-will and vagaries of all sorts under a mask of religious fervour, that will, they think, save them from criticism and rebuke."

Reinée's eyes were fixed inquiringly on her mother's face. She listened with great attention; but could not see the personal bearing of the matter.

"What has that got to do with me, mamma?" she asked, as her mother paused. "I don't think I quite understand you."

"Well, I am glad you do not. It shows my suspicions to have been unfounded."

"What suspicions, mamma?"

"That you might be inclined to shift into a sort of pseudo-religious state of mind that would probably unfit you for your future life."

Reinée was a little perplexed.

"I thought religion was to help us on in life, mamma," she said.

"Yes, my dear, so it is; but there is a kind of religion that has just the contrary effect, and that gives rise to a very great deal of trouble."

"How?"

"Well, I will explain if I can. You have asked to be allowed to visit the poor people round here. I may, or may not, consent to your following out this fancy, according as I am satisfied as to its origin. If you are actuated by a love of variety, a wish to occupy your time profitably, and a feeling that it is right and proper to show kindness to those about you, I should have no objection to countenance such a proceeding. If, however, I found you entertaining extravagant ideas of universal brotherhood, believing that every woman ought to be a sort of sister-of-mercy in disguise, and feeling that some religious vocation must be the aim and object of every life, then I should feel constrained to nip in the bud any experiment likely to prove so dangerous."

"Dangerous, mamma, how?"

"It is dangerous to allow any one idea to have the mastery, and nothing is more insidious than the belief, so rampant amongst girls just now, that they must do some great 'work' in the world, and set all law and order at defiance. They tell themselves they are obeying and pleasing God, but they are very plainly paining and disobeying their parents. How they reconcile this to their consciences is not for me to say; I can only say that I have often heard stories that make me say 'Preserve us from religion,' and make me determine that my daughter shall never be exposed to like influences."

Reinée rose and crossed over to her mother and knelt down before her.

"Mamma, dear," she said softly, "I do not think religion would ever make people disobedient —not real religion."

"Perhaps not: but that which passes under its name does, and I am not versed in subtleties."

"Things are not always called by their right names," observed Reinée thoughtfully. "Mamma, I will do just as you decide about that. I would rather please you than myself."

Reinée at any rate was not spoiled by over-indulgence. Mrs. Dumaresq smiled as if well pleased as her eyes rested on her daughter's face.

"You are a good child," she said, patting her

on the head. "You deserve your own way for being so ready to give it up. I will think things over and give you an answer later. I have no objection to a little of the Lady Bountiful in the place, and you would play the part well."

Reinée was not quite sure if that was exactly what she herself wished: but her ideas were a little vague, and it was no use to press matters on unduly. She might begin by playing Lady Bountiful; but she had a dim consciousness that that part would not satisfy her always. She felt that she would like to be a friend as well as a benefactor to those about her.

But for the present no more was said, and Reinée hardly knew whether or not her request had been granted.

THE MARTYRS.

BY THE REV. PROFESSOR GIBB, D.D.

"This is the victory that overcometh the world, even our faith."—*St. John.*

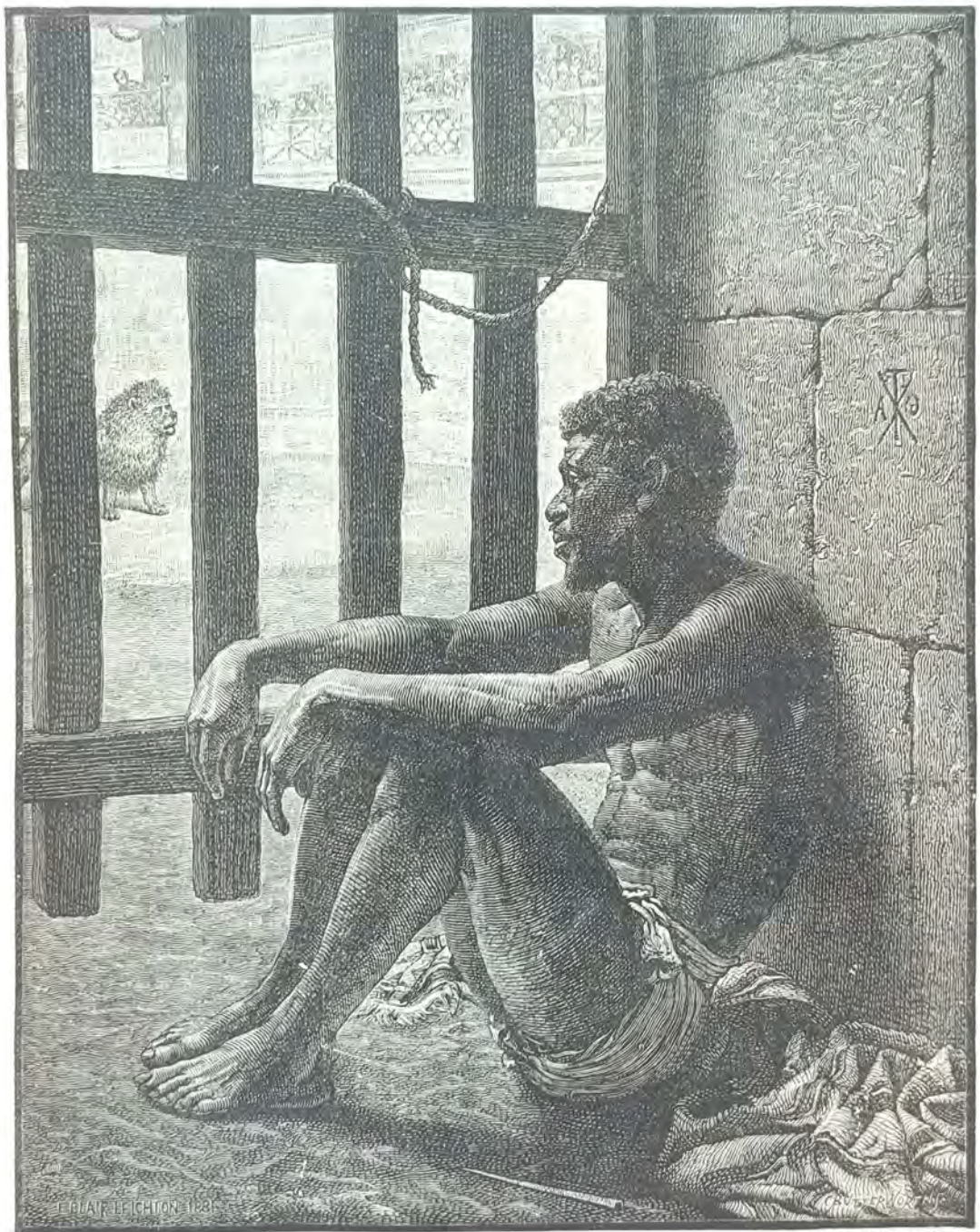
THE annals of the church are richer in variety than any other. Compared with the varieties of human character which they exhibit, there is a sameness in the characters of the men who appear in the annals of war, literature and art. Soldiers are all fighting men, artists and men of letters all belong to the cultivated classes; and the largest section of the human race is of necessity unrepresented in their annals. But there is no condition of human life, no type of human character which has not its representative in the portrait gallery of the church. The king and the slave, the scholar and the artisan, the woman and the child—all are there. The church has in the past laid the whole of humanity under contribution, and has thus made good its title to speak to all mankind. Toleration and large-heartedness, as well as other lessons, are learned from the contemplation of the varieties of Christian character. Those who now enjoy a common reverence did not always honour one another while they lived; and legacies of controversial hatred make it difficult for some good men to honour aright all the faithful servants of God of whom they read in the history of the church. But in history as in life intimate knowledge of good men speedily dissipates prejudice.

In the following papers sketches will be given of some personages who figure in the history of the church, and an attempt will be made to estimate their influence upon society. Some of them lived in remote periods, and perhaps are not known, even by name, to many readers. There is a German proverb which says: "Behind the mountains there are also people." We hope to be able to prove that some of those behind the mountains are worthy of being known.

We begin with a group of Christians who are not forgotten, and who stand upon the threshold of church history. "The Martyr first," in the order of time, and according to a general and natural sentiment, first likewise in dignity; for he gave the crowning proof of love and devotion.

Honours have been paid to the martyrs which belong not to man, but none will grudge to the early sufferers for the Faith the proud and tender reverence in which their memories are held by the entire church throughout the world. By publicly dying for the faith, the martyrs served their generation as they could not have done by holy living or by zealous preaching. In Rome, and in all the great cities of the Empire, the lower classes were so debased by a life of idleness and indulgence that argument and entreaty were almost lost upon them. The higher classes were scornful and sceptical. They had listened to all the doctrines which had come to them from many quarters, and they had learned to distrust all. They too would hardly listen to the voice of the preacher. But high and low were devoted to spectacles. Impressions reached their jaded and frivolous minds, through the eye alone. The martyrs, with no intention of making a theatrical display, but simply in obedience to what they deemed high duty, offered to the Romans the great spectacle of men voluntarily accepting death because they believe in life eternal. The death of the martyrs was an acted sermon from which many went away convinced of the truth of the martyrs' faith. The biographies of the martyrs cannot be written. With few exceptions they step forth for the first time, before the tribunal of the magistrate, or at the place of execution, from the obscurity of unrecorded lives. A few words of Christian faith and hope spoken in the presence of death is all that history records. But the subject of the death of the martyrs appealed strongly to imagination, and unfortunately attracted to it the dangerous pens of romancers, who in later ages invented many fabulous details. This is specially unfortunate for the honour of the martyrs' story in our times; for men are now sensitive to the presence of fable in history, and narratives are summarily rejected which bear marks of exaggeration or romancing. The later romances were, however, built upon well-authenticated history. From the close of the first century, when Rome became fully aware of the presence of the church, until the reign of Constantine, the church was under the ban of the Empire. During the whole of the period the sword of the persecutor hung over it—isolated acts of persecution were never wanting—and sometimes persecution of the Christians was violent and general in the Empire.

Not by evil emperors alone, who tormented all men, were the Christians persecuted; they



By E. Blair Leighton.

WAITING.

suffered not less severely under emperors who were models of princely justice and humanity. Christian homes were desolated during reigns which eminent historians have pronounced to be the most tranquil and happy period in the history of the human race. We get an authentic glimpse of the principles by which the persecutors were guided in the correspondence of the younger Pliny, who, at the beginning of the second century, was governor of a province in Asia Minor. Pliny was a favourable specimen of a Roman gentleman of the period—a kind husband, friend and master, patriotic, benevolent and just. He wrote to the Emperor Trajan to consult him as to measures to be taken to check the superstition of the Christians, which was spreading, he said, like an infection from city to city, and from the cities into the country; and in some places it had emptied the temples. Christians were brought before his tribunal; he examined them as to their practices, and ascertained from their confessions that they were in the habit of meeting together on a stated day before it was light, when they addressed a form of prayer to Christ as to a god, and bound themselves by a solemn oath not to commit wickedness. In order to elicit fuller information, he put two female slaves to the torture, who appear to have been the deaconesses of the community; but he was able to discover nothing, save that the people were victims of an absurd and excessive superstition. In these circumstances he judged it right to adjourn the enquiry, and to consult his imperial master. The emperor replied that the Christians were not to be sought for, and that if those who were accused as Christians before the tribunal either denied the accusation or abjured Christianity by invoking the gods of Rome, they were to be dismissed without punishment. If, however, they remained obstinate, they must be punished. It would appear from the emperor's words that Christianity was already an offence amenable to capital punishment. But why should it have been so, and why should Trajan by his rescript have continued such stern treatment of harmless people? Roman rulers were commonly contemptuously tolerant in matters of religious faith and worship; and Trajan was not only a philosophic Roman, but he was a humane man, and considered humanity as the glory of his government. In another letter to Pliny he writes that it is his fixed maxim not to render himself an object of terror by severe and rigorous measures of government. Trajan must have considered Christianity a danger to the empire, or he would not have issued a rescript to the effect that its simple profession was criminal. We find that it was the most sagacious and foresighted emperors who disliked Christianity most. The explanation is this. The Roman state owed its greatness to the immense egotism of the Roman people. They believed themselves to be an imperial race destined to endure, and to rule, for ever. Animated by this idea, they proudly trampled on nationalities all over the world, and substituted their own rule, which they said, and said truly, was better than that which they overthrew. Their faith in themselves and in their own destiny had enabled them to overcome the world. The rulers of this great victorious Empire were troubled with misgivings when the head of the rapid rise of a sect, who spoke of another kingdom and another king, and predicted the speedy downfall of the Empire. The nocturnal meetings of the Christian church, and the terms of intimate brotherhood in which the members lived, increased the suspicion of the rulers who, like all despots, lived in constant fear of conspiracy.

The Christians made several attempts to convince the emperors that their suspicions were groundless. In the form of petitions, defences of Christian doctrine and practice were addressed to the emperors. One of the most remarkable was written about the year A.D. 139, during the reigns of Antoninus Pius, and his adopted son, Marcus Aurelius, the philosopher on the throne. The writer, Justin, had been himself a philosopher, and still wore the philosophic habit. In his Apology he complained that Christians were condemned simply for bearing a certain name; but justice, he said, required that their actions should be enquired into before they were visited with punishment. Three accusations were commonly brought against the Christians. They were said to be atheists, evil doers, and bad citizens of the Empire. Justin could not deny that the Christians did not believe in the popular gods; but they were not atheists, for they believed in an Almighty Father, maker of heaven and earth. He reminded the philosophic emperor that Socrates, whom all philosophers held in reverence, had also been accused of atheism. In answer to the second charge, Justin replied that he challenged investigation, and, if Christians were proved to be evil doers, let them be punished; but their crimes ought to be brought home to them by the regular processes of law. As to the charge that Christians were bad subjects because they spoke of another kingdom, this charge, according to Justin, arose from a misconception. The kingdom of which they spoke was not an earthly kingdom, but the kingdom with God. He assured the emperors that they would find in Christians, and in Christian doctrine, their best allies in preserving the stability of the Empire; for Christians taught that all men live under the eye of God, and that wicked persons and conspirators will not escape Divine judgment. Justin did not flatter the emperors, nor did he for a moment forget the dignity of his cause. "You may kill us," he exclaimed; "but you cannot injure us!" He did not fear to say to the emperors that if they continued to persecute the Christians they would abuse their power.

The emperors were not moved from their purpose by the pleadings of the Apologists, and persecution went on. Marcus Aurelius could not understand that good citizens should wish to set themselves above the law, and refuse to worship as the law ordained. In his meditations he writes that the end of a reasonable being is to conform to whatever is imposed by the reason and law of the most ancient and honourable city. That there is a sphere into which law should not enter—the sphere of conscience—was an idea

that a Roman Emperor could not understand. Perhaps Marcus Aurelius was nearer the truth than Justin, when he came to the decision that Christianity and the Roman state could not live together. How could Rome with its proud claim to rule the earth, its traditions of violence and oppression open its gates to a religion which taught it to put aside the sword, and refrain from robbery? Constantine, it is true, placed the cross above his standards and professed Christianity, but the seeming conformity of Constantine to a religion whose laws he did not obey, would have been impossible to a sincere soul like Marcus Aurelius.

The Christians suffered not only from the rulers of Rome, but also at the hands of the people. The mobs were more hostile to the Christians than the magistrates. The court was often disturbed by angry cries for the death of the accused, before the magistrate had time to investigate the case; and the mob sometimes became the executioners. The Christians were hated by the people as enemies of festal joy, and disturbers of the peace of households. A Christian's foes were often those of his own household; and husbands sometimes denounced their wives before the magistrates.

Persecuted by the rulers and by the people—defeated in their attempts to obtain a fair trial—the Christians had to choose between the alternatives of death or apostasy. Some apostatised and apparently with a light heart; others obtained their acquittal by means which savoured of deceit; but many stood firm and endured the ordeal of torture and death.

The most painful part of the ordeal were the opposition and pleadings of their loved friends. Martyrs were sometimes surrounded by weeping relatives and friends who besought them to live for them, if they would not live for themselves, and to make the easy compliances which would loose their bonds. The measure of martyrdom is filled up, says one of the Fathers, by those who endure not only outrage, mockery, and the contemptuous pity of those who term us madmen, but who likewise withstand the love of wife and children. They were sustained in their mental and bodily sufferings by the thought, almost by the open vision of the blessed world, into which, as they firmly believed, their spirits would pass immediately after death. In the lonely dungeon and even at the place of execution their hopes shaped themselves into dreams and visions, and they seemed to see and hear the welcomes of heaven, and to behold the Risen Saviour awaiting them in the other world. They were likewise upheld by the thought that Christ Himself had trod and made holy the Via Dolorosa. They followed in His footsteps without murmuring, and often with joy. Their fellow Christians recognized the fellowship of the martyrs' sufferings with those of the Lord, and were wont to say when a martyr was condemned that sentence was afresh pronounced upon Christ. From their fellow Christians the martyrs received unceasing marks of sympathy and affection; the dungeon and the place of execution were crowded with men and women who regarded not the danger to themselves, in their eagerness to show sympathy with the sufferers.

The later romance writers dwelt much upon the tortures inflicted upon the Christians, and gave descriptions of the ineffable torments which they suffered. Most of the martyrs probably died by the ordinary Roman method of decapitation preceded by scourging; but many were thrown to wild beasts. The cruel sports of the arena, in which men fought with one another or with wild beasts, had the attraction for southern races which the chase has for the more vigorous nations of the north. They delighted in such spectacles, and even in a still baser sport in which helpless men were cast into the arena to be devoured by beasts ravenous with hunger. The crowd was jubilant which witnessed such spectacles, the air rang with their shouts, but what of the victims? It was a doom of special cruelty, not only because it might be lingering, but because it appealed so strongly to the imagination beforehand and the sufferer died many deaths in the mental torture he endured in the dungeon while picturing to himself the coming scene in the arena. "Waiting" for such a death was worse than the death itself.

In the Roman arenas two classes of men were prominent—the fair-haired German gladiators from the Danube and the Rhine; and the Christians who were thrown as passive victims to the ravenous beasts. Had the veil which hides the future been uplifted on a Roman holiday, and the complacent spectators been permitted to look into the coming times, they would have seen the representatives of the victims of the arena playing an unexpected part in another tragedy. It was the tribes from the Germanic forests who overthrew the Western Empire; and avenged the long martyrdom which their countrymen had suffered in arenas of the Empire. The Christians too, without intending it, contributed to the downfall of Rome. They failed to reform the Empire and to give it Christian hopes; but their words gave to it a guilty conscience and a divided heart which made it an easy prey to the sword of the barbarian marauders.

Clean Hands.

I HAD been busy; dusting, sweeping, rubbing,
And then—alas! for my poor grimy fingers!
With soap and brush I gave them patient scrubbing
(The soiling touch of toil so plainly lingers).
Next came in downcastly my little daughter—
"Mamma, my doll has fallen on the street,
Just see her dress! oh, here is soapy water,
Do wash it for me, then she will be neat."
To please the child, I did my very best,
Then hung it up, and lo!—*my hands were white.*

Then thought I of the folks who take no rest
From sitting in their own soul's grimy sight;
At prayer-meeting and church, aye hearing, hearing—
Some *other* soul if they'd be bravely cheering,
Forgetting all their cherished doubting, fearing,
Maybe an Eye might see spots disappearing
And stains fast fading—in a blessed pureness nearing.

M. B.

THE INNER LIFE OF LORD SHAFTESBURY.

PART II.

IN the pauses of his exhausting labours Lord Shaftesbury's great delight was a tour, either at home or abroad. The special journals devoted to the record of his wanderings are singularly interesting, and a few musings of his soul may be given here. At Rome, he writes, on the 21st December, 1833: "The shortest day. It may be called the midnight of the year, as, after this period, the advance is to light, and not to darkness. It is a singular coincidence, and morally a most just one, that Christ, 'the Light of the World,' 'the Dayspring from on high,' should have been born in the depth of winter, the full period of human darkness; and yet precisely at the commencement of returning light, and warmth and happiness." A visit to Ripon Minster calls forth this reflection. "The crypt is now turned into a species of catacomb, and garnished with skulls and cross-bones. 'Gracious God, what is man?' exclaimed Lord Bolingbroke, as he stood weeping and disbelieving on the death-bed of Pope; how much more true, how much more exalted the exclamation of the Psalmist. 'Lord, what is man that thou art mindful of him, or the son of man that Thou regardest him? Thou madest him a little lower than the angels, to crown him with glory and worship.' I know not what scoffers and sceptics may feel in the contemplation of these, and the like exhibitions of mortality; had I not, by God's blessing 'a sure and certain hope of a joyful resurrection,' I should lose my senses with disgust and terror."

His mind was always open to receive the lesson which the history of any place he visited might teach him. Thus, at Antwerp, he says: "Contrast the city with what it once was and with what Napoleon intended that it should be; and see the vanity of human wishes. Let us Englishmen take warning, and, while we quote our imports and exports; the amount of our tonnage, and the number of our capitalists, call to mind that Antwerp, in her palmy days, could boast of a trade with half the world; count at one time 2,500 vessels in her harbour, and exhibit on her 'Change 5,000 merchants whose business required their presence there no less than twice every day! 'Oh Lord,' well may our nation say, 'make me to know the number of my days that I may be certified how long I have to live!'"

He was an intense lover of the beauties of Nature, which always inspired devout religious thought, and his frequent exclamation is "God be praised" as fresh scenes of beauty are described. "It sounds sometimes like freedom or affectation," he writes at Carlsbad, "to say, 'God be praised for this' and 'Thank God for that' which men may consider a mere trifle; yet I cannot but feel it. And surely every moment of innocent pleasure, every moment of averted mischief (His *unknown* mercies are endless), affords new cause of thankfulness and joy. If, in addition to these delights, the soul be lifted up to communion with the spirits above, there is the foretaste of another life, and, so far, a preparation for it. I can never see a fine prospect, or a sun setting in glory, without blessing God for the wonders and beauties of His creation." At the same place, a few days later, he says: "Walked up the hill to enjoy the view. I love the open prospects; give me always an expanse of sky; I value not a handful of it. I can then fancy the dawning glories of the Second Advent. 'Behold He cometh with clouds.'"

The lessons of history he reads and interprets in the light of Revelation. Thus, when visiting the palace at Heidelberg, he notes: "It is one of the many standing monuments of the oppressions perpetrated by the French monarchy on Germany and mankind. This gorgeous residence was first desolated, when the most polished villain that ever possessed and prostituted the gifts of God, sent forth an army to ravage the dominions of his enemy, the Palatine. Fire, the sword, with their necessary results, starvation and disease, laid waste towns, plains and valleys. Thousands of men, women, and children who had never offended, even in thought, this unprecedented monster, experienced the most horrid sufferings, and died by the most cruel deaths. Which is the more hateful in the sight of God, the wretch who perpetrates these crimes, or the authors who bepraise him? The great day of judgment will exhibit some fearful reckonings. If Herod be arraigned for his Massacre of the Innocents, so will King Louis the Fourteenth for the blood of the numberless children whose souls are still 'under the altar,' crying for inevitable vengeance."

Great cities interest him, not more for the wealth of information they supply, than for the great moral questions they cause him to debate with himself. Thus, when visiting Paris at a time when violence and revolution were threatening, he says; "The immorality of the nation lies at the root of all the evil and all the danger; it is not misgovernment, oppressive taxation; it is not religious persecution, or denial of freedom; it is not the presence of a griping Church, or a monopolising aristocracy; it is not any political defect, or any civil abuse or blunder; it is the utter want of all religion, all sense of God, all respect for man. The domestic system, the prime ordinance of God for human society, is nearly extinct, 'In Thee and Thy seed shall all the *families* of the earth be blessed.' Mark the expression; not the nations, not the people, not the individuals, but the 'families' of the earth. This, however, is cut up at the very roots; their mode of life, their dwellings, their amusements, their tastes, their passions, all are incompatible

with the cares, the toils, the duties of domestic existence."

Holding the views he did, aflame with a burning zeal for the glory of God, his heart overflowing with sympathy for the poor, the suffering, and the sad, with a fiery indignation for every form of oppression and cruelty, Lord Ashley placed himself at the head of almost every great religious and philanthropic movement of his time. It is not proposed to refer to his great public efforts in this place, but rather to the motives that inspired them, the phases of character developed by them, and the sources of his success. But it may be remarked here that, until the publication of his "Life," very few who heard him speak in Parliament, and on public platforms, ever had the least idea of what those utterances cost him. It was quite a common thing for people to say, "What a life of self-sacrifice Lord Shaftesbury's is," but those who said it never dreamed in what that self-sacrifice consisted. He was a man of a fine, sensitive, nervous organism; oppressed with an almost morbid sense of his own insufficiency; shrinking from the fierce light of publicity thrown upon him; smarting under the scourges of a hostile public opinion and a hostile public press; yearning for rest and literary and social enjoyment; yet ever impelled by the spirit that was in him, to stand in the forefront of every battle; to forego every personal gratification, and to spend days and nights, from youth to age, in labours from which his whole nature shrank.

The manliness of Lord Shaftesbury touched the highest point of heroism. Nervous and sensitive, he yet conducted one of the greatest and most vigorous agitations of the century; delicate and refined, he visited every loathsome haunt in London; retiring and diffident, his whole life was aggressive; from first to last it was a career of self-surrender and self-sacrifice.

There was needed some strong sustaining power to enable him to persevere in his career, and the secret of his strength we know. That strength was maintained by unceasing prayer. "Prayer to begin, prayer to accompany, and prayer to close any undertaking for His service is the secret of all prospering in our ways," he wrote, in his diary in 1843; and, years later, in a letter to one of his sons, he says: "You ask me how I get through so much work? why, as I hope that you will, hereafter, by hearty prayer to Almighty God before I begin; by entering into it with faith and zeal, and by making my end to be His glory and the good of mankind. *In hoc signo vinces.*"

Throughout his diaries there are scattered some very beautiful references to prayer. Thus, in 1848, when in Scotland, he writes:—"*Oct.* 26.—Surely no sun ever rose more beautifully than this morning; viewed it with delight. Yet there was a coldness in my affection and a formality in my prayer which seemed little to accord with such a display of God's works. But we must be careful not to estimate the state of our hearts towards God merely by the rapture we may feel at occasional periods; religion would then be measured by enthusiasm; it must be tested by its fruits, by our real and inmost desires, by our daily walk, by our Scriptural belief, by our constant faith, and by our practical life."

Not only do the diaries abound with references to prayer, but, occasionally, there are the words of special prayers recorded, relating chiefly to great national events. The following was written, in 1854, during the Crimean War:

"O Lord, Almighty God, protect those gallant men of both nations by sea and land, from the pestilence, the battle, and the flood. Give them a speedy and joyous victory; a speedy and a lasting peace; restore them safe and happy to their homes and that right soon. We pray not, O Lord, in malignity or revenge, but for the peace of nations and the security of freedom; restrain the ambition of this man, stay his encroachments, confound his devices and turn his heart. Rend from him his ill-gotten gains, the acquisitions of fraud and violence, confine him within his own limits of race and language. Save a Protestant land from idolatrous rule, and enable us to do some great work for Poland of justice, mercy, and retribution; and thus, by Thy grace, both in the East and in the West, Thy word shall have free course, and be glorified, through Jesus Christ our Lord."

That was a prayer written in a great national crisis. The following was written in a crisis relating to his own career. In January, 1846, for conscience' sake, he had been obliged to resign his seat in Parliament, and the conduct of the Factory Question in the House of Commons. In June of that year there was a probability of his soon re-entering Parliament, and as the future began to shape itself with some distinctness, he resolved upon a plan of action, and committed it to God in a prayer of exquisite beauty.

"*June* 1, 1846.—I will take first the long-agitated, much-desired, and most blessed Ten Hours' Bill; this, with a parliamentary effort on behalf of the ragged children will constitute the work of next session. I will then proceed with Church Reform—a reform that shall restore it to the scheme of Cranmer, Ridley, and Latimer, and revive, if possible, the primitive examples; and the last that I dare to contemplate will open a series of exertions to aid, spiritually and physically, the oppressed, forsaken, and heathen children, described and reported by my Commission of 1840—a vast and foul mass, which our avarice has engendered, and our luxurious indolence overlooks and increases and perpetuates. 'Who is sufficient for these things?' Not I alone, but any one, if God be with him. And now, O God, the Father of the forsaken, the help of the weak, the supplier of the needy, who hast diffused and proportioned Thy gifts to body and soul, in such sort that all may acknowledge and perform the joyous duty of mutual service; Who teachest us that love towards the race of man is the bond of perfectness, and the imitation of Thy blessed Self; open our eyes and touch our hearts, that we may see and do, both for this world and for that which is to come, the things which belong unto our peace. Strengthen me in the work that I have now undertaken; give me counsel and wisdom, perseverance, faith and zeal, and in

Thine own good time, and according to Thy pleasure, prosper the issue. But, O Lord, pour into me a spirit of humility and fear; let nothing be done in a vain and wicked notion of righteousness and merit, but in devout obedience to Thy will, thankfulness for Thine unspeakable mercies, and love to Thine adorable Son, Jesus Christ, with a constant and hearty confession of sin and unworthiness, and everlasting hope through His merits alone, our only Redeemer and Saviour."

Things New and Old.

BE NATURAL.—When the Rev. Mr. Tennent was a minister at New Brunswick, N.J., a pastor in a town some distance off who had heard of the wonderfully holy man Mr. Tennent, came down to spend a few days in the place and learn of him. Impressed deeply with the power of awful sanctity that he saw in Mr. Tennent, he returned to his parish with a firm resolution to be like that blessed man of God. Spending the close of the week in devout retirement, he went to church on Sabbath morning, greeting those who met him at the door with a solemn air and tone that was all unusual in their genial and cheerful pastor. He conducted the services in the same profoundly serious manner, so serious as to be unnatural unless he were under some peculiar pressure. As he came from the pulpit one of his elders gave him his hand and kindly asked if anything was the matter with him; was he unwell, or his family, or had he heard any evil tidings. To all these inquiries the pastor replied "No"; and at last the elder, unable to penetrate the mystery, exclaimed, "Well, if nothing is the matter, then the devil's in you!" The good pastor confessed the fact on the spot. He was trying to be like Mr. Tennent, and not himself. He was acting a part, and he resolved to be hereafter himself, and as much better as possible.—*Dr. Prime's Autobiography.*

PERSONAL EVIDENCE.—An infidel once asked a lady if she believed the Bible. "Yes." "Why do you believe in that book?" "Because," said she, "I am acquainted with the Author."—*Christian Remembrancer.*

THE POVERTY OF THE POOR.—The mystery remains how many manage to live at all. One solution is that there exists among irregular workers a kind of communism. They prefer to occupy the same neighbourhood, and make long journeys to work rather than go to live among strangers. They easily borrow and easily lend. The women spend much time in gossiping, know intimately one another's affairs, and in time of trouble help willingly. One couple, whose united earnings have never reached fifteen shillings a week, whose home has never been more than one small room, has brought up in succession three orphans. The old man, at seventy years of age, just earns a living by running messages, and by selling wirework; but even now he spends many a night in hushing a baby whose desertion he pities, and whom he has taken to his care. The poverty of the poor is understood by the poor, and their charity is according to the measure of Christ's. The charity of the rich is according to another measure, because they do not know poverty, and they do not know because they do not think.—*Rev. S. A. Barnett, in the Nineteenth Century.*

HEART'S-EASE.

CHAPTER II.

ETHEL'S breakfast that morning was a very dreary affair. The incident of the vase had completely taken her appetite away, and Miss Regina looked more than ever like "a man in a sentry-box," for she sat erect and silent, occupied with the work she had in hand, but casting a look of inquiry every now and then at her niece, who sat with a ruffled look on her face, pecking at the food before her.

I do not think that Miss Regina would have spoken first. She was deep in her own thoughts, and deep too in an affectionate desire to be helpful to Ethel, whose state of mind gave her the greatest possible anxiety. She felt that if the child was to grow up to be useful and helpful, she must be taught to see the folly of her present conduct. As for the broken vase, she felt that all the blame could not attach to Ethel, who was really startled by the sudden call, and could hardly be held responsible for the shock to her nerves. Indeed, Miss Regina was lamenting her own infirmity of temper, and saying to herself that it was hopeless for her to act as a teacher, until she could control her irritation better than she had that morning. If only Ethel knew all that was passing through Aunt Regina's mind just now, she would never again have thought her cross or overwatchful, or in the least like the picture she had drawn of her to her father.

At length Ethel put down her cup, and, with a little preliminary rattle with her spoon, addressed her aunt—

"Aunt Regina, you don't think I was to blame about that vase, do you?"

"In what way, Ethel?"

"Why, in every way. It was certainly not my fault that it was broken. When papa comes home I shall have to tell him that I could not have helped it. Nobody's nerve could stand being called at so suddenly." And Ethel pouted her lips, and looked very much aggrieved.

Miss Regina took no notice of the evident want of respect which her tone showed. She answered the question as best she could.

"I quite think with you, Ethel, that your letting the vase fall was quite an accident. If any blame attaches to any one, it must to me; but, if you had come to breakfast when I called you, the accident would not have happened."

"I only wanted to put these flowers in water. You know how soon they die this hot weather."

"But that little word 'only' is a very dangerous one, Ethel dear," Miss Regina said, in a very much more gentle voice than Ethel was usually prepared for.

"A very dangerous word!" echoed she in surprise, as she laughed. "How can it be so, aunt?'

"Because, my dear, it excuses what ought not to be excused, and prevents you seeing the danger that there is in disobedience."

"I was not disobedient, aunt," she answered, her dark eyes growing large and angry.

Miss Regina was silent. There was not the slightest use in reasoning with an angry girl, she knew, and when that girl is a spoiled child into the bargain, the case is hopeless. So she remained in silence for some few minutes, during which Ethel glanced across the room at her frequently, to see whether she was about to answer her. The momentary

storm of anger died out of Ethel's eyes presently, and she addressed her aunt again.

"You don't say anything, aunt. I suppose you think I was disobedient."

"I have nothing to say, Ethel. You maintain that you were not, and I must leave it so. I have no wish to enter into an angry discussion with you." And Miss Regina spoke so quietly, that Ethel felt somewhat touched and ashamed by the words. After another pause, Ethel said, in a milder tone: "I did not intend to be disobedient, Aunt Regina. If you think I was so, I am sorry."

"My dear Ethel, it does me good to hear you speak like that. Come and let me kiss away all misunderstanding."

Ethel was at her aunt's side in an instant, and with her arms round her neck, kissed her many times with real affection.

When she looked at her aunt again, she noticed that tears were in her eyes.

"What is the matter, Aunt Regina?" she asked impulsively.

"My dear, I am thinking what little things spoil our happiness. A word, or a look sometimes, is enough to make a long chain of misery for people."

"I know it does!" Ethel exclaimed, with all the authority of one who has had bitter experience of the truth. "I often say to myself, that if I hadn't said something or the other, that made you or somebody else angry, there would have been no unpleasantness."

"We must try very hard to avoid saying such things then, darling."

"Yes," said Ethel, in a dreamy way, as though she were not quite sure of being able to follow this advice.

"Do you think it is very difficult, Ethel?"

"Awfully difficult, Aunt Regina. I try and try, but no good comes of it."

"Perhaps you have no one to help you, my dear child."

"Who could help me, Aunt Regina? It's all in my own thoughts. No one can help us when we must think wicked things——" But she stopped, seeing a reproof in her aunt's eyes. "Oh, you mean that God can!" she added reverently.

"Yes, Ethel, if we ask Him for His help He will give it. Perhaps you have not always thought of that when you were tempted."

A contrite "No" was the answer, and Ethel kissed her aunt again, with affectionate eagerness, as though to express in that way, feelings she could not put into words.

"Now go, dear, and finish your breakfast. You have eaten very little this morning."

"Hardly anything, aunt—how could I? I felt miserable."

"You feel better now, darling, I hope?"

"Ever so much. I'll try to do what you say, aunt dear."

And she imprinted another kiss on her aunt's forehead, and went back to the breakfast-table, where, indeed, everything had got cold, except her own heart, which was warmer than it had been for some time. She finished her meal, chatting to Aunt Regina about all sorts of things, from the canary that sang above her head, to "Nero," the great Mount St. Bernard dog that lay basking in the sunshine in the yard outside.

She felt happier now that the cloud between herself and Aunt Regina had disappeared. I wonder, do spoiled children know that they are being spoiled? I think they do. I think it comes into their minds very often that they are really being spoiled so that their lives cannot be as happy as those of children who have been wisely, and even strictly, brought up. I think Ethel knew. Although she liked to have her own way, even when she knew that her's was the wrong way, she was not happiest when she had it. Down deep in her heart, she felt that it was all wrong, and even this little "making up," as she called it, with Aunt Regina, put her into better spirits than usual.

After breakfast they had their reading of the Bible, as usual. The servants came into the breakfast-room, and Miss Regina read for them some passages from God's word, and explained it. Then they all knelt, whilst Aunt Regina asked for a blessing on the day for each of them; her reading just now was about Absalom, and Ethel listened with marked attention as she heard the story of that handsome but foolish and wicked son, who was, I fear, a spoiled child even from his youth.

Even Aunt Regina thought within herself that the lesson was full of wisdom for all who had the charge of children, as well as for the children themselves; and she asked in her prayer that all who were placed in authority might be given wisdom and grace to act for the honour of God, and for the well-being of those over whom they were placed.

After morning prayers came lessons. They were not regular lessons, for since Colonel Seymour came down to Holmsdale a month ago, Ethel had not had her usual governess. These were really her holidays. Sometimes she protested against having any lessons at all, but Aunt Regina was so firm on this point that she had to be content with grumbling to her father, and paying as little attention to the lessons she did with her aunt as she could. She was better to-day. Once, indeed, she stopped, and asked a question.

"May I take Nero for a run, as soon as lessons are over, Aunt Regina?"

"Yes, Ethel, if you promise very faithfully not to go beyond the park."

"Oh! of course, Aunt Regina," said Ethel, looking up at her aunt with wide-open eyes.

Nero was, I must tell you, a very great favourite with all the household, and Ethel's special pet. To look at him, you might imagine that he was fierce, and dangerous. He had a large head and beautiful eyes, but most people who were not actual friends of his appeared somewhat timid of him, and whenever Ethel was out walking with Nero by her side, she needed no other protection, I assure you.

He seemed to share not only his young mistress's love, but her confidence also. She talked to him when they were out together just as she might have talked to a very familiar friend. She told him much more than she would have ventured to tell Aunt Regina, but he was only a dog, and could not answer back, or reason with her, and she found that just what she wished. He would sometimes look up at her, with those large, solemn, faithful eyes of his, as though wishing very much that he could speak, and she always understood, or thought she understood him, for she would call him her dear old dog, and pat his broad shaggy head much to his satisfaction.

Ethel Seymour had no young friends of her own age, in Holmsdale, to whom she could talk as freely as she did to Nero. Her father spent much of his time in London, and she was always more willing to leave the pleasures of the country house, and even the society of Nero, than she was to leave London, when the season was at an end and the Colonel shut up his town house. Sometimes they went abroad. She knew much about most of the large cities on the Continent, and could speak French very fluently, and purely, and of course there was much about a life of constant change to educate her mind, although it made her restless and dissatisfied with the quiet of the country.

She had been greatly disappointed at not going abroad this year. It was necessary that Colonel Seymour should remain in England, but that seemed no sufficient explanation for Ethel. To hear her talk about her disappointment, you might well suppose that she considered herself as of much greater importance than her father, or Aunt Regina—but then, I have told you that she had been

a spoiled child from her cradle, and that explains it all. And so she said in reply to her aunt: "Of course not, Aunt Regina. What makes you think I would?"

She asked this with a look of astonishment, as though the idea of her going beyond the park was as absurd as her going to the moon.

"Well, my dear, I am glad you think it strange my naming such a condition, but when you and Nero get out together, there is no knowing where you may get to," said Aunt Regina, with a smile.

Ethel smiled too, for the recollection of other days, when she and Nero had wandered beyond bounds, and had to be searched for like a pair of runaways, came back to her, and made her think her aunt's condition not quite so unnecessary, or unwise as she at first thought it.

"We will both be very good to-day, Aunt Regina," she said, with a serious look in her face, as though she really meant to be obedient, and careful. And after lessons she started off to let Nero loose. With great mutual delight they went into the delicious meadows which stretched away from the house, and Nero disported himself in the long rich grass, just as though he were plunging into the cool waves of the sea. There was a delicious breeze blowing, and the larks were singing high in the blue heavens, and from every bush and tree there sounded out the music of the birds. No wonder that both Nero and his mistress felt glad.

The meadows, which were called the Park, stretched away to the high road in one direction, and in another, they extended down to a shady lane that led to a pretty village, or hamlet, that lay hidden among the tall elm-trees, for which Holmsdale was celebrated. Being in the park itself, was almost as safe as being in the more private garden. Even Aunt Regina had no anxiety with regard to Ethel as long as she felt sure that she was in it.

She evidently felt quite easy in her mind about her to-day, for she settled down to work in the drawing-room on some delicate embroidery, and it need not be a secret that she enjoyed the perfect quiet of the house, much as she loved the motherless child who had been given to her to tend and watch over, by the young mother as a last passionate charge.

Nero went on, through the sea of ripe, golden grass, snapping at the bees that crossed his path, and dashing after imaginary objects, only to return to his mistress with renewed tokens of devotion and submission. Presently they both came to the shady lane which led into the hamlet, and Nero dashed through the high hedge at a point where it was less dense, and with great glee started off along the road, leaping and barking in the wildest and happiest way.

"Nero, Nero, come back, sir!" Ethel cried, as she scrambled through the hedge somehow, and stood on the road looking after Nero, who either did not hear her, or did not care to obey his young mistress just now.

She was very excited at the moment. She did not notice that a bramble had torn her dress, and another had scratched her hand. She had eyes only for Nero, and he was already half way down the lane. She might have turned back again, and left him to find his way home, as he would have done, perhaps before she had got very far on her return journey—and if she had remembered her promise to Aunt Regina she would have done so, I have no doubt; but, when her mind was full of any one thing, she forgot everything and every one else, in her excitement. By this time Nero had disappeared, and she went at full speed down the lane, calling to him in angry tones.

He had evidently intended only to have a game with his mistress, for he appeared suddenly from behind the high hedge, and came bounding towards her.

"Oh! you naughty dog, you bad Nero!" she exclaimed, half enjoying the surprise and fun, but speaking severely. "Come here, sir." But Nero had no such intention. He wanted his mistress to accompany him down the lane, and his antics were all directed towards that end.

Ethel was as willing to go now as he was, and so together they walked on side by side, until they came in sight of a group of picturesque cottages, standing a little way back from the lane, and looking as though they had been put there to make a beautiful picture, with their frame of elm-trees, and the duck pond close by.

One of the cottage windows was wide open, and on the sill outside sat, in contented idleness, a white kitten, which looked like nothing so much as a ball of pure white fur, with a bit of pink ribbon tied round it.

Nero and his mistress caught sight of pussy at the same moment, but before Ethel could lay her hand on the dog to keep him at her side he had dashed off furiously, going straight in the direction of the ball of white fur.

THE SUNDAY ALBUM.

Let our young readers get a blank book, eight or nine inches square and unruled, so as to be suitable either for drawing or writing. This is to be the "Sunday Album." We shall give from time to time a subject for study, illustrated by a picture. This picture our young friends may copy, or ask their friends to copy for them, to put into the Album. Then on Sunday afternoon or evening let them gather with their Bibles in their hands, and find out as many verses as they can in which the subject for the day is to be found. Some of the children will recollect one verse and some another. Even little ones who are not able to read, can help in this exercise by remembering the Bible stories in which the word in question is to be found; and those who cannot draw can perhaps find an engraving which will serve. Then some one should write out the verses; or, at least the most important of them, around the drawing in the centre, marking below each verse the initials of the child who found it. In former years we have had many such exercises for the family, and now propose to resume them. The first subject of this new series will be "Fig Trees and Figs," of which they will find a frequent mention in the Bible. We shall have something to say ourselves about it.

FIG TREES.

THE SUNDAY AT HOME

O DAY MOST CALM, MOST BRIGHT! . . .
THE WEEK WERE DARK BUT FOR THY LIGHT.—*Herbert.*

BARBARA'S BROTHERS.

CHAPTER III.—WULFRIC'S RETURN.

"BUT O FOR THE TOUCH OF A VANISH'D HAND."

"IT'S Wulf!" cried Barbara, suddenly throwing down her book and springing to the door. "He has come, after all!"

The Meynals were sitting together in the drawing-room after dinner, and had just calculated that it would be impossible for Wulfric to reach St. Hilda that night, as his ship was only expected to reach Liverpool that morning, when the sound of a voice in the hall drew from Barbara's lips the foregoing exclamation.

Hardly had she spoken when the door opened and the traveller stood before them.

"Well, how are you all? Don't strangle me, Barbara. Mother, how are you? Were you expecting me to-night? Did you see that my ship was in?"

He spoke these words in a deep, powerful voice that was quite in harmony with the massive proportions of his figure. He stooped to kiss his mother and his sister as he spoke, and shook hands with Gerald, who answered his question.

"We did not think you could be here before to-morrow. We thought you would sleep the night in London."

"No, I came by Bristol. I found I could just manage it. I was anxious not to lose time."

"I dare say you have had nothing to eat all day," said Barbara, who was of a domestic

turn. "I will go and see about some dinner for you."

"Thanks," answered her brother; and as Barbara vanished a silence fell upon the little group.

Wulfric stood with his back to the fire, his face set in lines of deep thought, and a heavy cloud resting upon his brow. At no time was he much of a talker, and now, coming back to his bereaved family, with only a few hours' notice of their common loss, his words seemed even less ready than usual.

"You got my letter?" asked Gerald at length.

"Yes, in Liverpool this morning, when we got in."

"Was it the first intimation you had? You had not seen it in the papers?"

"No; I had been out of the beat of papers for some weeks. I knew nothing till I got that letter."

"You left us so long without an address," said his mother plaintively.

"I could not help it. My movements were quite uncertain. When did it happen?"

"Nearly a month ago."

"It was very sudden, you said?"

"Yes. He was only ill for a few days. It was inflammation of the lungs."

Mrs. Meynal put her handkerchief to her eyes with a little sob. Wulfric drew his bushy eyebrows together.

"So a telegram could not have brought me in time, even if you had had my address," he observed slowly, and there was something of relief in the tone.

"No, I suppose not," sighed Mrs. Meynal; "but if you could have been summoned home immediately it would have saved us immense anxiety and difficulty."

"Difficulty about what?"

"About the practice. It has been waiting for you all this time—it has been very inconvenient to many people."

Wulfric stood very still, looking fixedly into the lamp burning on the table opposite. He was a very tall, powerful man, broad-shouldered and deep-chested, with clean-cut muscular limbs and a physical strength in proportion to his unusual stature. His face was striking in expression, from its determination and force of will, but most people at a first glance would have called Wulfric Meynal an ugly man. His features were cast in a rugged mould and were without regularity or symmetry of form. His hair was very dark and thick and invincibly curly, and unless cut very close, which it seldom was, somewhat resembled a lion's mane, and gave him a shaggy and characteristic appearance that made Gerald shrug his shoulders in a sort of fraternal despair. His eyes were very dark and piercing, large, deeply set in his head, and overhung by thick black brows. He wore neither beard nor moustache, so there was nothing to soften the stern set of the square jaw, or the resolute determination expressed by the lines of the mouth. Wulfric Meynal would never pass unnoticed, go where he would, but his was a face likely to inspire fear rather than affection.

Wulfric had never been a favourite at home, save with his father and Barbara. He had been much away from boyhood upwards, and had always been something of a stranger, even to his own people, but his youngest sister had always had a warm admiration for him, and if she stood a little in awe of him, it did not hinder her from being his staunch champion and ally.

There was a certain subtle resemblance between those two, both in outward appearance and in disposition, but it was not a likeness that was generally recognised; for her impetuous vivacity was so strongly at variance with his silence and reserve that few would detect any similarity between them, and they certainly were not aware of it themselves. Wulfric was fond of his little sister. He was not demonstrative, nor very susceptible, yet he had always had a soft spot in his heart for Barbara; and although her determined and not too well-judged championship of him, in season and out of season, had been the cause of some annoyance to him at times, he had never allowed her to see how very gladly he would have dispensed with it.

And now that he had come back to this changed and shadowed house, he was quite aware that it was with Barbara he wished to talk matters quietly over; that it was to her that he must look for any real confidence, comprehension or sympathy.

He stepped across the hall in a few minutes to the dining-room, where he found Barbara waiting for him with a substantial repast spread upon the table. He sat down to it mechanically, yet did not at first attempt to eat, but rested his head on his hand in an attitude of deep abstraction. Barbara came up slowly and stood close beside him without speaking, and presently Wulfric put his arm about her—an unusual demonstration from him, and for some time the silence between them was unbroken. At length he moved, put her gently away with a long-drawn breath like a sigh, and began slowly and absently to help himself to what was before him. His face wore a look that Barbara did not quite understand. She stood regarding him earnestly.

"Are you very tired, Wulf?"

"No, not particularly."

"Something is the matter?"

He raised his eyes slowly to hers.

"Remember that what is a month old to you, is new to me. You are used to the blank in the house—but I am not."

Barbara was silent and the tears gathered slowly in her eyes.

"I don't think I shall ever get used to it!" she said unsteadily. "It seems like losing everything."

Wulfric made no answer; but Barbara knew he understood. He and his father had been always deeply attached.

She busied herself with attending to his creature comforts, and he let her wait upon him, and ate more to please her than from any sense of hunger. Both knew well how many times she had waited thus upon their father, when he had come in late and weary from a heavy day's work. It had always been Barbara's greatest

pleasure to sit with him whilst he took his repast and chatter to him of all the simple events of the day.

But she did not chatter now; she felt tongue-tied and constrained. There was much that she wished to discuss with her brother, many questions she was longing to ask, but for the moment she was as silent as he.

As at length he began to sip the coffee she had made for him, in the way she knew he liked it, and turning a little away from the table, he said quietly, "Now tell me all about it."

Barbara commanded herself as well as she could whilst she related the short story of her father's illness and death.

Wulfric listened with close attention.

"Did he leave any message for me?"

"His love—his love and blessing. I think you were very much in his thoughts. Ah, why were you not here? Why did he die just then?"

Wulfric was silent for some time, and then he spoke again: "Did he leave no message as to his wishes respecting the future? Did he say nothing as to what he wished me to do about the practice?"

Barbara hesitated, and twisted her hands together.

"In his will everything was left to mother and to us."

"I know, that was arranged between us. I had my portion spent upon my education. What I mean is, did he express any wish—did he say whether or not he thought it advisable for me to succeed him here?"

"He said that was a point you must decide for yourself. He said you would be certain to act rightly towards all. It was not for him to settle, he said, his mind was not sufficiently clear; but you were sure to see your duty, and do it, whatever it might be. He left the decision to you without a single misgiving."

Wulfric was silent. His dark eyes were fixed upon his sister's face, and yet he did not seem to see her. Barbara had spoken as if under compulsion whilst she had told him her father's words; but when these had been spoken she drew her breath hard, and suddenly broke out with great impetuosity; "Oh, Wulf, Wulf! Don't do it! don't do it!"

He started out of his reverie and looked at her in surprise.

"Don't do what, Barbara?"

"Take the practice and bury yourself at St. Hilda. Don't do it, Wulf—don't!"

He smiled a little grimly and made no reply, but went on asking questions.

"How have things been going on since? Who has been looking after people?"

"The surgery assistant has done what he can and people have just been waiting—"

Barbara stopped short suddenly, and Wulfric concluded with great composure, "Until I came back to take my father's place."

"No!" cried Barbara quickly, "till you came back to see what was to be done: I say, let the house and practice be sold. Then we shall have plenty to live upon, and you can go and make your fortune in London."

Wulfric smiled again, in the same rather grim way.

"And is that the expression of the general opinion of the family? Does that embody the public wish?"

Barbara hung her head and pressed her hands closely together, sighing impatiently.

"Ah!" said Wulfric, and said no more.

Presently Barbara looked up quickly. "Wulf," she said, "you must make a firm stand. They do want to sacrifice your career to their present ease and comfort; but you ought not to allow it; I'm sure you ought not. They can't make you, and you ought not to submit. You would so hate the life."

"Possibly; but that's not the question."

"But it ought to be. There is no reason on earth why you should be sacrificed to us. We shall get along very well somehow, and you will grow rich and famous in London, as you could never do here, and will be much more useful to us in the end. You must not sacrifice yourself for us. It would be such folly in the long run—you with your talents to rust away down here!"

She spoke impulsively, but Wulfric's face never moved from its set lines of care and thought.

"Life is a great lottery, Barbara," he said slowly and almost sadly. "Very few men live to realise their ambition, or to reach their goal. Fame and fortune are not won in a day, and at best they are fickle mistresses to serve. You have no idea, little sister, what a hard battle is life in these hurrying days of crowding and competition; and so long as I have health and strength to work for you, you never shall know."

Barbara looked at him, her lips compressed, her eyes aglow. Was that the expression of his real determination? Was his mind already made up?

"Wulf!" she cried catching her breath, "do you mean that your mind is really made up? You have had no time to think it over. You should not decide in such a hurry."

Wulfric smiled in his enigmatic fashion.

"I have had a whole day to think," he answered quietly, "and some days are like a lifetime."

Barbara sighed impatiently.

"Suppose father had left a message telling you not to?"

"He did not do anything of the kind. The message he did leave is clear enough to me. He saw my duty, as I see it, plainly enough."

"I don't believe he did—"

"But I am sure of it, and it is in my hands that the matter lies."

"I think too much fuss can be made about duty. Duty is not everything."

Wulfric made no reply.

"Wulf!" cried Barbara almost angrily: "Don't be so impenetrable. Don't you see that you have a duty to yourself to think of too?"

Wulfric turned upon her the sombre light of his eyes.

"There will be time enough to think of that when I have done my duty to the mother who is left dependent upon me, if not for the necessaries of life exactly, yet for the ease and luxuries which have become to her almost necessary, and

with which, in her delicate state of health, she could ill afford to dispense. You who know so little of the difficulties of life, may talk glibly of the capital raised by the sale of house and practice; but when you come to try to live upon the interest of the money, you would soon begin to learn a great many new lessons as to the relative value of things. No, Barbara, so long as I can keep the practice together, and give my mother the home to which she has been accustomed, so long my place is here, and here I shall stay. What may happen in the future I cannot tell, but, during her lifetime, St. Hilda shall be her home as long as she wants to stay, if any exertions of mine can keep her there; and Celia and you will be with her as a matter of course. I dare say you will both be married long before there is any break up of the old home."

Wulfric spoke with a quiet decision that Barbara felt it useless to combat; moreover, his words brought home to her a certain sense of conviction.

"What about Gerald?" she asked by and by. "Are you going to keep him too?"

"I must see about that. I suppose with his talents he will soon be making name and fortune for himself."

Barbara laughed oddly.

"Wulf, surely you do not believe in Gerald's art?"

"It's a subject I know nothing whatever about. All I know is that everybody sings in praise of his genius; he is said to be a rising star in the world of poetry and art."

"Everybody!" repeated Barbara with scorn. "That means Gerald himself and the disciples he teaches. Mother and Celia believe in him because they take him at his own valuation, but I know better. He idles away all his time in talking of his unrivalled genius."

"You were always down on Gerald," remarked Wulfric very calmly. "He isn't in your style or mine, I admit; but in his own way he may be a very clever fellow for aught I know."

"It is an intolerably conceited one," answered Barbara hotly. "You should hear the way he talks of you, and the lofty airs he gives himself. If you're wise, Wulf, you will make him go back to Mr. Dart's office and work for a living. He will never do anything by himself."

Wulfric's jaw was set in lines expressive of a sort of grim amusement.

"You forget that Gerald is of age, and not my slave to do my bidding. If he declined the law when my father wished him to take to it, he is not likely to go back at my instigation."

"You could say you would not keep him in idleness."

"This house is not mine; the practice is a sort of gift from all of you. I have no right to take a high hand with anybody. Come, Barbara, we have discussed this matter long enough. I ought to be thought a lucky fellow for getting such a chance of a practice."

"You know you always said you should hate to be a country doctor."

"Grapes were sour then."

Barbara tossed her head impatiently.

"You can say what you like, but you know you are simply sacrificing yourself for us."

"I know that I am availing myself of a capital opening, and that you are a little goose."

"It is easy to talk. Of course I know that you will be earning a good income; but who will have the spending of it? It will do you precious little good. It will all be spent in keeping up the house as mother likes it, and in supporting us."

"Very well, so much the better. You don't suppose I want to spend a couple of thousand a year upon my wearing apparel, do you?"

Barbara was surprised into a sudden laugh. Wulfric's carelessness about his outward man and disregard for appearances were proverbial.

"And I don't even believe you will really take the position of master of the house. Gerald is always on the spot, making himself out to be the great man of the place."

Wulfric laughed carelessly.

"He is very welcome to the distinction."

"It's all very well for you to talk so coolly; but it will be hateful. Gerald can be horrid, and he always is where you are concerned. He will try to put you down, and patronise you, whilst all the time he is a sort of pensioner upon your bounty."

"Don't get into a nasty, sneering way about Gerald, Barbara. It's ungenerous and unsisterly, and I don't like it."

Barbara flushed hotly, yet she was not vexed with Wulfric for the reproof, and hazarded a final shot.

"You will just sacrifice life and prospects and everything, and you will not even be thanked for it."

Wulfric rose leisurely from his seat.

"Well, if you wanted to hold out an inducement, Barbara, you could not have picked upon a better one."

The group in the drawing-room waited for Wulfric's return with a certain suppressed anxiety. They felt a good deal of uncertainty as to how he would behave under the altered circumstances of his lot; and his decision was of such practical importance to each one of them, that they could not but feel some excitement until it was announced.

When he opened the door and re-entered, all faces were turned upon him with a sort of veiled yet eager scrutiny, of which, however, he did not appear at all conscious.

He sat down beside his mother, and asked after her health. Wulfric was never demonstrative in any way, but there was a sort of filial tenderness in his manner towards her, that Barbara was not slow to observe. It was as if the eldest son had taken up his position now, as in his father's lifetime there had been no need to do, as his mother's protector and the mainstay of the house.

Mrs. Meynal seemed dimly aware of something new in his manner. She looked into his face with a sort of helpless appeal, as she said: "I suppose you will stay at home now, and take your dear father's place?"

"I will take his duties, at least, if people will

allow me that privilege. I fear I shall be but little qualified to fill his place; but I will do my best."

Mrs. Meynal heaved a sigh of relief. Gerald and Celia exchanged glances of satisfaction.

"It will be a capital thing for you, old fellow," said the younger brother, rising leisurely and standing with his back to the fire. "You didn't expect to step into a first-rate practice all ready to hand at your age, I'll be bound!"

Gerald did not speak with intentional flippancy or callousness: but his instincts were not fine, and he often shocked the feelings of others without intending to do so.

Wulfric raised his eyes to his brother's face with a glance that said more than any words could have done; and then he laid one hand gently upon his mother's. She had pressed her handkerchief to her eyes, and when she spoke, it was to say, in a plaintive voice, half choked by emotion: "I don't want anybody to be sacrificed for us. You must choose for yourself, Wulfric."

"I have chosen," answered Wulfric quietly, "for us. I have chosen St. Hilda. It is no sacrifice, mother."

And yet his brother and his sisters knew perfectly (determined as some were to ignore it) that it was a sacrifice, and a heavy one too. Perhaps it was the very readiness and coolness with which it was made that helped them to realise this, or perhaps it was the settled gravity and resolution of the sternly moulded face and the absence of every sign of vacillation; but from whatever cause it came, both sisters were impressed by the conviction that a great sacrifice had been uncomplainingly made, and were each affected in a different way by that same conviction. Gerald was never affected by anything that did not relate to his personal comfort.

Barbara's pillow was wet with tears that night as she thought of Wulfric's quiet resignation of his cherished hopes and ambition. But she was proud of him, and loved him all the better for his generosity and nobility of nature, and vowed deep down in her heart that whatever she could do to brighten his path and cheer his life should not be lacking to him.

Celia sat a long time over her fire that night; and very much astonished would her younger sister have been could she have read the thoughts passing through her mind.

Celia's nature was idle, inert, vain, and almost frivolous. She made no profession of being anything better, imitated and encouraged Gerald in all his habits of idle extravagance and folly, and had apparently no higher aims in life than he.

And yet, deep down in her heart, undeveloped and dormant, were germs of better things; and to-night these feelings, of whose existence she was as yet hardly aware, had been stirred within her, and as she sat over her fire her calm and usually listless face was more full of thought and expressed more of longing and purpose than perhaps any one had ever seen there before; for Celia was not wont to disclose her feelings to any one.

"He does not like doing it—he hates the thought of it; but he is going to do it all the same," she said to herself half aloud. "Gerald will laugh at him and ignore him, and so shall I; and mother will plague him by ceaseless complainings, and Barbara will worry him by defending him when he would much rather be let alone. He will hate the life; and yet he takes it up of his own accord. Why is it? Why do people do what they so much dislike? It is past me to find out; and yet sometimes I wish I did know. After all, what does it matter to me? It is no affair of mine; and yet—" Celia roused herself with a sigh, turned and looked at herself in the glass, and uttered a little laugh. "I must not take to thinking," she said. "It does not become me."

In his father's study Wulfric was seated alone, his head resting upon his hand in an attitude of deep thought. Presently he lifted himself up, and stood erect before a portrait of Dr. Meynal that hung over the fire-place. The picture was strikingly like the original, and the eyes seemed to the young man to be looking straight into his own.

"Father," said the young man aloud, "I will take the trust you have left behind for me. I will fill your place, so help me God, in as much as it is possible for me to do so."

THE HYMN-WRITERS OF WALES AND THEIR HYMNS.

I.—CAPTAIN MIDDLETON—EDWARD KYFFIN—EDMUND PRYS—DAVID JONES.

A NATION without a hymn on its lips must have a very cold and empty heart. "Psalms and hymns and spiritual songs" are the flowering of piety; when they appear in sweet and beautiful abundance "the winter is past, the rain is over and gone." It is a day of the Divine life. The unholy silence is broken; the songs of the sanctuary enter the palace and the cottage, and become the entertainment of fireside gatherings on many a long evening. The dawn-light has touched the harp of Zion, and the music fills the land.

Wales in the sixteenth century seems to have been without hymn or psalm. But the spiritual awakening which resulted in a translation of the whole Bible into Welsh, turned the mind of contemporary poets to the study of hymnology. There were pious patriots who sorrowed much that while England, Scotland, France, and Italy had each its voice of praise in the temple of the

Christian faith, "poor little Wales" stood at the gate hymnless and forgotten. So it came to pass that in the last decade of the century two poetical versions of the Psalms were published. One was by Captain William Middleton, who joined to the congenial task of fighting the Spaniards this gentler exercise of translating the Psalms into the language of his beloved motherland, "keeping as near as he could to the mind of the Holy Ghost." No doubt the warlike tones of many of these sacred ballads of the Hebrew nation found a ready response in his heart, as he pursued those whom the theology of the day classified as enemies of the Lord. In 1591, six ships were told off under the command of Admiral Howard to go and plunder a portion of the Spanish fleet on its return with large booty from America. Captain Middleton's ship was one of the six, and he was charged to watch the arrival of the enemy. He found, however, that the Spaniards had obtained large reinforcements to defend their treasure, and the mission of plunder had to be abandoned. The captain, we are told, was worthy of a place, even among the brilliant array of brave soldiers that made England's name a terror to the terrible Armada. But in the midst of his naval duties his heart was secretly devoted to a far nobler purpose. He wanted to give his country the book of Psalms in verse, that the praise of God may no longer be silent. The work was finished at the island of Scutum, in the West Indies, on the 24th day of January, 1595. But, alas, for good intentions without due regard to practical results! His metres were all so intricate that no music could fit them, and no mouth could sing them. So the book has always remained a pious failure; one of the many fruitless works of well-meaning devotion which lie on the road to heaven, like broken columns of white marble, covered with dust—of very little value here, but in heaven surely accepted "for the Name that is dear."

While the soldier-poet was finishing his version in the West Indies, another kindred spirit at home—Edward Kyffin—was preparing some of the Psalms "for such of his beloved countrymen as love the glory of the Lord and the cherishing of their own mother tongue." He reminds them that Englishmen were not only zealous to rob and kill the Spaniards, but had also an anxious desire to save their souls; for had they not printed a large number of religious books in Spanish, and distributed them very diligently—when not otherwise engaged? If a foreign nation merited so much Christian consideration, how much more his own nation? for assuredly no people had been so favoured of God for long centuries, and were they to be last and latest in speaking of His glory? He only versified thirteen Psalms; but he prays most earnestly that this may be an incitement to some other mind to finish the work: "hoping that since God has kept us so long, He may have in His thought some *chef-d'œuvre* and mighty conquest for the increase of of His own glory among the ancient Britons whom He has so miraculously preserved until now in liberty and safety." The introduction breathes throughout a spirit of exalted devotion: and after three hundred years every sentence seems as if the touch of Heaven were fresh upon it. "Let no true Welshman give sleep to his eyes, or slumber to his eyelids, as the prophet David said, until he has seen the glory of the Lord, by facilitating the completion of this godly task in the language of his own country!"

His appeal was not in vain. Edmund Prys, before twenty years had passed, published a complete Welsh Psalter. He was an archdeacon of Merioneth, a man of scholarly attainments, and an eminent poet. Born in the romantic neighbourhood of Harlech, the fellowship of nature in the charming ruggedness of hill and glen, and in the shining blue of the sea, would establish a community of thought and of sacred fancy between him and the poet-king of Israel, who read the signature of the Divine hand on every page of creation. I am afraid, nevertheless, that his poetic genius was sometimes scarcely under control. Among all the bardic quarrels of Welsh literature, his quarrel with William Cynwal must be counted as its iliad. The latter was a smith by trade, and received one day a message in verse from the archdeacon asking for a steel bow to be sent to a friend according to promise. The smith—who was also a poet—made a long delay, and sent his excuses back in verse. So the battle went on, poem for poem; then the archdeacon began to treble his blows, sending three satires together, and receiving the same number of fiery missiles in return. The archdeacon then thought he would finish his adversary with a fusillade of nine poems, but the sturdy blacksmith was sufficiently alive still to reply with another nine. Three times nine poems was the next onslaught, but when the archdeacon had finished sixteen of them, a messenger brought him tidings that his rival had reached the dark and silent land where "there is no work, nor device, nor knowledge, nor wisdom"—nor any noise of warfare! He threw his sword far into the sea; and there and then commenced an elegy bewailing the loss of so brave a foe, so skilful a poet! But in turning the Psalms into verse—and verse that could be sung—he has given all coming ages cause to bless the regeneration of his muse. It is said that his custom was to prepare a Psalm for each Sunday to be chanted in the church. His intimate knowledge of Hebrew helped him to give sometimes a better rendering of the original than that even in the authorised version of the Welsh Bible. The whole was published in 1621. While the version has suffered somewhat from a lack of variety in its metre, it has nevertheless been, ever since its first appearance, one of the chief treasures of Welsh hymnology. Many a single verse, rugged and massive of form, has done yeoman service on "the field of the Association" (*maes y Gymanfa*); when, as in the earlier part of the present century, it was uttered by the lips of a John Elias, and taken up by the large assembly in unison, at first in slow and halting tones, gradually rising and swelling, till at last with overwhelming force it seemed to break on the shore of ten thousand souls like the splendid rush and roar of a mighty sea.

His version of Psalm cxxi. 1, 2, has a memorable incident connected with the singing of it. One of the evangelist preachers of the eighteenth century ventured to cross over to Anglesey to publish the glad tidings of God. His appearance was the signal for violent opposition; and how it fared with him on one occasion shall be told in the words of one who ought to know :—

"Saul of Tarsus was never more determined to imprison the disciples of Jesus than I, and the persecuting band that had gathered together with staves to meet the Roundhead who was coming to preach at Penmynydd. We had all agreed, if he tried to preach, to make an end of him there and then. When he had arrived, we began to push forwards close to him; and when he had mounted a large stone which stood beside the house, and turned his face toward Carnarvon, and gave out this stanza, to be sung by his scanty followers :—

I lift mine eyes unto the hills
Whence willing help shall come,—

we, supposing him to be expecting some armed men from the hills of Arvon, began to retreat a little. And after consultation, some of us decided to hear what the preacher had to say; and so we went over the fence, and crept slowly and noiselessly under cover of it till we came over against where he stood. He could not see us, and we did not want to see him; but we could hear every word he said as plainly as if we stood beside him. Under that sermon, on the most wonderful day of my life, I came to know myself as a lost sinner—lost everywhere, and in everything, outside of Jesus Christ, and Him crucified."

A century passed away from the death of Edmund Prys before Providence in its own strange way found another sacred poet; this time in the person of a cattle-dealer. David Jones, of Cayo, Carmarthenshire, was accustomed to buy cattle from the fairs about his home, and take them over to Barnet and Maidstone to sell. He had received a fair education in his youth, and being quick-witted and sociable, he soon obtained a considerable command of the English language; and so he must have been a *rara avis* in his native district, when "no English" was the order of the day. During his travels he picked up many a marvellous tale and choice bit of gossip: this made him a charming and valued guest in the country inns far and near. His ready verse also was "violin and harp" for merry comrades during the long evenings of winter. But an unexpected change came over him—came in a simple but wondrous fashion. One Sunday morning when he was returning from an expedition into England, he caught the sound of singing in the old Independent chapel of Troedrhiwdalar, Breconshire, and was attracted thereby to enter. A message from God was there for him that morning. He left the chapel with the old life of vanity and sin for ever judged; and before him rose the hope of Jesus Christ, like a summer dawn on the hills which sheltered his vale of Towy. His heart once changed, his poetic talents were soon touched by the fire from the seraph's hand. The minstrel of the public-house became the sweet singer of Zion. His first undertaking was the translation of Dr. Isaac Watts' Psalms and Hymns; and in this he achieved decided success. Many of his verses remain the most popular and homely of all versions of Israel's national songs, and are household treasures of Welsh piety. But he was not satisfied with merely doing the work of a translator: he composed several hymns of permanent merit, touched with the spirit of the Great Revival of the eighteenth century. It was the day when the living gospel had to be preached in some humble cottage or on the public street. Once when a service was being held near Lampeter, where David Jones had gone according to his wont to accompany the evangelist, a band of hired ruffians set on the house and dragged the worshippers out to the street with great violence. There the poet knelt down on the ground, and began to pray. He was a man of prayer; and in that hour of trial every word seemed to find the Almighty God. The persecutors stood still; they were startled; they became terrified. Without waiting further they escaped for their lives, lest they should be smitten by the God of the man who prayed in the street.

It was also the day of religious ecstasy. He himself used to break out sometimes into exalted expressions of religious fervour, praising God aloud in the assembly, and "laughing tears" in the vision of Divine Love. Belonging, as he did, to the "dry Dissenters"—a term of contempt applied to the quieter religionists of the day—he was sometimes called to task by his brethren for what they considered his extravagance. His reply to all such accusations is given in some characteristic verses, of which the following is a free translation :—

Men of the world are asking,
Much wondering at me,
When I my Lord am praising,
"What can this folly be?"
I am released from bondage,
And though the mockers throng,
The precious blood of Jesus
Shall always be my song.

A cloud once darkened o'er me,
No praises could I sing;
Sin and its guilty sorrow
Pierced through me with its sting.
But that has been removèd,
And all its weight of pain—
The precious blood of Jesus
I sing, and sing again.

I stood at Sinai trembling,
Where God upon me frowned;
Dark threatenings broke in thunders,
The lightning flashed around:
I came to peaceful Zion—
How can I songless be?—
The precious blood of Jesus
Is all the world to me.

What, though I leap rejoicing?
Sweet reverence guides my thought;
Like David's godly dancing
When home the ark was brought:

Or, like the lame man's rapture,
Healed at the temple gate,—
The precious blood of Jesus
Brought health and good estate.

The flowering of piety is never the same: in the garden of the Lord the maiden reserve of the lily and the passionate glow of the rose harmonise into one living fulness of beauty. The fervent song of David Jones has room in the temple of God; and so has the tranquil heart which murmurs heavenly music to itself alone.

H. ELVET LEWIS.

SOME HINDU DEVOTEES,

AS PHOTOGRAPHED.

I.

THE most attractive and significant objects at the great fair of Hardwar are the richly dressed boys seated on the sacred steps leading down to the Ganges. In their silk robes

HINDU BOY AS KRISHNA.

and gold-embroidered shawls, with the circular fan of peacock feathers surmounting their caps, they form a range of colour quite dazzling in the blaze of the sun, as, squatted before the brass dish, they stolidly acknowledge the gifts of the visitors towards the service of Krishna—the god they represent.[1]

[1] The portraits that illustrate these articles are from "The People of India," an eight-volumed series of photographs by Mr. J. F. Watson, published under the auspices of the Indian Government.

In the Hindu pantheon there is no more popular deity than the incarnation of Vishnu appearing in the Maha-bharata as Arjuna's charioteer. The high philosophy of the Vedas seems gradually to have been coarsened into symbol, and broadened and thinned as it sank to suit the feebler intellects of the conquered masses. A material worship was thus provided by the Brahmans for the humblest to appreciate; and, of the various forms which this necessarily took, none has proved so attractive as that of the son of Devaki. Full of picturesque legend and miracle, the story of Krishna was spread by zealous missionaries all over India, and his worship has now almost entire possession of the women whose sympathies he holds from his birth to his death.

In the tenth book of the Bhagavata-purana, we learn how he was the eighth son of Vasu-deva, and was born with the mark S'ri vatsa on his breast. It having been predicted that Kansa would be killed by one of Vasu-deva's sons, the King of Mathura kept his cousin Devaki, and her husband in close imprisonment, and killed their first six children; the seventh, Bala-rama was saved by a miracle; and with the eighth Vasu-deva escaped. He left him with Yasoda in exchange for her newly born daughter, with whom he returned to Devaki. In Vrindavana, Krishna and his elder brother grew up among the herdsmen's sons, and while still a boy he destroyed the serpent Kaliya, and raised up Mount Govardhana on his finger to shield the Gopis from the wrath of Indra, who had tried to destroy them by a flood. For Krishna was no ordinary mortal; he was simply Vishnu incarnate. Such is the main legend from which have sprung the thousand fictions and symbols which form the mass of the Hinduism of to-day.

Krishna is the most popular incarnation of Vishnu, and Vishnu is the most gracious person of the Hindu trinity, the only one of the Trimurti who clothed himself in flesh for the good of the world in times of peril. Strangely suggestive is the story of his twenty-two incarnations, when read beneath the symbolic veil. Among those that strike most home are his appearance as the fish Matsya, when he towed the ship out of danger in which Manu the progenitor of the human race, with the seven patriarchs and the seeds of all things living, had taken refuge from the flood; and his appearance

as the tortoise, Kurma, when in the milk sea he served as the pivot, round which the gods and demons twisted the serpent Vasuki, and churned up the fourteen precious things, including the lovable woman, the first horse, the first cow, and the first elephant, the moon, the immortalising nectar, and the unerring bow. These incarnations took place in the Satya, or first age of the world's four ages; in the second, or Treta age, we have Vishnu as the dwarf, Vamana, who deprived the demon king, Bali, of his dominions, appearing before the demon as a pigmy, and asking for as much land as he could step over in three paces. At the request being granted, he strode in two steps over heaven and earth; but, compassionately refraining from his third stride, left Patala, the lower world, in Bali's possession. It was in the same age that he afterwards appeared as Rama with the axe to clear away the Kshatriya class, and destroy for ever the tyranny of the fighter over the thinker; and in the same age he came again as Krishna to destroy the principle of evil as represented in the tyrant Kansa.

Strangest of all is the way these incarnations end in their unmistakable testimony to the suppleness of the Hindu. One of the last is Buddha, on the ground that the great reformer was really Vishnu come to delude the wicked into bringing destruction on themselves by neglecting the caste duties, and denying the existence of the gods! And, last but one, is Christ Himself, now adopted by many of the Brahmans, probably for the same reason as they adopted Gotama. The last incarnation is to appear at the end of the fourth age, when the world will have become wholly bad. Then Vishnu as Kalki will be revealed in the sky, seated on a white horse, with a sword like a comet, come to destroy the wicked, renovate creation, and establish the reign of righteousness. The devotees of Vishnu, as Krishna, may all be known by the trident mark on the forehead, the sides of which are red, and the centre white. The boys have it, as shown in our illustration, and in the medicant friar the photograph has brought the mark out more clearly, for all the sketches with which these notes are illustrated, are from photographs taken on the spot, and owe nothing to imagination.

A BAIRAGI.

A picturesque character is this Bairagi, welcome everywhere for his tales of travel and adventure and his Krishna legends. His name is Ramanundi, and he is a Jat, who, like many others, has left his wife and children, to become a Bairagi. On his head is a tinsel crown worn over a skull-

cap instead of a turban. On his shoulder is a bamboo pole covered with red cotton cloth, decked with peacock feathers and wild flowers. To the pole are slung tin baskets covered with orange cotton cloth and containing pots of Ganges water, which he may have filled at the great festival at Hardwar. He is on his way to Dvaraka in Gujerat, one of the seven sacred cities, the others being Kasi or Benares, Mathura or Muttra, on the Jumna—Kansa's Capital; Hardwar, where the Ganges first enters the plains; Fyzabad, anciently Ayodhya or Oudh—the city of Rama; Avantika or Ujjaiyini; and Kanci, otherwise Conjeveram, near Madras.

At Dvaraka, which was Krishna's own city, he will pour the holy water over the holy image; and thither he jogs along with his bells bright as gold, going tinkle, tinkle, to cheer him on his way and call attention to his piety. From Dvaraka he will wander to other shrines, for there is no rest for him in this life; he will be always on the move, received by the settled monks, and by them fowarded on his way.

India is the land of pilgrimages, and sacred places can be numbered by the hundred to which the pious and heavily laden go. The great rivers are the chief attractions, and of these the Ganges as the mightiest is the holiest. No sin is too heinous, no character too black, no sorrow too deep, for its waters to wash away. And one of the chief forms of pilgrimage is the following of a river from its source to its sea. In this way is the Ganges treated by very many who set out from Gangotri, by the left bank to the Ganga-sagara, and then by the right bank return to Gangotri, thus accomplishing the Parikrama which is supposed to occupy six years.

A GOSAIN.

Some of the Bairagis — who, by the way, are generally Sudras, and have for their spiritual teachers, the Nagas, who are the representatives of the old snake worshippers — instead of perambulating the country live in a lonely ravine or cave on a hill-side, or even at the foot of a tree; but, as a rule, they wander about, trusting to be helped by the monasteries on the road which are the head-quarters of the Gosains.

The fraternity of the Gosains extends all over the country. They are mendicant friars who ask and receive charity only from Hindus. They feed not on meat, but on bread, pulse, vegetables, sweetmeats and milk, and when they act up to their vows—the word gosain means "one who masters his passions"—they often live to a great age.

The old gentleman whose portrait we give, was an inhabitant of Aligarh, the land of the indigo factories, where his ancestors had dwelt for many generations. The colour of his turban, tunic, and waistcloth was a dark orange, which he dyed himself with the bark of the mimosa, this peculiar orange shade being the colour of his order. The initiation of a Gosain is an impressive ceremony. At the outset, the novice is shaved with water brought from a tank in which the image of Siva has been soaked, and he is given the mantra, or sacred text, in the presence of all the Gosains in the neighbourhood, assembled to bless him, and eat laddu; then, during three days at Benares, he is given the original mantra of Siva, by some famous Gosain, at what is called the Vijanja Hom. On the first day he is shaved, leaving only the chundi at the top of the head, and being then considered as a Brahman has to beg a little; on the second day as a Brahma charya he wears coloured clothes and the janeo, or sacred thread; and on the third day he loses the janeo, and has the chundi cut off, and the mantra of Siva given to him. He then abandons the secular world, and either betakes himself to a solitary place to practice severe ascetic rites, or enters a monastery to be ruled by an abbot, and share in the advantages of a wealthy foundation, much as if he lived in Italy. Some, however, of the fraternity live in cities, and carry on business as bankers, very much on the Shylock principle, taking large usury, and in the native states, enforcing their claims with considerable violence; and some trade in gold and silver, in brocades and shawls, and in jewels, especially pearls. Many are of great wealth, and have extensive transactions all over India. A Gosain does not marry; he must adopt disciples from any caste or sect. Before his death one of these disciples is declared his heir, and when the old man is dead and has been buried, sitting as if at work, with the tomb built over him, in the centre of which for his refreshment there grows the plant of sweet basil, the fortunate disciple takes all the wealth,

except such as is needed to support his brother disciples as before. Sometimes Gosains make excellent soldiers. Baji Rao had a number of them in his army, and the King of Kanuj's bodyguard is famous in the traditions of India. One great point in the Gosain's character is his unfailing charity. The wealthier classes give largely to the poor, and a daily dole of good bread is the customary ceremony of every prosperous house. Even the poorer brethren share the produce of their daily alms with the distressed, nor will any hungry traveller ever be turned away without food from a Gosain's monastery, whatever his caste may be.

THE INNER LIFE OF LORD SHAFTESBURY.

PART III.

LORD SHAFTESBURY'S religious opinions shaped themselves very gradually. At the age of twenty-five he was still within the borders of the "high and dry" school. The idea of any real good being done in the world outside the sphere of that "Church and State" party, and especially by Dissenters, seemed monstrous, if indeed the possibility of such a thing ever occurred to him. "As to their having any views of their own worthy of consideration," he says, "it never crossed my mind until one day I got hold of a copy of some Commentary, and, after reading for awhile with great interest, it suddenly struck me, 'The writer must have been a rank Dissenter!' and I instantly shut up the book, recoiling from it as I would from poison. One of the first things that opened my eyes was reading of Doddridge being condemned as a Dissenter, and I remember exclaiming, 'Good Heavens! how will he stand in the day of judgment at the bar of God, as compared with Pope Alexander VI.?' It was not till I was twenty-five years old, or thereabouts, that I got hold of Scott's 'Commentary on the Bible,' and, struck with the enormous difference between his views and those to which I had been accustomed, I began to think for myself."

From that time forth there was a growing intensity in his religious life—habits of meditation and prayer increased; the spirit of ardour, confidence and love shone forth more conspicuously in public and in private, and his studies were more constant in religious literature, with a view "to obtain deeper acquaintance with critical theology." At the age of thirty-four, when visiting Oxford, eleven years after quitting it, he records his gratitude to God for his "advantages of sound and religious learning," and that he has, "by God's grace, a deeper sense (and yet how shallow!) of His religion."

In that same year we find him meditating on Church Reform, and, although his meditations took no practical form at that time, they were soon to bear fruit in various ways and places. In the following year (1836) he presided at a meeting to discuss the best methods of "extending the means of grace in and to necessitous parishes, in strict conformity with the spirit, constitution and discipline of the Established Church." The result of that meeting was the formation of the Church Pastoral Aid Society, with whose operations he was intimately identified to the end of his life.

It is a very noticeable feature in the life of Lord Shaftesbury, after his religious opinions were once formed, that the views he expressed in early years were identical with those he held even to old age. His diaries evidence a remarkable consistency. He described himself as "a Protestant of the Protestants, and an Evangelical of the Evangelicals," and in these aspects we will now regard him.

His Protestantism was not political; it was not asserted simply as the source of freedom and the basis of civil and religious liberty; it affected the very springs of his spiritual life. "True Protestantism," he says, "asserts the right of private judgment; but it asserts at the same time the inspiration of the Scriptures." One of his favourite mottoes was, "The Bible, the whole Bible, and nothing but the Bible." He grudged no labours to spread its circulation everywhere and at all times; it was daily the "man of his counsel"; it was his hope as the source of all individual and national safety, of all individual and national greatness. "Amid all the conflicts of the nations that are coming on the earth," he said, "that Book shall be our life, our light, our security, our pillar of cloud by day, our pillar of fire by night, our guide through all our perils, and none but those who have the Bible in their hands and in their hearts will be able to meet the great conflict, and stand in their lot at the end of the days."

Lord Shaftesbury's Protestantism was, as we have said, spiritual rather than political. He regarded the doctrine of Justification by Faith as "that grand doctrine, the very life of the Bible and the keystone of the Reformation." "I hold to that doctrine," he said to his biographer, "and go not only the whole length of Luther, but farther still; I accept the axiom of Doddridge. 'The best act that the best man ever did contains in it that which is worthy of condemnation;'" and it was his constant lament—a most significant fact when his own life is borne in mind—that "the prominence almost universally given to works apart from doctrine, to deeds of charity and benevolence, to a good life, to philanthropy so-called, to splendour and liberality in sacred

things, to love of the brethren, to labour for others, to everything where the notion of merit of one form or another, consciously or unconsciously, could enter in, marked the spirit of the day, and indicated a relapse into the civilisation of Athens and Rome, with much brilliancy and softness of exterior, worshipping heroism, science, commerce, wealth, art—everything human and superhuman, save the one true God." He writes in his diary :—

"How, in logic or common sense, can a man have merit in the sight of God? To have merit, so as to constitute a claim, or the possibility of a claim, on another, must rest on an independence between the parties; a power in one to do something to which the other is not already entitled. God created man, and gave him all his faculties of body, soul, and spirit. God has unlimited right to every act, word, and thought of the being He has formed. What can a man offer to God that is not already God's own? God gave the faculties, and to Him must return every operation of them. If a man devoted to God perfect obedience, perfect love, from the beginning of his life to the moment of his death, without a moment's suspension or a particle even of infirmity, he would simply have cleared himself of God's anger; he would have done nothing at all to establish a right on God's favour."

Lord Shaftesbury's Protestantism was aggressive, and for half a century he stood forth as a champion on every occasion of assault. Thus in 1841 we find him engaged in warm controversy with the leading members of the Tractarian party; and ten years later he was in the thick of the fight, when "Papal Aggression" stirred the country to its depths.

Later still, when the Grand Duke of Tuscany cast the Madiai into prison, because they had accepted and taught the Protestant faith, Lord Ashley was again to the fore, as prime mover in the efforts to secure their liberation—with the result that "deputies start from England, France, Holland, Prussia, Switzerland; monarchs interfere with autograph letters," and all Europe is brought to see that there is "a reality in Protestantism, a spirit of brotherhood, a unity of hearts under a diversity of forms."

Still later, and for many years, he took an active and prominent part in the great controversy concerning Ritualism.

It is worthy of special remark, however, that while Lord Shaftesbury was stern, almost fierce, at times, in his denunciations of Roman Catholicism and Ritualism, it was only the system he attacked and not the individuals. For Roman Catholics he had many broad and tender things to say, and always kept his eyes open to see the best in their practices. Thus, when in Italy, he wrote, "One great and honourable characteristic of this religion is that no one is ashamed to exhibit devotion." And again: "The most zealous Protestant must applaud the Romish practice of leaving open the churches for any casual worshipper. Oftentimes in the midst of daily occupations, the mind may desire the consolations of religion, and oftentimes it may be led to think of them by the sight and opportunity of houses of prayer." Referring to the self-devotion of Roman Catholics to the great works of charity and love, he says: "I can speak with no disparagement of these sisters of charity and mercy, who, in long black gowns perambulate our streets; I speak of them with deep respect, engaged as they are in works of compassion, goodness and tenderness, but I maintain that in our Protestant faith we have sisters of mercy to vie with them."

And again, at the time of Dr. Pusey's death, we find this note in the diary: *Sept.* 23, 1882. —"My friend Pusey, dead and buried. Intensely and fearfully as I differed from him in many points of unspeakable importance, I could not but love the man. Had known him for sixty years; was at college with him. We read Aristotle to each other. But while I formed a correct opinion of his diligence, I had not formed, at that time, a correct one of his powers. He has had a prodigious effect on his generation. I greatly admired his talents, fully acknowledged and wondered at his immense learning, and reverenced his profound piety. His work on 'Daniel' exhibits all the three; and surely he was called and supported by our Lord in that illustrious effort of wisdom, labour and courage."

Lord Shaftesbury was not only a Protestant of the Protestants: "I am essentially, and from deep-rooted conviction," he said to his biographer in 1884, "an Evangelical of the Evangelicals. I have worked with them constantly, and I am satisfied that most of the great philanthropic movements of the century have sprung from them. I stand fast by the doctrines held by that party, but I am not, and never have been, a leader of that party." Thirty years before that date he had written to his friend Mr. Haldane, of the *Record*: "I will do all that in me lies, under God's blessing, to aid their endeavours, advance the good cause, and maintain the simplicity of the truth, but I will not aspire to lead them, notwithstanding the band of worthy, noble, pure-minded beings to be found in their ranks."

There were many reasons why he disclaimed the lay leadership of the Evangelical body. "It is a position too uncertain and too useless for any one to accept. No one can be an effective leader unless those who follow him are prepared to repose confidence in his judgment and guidance, not during smooth and easy times only, but in times of doubt and perplexity." And this he felt sure he could not command. Another and a stronger reason was that, though there were very many, indeed, most points, in which he concurred theologically with the Evangelical party, there were some in which he considered they were very far from charity or justice. Moreover, he belonged to the older order of Evangelicals, to the Venns, Romaines, Topladys, Berridges, Simeons, Grimshawes, Harveys, Scotts and Newtons of a former day: to the school which even in his younger days was fast dying out, represented by such men as Hugh Stowell, Haldane Stewart, Edward Bickersteth, Hugh McNeile, Henry Venn, William Marsh and Alexander Haldane. He maintained that it was the duty of every one to set before the world the one "clear, distinctive, experimental dogmatic truth, summed up in the word Gospel."

And it grieved him to think that clergy and laity alike were engaged in caring about many things and forgetting the one thing needful, "the divinity of Christ, His atoning sacrifice, and His coming kingdom."

Among the "distinctive dogmatic truths" held tenaciously by Lord Shaftesbury were these: He believed in the doctrine of the total depravity of the human heart by nature; in the necessity of a "new birth" through the "revelation to each individual soul, by the agency of the Holy Spirit and the word, of the great saving truths of the Gospel of the grace of God, by which the understanding is spiritually enlightened and the character transformed." He believed in the Christian life as a humble "continuous trust in the Atoning Blood," a simple faith in Scripture, a constant prayerfulness, and a recognition of the hand of God in all the events of life.

The following extracts from Lord Shaftesbury's diary exhibit some of these views more fully:—

"What is belief? What does it contain? What does it demand? Does it demand conviction of sin, confession of sin, repentance and faith? All these things, except faith, are dropped nowadays, and people are led to believe that to accept Christ as a Saviour, and to wish for His salvation, is the sum and substance of a heart turned to God. It requires no self-abasement, no confession of the justice of the Divine wrath, no acknowledgment of inherited corruption; and, disguise it as the preacher may, no sense of demerit, and no sense of deserved condemnation. It is, in fact, reduced to an easy, agreeable acceptance of a pleasant invitation, to be had at any time that is convenient to you. Herein lies the seed of an incipient Antinomianism."

"*April 15th (Good Friday).*—A deeply solemn day! How many among religious people enter altogether into the height and depth of the event? It is here that the faith is weakest, the heart less approachable, and the intellect most active. The repugnance of the human understanding to accept what we cannot comprehend, is prodigious. And yet this repugnance is only in things moral and spiritual, for we readily believe statements in matters of science, which far surpass our powers of mind. But pride lies at the root, both of our acceptance in the one case, and our rejection in the other. We reject the mysterious doctrines of the Gospel, for they attest the infirmity and corruption of the whole race of man. We accept the incomprehensible assertions of science, because they give a lofty eminence to the capacity of intellect! And what is the real force of man's intellect? It cannot arrive at the first principles of its existence and operation. To those who believe, or, perhaps, who wish to believe, the answer to every perplexity and doubt on the subject of the vicarious sacrifice is 'God is love.'"

"*Jan. 31st*, 1871.—Really I have more fear from the defenders of religion than I have from its assailants. More mischief seems to be done in many instances by those who undertake the cause of the Bible than by those who would overthrow it. Let the Bible tell its own story, use its own language, make its own appeals. Enforce all these, but adding nothing of your own. The 'scientific friends' are as dangerous as the 'scientific enemies.' . . . Try the Scriptures intellectually merely, and you will encounter no end of difficulties, and these difficulties will agitate and darken your moral and spiritual perception of the truth. Try them by the heart, and you will find such a flood of comfort, conviction and assurance, that all difficulties will vanish, and even those started by science will fade away, for faith and gratitude will set them down to ignorance and incapacity, and revel in the whole force of the discovery, that knowledge, material and philosophical, is for time, but love for eternity."

In the special and particular operation of Divine Providence, even in matters of comparatively minor importance, and in direct and specific answers to prayer, Lord Shaftesbury had an unfaltering belief: "The mass of the world are all against the admission of special providences," he says. "It savours, they think, of fanaticism, hypocrisy and cant. I do not deny the delicacy and difficulty of the subject; to allow it fully, in almost every trifling instance, seems to cripple man's free agency and supersede secondary causes; to deny it, is to deny God's goodness and mercy, and His moral government of mankind!" At momentous crises in his life, he looked for the interposition of God's Providence, and attributed his successes as answers to prayer. The following note from his diary indicates the tenour of his mind on this subject:—

"*March 21st.*—I do not resort to the 'Sortes Biblicæ,' because I do not see that God has instructed us to consult Him in that way. Nevertheless, He sometimes, I feel assured, imparts encouragement and comfort by suggesting passages of the Bible. Had prayed much to God to know His will, whether I should persist or forbear. I opened, at hazard (not thinking then to inquire), the second chapter of Chronicles. My eye fell on the answer to Jabez, 'And the Lord heard him in that which he requested.' Went to church, and lesson for the day said, 'See, I have accepted thee in this thing also.' Next, at morning prayers in family, read, 'Be it done to thee, even as thou wilt;' and, finally, on day preceding the effort, opened first chapter that occurred, and read to Minny, 'I will give thee a mouth and wisdom that no one of your adversaries shall be able to gainsay or resist.'"

Scattered throughout those three volumes, and gathered together in certain places, are extracts from Lord Shaftesbury's diaries and letters, giving illustrations of his views on every phase of religious thought and feeling.

BIBLE NOTES AND QUERIES.

DIFFICULT OR MISUNDERSTOOD TEXTS.

BIBLE difficulties are of two main kinds. Some attach to the substance of the revelation: others arise from the obscurity of texts. The former are for theologians to discuss, the latter are the province of the interpreter. No doubt, the two classes of difficulty run into each other at many points, seeing that the revelation as a whole is made up of details, and a faithful interpretation of the parts is essential to the knowledge of the entire scheme. But it will suffice for our present purpose to treat the two as separate, and, passing by those momentous and often perplexing problems which have to do with the essence of revealed truth, as well as the difficulties, intellectual and moral, connected with the method of the revelation, to look at some of the questions which present themselves to every thoughtful reader in individual texts and phrases. Every student finds his own difficulties, and a passage which is plain to one is often a perplexity to another. It has occurred to us that the pages of the SUNDAY AT HOME might be a medium for mutual help in this important matter; and we therefore invite our readers to propose to us any questions respecting the interpretation of Scripture texts, or to state any difficulties which may have occurred to them. To such questions, made with a sincere and reverent desire to know the truth, we will endeavour to reply; asking in this also the co-operation of our readers. A few columns every month will thus be devoted to BIBLE QUERIES AND NOTES UPON TEXTS; and while the Editors must reserve entire right as to the insertion of any communication, they will, so far as the exigencies of publication allow, welcome the aid of correspondents; assured, that "the Lord hath yet more light to break forth from His holy word."

I. A place may be found for the correction of traditional mistakes in the interpretation of particular texts. It has been the fate of some passages to be continually quoted in a sense which they were never intended to bear, and in which their true connection and significance are obscured. The Scriptures are too much treated as a collection of separate aphorisms; and text without context may be made to mean almost anything. Probably, this habit of loose interpretation has arisen in part from the verse-division in our ordinary Bibles, yet more from the preacher's habit of employing single sentences or half-sentences as mottoes for sermons. "We cannot see the forest for the trees:" we cannot see the Bible for the texts! Some familiar passages, examined in the light of their context, will yield a beautiful but little-considered meaning. The old use of the text may be lost, but in their true application its words are seen to be richer and deeper than ever they had appeared before.

II. Again, many passages are obscure because of some hint or allusion which requires thought, knowledge, or comparison with other parts of Scripture to understand. "He who runs" *cannot* "read." This very text, by the way, illustrates what we mean. It is in Habakkuk ii. 2; and is often used as an illustration of the *clearness* of Divine revelation, as though the swift runner could catch the meaning of the bold inscription as he hurried past. This is not the prophet's lesson at all.

"Write the vision, and make it plain upon tables, that he may run that readeth it."

The "reading" is before the "running"; and the plainness with which the vision is written is to banish the hesitation and to quicken the steps of him who is to bear the message to the world.

Difficulties of this class may, no doubt, be cleared up by easily accessible Commentaries, and yet it may be useful to note some of them especially, for their own intrinsic and often almost startling interest.

III. Apparent discrepancies in statement are encountered by all "harmonists," of Old Testament histories and of New. These also are discussed in Commentaries innumerable; but many an earnest student feels the difficulties afresh, and enquires what is the *net result* of the examination devoted to these points. Some have been elucidated by general consent; in some, no final conclusion has been reached; some remain perhaps insoluble. Let it be remembered that an inexplicable variation is not necessarily a contradiction. Two statements often appear irreconcilable only from our ignorance of some detail not supplied. That such details do exist in many cases, which if we knew them would make all clear, is often morally certain. Take for instance the two genealogies of our Lord. It is quite impossible to believe that two registers really inconsistent would have passed unchallenged by the Jews when the Gospels were written. There must have been some facts, then known and unquestioned, respecting the "house and lineage of David" which authorized alike the account of Matthew and that of Luke. What these facts may have been, we conjecture with more or less of likelihood. But whether we succeed or not, we may be assured that the truthfulness of the history remains unassailable.

IV. Some statements, especially in the Old Testament, are so evidently at variance with probability that we may fairly suppose some corruption of the text. To say this is, we know, to tread on delicate ground; conjectural emendation is anxious work; and it is better often to acknowledge a difficulty than to imagine a mistake: but there are cases when the soundest and most reverent critic cannot but discern an error.

These instances especially occur in the specification of numbers—a fact that may be easily explained from the way in which the Hebrews expressed their numerical statements. To take a very simple case: we read of Absalom how he insidiously "stole the hearts" of the Israelites; then it is added (2 Samuel xv. 7) that "after *forty* years" he requested leave of absence from his father's court. A conjectural emendation, sustained by the authority of the ancient versions, reads *four* years, and this is generally accepted. Other passages of a similar kind will no doubt be suggested by our readers.

V. The citations of the Old Testament in the New are a fruitful source of difficulty. Sometimes it is their non-accordance with the Hebrew, as given in the English version, and sometimes with the Septuagint also, that perplexes thoughtful readers. Thus, the words of the Psalmist (xl. 6) "mine ears hast Thou opened," appear in the Epistle to the Hebrews (x. 5) "a body hast Thou prepared Me." But a more frequent cause of perplexity is the apparent want of accord between the Old Testament passage in its original and obvious intent, and the use made of it by the New Testament writer. Is the coincidence merely superficial, or only one of words, or is there some deep underlying principle of harmony? To settle such questions satisfactorily we need to understand the true and broad connection between type and antitype, and to see how the "Law and the Prophets," the whole course of Jewish history, and the character and career of Old Testament personages, were a preparation for the Christ who was to come. No study can well be of deeper interest; and the investigation of its very real and numerous difficulties will, we are persuaded, lead to a larger appreciation of Christ's redeeming work, as well as to a deeper sense of the hidden unity of Scripture.

VI. There is only need to mention another, and miscellaneous class of difficult texts—those in which the language itself is elliptical, ambiguous, or obscure. Such passages have exercised for generations the ingenuity of expositors; the Revised Version has furnished valuable help in some cases; but there are others in which satisfactory elucidation seems impossible. Why, for instance, should women in Christian assemblies wear veils upon their heads "because of the angels" (1 Corinthians xi. 10); or what is the meaning of being "baptized for the dead" (xv. 29); or how does the argument apply, that "a mediator is not a mediator of one, but God is one"? (Galatians iii. 20.) Truly these are among the "things hard to be understood" in the writings of "our beloved brother Paul."

Scripture difficulties, to the reverent and sincere enquirer, have a very definite spiritual value. They prompt some of his deepest enquiries; they lead to the highest triumphs of his faith. Those in sympathy with the truth will discern the truth; and to the humble and devout is given the seeing eye. To cold heartless criticism the word of God will never disclose its wonders: but where earnest prayer for light combines with thought, reasoning, research, the "wondrous things" will sooner or later reveal themselves. It will be a joy to us if in the pages we now propose to devote to this topic we can truly help any "who seek" to "find" the treasure beyond all price.

HEART'S-EASE.

CHAPTER III.

THE next instant, Ethel heard a scream which pierced her heart, and she sprang forward after Nero. It seemed as though he, too, had been startled by the scream from within the cottage, for by the time she gained the door, he had slunk back from the window crest-fallen, as though he expected to be punished for his misdeeds.

"You bad, wicked dog! what have you done?" she exclaimed, as she ran to the window, and looked in. Then she saw the answer to her question.

A girl of about her own age, lay propped up with pillows on a chair by the open window, and although, at this moment, her face wore a flushed and excited look, her arms lay helplessly in her lap, where pussy had taken refuge, her white fur all on end, and her pink eyes flashing as much indignation at the open window as they could command.

So utterly weak and helpless did the girl seem, that at first sight Ethel thought she must be fainting. She was wasted almost to a shadow, but her large brown eyes made her face look smaller than it really was. She was not pretty, but yet there was something about her features that was uncommon, and although her eyes were heavy with the languor of suffering, they were still very beautiful.

"Oh! Nero, Nero, what have you done? I fear the naughty dog has frightened you very much, may I come in, please?" she asked in a pleading voice of the sick girl.

A whispered, "Yes, miss," gave her courage to open the door of the cottage very gently and carefully, lest Nero should intrude. The room was neat and bright, although it had very little furniture beyond the ordinary table and few chairs, but what struck Ethel's notice most of all was that bunches of common wild flowers were placed here and there in the room, where the sick girl's eyes could rest on them, as she turned her head from side to side. The cottage was perfectly still, so that Ethel concluded that the sick girl was quite alone.

"I hope my dog did not frighten you very much," she said, as she bent over the wasted figure, and spoke in a voice of anxious excitement.

"Thank you, miss," the sick girl whispered, as soon as her throbbing heart would let her. "The weakness—will—soon pass off. I—was frightened—for my dear kitty," and she looked down at the ball of white fur, which by this time had curled itself up close to her protecting arms.

"Are you quite alone?" Ethel asked.

"To-day, I am, miss. Mother had to go to market, but she will not be very long."

"But how dreadful to be left here all by yourself, with no one but pussy to talk to."

The girl smiled feebly. "I am not lonely, miss. Mother will soon be back," and then she closed her large eyes as though the exertion of talking was more than she could endure.

"Poor girl, I am so sorry for you," said Ethel, quite at a loss to know what to say, and yet most anxious to be kind. "My naughty dog is really one of the kindest creatures living, and he would not hurt pussy, I believe, even if he had the chance; it was all in fun."

The girl tried to smile and shake her head. She evidently did not share Ethel's trust in Nero's gentleness, for probably she thought that what was fun to him, might be death to pussy. At the present moment, he was lying in the sunshine just outside the cottage, with his great shaggy head between his paws, and apparently asleep, but with one eye really open, watching the ducks in the pond a little way off, and glancing up at the window, occasionally with a furtive look.

"Have you any nice books to read?" asked Ethel, after a moment's pause in the conversation.

"I have this, miss," said the sick girl turning her head, and looking down at an open Bible that lay on the window sill.

"Is that all? but you can't always be reading that. Every one reads a chapter in the morning, of course, as a right thing. But I have lots of books I could lend you, all sorts of nice stories; fairy tales, and stories of travels; and stories of little girls. I shall bring some down, but, oh! dear me, I promised Aunt Regina that I would not go beyond the park, and here I am promising to bring you books. I shall get into awful disgrace."

The sick girl listened with evident pleasure to the merry voice as it rattled on, for it was not necessary to reply, and she found it difficult to speak for many minutes together. So she lay and listened, with a smile about her mouth, as though she were amused at her visitor's manner.

"Do you read the Bible much?" Ethel ventured to ask, in a timid way, presently, as though the idea of any one doing so puzzled her.

"Yes, miss. I like to read a few verses, and think about them. The doctor says I am not likely to live into another winter. I like to read about the home in heaven, that my Saviour has gone to prepare for me," and as she said this, the moisture gathered in her eyes, but the tears were tears of pleasure, more than of pain. "It's only the thought of leaving mother that troubles me. She says she will be so lonely when I am gone, that it makes me sad to think of leaving her. I often wish that she could come too."

Ethel sat looking with something akin to amazement at this girl, who could talk about her own dying so calmly. To her, the thought would be almost terrible. She had so much to give her pleasure in her life, that she could not imagine any other home being equal to the earthly one.

"But how dreadful to think of dying," she said, in her quick, impulsive way. "I shall speak to papa, and get him to allow me to have a clever doctor from London to see you, and then, perhaps, with his medicine and plenty of nice things to eat, you may get strong again. I know Aunt Regina—my papa's sister, who keeps house for us, for my mother is dead," Ethel said, by way of explanation. "I know she will have all sorts of nice things made for you, and I can bring them down, and it will be such fun."

The sick girl shook her head.

"It's too late now, miss. The doctor said, six months ago, that if I could have got away from here, I might have got well again. But it's too late now. I don't mind it, except for mother's sake. I want to go and be at rest."

"Poor girl!" whispered Ethel. "It must be very hard for you. I'm so sorry I did not know about it six months ago. But we were in London then, and couldn't know."

"No, miss. We had no friends, except the doctor and the clergyman. They were both very kind; but mother wouldn't let me go from here into a hospital. She wished, so she said, to see the last of her loved ones."

"Well, poor girl, I shall bring Aunt Regina to see you. She knows everything, and is very kind. She's cross with me sometimes; but she will not be cross to you. And I'll bring you some books as well. Perhaps aunt would let me come and read to you. Would you like that?"

"Oh, yes, miss! But I couldn't expect you to come and read to me."

"Oh, but I will! And Nero can lie outside, where he cannot frighten pussy—dear little pussy!" she said, stroking the ball of white fur, as she stooped down to say good-bye to the sick girl. "I must go," she added. "But are you sure you will not be frightened to stay here all by yourself?"

"No, miss, unless another big dog comes along," the sick girl said, smiling faintly.

"I am so sorry he should have frightened you; but, if he had not, I should never have found you out. Do you know," she added, with a bright smile, "I'm almost glad he did. I think it must have been what aunt calls 'providential.'"

"I am all right now, miss, and mother will be back shortly. I am never frightened at being alone."

"Good-bye then. But what is your name?"

"Ethel, miss—Ethel Weston."

"But that is my name too! How strange that we should both have the same name!"

"Father named me after the colonel's little daughter, miss. He thought it such a pretty name, and I'm very fond of it, for his sake."

"But that's me!" exclaimed Ethel, in delightful surprise. "I am the colonel's daughter. You mean Colonel Seymour, of course? Why it's like a fairy tale."

The sick girl was far too weak and ill to enter into the surprise and wonder of the story, as Ethel would have wished. But she could smile with genuine pleasure at her excited visitor, and feel that the dull sameness of her life had been suddenly brightened by a glimpse of that larger world, which lay very close to her cottage door, and was yet so far—so very far—removed from her.

"It is very strange, miss. Mother will be so pleased when I tell her who came to see me."

"But you must not say anything about Nero, Ethel."

"I never keep anything from my mother, miss," the sick girl said, with a faint trace of pink mounting to her cheeks.

Ethel felt her own face getting crimson. She would not wittingly tell a lie, but she had no hesitation in withholding disagreeable facts, and thus escaping from the punishment that was due to wilful disobedience. She had not the slightest intention of saying anything to her aunt about this adventure, until she could speak of it safely.

Although she made no reply to the sick girl's remark, she had heard it, and it had gone home. She merely said now: "Well, Ethel, good-bye. I must really go now." And, stooping down, she imprinted a kiss on the sick girl's forehead, and was gone.

"Come, Nero, you and I will get into sad disgrace, if we stay out much longer. And we are out of the park too. Down, rude dog!"—for, in his delight at seeing his young mistress, he was jumping wildly about her, and threatening to knock her down. "Come here, Nero, and be quiet, for I want to talk to you very seriously. Ought I to tell Aunt Regina everything that has happened? My namesake says she never keeps anything from her mother. I suppose if my dear mother was alive, I should not do so either. But, Nero, Aunt Regina is not my mother, and the question is—ought I to tell her?"

Nero wagged his tail violently, and barked his opinion in the most decided manner. Perhaps Ethel understood his language; but, if she did, she evidently did not think very much of his opinion, for she called him a "silly dog!" and went along the lane in a very thoughtful mood.

THE SUNDAY AT HOME

O DAY MOST CALM, MOST BRIGHT! . . .
THE WEEK WERE DARK BUT FOR THY LIGHT.—*Herbert.*

PREPARING FOR THE SUNDAY SCHOOL.

"Happy is the man that findeth wisdom. . . .
Her ways are ways of pleasantness,
And all her paths are peace."

No. 1708.—JANUARY 22, 1887.

BARBARA'S BROTHERS.

CHAPTER IV.—IN HARNESS.

IT soon became known at St. Hilda that young Dr. Meynal was going to take the practice left by his father; and, on the whole, this arrangement pleased the inhabitants better than any other could have done. It was pleasant to them to think that it was not a total stranger who would prescribe for their varied ailments, that there was not a new name to be learned, that the cherished traditions of the place were not to be rudely overset. It was true that Wulfric was little known in his native town. He had never cared for the humdrum neighbourhood and its quiet surroundings; and from the day he first left home to go to Harrow, he had been very little there, and of late years hardly at all; yet even with all that against him he was still a Meynal, and had been born in the house where now he lived, and there was something comfortable and reassuring in that thought.

And then, when he began to move about amongst them, Wulfric's strong personality began to make itself felt at once, inspiring different feelings with different natures, but leaving a very general impression that he was a man to be respected and perhaps feared a little, but hardly likely to be very popular.

Dr. Meynal's genial courtesy and visible warmth of heart had made him a great favourite. He had patience inexhaustible, even with those fanciful ailments that can never be cured, and that, if a source of income, are also a source of annoyance to a busy and practical medical man.

Wulfric was more blunt and candid than his father had been, and in some quarters gave huge offence. Indeed, he lost one or two patients at the very outset, and had to bear his mother's reproaches and Gerald's gentle satire with what indifference he might. He said that there was nothing the matter with the people, and he could not spare time for visiting them, and was glad to be rid of them; but Mrs. Meynal quoted his father to him, and silenced him in that way, although he could not be made to confess the error of his ways. "He had been stubborn from a baby," as his mother plaintively remarked.

But if young Dr. Meynal showed himself rough and unsympathetic over nervous ailments that were, in his opinion, the result of idleness of body or vacuity of mind, his care and skill were undoubted in other cases where the disease was genuine. He was a much more skilful surgeon than his father had ever been, and his proficiency in this department was at once exemplified by some cures that were thought most remarkable, in cases of long-standing helplessness or malformation. He was well versed, too, in all the modern researches of science, as applied both to surgery and medicine, and it very soon began to be recognised in the county that the young doctor lately settled at St. Hilda was a remarkably clever and successful practitioner, and he began to be called in, first in consultation, and later on alone, to many places where his father's name had hardly ever been known.

Of course all this did not happen just at once, or, indeed, for many months; but Wulfric was undoubtedly making his way with considerable rapidity. Yet, as is often the case, his family knew less of his success than almost any one else, and he was not likely to enlighten their ignorance.

In point of fact, Wulfric lived his present life very much alone, and saw little of any one at home except his sister Barbara.

It was Barbara who rose an hour earlier than was the habit of the household to give her brother his breakfast soon after eight; for he had established the principle of being at the surgery at half-past, to give an hour of his time to poor patients, who could not afford to pay for medical advice. There was no hospital at St. Hilda, and although Dr. Meynal had always been very kind to the poor, he had not always had the time to do for them as much as he was willing; and as Wulfric well knew the demands of an increasing practice, he had resolved from the first to set apart a regular hour for seeing the poor at his surgery, and had appointed from half-past eight to half-past nine each day as the time when advice was given away to all applicants. As for visiting them at their own houses, that had to be left to the exigencies of the cases, and the pressure of daily duties; but it was very plainly understood by all that young Dr. Meynal was a kind friend to the suffering poor.

Wulfric never came home to luncheon. The carriage called at the surgery at noon, and took him his daily round, and it was seldom till after the family had dined that the doctor returned from his day's work.

Barbara always gave him his dinner, and chatted to him whilst he ate it. Wulfric had not appeared at first to care for her presence, and had often hurt her a little by suggesting that she should rejoin the others in the drawing-room, and "not bother about him." But the girl had always declined to leave him, and gradually he had grown used to her ministrations, and would have missed them had they been withdrawn.

"You are spoiling me for bachelor ways," he once said to her, with his rare smile; and Barbara felt amply repaid for all previous apparent coolness. Wulf liked her to be with him, and that was all the reward she wanted.

For Barbara, who had always been inclined to be a bit of a hero-worshipper, if she could only find an object on which to lavish her devotion, was quite inclined to make a hero of her brother; and the more she saw of him, the more did she admire and love him.

Wulfric, however, was in no wise conscious of being a hero, and was as cool and matter-of-fact as a man could be, accepting his sister's attentions at first in the light of a necessary evil, but growing resigned to them at length, till presently he found them rather pleasant.

After his repast, during which Barbara talked, and he discussed his dinner with business-like zest, the two would retire into the study, where Wulfric would smoke an "anti-infection pipe," as he called it, and would from time to time regale Barbara with some scraps of local intelligence, or some anecdote about a patient of a non-professional character. Barbara knew most of the people he visited, at least by name and reputation; and she liked to hear all the news, and was an eager and willing listener.

Then when a quiet hour had been passed thus —the doctor's one leisure hour of the day— Barbara would be ruthlessly dismissed, and Wulfric would either take his hat and go out to visit any patient in the neigbourhood whom he had been obliged to omit during the day's round, or he would sit down to his books and papers, and study hard until past midnight, when his day's work came to an end.

Mrs. Meynal often plaintively remarked that she hardly ever saw Wulfric from week's end to week's end, and Gerald shrugged his shoulders, and remarked that his brother was hardly cut out for drawing-rooms, and was more for use than for ornament. Celia said she could not bear him in the room; his voice was so harsh, and his manners so bearish, and that she was very glad he kept himself to himself; and Barbara's eyes used to shine with indignation as she heard these words, and it was all she could do to refrain from a fiery retort. She was learning, however, that her championship did not do her brother's cause much good, and she contented herself by lavishing upon him a great wealth of love from a very warm heart, whose natural outlets were sadly checked by the unresponsiveness of others.

"Wulf," she said one evening, as brother and sister sat together in the study, "have you seen Mr. Dumaresq yet?"

"Dumaresq?—the man who lives in the big house by the sea? Yes, I saw him once three weeks ago. I told him I should only come when he sent for me. Quiet and fresh air are what he wants mainly, but his constitution is very much undermined."

"Did you see his wife, or his daughter?"

"I saw Mrs. Dumaresq for a few minutes. I don't think she much liked me. What kind of people are they? County magnates?"

"I don't know much about them. They have not been here long. I think the girl looks nice, and she is very pretty; but somehow we don't get to know them. People have not liked to call much since father died."

"I suppose not. They are always asking after you all, though."

Barbara sighed a little.

"Life is very dull sometimes, Wulf. I hate being idle; yet it is so hard to find anything to do."

Wulfric smiled, as he knocked the ashes out of his pipe.

"I don't suffer much from that evil."

"Ah, no! But then, you are a man."

"Are there no idle men in the world, then?"

Barbara thought of Gerald, and laughed a little. Wulfric seemed to read her thoughts, and his eyes twinkled.

"Well, but men have plenty of things to do, if they like to try; but girls are so hedged in—you don't know."

"Perhaps I don't. It's not a subject I've ever studied closely; but I never can see why a woman's life must of necessity be idle."

"Not altogether idle, perhaps," said Barbara, "but useless. One does things just to pass away the time; but there is no use in them."

Wulfric mused awhile, his face set in lines of thought.

Barbara watched him closely.

"What are you thinking about, Wulf?" she asked at length as he did not speak.

"I'm thinking what an odd thing it is that with so much work in the world waiting to be done, and with so much power and energy longing for an outlet, more ways cannot be found for fitting the one to the other."

Barbara was studying his face closely, when he turned upon her the light of his deep-set eyes.

"I could set a score of women to work in St. Hilda alone, and keep them going for a twelvemonth; but then they would not come, and if they did they would grow tired or disgusted and go away."

Barbara stood up and clasped her hands.

"Could you find some work for me, Wulf?"

"To be sure I could; but I don't say it's work you would like."

But the girl's face was flushed and eager.

"Tell me," she said breathlessly.

"Don't be excited, Barbara. I assure you there is not the least romance or idealism connected with it. What I want to get hold of, is a woman with some sense and gumption in her, who will go and see after some of my poor patients in their own homes—make inquiries as to their circumstances, and see if they tell the truth to me; look after them a little when they are off the sick list, and yet not quite well, and learn to do a few simple dressings so as to save my time and their steps sometimes. It won't be nice work; it won't, in the majority of cases, be even interesting work; but it will be work that wants doing badly enough, and that nobody I know seems likely to undertake. Now don't get into a state of mind over it. It's not a thing to be decided in a moment. It wants thinking over. There are many points to be taken into consideration."

Barbara was silent for awhile, not because there was any indecision in her mind; but because Wulf had bid her not to be in a hurry.

"If mother will allow me," she said presently, "I will come gladly. I should like to work for you and your patients."

Wulfric smiled slightly and half shook his head.

"Always in a hurry, Barbara; always in a hurry. You must get mother's consent, of course, to start with. Will that be a difficulty?"

"Rather perhaps; but I think I might get over that, as long as there was no infection in the cases I went to see."

"I should take care of that," answered Wulfric. "It is more for surgical and chronic cases I should want you, and for private detective work. You would have to come with me to the surgery in the mornings to learn your business and to get to know the people. That would be the first step."

Barbara's eyes sparkled. It was like realising an ideal to be able to help Wulf at his work. She had never even dreamed of anything so much to her liking.

Wulfric, however, took things coolly, bidding her decide in no hurry, but speak to her mother about it, and get things settled by degrees. He was not going to have her rush into anything blindfold, carried away by the enthusiasm of the moment. Second thoughts were often best, and she must wait for hers.

The next day as he sat at his dinner, Barbara waiting upon him as usual, but refraining from "talking shop" as he phrased it whilst he ate, a note was brought by a mounted messenger from the Cedars to summon Dr. Meynal at once to attend on Mr. Dumaresq who had had a seizure of some kind and was extremely ill.

Wulfric rose at once, turned the groom out of the saddle and mounted the horse himself, and had galloped up to the Cedars nearly half an hour before its inhabitants had believed it possible he could be there.

He was taken straight up into the room where the sick man lay, and was shut up an hour with him, after which, leaving his patient much relieved, he descended to the study to write a prescription.

Mrs. Dumaresq was favourably impressed by the skill and self-possession of the young doctor; but she had not entirely forgotten her former opinion that he was a man of too opinionated and independent a type.

"For the future, Dr. Meynal" she said, "I must request your regular attendance upon Mr. Dumaresq. You thought lightly of his condition a few weeks back, but probably you will have changed your opinion to-day. Had you been seeing him constantly, as your father did, most likely this attack might have been averted."

Wulfric made no reply, but merely bowed as he left the room. He knew that Mrs. Dumaresq's suggestion was based upon a mistake, but he did not choose to dispute the point; and perhaps his silence impressed her with more confidence in him than any defence could have done.

"He is a remarkable young man," she said to herself, "and undoubtedly clever; but I am not sure that I like him."

Wulfric went down to the study, which room he knew, having held there his last interview with the master of the house. He opened the door and then stood still suddenly, for the room was not tenantless as he had expected.

Reinée was kneeling on the floor, picking up some flowers that had been scattered upon the carpet, most likely when Mr. Dumaresq had fallen from his chair in the way that had been described. The girl's face was pale, and her delicate lips trembled, her white evening dress was creased and tumbled, and she looked like one who had been through an ordeal and was a good deal shaken by it.

As Wulfric entered, she looked up quickly and rose to her feet. She had never met him before, but his face and figure were familiar to her as they were by this time to all the inhabitants of St. Hilda.

"Oh, Dr. Meynal" she said, advancing a few steps towards him, "please tell me what you think of my father."

Wulfric looked into the sweet, pleading face, and the trustful dark eyes fixed so earnestly upon him, and the rather hard lines of his brow and lips relaxed a little as he answered gently: "There is nothing seriously wrong with your father, Miss Dumaresq. There is nothing in this attack to alarm you. It was more from weakness than any other cause, and rest and care will soon bring him round again to his normal state."

Reinée smiled tremulously; but there was still a sort of wistful trouble in her eyes.

"I am afraid his normal state, as you call it, is not very satisfactory, Dr. Meynal?"

"Not very, perhaps; but we must mend that, if we can."

"Do you think you can?"

"I think I can do something; and I am sure you can do more."

Reinée smiled through the tears that sparkled on her long black lashes.

"What can I do?"

"Take him out of himself. Talk to him, read to him, sing to him; get him to walk or ride with you and to take an interest in the garden and potter about there a little. I can write prescriptions and give dry lectures on diet and habit; but it is to you I must look for the lion's share of the work, and you shall have the credit of the cure when it comes."

And then Wulfric held open the door for her to pass out, and they exchanged friendly little bows, as if some chord of mutual sympathy and understanding had been struck between them. Wulfric sat down to write his prescription, whilst Reinée went slowly upstairs, saying to herself: "That is Barbara's brother, I think they are rather alike. He is not nearly as ugly as mamma said. I call it rather a fine face."

The next day Reinée had a call from Barbara herself. The girl had come to inquire after Mr. Dumaresq, and as the patient was asleep and his wife was with him, it was Reinée who came down to receive the guest.

This arrangement just suited the two girls, who had felt mutually drawn towards one another from the first.

"I saw your brother yesterday," said Reinée. "He spoke so kindly about papa. Somehow his face made me fancy he would be rather severe. Did he tell you what he really thought of him?"

"Wulf does not talk about his patients to me, you know," said Barbara, with a little smile; "but I do not think he considers Mr. Dumaresq is very ill. I know he thinks a quiet country life the very best thing for him."

"I am so glad we have come here," said Reinée, with her frank smile. "It is all so sweet and lovely. I am sure every one must be happy here. Didn't you think so?"

"I don't know whether it is the place that makes people happy," answered Barbara slowly. "I think it is the life we lead there."

"Yes, yes!" answered Reinée, with quick sympathy. "I know that too. Only—don't you think?—it is easier to lead the right kind of life in a place like this, rather than in London."

"I never lived in London," answered Barbara; "and—and I don't quite know what you mean by a 'right kind of life.'"

The two girls looked at each other; perhaps they wondered what made them speak so openly at so early a stage in their acquaintance.

"Shall we come into the garden?" said Reinée. "Should you like it? I am so fond of the garden. I never had one before."

Barbara acquiesced willingly. The spring sunshine was bright and hot and exhilarating. It seemed easier to talk in the breezy garden with flowers around them, and the sea flashing far below, than it had done in the dim, cool drawing-room.

Reinée showed her garden with the pride and pleasure of one who thoroughly loves it. Barbara sympathised with her; and over the subject of flowers and shrubs, and the laying out of the grounds, the two girls waxed intimate. But perhaps they were thinking all the time of other matters too, for presently, as they were pacing a quiet shrubbery path together, Reinée said suddenly: "I think what I mean by a right kind of life, is a life that is led not just for personal enjoyment, but that tries to bring happiness to other people as well."

"Or to do them good," added Barbara.

"Yes; that would make them happier, would it not?"

"I don't know," answered Barbara. "I don't think I have ever thought much about happiness. It is nice to be happy; but we can get on very well without."

Reinée looked a little wistful.

"I have always had such a happy life," she said. "Perhaps that is why I feel so sad when I think of all the poor people who hardly know what happiness means. I do so long to do something for them."

"So do I," answered Barbara. "I have wanted it ever since I have had no lessons to do, and have had so much more time on my hands. I don't think I have cared so much about making them happy; but I should like to help them to be more thrifty, more clean, more orderly and healthy. I don't know, of course, if I shall be able to do much; but I think perhaps something may be done."

"Will you be able to do it?" asked Reinée eagerly.

"I hope so—now."

"Why do you say 'now'?"

"Because my brother Wulfric wants me to help him a little in looking after some of his poor patients, and I think mother will let me, though she has not quite decided yet. Wulfric says it will not be nice work, and that there will be nothing pleasant or interesting in it. He does not try to paint it in fine colours at all: but, oh, I am so tired of being idle and useless! I have so longed for some kind of work. I shall not mind what it is, so long as I feel I am doing something for other people."

Reinée's eyes were shining with sympathy.

"Oh, Barbara," she cried, with sudden eagerness, "I know so well what you mean!" Then she coloured a little, and said, frankly and sweetly, "I ought not to have been so familiar; but somehow I always think of you as 'Barbara.'"

"Please go on calling me so," answered the girl, with an answering smile. "I like it much better."

"Then you must call me Reinée, and then we shall feel like being friends. And I do hope you will like your work, and be very happy."

"I shall be very busy, at any rate," answered Barbara, smiling, "and that is what I seem to care most about."

"Who was that walking with you in the garden this afternoon, Reinée?" asked Mrs. Dumaresq, later in the day.

"Barbara Meynal, mamma. She is such a nice girl!"

"You looked as if you were swearing an eternal friendship, or something of that sort."

"I think we shall be friends always."

Mrs. Dumaresq smiled indulgently.

"Always is a long day, my dear; and I do not think your stay at St. Hilda will be long enough for the formation of very lasting ties. You will hardly be allowed to bury yourself here for very many months."

Reinée's face grew suddenly grave; but she made no reply to this remark.

BLIND CHINESE BEGGARS

TRANSFORMED INTO MISSIONARY SCRIPTURE-READERS.

BY C. F. GORDON CUMMING.

AMONGST the many valuable agencies which (now that England is at length awakening from her long torpor in regard to the duty of obeying the Master's last commandment) are being brought to bear to spread the knowledge of the Gospel of Love, none has done more direct work in what I may term "intellectual countries" than the system of Colportage, by which not only the Book of books, but also various simple expositions of Christian truth are brought within reach of all classes, and being bought and carried to their own homes, very frequently become the means of such genuine conversion as eventually brings the reader to crave Christian baptism, and bravely to endure the inevitable persecution which almost invariably follows.

In no country has this result so frequently followed the simple hearing or reading of the

Holy Scriptures, as in China—that mighty Empire where, seventy years ago, there was not one Christian (professing the Reformed Faith). It was not till 1814 that the first convert was baptised, but from that date the good seed so sparsely scattered has slowly but surely sprung up, and borne increase wholly out of proportion with the feeble staff of teachers sent out by Christian Europe. Even now, when a real interest is being awakened in this matter, the total number of Protestant missionaries of all denominations sent out by thirty-four different societies, is in the proportion of one to one million of the Chinese people!

So few workers might indeed have fainted and failed before the apparent hopelessness of their task, had it not been for the very practical manner in which these Chinamen—so cautious and slow to move—so staunch and resolute when once their determination is made—have carried out their Lord's injunction "Let him that heareth say, Come." Thus each convert has become a centre of Christian influence, and despising the shame so readily heaped upon him by heathen neighbours, rarely rests till he has brought some friend or relation to his Master, and so the good leaven spreads, and thus it has come to pass that whereas just thirty years ago, all the Protestant Missions together only numbered 350 Chinese communicants, now about 100,000 Chinese habitually attend Christian services, and of these upwards of 22,000 are regular communicants, many of whom have been sorely tried in the school of bitter persecution.[1]

From this number about 1,100 earnest and devout men have been selected to work as catechists, and a handful of the most able and eloquent have been ordained to the ministry.

But a new class of helpers has now become available, namely Blind Scripture Readers, who may accompany the native colporteur, and who invariably attract wondering crowds of their fellow-countrymen to whom it appears little short of miraculous that blind beggars should be thus cared for by foreigners, and endowed with apparently supernatural powers. From the singular reverence of the Chinese for all written characters, and for those who can read them, it is evident that a blind reader occupies a very different position in China to that of the men whom we are accustomed to see in our own streets. Hence it is obvious that as assistant colporteurs, such blind readers may prove very valuable agents in spreading the knowledge of Christian truth.

Very remarkable are the circumstances which have led to this opening of the gates of the Paradise of Literature to the unnumbered legions of those sorely afflicted ones who in this vast Empire are doomed to life-long blindness. Since even in favoured England (where the ravages of small-pox and ophthalmia are so effectually kept in check) there are nearly forty thousand blind persons, we can form some idea of their numbers in China, England being just about the size of the smallest of the Eighteen Provinces. And whereas, in our own land, it is somewhat exceptional to see even one blind beggar, in China there is not a city where they do not abound, frequently going about in companies of a dozen or more, and assembling at certain spots in clamorous crowds, hungry and almost naked—truly, of all men most miserable—the more so, as many are also afflicted with leprosy. Such are the class for whom the Gospel has now been made an open Book.

Those who have attempted to master the excruciating difficulties of any of the numerous dialects of Chinese, or the terrible array of intricate written characters which the weary eye must transfer to memory ere it is possible to read the simplest book, can alone fully appreciate how wonderful is the boon which has now been confered on the multitude who so truly dwell in darkness.

The benefactor who has in such a wonderful sense "opened the eyes of the blind" is Mr. W. H. Murray, whose calling to Mission Work must be traced to an accident in a saw-mill, whereby he lost an arm, and so was disabled from following his original profession. This apparent calamity has resulted in a discovery which, if properly developed, may prove an incalculable boon to millions yet unborn in the Celestial Empire.

So soon as he was able to resume work, Mr. Murray obtained employment as a rural letter carrier in the neighbourhood of Glasgow, but was subsequently employed by the National Bible Society of Scotland as a colporteur, and at this time his remarkable facility for languages attracted the notice of some of the directors. It was accordingly arranged that he should attend classes at the college, though his studies were not allowed to interfere with his regular work. All day long, therefore, he travelled with his Bible waggon, rising daily at 3 A.M. all through the chill winter mornings, in order to prepare for his classes at 8 and 9 A.M. and then began again at a new day's work of book-selling.

During this period, apparently so fully occupied, he found time for an additional study, his interest having been aroused by seeing so many blind persons come to purchase books printed by Moon's system. Having mastered this, he took lessons in Professor Bell's system of visible speech, and also in Braille's system of reading and writing for the blind by means of embossed dots.

Ere long, he was sent as the Society's agent to Peking, where his work as a colporteur was at first very discouraging, but has of late years proved remarkably successful, and has included several highly encouraging Bible-selling expeditions into Mongolia.

On arriving in China he found that the aforesaid system of visible speech (which he had acquired simply as an interesting curiosity) actually facilitated his own study of the very difficult language, so he noted down the value of every sound he mastered, and thus ascertained that these are readily limited to 420—a very goodly number as compared with our own 24,

[1] In my 'Wanderings in China,' published by Messrs. Blackwood, I have so fully sketched the history of the prolonged trials of the converts in various districts of China, that I would earnestly ask any who are interested in the subject to refer to those details.

but a mere trifle as compared with the 4,000 distinct and crabbed characters which every Chinaman must acquire before he can read such a book as the Bible in ordinary print. Even a child must master 1,200 characters before he can read the Chinese equivalent of Jack the Giant-killer!

During the long hours which Mr. Murray daily spent in the crowded streets, he was filled with unspeakable compassion for the multitude of blind beggars who wander about, utterly uncared for, and he was filled with a great longing to devise some means of alleviating their hard lot. The thought occurred to him that some method might be devised for teaching them to read.

Of course no amount of embossing could make the frightfully complicated Chinese character comprehensible to the most sensitive fingers, but something simpler might be devised. He therefore set himself to reduce the 420 sounds to a system of equivalent dots, and his patient ingenuity was at length rewarded by finding that he was thus able accurately to represent the perplexing sounds of the language, and to replace the bewildering multitude of Chinese characters.

Having thus overcome these apparently insuperable difficulties, his next care was to test this system, and prove whether even the most sensitive touch could discriminate upwards of 400 separate arrangements of dots. Now came the most anxious stage of all. Looking round for a suitable subject to begin with, Mr. Murray selected a little orphan beggar who was lying almost naked in the street, but who, notwithstanding his loneliness and poverty, always seemed cheerful and contented. Moreover, he was free from the horrible taint of leprosy, which is so terribly common among the miserable beggar population. So Mr. Murray took him in hand—washed and clothed him, and undertook to feed and lodge him, provided he would apply himself in earnest to mastering this new learning. Naturally the boy was delighted, as well he might be, considering the honour which in China attaches to all literary pursuits, and we can imagine his ecstasy, and the thankful gladness of his teacher when within six weeks he was able not only to read fluently, but to write with remarkable accuracy!

To complete the experiment, two blind beggar men were also induced to learn to read, the boy acting as teacher. One was able to read well within two months—the other more slowly, but also with great pleasure. It was at this stage that I made their acquaintance, and it struck me as intensely pathetic, as we stood at the door of a dark room—for it was night—to hear what I knew to be words of Holy Scripture read by men who less than four months previously sat begging in the streets in misery and rags on the verge of starvation.

Not only did they read with perfect facility from both the Old and New Testament, but the first lad wrote out for me a whole page of a Chinese classic, which to my eye and coarse touch presents only groups of the neatest dots wholly undistinguishable one from another. But there it is—a written page of a classic, highly esteemed by all Chinamen as a lesson in pure morality.

When you consider that a man with the full use of all his faculties takes years of hard study to acquire the same powers by means of the ordinary Chinese character, you will scarcely wonder that those who knew these wretched blind beggars so short a while previously should deem the transformation an absolute miracle.

As a matter of course, the blind students were so delighted with their newly-mastered art that they would lose no chance of reading the Scriptures to whoever would listen to them, and it soon became evident that the mission might be greatly aided in spreading the knowledge of Christian truth by a whole regiment of blind readers.

Up to the present time, however, the work has been a purely personal effort of Mr. Murray's, being altogether outside of his official work; the whole business of elaborating the system, and then of training his early pupils, having been accomplished in extra hours stolen from sleep by rising early and sitting up late. Moreover, the whole expense of feeding and clothing his students was deducted from his own salary, though in this a few very welcome donations recently received have enabled him to increase the number of his pupils, and to appoint one of their number, Mr. Hsing Wang, to act as teacher to the new comers.

Some of superior station having heard rumours of this wonderful work have travelled from remote districts to place themselves under tuition. One man came from a distance of upwards of three hundred miles to be taught to see with his fingers! Another, who had learnt common reading and writing at the Mission School before he became blind, very quickly acquired the new system, and set to work to emboss the Gospel of St. Matthew in Classical Mandarin Chinese.

One blind Christian was greatly delighted to find he might go out as a colporteur to distribute Christian pamphlets. Another was found to be endowed with talents so especially fitting him for the ministry that he has been transferred to a training school for preparing candidates for Holy Orders.

Musical symbols were next embossed, and a number of blind boys have been therein instructed, and have learnt to write music from dictation with extraordinary facility. When the slate is taken out of the frame each reads off his part, and rarely makes any mistake. Some of the boys have a remarkable talent for music—good voices and an excellent ear. Their singing is said to be really attractive. One has learnt the harmonium, and now accompanies the choir at the Sunday services in Chinese.

One of the recent pupils is a handsome young married woman aged about eighteen, who lost her sight while she was a pupil at the American Presbyterian School; nothing could be done to save it. She was engaged to a young man, a member of the same mission, who proved constant, notwithstanding the serious disadvantage of being united to a blind wife. The young woman has

already acquired the arts of reading, writing, and music, so that her sore trial does not prevent her from being a cheerful companion.

So the little blind school has already brightened a considerable number of dreary lives, and may continue to extend its good work amongst the many sufferers who are able to maintain themselves. But as regards the great beggar host, the wretched raw material from which (as purest paper is produced from seemingly worthless rags) Mr. Murray hopes to rescue many who may be transformed into most useful members of society, these can only be enabled to come and study by being provided with the necessaries of life, which they have hitherto received as alms. Even in economical China a blind student cannot be fed, boarded and clothed for less than £10 a year, and so an earnest appeal was issued some months ago, addressed to all persons who are interested either in the blind, or in Chinese missions, urging them to send a special thank-offering for their own gifts of Sight and Light, in order to assist in this good work.

Of course in a country where the dialects spoken between Canton and Peking are so different as to necessitate the publication of at least eight different translations of the Bible for the use of persons gifted with sight, it is evident that these must be reduced to the dot system ere the blind beggars of the Central and Southern Provinces can share the privilege already open to those of north China, so that eventually schools for the blind must be established in southern China.

Meanwhile, however, the object aimed at is merely the permanent endowment of one small centre of teaching, which hitherto has wholly depended for its existence on the self-denying exertions of one hard-working man.

[1] I think few readers can fail to be deeply interested in this sketch, showing how an earnest worker has triumphed over great difficulties. We all know, however, how often a warm interest fails to attain to GIVING-POINT, which is very much like bringing a kettle up to BOILING-POINT—quite a different stage from mere heat!

In answer to the appeal already made, donations have been received which will secure a year's training for about a dozen students; but as yet there are no annual subscribers. It had, however, been suggested as very desirable that a fund should be raised to secure a moderate permanent endowment. In reply to this came a letter from "A Working Woman" to say that as the development of so valuable a mission agency was evidently worth a very special effort, she wished to devote to this purpose 100*l.*, saved from her earnings, which she would forward in the hope that nine other persons would each send a similar sum, or that eighteen would each send, or undertake to collect, 50*l.* For the sake of so excellent a work, it is much to be hoped that the nine thus challenged will come forward, and that the 1000*l.* thus aimed at may be at least doubled, so that an income of at least 100*l.* may afford a sure provision for the hire of a small house, a moderate salary for a permanent teacher, and a sum sufficient for the maintenance of at least half-a-dozen indigent blind students, who year by year may be sent forth to read the Sacred Message in the streets of Peking and other cities. We are all suffering from hard times, and perhaps some of us are inclined secretly to acknowledge in these the truth of an old saying, that "When men will not proportion their alms to their incomes, there is good cause to expect that God will proportion their incomes to their alms." It may be that for that very reason some may be inclined to test more practically than they have hitherto done, the truth of God's promise in Malachi iii. 10.

Subscriptions and donations, in aid of the Blind Chinese Scripture Readers, will be gladly received by WILLIAM J. SLOWAN, Esq., Secretary, National Bible Society of Scotland, 224 West George Street, Glasgow.

THE WINTER OF THE SOUL.

BY THE VERY REV. C. A. CHADWICK, D.D., DEAN OF ARMAGH.

"Pray ye that your flight be not in the winter."—*Matthew* xxiv. 20.

OUR Lord had announced the destruction of Jerusalem, which stood up so proud and fair, with marble towers and gilded pinnacles, as to awaken the enthusiasm of His disciples. He had given them a sign by which to know when their hurried escape must be effected. And then, not one moment should be lost. He that was in the field should not return for greeting or for equipment. He that was on the flat house-top, should hurry by the outer staircase into the street, lest while passing through the house, he should delay to catch up some of his possessions. Time would be given, sufficient for those who were there as strangers and pilgrims, but not enough for men whose hearts were entangled, who would linger, even for one hour, in that great crisis.

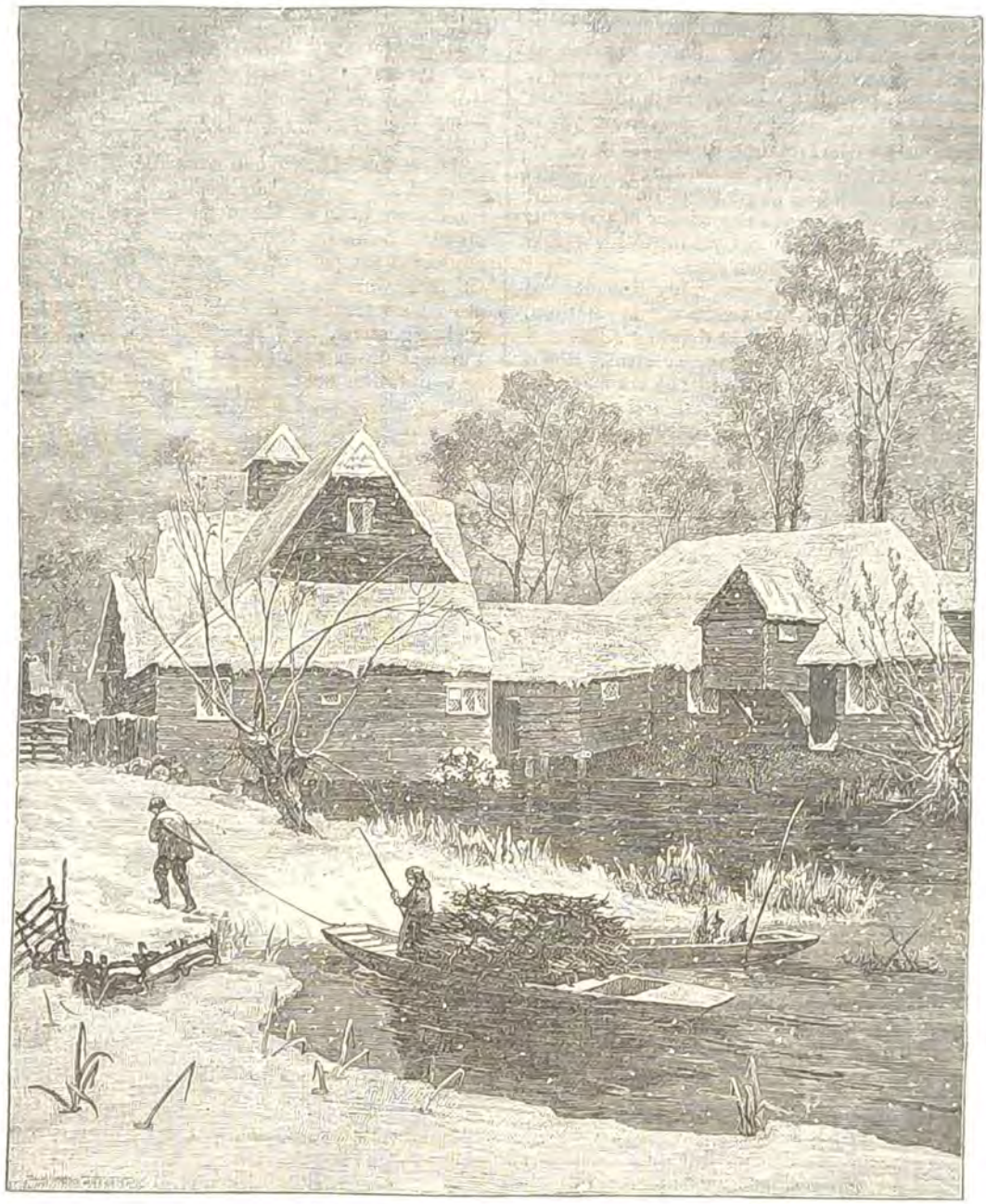
They should remember Lot's wife, ruined because her gaze turned fondly back upon the guilty city.

Amid such urgent warnings, the disciples are bidden to pray that their flight be at a convenient time; that they should not require in the depth of winter to arise and fly, without clothing or resources, nor on the Jewish Sabbath, when every one they met would forbid them to break the law by journeying. Such is the connection in which these word were spoken.

Now the fall of Jerusalem is a type of the end of this age, and Christ's return in judgment. But it also reminds us of an event in our own lives, which gives the text an important message to us—a solemn meaning for our souls.

Each of us by nature lives among earthly

affairs, taken up with pleasures and gains, hopes, longings and flatteries. We are born in what Bunyan calls the City of Destruction, which is doomed like the ancient Jerusalem to be overwhelmed by the wrath of God, and we in it if we linger there. We, like these early Christians, must flee from the wrath to come. But there is a vital difference in this respect, that we must delay for no future signal, we are at once to escape into the mountains, to the everlasting hills where stands the city that hath foundations. Already, in heart and mind, though not in the flesh, we are to be saved from this present evil world. Its destruction is not yet ripe, but our flight is to be at once. Now is our time to find shelter in the clefts of the Rock of Ages.



"Gaunt winter, flinging flakes of snow,
Deep burdening field and wood and hill."

"Arise ye, and depart; for this is not your rest, because it is polluted, for it will destroy you, even with a sore destruction." (Micah ii. 10.)

Some of us, by God's grace, are being saved

from this untoward generation, and the rest of us intend to escape. It is only a matter of time. When one can afford to give up the tricks of trade. When another is old and steady. When the bad acquaintances of a third have passed away. Certainly before all is over; for no man intends to die unrepentant, unbelieving, worldly. And yet people do die thus. Their hindrances prove too great. They postpone their escape. But instead of melting away, their difficulties close around them. And while they wait yet a little longer, for the weather to clear, for a day when none shall hinder their escape, the avenging army overtakes and shuts them in.

There is such a thing as the winter of the soul, when he fares ill who has not yet made his escape from the City of Destruction.

I. Winter is the season when a fugitive into the mountains most easily goes astray. It is then, more than at other times, that driving mists and vapours, or blinding snow-storms sweep down from the high summits and fold the wanderer in a deadly embrace. He looks to this side and to that, but the landmarks are effaced, the pine grove and the crag by which he meant to guide his steps are lost, or strangely altered, and in vain he wanders to and fro until his strength is spent. There is a door that would open promptly if he knocked then, but the light is lost which still burns in the turret for his guidance. Fainter he grows and colder, and at last he sinks down despairing upon the wet sod, where in spring the shepherd will find his bones.

Alas, it is so with souls! To the presumptuous and those who resist the truth it is said, Now it is hid from thine eyes. Make the heart of this people heavy and shut their eyes. Thou shalt grope at noonday as the blind gropeth in the darkness. When the Scripture is read, a veil is on their heart. Their feet shall stumble on the dark mountains.

To know the truth, and not to act upon our knowledge, that is to defer our journey until the season of blinding vapours.

II. In winter, a strange drowsiness often creeps over the unwary traveller, and apart from perplexity or even from fatigue, makes it almost impossible for him to advance.

He takes a few steps and then sinks down in a heavy doze; the guide arouses him, and again he totters forward a few yards, but presently he sinks once more into that deadly slumber; and if neglected, or journeying alone, lies down contentedly and sleeps to death in the very road to safety, knowing the danger but quite unable to resist it. It is not weariness but an additional and even a worse peril.

And it has its counterpart for souls who delay their flight until the winter. Only the very special grace of God will save these also from growing dull and lifeless, confessing a danger which yet they cannot feel, because so deadly a torpor has crept over them that when you speak of righteousness and temperance and judgment to come, and of the all-satisfying sufferings of the Lamb, it sounds like vague sweet far-off music that blends gently with a dream out of which it fails to waken them.

Therefore, whoever feels the beauty of holiness to be real, and the death of Christ vivid and touching, and sin exceedingly sinful—let him seize this conscious and precious moment, and remember now his Creator . . . while the evil days come not, nor the years draw nigh when he shall say My soul hath no pleasure in them.

III. The road itself, apart from mists and vapours and from drowsy unwillingness to tread it, is more slippery and perilous in winter, and many a heavy fall shall the unwary traveller endure.

There are times when a sudden blast of wild tempest almost lifts him bodily off the road into the chasm, even as the storms of evil temper and appetite burst on the unhappy head of him who neglected the path of self-control and self-denial till these were at their fiercest. And places there are where treacherous hollows are filled up with yielding snow, and he who sets foot there is plunged down and buried in awful depths, just as temptation ensnares the unwary traveller who thinks his ground firm, until he is overwhelmed and lost.

When Napoleon crossed the Alps, a little drummer slipped thus down hundreds of feet through the cruelly soft and yielding material which let him breathe, but would not let him go. And he beat his drum in his misery for hours, meaning "Save me, comrades, save me!" But to halt would have risked, and perhaps lost, the army; and so regiment after regiment marched past, hearing his pathetic appeal grow slower and weaker, until it died away.

Where is the minister of religion who has not heard the beating of that very drum, as the slave of guilty pleasures or sinful gains told how he hated himself and hated his sin, but would not give it up. "What am I to do?" he asks. "I must drink when the craving comes upon me; I must continue my way of life or starve, and I won't starve."

And the strong man in the agony of his soul buries his face in his hands and shakes with sobs, and protests that he cannot reform, and cries to his monitor to save him. But Christ Himself will save no person upon such terms.

* * * * *

Does it seem as if we have been thinking rather of the mountains of Lebanon than the hills around Perea? Yet it is certain that the thought of Jesus was of those special hindrances which would befall fugitives among deep ravines and craggy heights in the least fitting season for such a flight.

And if we think that their hindrances were less than have been described, does that excuse the infatuation which runs the greater risk?

Pray ye that your flight be not in winter. And yet, even at worst, unto the uttermost, One can save, if we only grasp His hand. He came from the brightness and warmth of His divine home, in the midwinter of all souls, to save us from the doomed city, and to lead us on the road to heaven. No cloud and darkness turned Him aside, not even that which swept at once over the pale crowd around the cross, and over his pure soul, uncomforted, forsaken.

Weariness never prevented Him from doing His father's business; slumber never overcame His midnight prayers. The blasts of Satanic temptation raged around him, and cunning snares beset His feet; but no storm could move, no deceit could ensnare Him.

It is He who guides us in darkness through peril, and who makes our way smooth in the time of our prosperity. But let us not tempt His goodness; let us not presume upon His forbearance, intending sometime to be saved. When is it to be?

Ah, not in the winter of perplexity and peril, and overwhelming temptation; not then, but now —now is the accepted time; now, in this day of salvation; now, when the summer air about your soul is balmy with love and pardon, and the grace of God; now, when the message of salvation, like a gentle and perfumed breeze, whispers past your ear in melody; now, when the Son of Righteousness shines clear and full upon your path; now, when our Master and Lord waits to escort your pilgrim steps, and with His rod and staff to sustain you through the dark valley which must be trod; now, when the pure mountain air braces and does not freeze; now decide, and gird up the loins of your minds, and come forth unto Him bearing His reproach, and be made like the blessed ones in heaven itself in this, that they follow the Lamb whithersoever He goeth.

THE INNER LIFE OF LORD SHAFTESBURY.

PART IV.

WE propose in this paper to see how the religious principles which governed the public life of Lord Shaftesbury were exemplified in the inner circle of his home. A man's religion as it is seen in his home, is the truest test of what that religion really is. Withdrawn from the fierce light of publicity, in which so much of his life was lived, we shall see him now in the relations of son, husband, father, and master.

As a child young Ashley was, in a sense, homeless. He was ruled by severity and fear; and shrunk as much from the treatment he received at the hands of his father and mother, as he did from that of his unprincipled schoolmaster and the bullies of the school. His heart sank within him when the day came for him to go home for the holidays, no less than when he had to return to school. His father was a harsh, cold, stern man, as those who knew him as Chairman of Committees in the House of Lords could testify, for he ruled the peers with a rod of iron; his mother was a woman of fashion. Neither of them took any interest in the welfare of their young children, but left them to the tender mercies of servants, and the delicate and sensitive boy knew "times without number what it was to be kept for days without sufficient food, until he was pinched with hunger; and weary nights in winter when he lay awake all through the long hours suffering from cold." Through life he looked back to those days with a shrinking sense of horror, and to the fact that there had been no light-heartedness in his childhood may be attributed the air of melancholy—a certain sombreness and sadness—which habitually surrounded him like an atmosphere.

Later in life, the career which he had marked out for himself, or rather to which, as he believed, he had been "called of God," met with the strong disapprobation of his father, and for ten years Lord Ashley was banished from the paternal roof. Neither from father nor mother, had he in the whole course of his life, up to the age of thirty-eight, experienced anything save unkindness, which in earlier years almost amounted to cruelty.

In the light of these facts, the following extracts from his diary breathe the very essence of the Christian life:—

"*July* 27, 1828.—It is pleasant at last to be on good terms with Lord S., and Charlotte" (Lord Ashley's sister) "is so too. We forgive him all his unkindness. Memory is good to show a progress in virtue, not to furnish themes of indignation."

The "good terms" were merely passing civilities, and then came the ten years' banishment and complete estrangement. At the end of that time a reconciliation was brought about, and the way in which it was regarded is very touchingly recorded in the journal.

"*Nov.* 23, 1839.—I can hardly believe myself, or my senses; here I am in St. Giles's, reconciled to my father, and actually receiving from him ardent and sincere marks of kindness and affection. Who would have thought (not I, at least) when I quitted this house *ten* (!) years ago, that I should never return to it until I came a married man with six children! But it is a blessed thing that it has happened at last; a thing good for him, and good for me; a thing for which I ought, and for which I do, thank God most humbly. He is now an old man, and it would have been a sad and horrible matter had he died otherwise than at peace with his children; but, God be praised, we are reconciled, and his heart and mine are lighter."

In June, 1851, his father died, and he wrote in the journal:—

"*June 6th.*—St. Giles's. Ah! my poor father! I bless Thee, O Lord, that I was here to say 'Lord Jesus, receive his spirit,' and to close his eyes."

When Lord Ashley succeeded to the title and the estates, he found that there had been incredible waste; that large sums of money had

been ruthlessly lavished and thrown away to no purpose of either use or luxury, while many things really necessary had been totally neglected. "It is worthy of note," says his biographer "that full as the diaries are of the actual position of affairs, there is not one word that reflects in any way upon the memory of his father. On the contrary, scattered throughout the pages there are many touching passages to show that the only thoughts of him, were thoughts of tenderness and filial regard."

The Dowager Countess of Shaftesbury lived to the great age of ninety-one, and for many years Lord Shaftesbury made constant visits to Richmond to see her, and the great comfort of her declining years was his companionship and sympathy.

Some of the most beautiful passages in the whole book, are the extracts from the diaries in which Lord Shaftesbury unconsciously reveals himself in the relation of a husband, when writing of the goodness and self-devotion, the love and bravery of his noble-hearted wife. He had proved the truth of what he wrote on the first anniversary of his wedding-day:—

"*June 11th.*—Yesterday was the anniversary of our wedding. Mark it with the red letters of joy, hope, and gratitude. If men would all base their love upon esteem, and their esteem upon religion, and their religion upon affectionate Christianity, marriage would prove a twenty-fold source of earthly happiness, and surety for heaven."

Forty years later, and on the last anniversary they were to celebrate on earth, he notes:—

"*June 10th*, 1872.—To-day my wedding-day! Forty-one years ago was I united to that dear, beautiful, true, and affectionate darling, my blessed Minny. What a faithful, devoted, simple-hearted, and captivating wife she has been, and is, to me! And what a mother! Ah, Lord, give me grace to thank Thee evermore, and rejoice in Thy goodness. Send forth Thy Holy Spirit on us, and lead us yet in the way of service, of obedience, and of love."

A good son, a good husband; a good husband, a good father, is the natural sequence; and the glimpses given us in the volumes before us show that the home life in the household of Lord Shaftesbury was just what might have been expected under the rule of one whose whole moral constitution was tenderness and compassion. We can do no more in our limited space than glance at a few instances to indicate the general scope.

On the day of the christening of a son, he writes: "It is a lovely and solemn ceremony, heavenly in its purport, and almost so in its composition. May God in His mercy grant that as the child was this day 'signed with the sign of the cross,' so he may never be ashamed to confess, and to fight for, a crucified Saviour!"

His anxiety concerning the welfare of his children in their school life is shown in the following extract:—

"Went yesterday to Rugby to examine the physical and moral aspect of the place, and see whether it would be a good school for Antony. I fear Eton; I dread the proximity of Windsor, with all its means and allurements—dread the tone and atmosphere of the school; it makes admirable gentlemen and finished scholars—fits a man beyond all competition for the drawing-room, the club, St. James's Street, and all the mysteries of social elegance, but it does not make the man required for the coming generation. We must have nobler, deeper, and sterner stuff; less of refinement and more of truth; more of the inward, not so much of the outward, gentleman; a rigid sense of duty, not a delicate sense of honour; a just estimate of rank and property, not as matters of personal enjoyment and display, but as gifts from God, bringing with them serious responsibilities, and involving a fearful account; a contempt of ridicule, not a dread of it; a desire and a courage to live for the service of God and the best interests of mankind."

Parting with any of his children, for even a brief time, was always a keen sorrow to Lord Shaftesbury. There is the true ring of tender fatherliness, as well as of exquisite pathos, in the following passage, written on the day when he parted with his first-born son for school:—

"The last day that Antony will pass with his family before he enters on his new state (for such it is) of life. During many years I have passed every morning with him, hearing and reading the word of God. I cannot bear to part from him; were I not deeply, entirely convinced that the plan is for his real welfare, I should be miserable. I commit him to 'God, and to the word of His grace.' *Eleven o'clock at night.*—It seems to me almost incredible that I am about to surrender my Reuben to the care of a stranger. I have watched every moment, weighed every expression, considered every thought, and seized every opportunity to drop a word in season. All will now be left to an 'hireling.' Will he care for the sheep? Oh, God, be Thou to him a guide, an instructor, and a friend! Probably the course of his affections may be stopped, or made to run in another channel; they will not, at any rate, flow on in their clear and early simplicity. Yet *he* must be gradually introduced to the world, and *we* gradually severed from him. This is the order of Providence (and since it is His order, wise and good), that the children shall imbibe new loves, and form new connections, while the parents are left by the receding tide, stranded like seaweed on the shore, their time being come for decay and transmutation. This seems to be painful, and probably is so, but here is not our permanent treasure or our final resting-place. If we have trained up a faithful servant of the Lord, to go forth and fight His battles, vigorous and young, while we are flickering at home, I therein do rejoice, yea, and will rejoice."

Every stage in the history of each of his children he watched with the same parental anxiety, and at each fresh crisis in their lives dedicated them anew to God. Thus, when his eldest son entered the Navy, and sailed in H.M.S. *Havannah* for the Australian station, he writes:—

"Just returned from Portsmouth with Minny

and the boys; have been to take leave of dear Accy" (Antony) "for three years, and perhaps never to see him again; it may be so; but yet I hope—nay, I believe, that God will be with him, and restore us safe and happy to each other. But it is a pang; we feel it more when we reflect than while we experience it. I see him now; I shall see him for ever till we meet again, standing at the ship-side and watching us depart. Oh, Christ, our only Saviour and Redeemer, have mercy on the lad in body and in soul!"

It was the custom of Lord Shaftesbury to gather his children together and impart to them religious instruction. The following extracts disclose a very pleasant picture of Christian family life:—

"*Dover.*—Read the Bible with the boys; a useful and agreeable morning; day beautiful; walked to the top of Shakespeare's Cliff: enjoyed the scene, the refreshing air, the hope of renewed strength and fuller service."

"*Good Friday.*—As I taught the little children to-day it seemed to me wonderful in how small a compass is contained the whole sum and substance of Christian religion. Volumes without end, years of study, years of controversy, immense thought, immense eloquence all expended and mostly wasted to dilute or torture that which may be comprehended by the understanding and relished by the soul of a simple child. What will all the learning in the world, all the meditation of the profoundest spirits, add to the plain facts of the fall of man and his salvation by Christ? Little but perplexity and the embarrassment of that which is intrinsically simple!"

Lord Shaftesbury was loved and revered by his children with an intense affection and reverence, and scarcely less so by his servants. "In 1883," says his biographer, "when speaking on behalf of the Aged Pilgrim's Friend Society, he referred to the fact that his housekeeper had been fifty-two years in his service: that, as nurse, she had brought up all his children; that not one of them would ever think of retiring to rest in his house without bidding 'Good night' to that 'female patriarch,' and that she was held in reverence by all the household. He did not, of course, say, what was nevertheless the fact, that every morning, after prayers, it was his habit to shake hands with that aged housekeeper, and enquire after her health and of things that were of interest in her little world. He had exemplified the saying of old Philip Quarles, 'If thou wouldst have a good servant, let the servant find a good master.'"

To another friend and servant the following entry, within a few years after the heaviest trials of his life had overshadowed him, relates:—

"Yesterday poor King died, the attached faithful maid of my most blessed wife. She found my precious Minny when that beloved woman was only ten years old, and fifty-three years afterwards was still in the family and died among us. True, kind, honest, affectionate, and having no hope but in Christ, she is gone to her rest, and so breaks another worldly link between me and the parted ones."

BIBLE NOTES.

SOME TEXTS OFTEN MISUNDERSTOOD.

"Behold, now is the accepted time; behold, now is the way of salvation."—2 *Corinthians* vi. 2.

AN inference often drawn by preachers from this text is that the present moment must be secured by all who are in earnest about their soul's welfare. The lesson is true and salutary, but it was not the thought in the apostle's mind. He is quoting an assurance from the prophetic Scriptures. The captives in Babylon had waited long for deliverance; their God had in His own time answered their longing cry and let them free (Isaiah xlix. 8).

"Thus saith Jehovah,
In an acceptable time have I heard thee,
And in a day of salvation have I helped thee."

Very aptly and beautifully does St. Paul apply these words to a more signal interposition and a greater deliverance. "Now," is the hour foreshadowed by the breaking of the Babylonian yoke. The day of Christ has come, "the acceptable year of the Lord." The "acceptable time" is the time which God has specially and signally accepted (St. Paul's word is more emphatic than that of the prophet) for the revelation of His love. It is this word which suggests the appeal: "Receive not the grace of God in vain." "You ought to receive Him, for He has received you" (Stanley).

A point worthy of note is that the precise idea of "receiving," "acceptable," is due to the Septuagint. The original Hebrew of Isaiah xlix. 8, may be translated: "In the season of favour," or "good pleasure, do I answer thee, and in the day of salvation I help thee." (Cheyne.) It should also be added that the words are an address of the Father to His "Servant"—that is, in their highest application, to the Messiah—the response to the "Ask of Me" in the second Psalm.

"There remaineth therefore a rest (a Sabbath rest, R.V.) for the people of God."—*Hebrews* iv. 9.

The declaration is generally applied to the heavenly rest; and undoubtedly there is force and beauty in the words when so understood. But it is very doubtful whether the writer was thinking of the future state at all. His point is the fulfilment of the Old Covenant in the New. One by one, the leading ideas and "keywords" of the ancient revelation are taken, in order to show how completely they are realized in Christianity. One of these keywords is Rest. The Sabbath-rest of God when creation was accomplished, and the rest of Israel in the Promised Land, by turns supply the analogy. Beyond both of those there is still a privilege, into which many to whom the outward types had been given "shall not enter." "A Sabbath-rest remaineth," after the emblems and shadows of the olden dispensation—the spiritual reality of which these were but the prefiguration. Then comes in the sublime comparison of the

work of Christ in redeeming, with the Father's work in creating. "He that entered into His rest, Himself also rested from His works, as God did from His." As God the Father wrought this fair world, then "rested," not because His arm was weary, but because His work was done, so God the Son accomplished redemption, and "entered into His rest" "on the right hand of the Majesty on high." Then, as God gave the Sabbath to mankind, the sign of His completed work, so Christ has given His people the rest of Christian peace and service, as the counterpart of His own rest in heaven. In a word, the Christian life, in its ideal, is a perpetual Sabbath. It "remained," as the great antitype of the ancient type, and if we will only "enter into it," it is ours to-day.

This interpretation throws a side light on many points, as for instance the connexion of the Lord's day with the Jewish Sabbath: but there is only one of these on which we can now touch, the deep meaning of our Lord's saying in John v. 17: "My Father worketh even until now, and I work." It was thus that Christ vindicated His work of mercy on the Sabbath; and the vindication plainly rests upon the ground that the Father on *His* Sabbath, although creation has ceased, continues His providential working and care. The Sabbath of God—the "Seventh day" of which we read in Genesis—continues through all time. Each day of creation means an era; and of each we read that it was completed by "the evening and the morning." But not so of the Seventh day. Perhaps many readers even yet have not noticed this distinction between the day of "Sabbath," and all the rest. The conclusion of that day has not yet come; and in like manner Christ's great Sabbath endures—His calm and glorious repose after His completed work. Yet like His Father He is working still, in all the activities of love. And we who "labour to enter into that rest" delight in a service whose highest energies still bear the stamp of restfulness. We "rest from our own works," as a ground of acceptance with God, while still we work gladly and earnestly for Him.

The poet is often the true expositor of Scripture, and a hymn of Charles Wesley's perfectly expresses the interpretation here given of the passage as representing the ideal of the believer's life:—

"Lord, I believe a rest remains
To all Thy people known;
A rest, where pure enjoyment reigns,
And Thou art loved alone.

A rest, where all our soul's desire
Is fixed on things above;
Where fear and sin and grief expire,
Cast out by perfect love.

O that I now this rest might know,
Believe, and enter in;
Now, Saviour, now the power bestow,
And let me cease from sin.

Remove this hardness from my heart;
This unbelief remove:
To me the rest of faith impart,
The Sabbath of Thy love."

"The blood of Jesus Christ His Son cleanseth us from all sin."—1 *John* i. 7.

We continually hear this passage quoted in reference to the forgiveness and justification of sinners. And there are undoubtedly many texts which connect forgiveness with the atoning blood of Christ: as, for instance, Ephesians i. 7. "In whom we have our redemption through His blood, the forgiveness of our trespasses, according to the riches of His grace" (R.V.). But the words of St. John have a different application, to disregard which is not only an error in interpretation but a very serious loss. The apostle is speaking to Christian believers, already reconciled to God, and called to walk worthily of their calling, with a view to yet higher privilege and blessedness. "If we walk in the light, as He is in the light, we have fellowship one with another, and the blood of Jesus His Son (R.V.) cleanseth us from all sin." A condition is plainly laid down, "walking in the light"—that is, making it our supreme aim "to live and move as in the revealed presence of God" (Westcott). Thereupon, in proportion as we realise this, two consequences follow: First, "we have fellowship one with another," that is, Christian with Christian in the "communion of Saints." Some understand the fellowship intended as that between the believer and God Himself; but this seems to be a misconception of St. John's thought. To this apostle the mutual fellowship of Christians is "a sign and correlative of their fellowship with God"; and "one with another" is not the way in which he speaks of our relations to God. Then, with this fellowship is associated the purification of the heart and life. "Cleansing" also is the necessary result of that walking in the light. To employ theological language, it is sanctification, not justification, which the apostle has in mind.

And this sanctification is through the "blood of Christ." His sacrifice, that is, exerts purifying influences upon the heart and conduct. This includes what is often called "the moral influence of the atonement," being set forth by some teachers in our day as the whole explanation of that sublime mystery. It is not the whole, it is not even first. The removal of imputed guilt—justification—the setting right with God—is first. But then, the influence upon character follows, on which it is also necessary to insist. Jesus is a Saviour from sin as truly as from the punishment of sin; His blood shed in death is a constant appeal to our gratitude and love, to every emotion that quickens what is best and highest within us. It is the blood of consecration, touching us at many points, as the sacrificial blood was applied to the sons of Aaron, to the ear, the hand and the foot (Exodus xxix. 20; Leviticus viii. 24). This is the "sprinkling of the blood of Jesus Christ" (1 Peter i. 2), which purifies every receptive and active power. But further, the blood also signifies the flowing of life from Christ to those who receive Him. In St. John's writings this thought of life communicated is constant. "The blood of Christ is, as shed, the life of Christ given for men, and, as offered,

the life of Christ given to men, the life which is the spring of their life: John xii. 24" (Westcott).

Here then is the true power for holy living. Observe, the process is gradual; "cleanseth us from all sin." It is a continuous, daily cleansing. Once for all we were set free. "To Him that loveth us, and loosed us from our sins by His blood" (Rev. i. 5, R.V.). The "loosing" is one great act of deliverance. From the curse we are freed for ever; but the "cleansing" is gradual, the result of constant and repeated influences. "The blood of Jesus *is ever purifying* us" (Bishop Wordsworth). In the next paragraph St. John speaks of the "forgiveness of sin," and the "cleansing from all unrighteousness" as two distinct things. But the power that effects them both is one and the same. "The red rose of pardon and the white rose of purity grow upon one stem and spring from one root."

BIBLE QUERIES.

1. It is said in 1 Samuel vi. 19, that God "smote the men of Beth-shemesh because they had looked into the ark of the Lord; even He smote of the people fifty thousand and threescore and ten men." Can this be correct?

2. How are we to understand Psalm cx. 7: "He shall drink of the brook in the way; therefore shall He lift up the head"?

3. What is the meaning of Psalm cxxxii. 6: "Lo, we heard of it at Ephratah: we found it in the fields of the wood"?

4. "It was about the tenth hour," John i. 39. How are the hours computed in St. John's Gospel? See iv. 6; xix. 14.

HEART'S-EASE.

CHAPTER IV.

ETHEL returned by the way she had gone, and when she reached the house, everything was so still, that she was able to steal up to her own room without attracting the attention of her aunt. She washed the marks from her torn hand, and changed her dress, so that when she went downstairs to look for Aunt Regina, she was somewhat more neat than usual.

"My dear, you look quite tidy," aunt Regina remarked, as she looked up from her embroidery, and saw the tall slight figure approaching her. "You have changed your dress, I see."

"Yes, aunt. This one is cooler—at least, it feels cooler, after having the other on all the morning," for Ethel knew quite as well as her aunt, that the morning dress was very much the cooler of the two.

Something in her way of speaking made Aunt Regina look at her somewhat particularly. I hardly know what it was that awoke a suspicion that some mischief had happened. Perhaps it was that the staid lady was always, more or less, in a state of expectancy as to mischief. She had been the sufferer so often by Ethel's wilful ways, that now she took it for granted, perhaps, that this was a repetition of many former troubles.

"How far did you go, Ethel?" asked Aunt Regina.

"Oh! to the end of the park. But Nero was troublesome, and ran after things, so I took really a longer walk than I intended."

Aunt Regina was surprised to see Ethel's face gradually become crimson, as she told this story. Never having mistrusted her truthfulness, her aunt had not questioned, and would not have questioned her statement. She had always tried to show the utmost confidence in whatever Ethel said, as the surest way of teaching the child herself to be frank and open-minded at all times. But now she felt, by that mysterious "something" which tells people as plainly as anything can that all is not right, that Ethel was keeping back part of the truth, and therefore committing a very serious offence.

Not that Ethel considered her words as conveying an actual untruth—a lie! she would have flared up at once at the thought of such a thing. Had she not gone to the end of the park? and we know how troublesome Nero had been. She had not told everything, but all that she had told was true. But we have seen that even her clever defence would not explain the crimson cheeks which really had aroused her aunt's suspicions, as well they might.

How thankful we all ought to be that God has given us a conscience to help us to do right. I only say it helps us, for it cannot make us do right against that other mysterious thing, our will. But when both our will and conscience are agreed upon anything, then we may hope to do what is right, if both are agreed with God's word. Now Ethel's will was to keep out of a scrape. She had promised Aunt Regina not to go beyond the park, and she had gone. But conscience was making a great noise all the time, and just as ships in distress send up red lights to give notice of their danger, so conscience was sending up the hot blood into her cheeks, to give notice to all whom it might concern that there was something wrong. The sick girl's words were always ringing in her ears. "I never keep anything from my mother." They were sounding out like the fog signals along the coast, to warn the ships, and truly it might be said that Ethel's young heart was enveloped just now in a thick fog, which prevented her from seeing things plainly, and which put her in great danger of wrecking her own happiness and peace of mind. If she had only known it, she had come to a turning-point in her life. The two roads which seem to run so closely together as to be equally safe, are really widely separate, and those who take the wrong road, find it to be so, to their great loss. Ethel was now taking the road of selfish ease, and indifference. It was much easier—or rather, it seemed much easier—to her to prevaricate, and hold back part of the truth, than to tell everything. Her proud spirit could not bear the thought of having to submit to Aunt Regina's reproofs, and yet, through it all, she felt very much ashamed of herself, and the remembrance of the sick girl's words rang continually in her ears, to disturb and warn her.

I hope that no one who may read this will ever think that too much is being made of Ethel's fault. If she were hovering on the threshold of a theft, or any other glaring sin, we should cry out and warn her, if it were in our power; and yet, this sin into which she was falling, underlies all other sins, and makes it easy for the heart to yield to temptation, seeing that conscience is not listened to.

Another thing that Aunt Regina could not fail to notice was Ethel's great restlessness. Now that she had told her story, she seemed anxious to get out of the room, as though her aunt's presence was a restraint on her. She could settle to nothing. Aunt Regina suggested work, but she was not in the humour for work. Reading was the only thing that seemed to be agreeable to her; but she declared she had no books. She had read everything over and over again. When Aunt Regina had gone over a long list of the books which she thought might be agreeable, she lapsed into silence with "Well, my dear, I can think of no others; you must find one for yourself." And after a little she went in search of a book herself. The Bible, out of which her aunt had read, was lying on the table close by, and presently she took it up with an amount of deliberation which did not escape Miss Regina's watchful eyes, although she seemed to be so intent on the embroidery. She took it to the other side of the room, where the sweet air from the garden stole in, laden with the perfume of roses and mignonette, and gently stirred the soft muslin curtains, which fell in ample folds on the carpet.

It would be difficult to imagine a more peaceful scene, and if you had chanced to look in at the moment when Ethel sat down with the Bible on her knees, and opened it, reverently, to read, you might have thought—nay, you must have thought—that the picture was a very beautiful one, and that the peace of the outward scene was only a dim reflection of the peace that lay upon the hearts of the elderly lady and her niece.

The place at which Ethel opened the Bible was the book out of which she had often been taught to lisp short sentences in her very young days. The Proverbs were not only a favourite book of her's, but also of her father's. He frequently read from it, and took occasion to point out that it contained more sound common sense than nine-tenths of the books in the world put together.

At all events, Ethel felt that she could understand the Proverbs, and there was always something to interest her in them; and so she opened at random, not having any particular choice. Her eyes fell on the twelfth chapter, and she read. "Whoso loveth instruction, loveth knowledge; but he that hateth reproof is brutish." "The lip of truth shall be established for ever: but a lying tongue is but for a moment." "Lying lips are abomination to the Lord; but they that deal truly are His delight."

The book lay on her lap, and you might have thought, looking at her, that she was still reading; but she had read enough in those few verses to tell her wayward heart that she was not one whom God could delight in, for her dealings had not been true, nor had her lips refrained from lying. She sat quite still, but her eyes were closed, and through the long dark lashes there stole out every now and then a big tear, which rested for a moment on her eyelashes, and then fell on the book. She could not help it; her heart was very full, and she was half glad that she had discovered such faithful words to tell her exactly what her state was, rather than leave her any longer in doubt as to her danger. She thought that Aunt Regina could not possibly see her, but in that she was mistaken, for that good lady had been so struck by the sight of her taking up the Bible to read of her own free will, that she naturally watched to see what the result would be.

Miss Regina was greatly relieved at the sight of those big tears. They were the evidence of a better state of mind, and a more tender conscience than she had quite expected. She waited still, however, for that confession which she felt sure would come after the tears.

And after some time, she heard a timid voice addressing her.

"Aunt Regina."

"Well, dear?"

"I want to tell you something. Something very particular. Will you promise not to be cross?"

"I hope I am never what you call 'cross' without a cause, Ethel. I cannot promise not to feel distressed, or angered, but I promise you all the help in my power, dear child, to aid you in doing right. We never feel so happy as when we are acting, as well as speaking the truth. God promises His help to those who earnestly try to do His will, and I am sure my darling Ethel wishes to do that."

These earnest words completely broke down any remnants of pride or self will, remaining as a barrier in Ethel's mind to the doing and saying of what was right and true. She put away the Bible, and going over to her aunt, she put her arms about her neck, and kissed her passionately, with many tears.

"Oh, I have been so wicked, aunty, dear. I have told you lies about myself to-day. I went beyond the park, and tore my dress, and I feel so miserable. Do help me to be a good girl, for I feel as if it was impossible for me to do anything right."

Miss Regina drew the trembling, and weeping girl to her heart, and I believe that, in spite of her ordinary coldness of manner, her own eyes were moist, as she whispered words of comfort and encouragement to her niece, telling her of that willing forgiveness which God has provided for all who truly repent of their sins, and who approach Him in the name, and through the merits of their Saviour.

Her reception was so much more affectionate than she had expected that Ethel raised her tearful face and asked, "Are you not really cross with me, Aunt Regina?"

"Not cross, darling. I feel grieved that you should have done what has brought you so much suffering and sorrow, but I am glad, I cannot tell you how glad, that you have been able to do right. God has helped you, I'm quite sure. The Holy Spirit leads us, and speaks to us many times every day. When we are sorely tempted to do wrong, it is the Spirit that strives with us, and points us to the right. We should all be very much happier—yes, old Aunt Regina, as well as flighty Ethel—if we remembered that our Heavenly Father is both ready and willing to help us in every time of need, if we will but ask Him. We think that in order to speak to God, about anything, it is necessary for us to wait until we can kneel down and say our prayers, but that is a mistake. We can speak to Him at all times. His ear is always open to our cry, and whilst it ought to be our delight to go to Him on our knees in prayer, it ought also to be our joy to speak to Him in our hearts at other times, and feel that He is able to protect us from our own weak and erring natures, which so easily lead us astray."

"I feel ever so much lighter in myself, aunty, dear, since I told you."

"But what about your Heavenly Father, my child? have you told Him and asked His pardon?"

"N—o, aunty."

"Shall we both kneel down, just as we are now, you and I, and ask Him to pardon us and make us both better?"

"Oh! but Aunt Regina, you don't want to ask for pardon. You have done nothing to be ashamed of," exclaimed Ethel, her eyes opening wide in spite of her tears at her aunt's statement.

"Indeed, indeed, I have, and do, my darling. I have my besetting sins, just as you have yours. I have my poor aching body to make me irritable, and I say many things every day, that pain me. But the Bible tells us that 'If any man sin, we have an advocate with the Father, Jesus Christ the righteous: and He is the propitiation for our sins: and not for ours only, but also for the sins of the whole world.'"

And they knelt together before Him who knew their temptations and their repentance, and they left their sorrows at the footstool of Infinite Love.

THE SUNDAY AT HOME

O DAY MOST CALM, MOST BRIGHT! . . .
THE WEEK WERE DARK BUT FOR THY LIGHT.—*Herbert.*

BARBARA'S BROTHERS.

CHAPTER V.—BARBARA'S WORK.

NEW DUTIES.

"WULF," said Barbara about a week later, as she sat with her brother in his study at night, "I have spoken to mother about what we were talking of, and she has given me leave to please myself in the matter. She did not like it much at first, but I do not think she minds it now—she soon forgets her objections to things—and I mean to take advantage of her permission. I will begin any time you like, the sooner the better."

"Very good," answered Wulfric equably. "You are sure your mind is made up?"

"Quite sure."

"Because I would much rather you should never begin at all than should begin only to get tired and throw it all up at the end of a few weeks or months."

Barbara's face looked almost as resolute as Wulfric's own.

"I shall not do that, Wulf; I am not given to changing my mind."

"Very good," said the young man quietly; "you can begin to-morrow morning if you like."

A gleam of pleasure crossed Barbara's bright face, but she did not express any great satisfaction. She began to understand her brother, and to learn a certain reticence in his presence.

Wulf smoked on in silence for a time, and then he asked a totally unexpected question.

"Barbara, do you read your Bible?"

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Barbara was so astonished at this irrelevant query, that she hardly knew how to answer it.

"Y-yes," she answered, after a little pause; "I read it most days, more or less;" and then her natural candour triumphing over any other feeling, she added, "I do read it, but I don't think I care much about reading; I don't believe I read except with my eyes. I do it as a sort of respectable duty, you know, not because I care about it really in my heart."

"Ah!" said Wulfric, and relapsed into silence.

Barbara looked anxiously at him; but his face was quite impenetrable.

"Wulf," she said presently, "why did you ask me that?"

He was gazing straight before him, his deep-set eyes fixed upon the globe of the reading-lamp upon the table.

"Because life is full of hard problems, Barbara, and you will soon be confronted by some of them when you begin to see a little of the battle of life."

The girl still looked earnestly at him.

"But—but what has that got to do with reading the Bible, Wulf?"

"Ah, what?" he answered after a pause. "Perhaps you will some day be able to answer your own question, Barbara."

There was a silence, and then Barbara spoke with a certain amount of hesitation.

"I wish you would tell me, Wulf."

"Well," he answered slowly, "it's just this. Life's problems are hard enough in any case; but the Bible just keeps them from being absolutely insoluble."

Barbara's face was full of intelligence; but she did not look as if she comprehended her brother's meaning altogether.

"I am not sure that I understand you, Wulf."

"Very likely not. I should not have understood at your age."

Barbara smiled a little.

"You are not so very much older."

"No; but I have seen much more of life."

Barbara assented, and looking into her brother's face she remarked tentatively, "I did not know you were religious, Wulf."

"Nor I," he answered, with his enigmatic smile. "Now run away; I want to work."

"But I may come to the surgery with you to-morrow?"

"Yes; I said so before, didn't I? I wonder how long you will be as keen on it as you are now."

Yet he smiled as he bent his head to receive her good-night kiss, and Barbara fancied that he was pleased to think she was going to work for him.

She did not go back to the drawing-room direct, but straight up to her own room; and there she took up, with feelings almost akin to curiosity, the Bible that lay amongst the books on her table.

Barbara's Bible was not an altogether neglected book. She read a little in it most days—every day, in fact, unless she was hurried or her mind was too much preoccupied. Yet as she opened it now she felt as though she knew very little of its contents. She was not at home among those closely-printed pages. She turned the leaves but felt no satisfaction in the task. Wulf's words were sounding in her ears, but she did not understand them, and the book in her hands seemed to give no clue to the question in her mind.

Presently she closed the book with a sigh, and laid it down in its old place.

"It's no good pretending things," she said half aloud. "I never could understand the Bible, or see all the things in it that some people do, and I suppose I never shall. I wonder what Wulf meant by what he said. I never should have expected him to talk like that. Men generally don't care about such things, at any rate till they grow older. I don't believe Gerald ever thinks a bit seriously about anything. But Wulf is different, of course. He is very interesting, I think. I am so glad he is going to let me help him."

And then Barbara went down and joined the others in the drawing-room.

"Mother," she said, as she seated herself amongst them, "I am going to begin helping Wulf to-morrow. I am going to the surgery with him after breakfast."

"Very well, Barbara," said Mrs. Meynal, with the sigh of mournful resignation that was growing habitual now. "A wilful woman must have her way; but I don't suppose you will care for it long."

"We shall see," answered Barbara cheerfully. "Perhaps I shall like it."

Celia shrugged her white shoulders and looked slightly disdainful and disgusted.

"I can't think how you can dream of doing such horrid, disagreeable work, Barbara. Poor people are bad enough at any time; but when they are ill they are ten times worse. I really wonder mother lets you go."

Barbara flushed a little, but said nothing, and Mrs. Meynal responded plaintively, "I never did like it: but I suppose Barbara must go her own way. She is old enough to know her own mind."

"Certainly, certainly," said Gerald looking up from his paper with his lazy, quizzical smile. "*Chaqu'un à son goût*—it's an excellent motto that, and if Bab's taste is for dirty paupers, more or less diseased, by all means let her gratify it. That sort of ministering angel craze is, I believe, very speedily cured by indulgence. It would be a thousand pities to stand in her way at the outset. Later on, perhaps, she may thank us for putting a few reasonable objections in her way."

Gerald's idle mockery always tried Barbara's temper somewhat severely: but she was learning to govern herself, and in this case she refrained from a retort, and merely smiled with a little covert sarcasm.

But Gerald was not disposed to let her alone.

"How long do you give yourself for the new mania to last, Bab? Six weeks, or six months, or what?"

She looked at him with a sparkle in her eye that was something between resentment and amusement.

"I don't know that I have studied the subject. Judging by the time your great ideas take to come to nothing I should say six weeks would be quite

long enough. I don't think you have ever stuck to any one thing longer than that: but then we may not be cut on the same pattern altogether."

Gerald crossed his arms behind his head and appeared to consider the matter.

"Possibly not, Barbara. I incline on the whole to think not. You and Wulf seem more of a match, and Celia and I—the useful and the ornamental, you see. By-the-bye, do you think any power on earth could induce Wulf to dress himself respectably? I'm really half ashamed to own him when we chance to knock up against one another in the streets of St. Hilda."

Barbara's lip curled.

"I don't think any power will induce him to be a dandy like you, or to waste ever so much money upon his clothes; but I don't see anything the matter with him. I think his way of dressing just suits him. It is manly and unassuming, and he is always clean and tidy, which is more than can be said for you when you are daubing in your studio. I believe you smudge your velveteen coat on purpose to give yourself a professional air."

Gerald laughed a little as he fingered his moustache.

"All right, Barbara; Wulf is evidently the rising hero, and everything he does is right. Stick to your colours by all manner of means; but don't pretend to me that a woman ever knows anything about a man's clothes, because she doesn't. Wulf always did look like a respectable scarecrow, and I imagine he always will, unless, by any chance, he should fall in love. That might do him good, perhaps."

Celia laughed rather scornfully.

"I don't think falling in love is much in Wulf's line, and I don't think he would make a very successful lover, even if it were."

Barbara looked indignant, but made no reply, as Wulfric himself entered the room at that moment for the short talk with his mother for which he always spared time before she retired.

She was full of charges to him now not to let Barbara run into any danger, or overwork herself in any way; and the young man promised to use his discretion and to take good care of her.

The next morning, after their early breakfast, brother and sister started off together, Barbara in great spirits at the thought of making herself at last of some use in the world; Wulfric, as usual, silent and rather absorbed, but rousing himself at times to talk to his companion, and tell her a little of her future work.

"What I shall want you to do chiefly, Barbara, so far as I can see, is to look a little bit after the people in the village of St. Hilda down by the sea, which is quite out of my beat, and which it is hard sometimes to make time to visit. When you have got a little experience you can be very useful to me there, looking a little after the out-patients and saving my time in the surgery, and letting me know if there are any cases I ought to visit. The people's own account of things is so hopelessly vague and involved, one never knows what to believe."

Barbara listened eagerly; but the arrival at the surgery hindered further talk. The surgery was a good half-mile from the house and well in the town. There were several patients waiting already for the doctor, and the assistant was making up medicines behind the counter.

Barbara followed her brother into the inner room, and the patients were admitted one by one. There were some wounds and bruises and burns to be dressed; some lungs to be sounded, and miscellaneous ailments prescribed for, and Barbara was most attentive and thought it all very interesting. She helped her brother as far as she could with the dressings, watched him bandage, and resolved to practise at home, and listened to his brief but clear instructions both to her and to his patients with the greatest attention.

Last of all, a tall, pale-faced man came in rather hurriedly, and with a look of agitation on his face.

"Why, Stone," said the doctor turning towards him, "you're not on the sick list again, I hope?"

"No, sir, thank you. You've set me on my legs for good, I think, and thankful I am to you for it; but it's my little lad I've come to you about. He was missing this morning, and at last we found him lying on the rocks with his leg badly broke, and a job we had to get him home, poor little chap. He'd been out trying to get seagulls' eggs to sell, times being rather hard with us just now—and, of course, he didn't understand the job, and this is what came of it."

"Is the limb set yet?" asked Wulfric quickly.

"No, sir, that's just what I came to speak about. I'm 'most ashamed to come, sir, for I know we ought to have the parish doctor, not being in a position to pay a proper fee; but the fact is, you was so good to me and my wife, and they do say as there is no doctor round as can set bones like you; and my wife she urged me to it, and so I made bold——"

"All right, Stone," said Wulfric briefly. He was already overhauling one of his deep drawers in the press, and extracting thence splints and bandages and a variety of things. "I'll come across at once, before any more patients come. Just order a trap of some kind from the stables opposite. I haven't a great deal of time to spare."

The man obeyed with alacrity, and Wulfric sorted out his things rapidly, saying to Barbara as he did so—"Do you care to come?"

"I think I should like to."

"All right. I generally have a spare half hour between the poor and the pay patients, and these last must wait now till I come back. Broken limbs ought to have the precedence."

Wulfric left word with the assistant as to his whereabouts, and the time he expected to be absent, and then he and his sister and the man Stone drove quickly away together in the fly from the hotel.

Barbara felt as if life had really begun for her in earnest, and when the conveyance stopped at the top of a rough cliff path and they had to descend to the cottage on foot, it seemed to her as if a new phase of existence were opening out before her.

She knew the path well, and had often traversed it, and she knew a clean, bright-looking

little cottage, about half way down, which had often changed its inhabitants of late years. The present tenants she did not know, but evidently the man Stone was the occupier of the little abode into which he now led the way, followed by the doctor and his sister.

The cottage was spotlessly clean and neat, and the tiny outer room was empty, but the sound of faint moans was heard from the little inner chamber, and Stone led the way into the cottage sleeping-room that was rather larger than the parlour.

On the bed in a dark corner lay a little boy about ten years old. His face was white and contracted with pain, and a handkerchief stained with blood was bound round his head. He seemed hardly conscious, and took no notice of the entrance of the strangers. His mother was sitting beside him, and moistening his dry lips with a little milk and water.

Wulfric approached the child and make a careful examination of the broken limb. The boy cried out a little when it was touched, but the doctor spoke to him kindly and encouragingly, and something in the deep voice seemed to arrest the little fellow's attention and give him confidence. He bore the setting of the limb with great fortitude, and his pale face flushed with pleasure as Wulfric laid his hand upon his hot head when all was over and called him a "brave little chap."

Barbara seemed to see Wulfric in a new light to-day. In spite of his cool matter-of-fact manner she could see a depth of quiet, manly tenderness beneath that she had never suspected before. How she detected this she could not well have told, for Wulfric's old reserve was never laid aside. But see it she undoubtedly did, and so did the poor who came to him with such confidence in their perplexity and distress.

Little Jack Stone evidently had confidence in his doctor. When the wound on his temple was dressed, and he could lie down comfortably again, he heaved a sigh of satisfaction, and took hold of the strong hand that had tended him so gently and skilfully. He had been roused by what had passed from the stunned state in which he had been found, and had recovered the use of his mental faculties.

"I say," he remarked faintly but distinctly, "You're a good one, you are—a real first-rater!"

Wulfric smiled at his candid little patient.

"Well, and you're a plucky little chap too—so there's a pair of us, you see."

Little Jack grinned wide at being bracketed with the great doctor of the place.

"I say," he began again, "how soon can I get up?"

"Not for a good many weeks, old fellow. It's dull work to think of, but they will soon pass by. Well, I must be off now, but I'll come again soon, and see if you're going on all right."

Jack was so visibly reluctant to let his new friend go, that Barbara made a sign to him and remained behind herself. Jack had not noticed her much before, but when Wulf's tall figure had disappeared, he glanced round at the strange young lady, and pulled his fore-lock.

Barbara felt a little shy, but she knew it would be absurd to show it.

"Do you know who I am, Jack?" she asked.

"In course I do—you're his sister. You're Miss Barbara, you are."

"Quite right. You know more about me than I do about you; however, I must make up for lost time. Have you been living here long?"

"'Bout two years now, I think. I don't quite know—it's been two winters, anyhow. I don't like winter. I should like it always to be summer."

"Well, summer is coming now very fast."

"Yes, but it won't be much good to me if I've got to lie here ever so many weeks." And Jack's face looked very rueful.

Barbara hardly knew what consolation to offer.

"Do you like books to read, Jack?"

"I ain't much of a scholar, ma'am, thankee. I can read, but not to take it all in like. It ain't much fun to read like that."

Barbara did not know what else to suggest, and she fancied the boy began to look a little flushed and excited.

"Does your leg hurt you, Jack?"

"Not so much as it did; but it aches a good bit, and my head too."

"I think you ought to keep quiet. Would you like some jelly by-and-bye?"

Jack's eyes expressed his pleasure.

"Yes, please, ma'am."

"Very well, I will see that you have some. And shall I come to see you again?"

"Yes, please, ma'am, if it ain't a-troubling you too much."

And Barbara went away, feeling that a sort of beginning had been made, though not very confident as to her own success at starting. Still, to have made the start was something, more was sure to follow.

It was not from her own family that Barbara was to receive sympathy and encouragement in her work. Even Wulfric was too silent and reserved to be much of a confidant, but in Reinée Dumaresq Barbara found a warm friend and ally.

She came to see her soon after her work had commenced, and was eager to know how she had fared and what it was like. Her fresh, eager interest and quick sympathy did much to win Barbara's heart, and when she pleaded so earnestly to "hear all about it—every detail," it seemed like having a dear sister to talk to—a luxury of which unfortunately the girl knew in reality as little as did Reinée herself.

"It is not so very much I can do," answered Barbara modestly. "I go every day with Wulfric to the surgery in the town, and help him as much as I can with the poor patients who come. I have learned to bandage and do a few simple dressings, and some of the cases belong to me, and I do them alone, unless I want any help. Then I go and inquire about some of the people to see if they are in as great need as they profess, or if they want things that they will not ask for, which does happen pretty often with the more respectable ones. I go and see some of the people who cannot get up, and if they seem very bad I tell Wulf, and he goes

himself. Of course, at first, I can't help him much, because I haven't experience, but he says that if I stick to it, and do not get tired, I shall be very useful to him in time."

"And you will not get tired, will you?" asked Reinée earnestly.

"Oh no, I feel sure I shan't. I don't like to boast, but I feel certain about it. I like it more and more as I get used to the people and their ways, and more certain of myself. I don't feel as though I could ever give up. More likely I shall have too much to do and shall want an assistant," and Barbara laughed.

Reinée's face flushed a little.

"Your sister?"—she began half timidly; but Barbara laughed again.

"Celia? Ah, no! that sort of thing is not at all in her line. She would be horrified at the bare idea. She is almost disgusted with me as it is."

For one moment Reinée seemed half embarrassed: then she looked up and asked smilingly, "Barbara, do you think I could help you a very little, if I were to try?"

"You!"

Barbara was so astonished that she spoke this monosyllable in her abruptest fashion.

"I am afraid I should be very little use," answered Reinée humbly. "I know I have no experience, and I am not clever or managing like some people; but I should so like to do something towards making other people happier, if only I knew how to set about it. I do not feel able to work quite alone. I should not know how to set about it, and I should make such blunders. I might talk to the clergyman, but that seems so formal, I feel half afraid to begin to him about things. But if you would tell me about one or two poor families who are pretty respectable, so that mamma would let me go, and who would be glad to be visited and helped when they needed it, I should like that better than anything; and if there were sick children, I should love to go and see them and try to cheer them up—poor little darlings. I do love children, and I think they generally take to me. Do you think, Barbara, you could find me anything like that to do, not in the town exactly; mamma would not like my going alone to the town, but somewhere in the village of St. Hilda? I believe she will allow me to do that."

"I'm sure I can," answered Barbara quickly, "I've got one nice little fellow on the cliff, laid up with a broken leg, who would be delighted with a visit from you. I shall be sure to have others soon. Are you sure you mean it, Reinée? You seem so—so——"

"So what?" asked Reinée smiling.

"I hardly know how to express it—I was going to say so aristocratic, to go into poor people's cottages," and Barbara laughed a little and grew rather red.

"The Queen visits the poor people in the Highlands," answered Reinée, laughing in turn. "I do not think I need be too grand to do what she does. But I must get definite permission first—I think I can."

"Well, I will undertake to keep you supplied with people," answered Barbara, "for I can see already how fast my work is increasing. It will soon be quite a relief to have somebody else to turn the cases over to when I am hard pressed."

She spoke with an almost professional air and Reinée was duly impressed by it.

"Do you think your brother will mind?" she asked, after a pause.

"Wulf? Oh, no, he will not mind. I dare say he will think you will soon give it up; but that remains to be proved."

"Yes," answered Reinée thoughtfully. "Of course we may go away from this place, or something might happen to stand in my way; but I do not think I shall get tired myself. Barbara, what do you do about talking to the people when they are ill, and reading to them? Do they not want to know a great many things?"

"What sort of things do you mean?" asked Barbara, her face flushing a little.

"I mean about religion," answered Reinée simply. "You know if they are ill they are sure to think about such things, and if they should be likely to die they will want to be told about God and heaven. What do you do then? What should I have to do? I am afraid I should be rather at a loss."

"I don't think people are so anxious to be taught as you seem to think," answered Barbara; "I have not found them at all concerned about anything beyond their bodily wants."

Reinée looked half wistfully at Barbara and then dropped her eyes and sighed a little sigh, but she said no more upon the subject, and only the question of bodily needs was afterwards discussed between them.

THE MARTYRS OF UGANDA.

THE great interest felt in the heroic service and untimely end of the devoted James Hannington, first Bishop of the Episcopal Church in equatorial Africa, will be heightened by the memoir[1] which his quondam college companion, the Rev. E. C. Dawson, has just given to the world. As a biography the book is all the more valuable because the Bishop is allowed as far as possible to tell his own story. It would have been a loss to the Christian world at large if the life of this most intrepid of pioneers in the Dark Continent had not been forthcoming. His unselfish self-denial, his patient endurance of fatigue, sickness, and hard fate, are the more

[1] Published by Seeley & Co.

striking in the case of one who could have commanded both honour and affluence at home.

It is unnecessary, after the article already given,[1] to refer to the earlier portion of the life of Bishop Hannington; but particulars which have lately come to hand concerning his last week of agony, and the fiery persecution by which the native church at Uganda has been tried, make up a chapter of the romance of missions with which all Christians should be acquainted. We find that love of the Old Gospel not only prompted a gifted and educated man to gladly forego for the love of souls those things which the majority chiefly value, but that it also taught many native youths to brave torture and death rather than surrender that blessed hope of immortality which Christ had given them. In equatorial Africa to-day, as was the case in the old Roman world, and in the European States during later centuries, the blood of the martyrs is becoming the seed of the church.

Those who have read the accounts issued from time to time of Bishop Hannington's missionary work in Africa will have been struck with his endurance during the journey from Zanzibar into the interior in 1882, when, while almost dead from dysentery, he persevered, and presented an example to the whole caravan which will never be forgotten. It will have to be borne in mind that when, after his consecration, Bishop Hannington once more started from Frere Town, hoping to reach the Victoria Nyanza by a shorter and more healthy route north-west from Mombasa, though he would have to pass through the territory of some fierce tribes, he did not apprehend danger, and everything that care and forethought could do was done to ensure the success of the expedition. The most experienced and trustworthy friends were consulted, and there was a general consensus of opinion that all would end well, while the greatest possible benefit would accrue to the mission by having a healthy highland route opened from the eastern coast to the great lake in place of the old unhealthy low-land track. It was a noble undertaking carefully planned, and entered upon with the self-sacrificing determination of a man whose one desire was the evangelization of Africa. The danger, when it came, issued from a quarter whence it was never expected. Mtesa, the great King of Uganda, who had so cordially welcomed the missionaries into his territory, had died, to leave a weak successor, Mwanga, who, with his chiefs, was possessed by the notion that whoever entered the land from the east must be invaders bent on taking the country from him.

The caravan set out from the coast on July 23rd, 1885, the entire company comprising two hundred and twenty-eight men and boys, the Bishop being the only white man among them, although he had for a companion Mr. Jones, a native clergyman. Just before starting the Bishop writes to his wife: "To-day I am revived, and am able to send an excellent account of myself. I was delighted to think that you can trust me in His hands, Who has hitherto led me by the way." When nearly fifty miles on the road he is found lighting a fire for a meal after an eighteen hours' fast, and he writes: "God is just giving me a merciful rest after the terribly severe strain I have had to go through during the last twelve months." He was then exceedingly hopeful. "Everything I hear makes me think that the dangers of the road are greatly exaggerated. It is not the danger that I fear in the least, but the want of food, or a sufficient stock of beads, or something of that kind, which might turn us back." The chief difficulty consisted in obtaining food; for certain districts they passed through were famine-stricken; the tracks in consequence having become overgrown, the leaders several times lost their way; and, as the Bishop good-humouredly remarked, "It is no small thing to lose yourself in a waterless desert." His last letter to his wife was dated from Kikumbuliu, on August 11th, eighteen days after, and affords a glimpse of hardships attending African travel. "'We are a little poor' as Jones says," the Bishop writes. "My watch has gone wrong. The candles and lamp-oil were forgotten and left behind, so that the camp fire has to serve instead. My donkey has died, so that I must walk every step of the way. Well! Having no watch, I don't wake up in the night to see if it is time to get up, but wait until daylight dawns. Having no candle, I don't read at night, which never suits me. Having no donkey, I can judge better as to distances, and as to what the men can do; for many marches depend upon my saying, 'We will stop here and rest, or sleep.'"

In about a month they arrived at the country of the Wa-Kikuyu, a numerous tribe who regarded all caravans with suspicion, in consequence of the ill-usage they had experienced at the hands of slave-catchers and greedy traders. It is said that "the apparently desolate forest was in reality swarming with the Wa-Kikuyu; but they live in impenetrable fortresses. Even the Swahili traders, with all their pretences, have not succeeded in peeping into their huts, and the formidable Masai cannot cope with them in the recesses of their own forest highlands." Only with great difficulty could food be procured for the now famishing caravan; but the cool, fearless, and wise conduct of the Bishop throughout the trying days was well calculated to impress the poor savages with the fact that there was a vast difference between a messenger of Christ, and the common caravan adventurers. The greatest danger, many thought, was to be expected from the warlike Masai tribes; and as it happened, a good deal of inconvenience was suffered through certain warrior visitors, who threatened with their spears, indulged in some bragging talk, and then demanded the *hongo*, or toll, for allowing the party to pass through their land. The treatment meted out to them by the Bishop, however, conquered even these savages. He received three of them in his hut as visitors for the night. "Having strewed the floor with the leaves of the sweet-scented Caleshwa," he says, "we laid us down, their spears and shields at their sides. They fell almost immediately into a most gentle sleep. I soon followed their

[1] See "Sunday at Home," No. 1673.

example. Wherever we meet we are to be brothers."

Going forward they passed a pleasant time with the Wa-Kwafi tribe and their bee-hive huts in the vicinity of Lake Baringo. The country of Kavironda was reached in the beginning of October; the party seemed to be coming within measurable distance of their destination; and while the natives, through not being so importunate as some other tribes, struck the good Bishop as being "good-natured and polite to strangers," he added, "Oh that we might possess Kavironda for Christ!"

On the 12th of October he left his companion, Mr. Jones, at Kwa Sundu; and, though suffering from an inflamed leg went forward with fifty men. With the exception of the news that the company had reached Sindi, about a day's march distant, nothing more was heard until the 8th of November, when two men arrived with the intelligence that the Bishop had been murdered. What chain of events had led up to this appalling catastrophe?

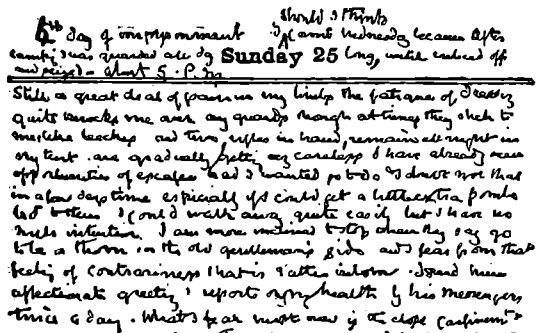
Under the old King Mtesa, Uganda had promised to become a very garden of the Lord in the desert of African heathenism, numbers not only having become Christians, but having learned to read in their own tongue the New Testament, some of our finest hymns, and certain prayers from the Prayer-Book. Now, however, suspicion and vague alarm had given place to toleration and confidence, when a weak, cruel, and proud king stood in the place of the old one. As soon, therefore, as he entered the country from the north-east, the fate of Bishop Hannington was certain. Only once before had the white man approached from that quarter, in the person of the adventurous Thomson, about a year previously; but the chief who allowed the traveller and his party to escape suffered afterwards for his magnanimity. When the Bishop reached the borders of Uganda, the persecution against the Christians had broken out, a number of boy converts having been burned alive. The messenger of peace was, of course, as ignorant of the storm that was raging as he was of the puerile prejudice against visitors from the north-east.

While he was thus advancing to his fate, and while his friends at the mission-station were unable to warn him of his danger, the Bishop jotted down in his diary what happened from the time of his leaving Kwa Sundu until, as it would seem, the very hour of his death.

On October 17th he reached the shore of Lake Victoria Nyanza, where he found "an enormous market in full swing," as well as "awful swamps and mosquitos as savage as bees." Although he could hear nothing of the Nile, and was beginning to feel anxious about certain matters, he passed "a very restful and pleasant" Sabbath on the 18th; but on the following morning "symptoms of war" became manifest. The neighbourhood was "decimated by war;" and camping for the night between two hostile parties, whose conversation he could overhear, the Bishop realised the danger of the situation. Good progress was made on the 20th, however, and on the 21st he reached the camp of Lubwa, not far from the Nile, and near the Ripon Falls. The people assumed an insolent tone, and demanded exorbitant presents. On the Bishop offering a small present, and attempting to pass, the present was returned. The war-drums were beating, hundreds of savage warriors were coming in; guns were stolen and the men of the caravan were becoming unnerved. In the midst of this confusion the Bishop ascended a hill and was gladdened to catch a sight of the Nile. It was just at this time that Masudi, a quondam Mahometan, who had embraced paganism, allured his victim away from the caravan men by pretending to know of a better view of the river. Then the ruffians who were appointed for the work set upon their prey. "They violently threw me to the ground, and proceeded to strip me of all valuables," writes the Bishop. "Thinking they were robbers, I shouted for help, when they forced me up and hurried me away, as I thought, to throw me down a precipice close at hand. I shouted again, in spite of one threatening to kill me with a club. Twice I nearly broke away from them, and then grew faint with struggling, and was dragged by the legs over the ground. I said, 'Lord, I put myself in Thy hands, I look to Thee alone.' Then another struggle, and I got to my feet, and was thus dashed along. More than once I was violently brought into contact with banana trees; some trying in their haste to force me one way, others the other; and the exertion and struggling strained me in the most agonising manner. In spite of all, and thinking I was being dragged away to be murdered at a distance, I sang 'Safe in the arms of Jesus,' and then laughed at the very agony of my situation."

Soon after this, he found himself a prisoner in a terribly filthy and unventilated hut, bruised, strained, and shaken, as well as consumed by thirst. He had barely strength to hold his Bible. After being allowed to breathe the pure air without for a few minutes, he writes: "It made matters worse when I went inside my prison again, and as I fell upon my bed, I burst into tears." On the 23rd, he awoke full of pain, and seeing his excessive weakness, the savages allowed the Bishop his own tent; and the chief came with a hundred of his wives to ask that nothing bad about him might be reported to the king. On the following day, after a storm of wind and rain, he found a quiet time, engaged with his Bible and diary. How he fared on the 25th, his last Sabbath on earth, is fully explained in the facsimile page from the diary we have reproduced. On the Monday he was heavy and sleepy, and for the first time since leaving the coast was unable to take his food. On the 27th, he began to doubt if the chief had sent to the king at all; but thought he was being kept as a hostage as one suspected of being in league with the fighting party. "I don't know what to think, and would say from the heart, 'Let the Lord do what seemeth to Him good.'" He remarks: "If kept here another week, I shall feel sure no messengers have been sent, and, if possible, shall endeavour to flee, in spite of all the property I must leave behind, and the danger of the undertaking."

On the 28th, after a terrible night with his drunken guard, and with the tent swarming with vermin, he was delirious with fever; but in the evening was sufficiently recovered to learn that three soldiers had arrived from Mwanga, and to be "much comforted by Psalm xxviii." On the 29th, the day of his murder—"I can hear no news," he writes; "but was held up by Psalm xxx., which came with great power." His own notion seems to have been, that the messengers from the king would have brought orders for his release; but it was not to be. Led into an open space with his caravan men, the latter were speared, while the Bishop was shot with his own gun, his last words being to the effect that he died for the Ba-ganda, and that he had bought the road to Buganda with his own life. From first to last he preserved the heroic bearing of a Christian whose faith in God was never shaken by the sufferings or terrors of earth. Only four out of the fifty men who left Kwa Suudu with the Bishop returned to tell of what had happened.



FACSIMILE PAGE OF DIARY.

On the very morning of the day of his murder, Bishop Hannington was hoping to greet the native church, little thinking that the storm which had commenced would increase in violence until Uganda would reckon its scores of Christian martyrs who were faithful unto death, and who in some instances even sang the praises of Christ in the fire. When the country was first opened through friendly intercourse with Mtesa, who could have prophesied that in a few brief years the lurid flames of martyr fires would be reflected in the Victoria Nyanza? The accounts of the persecution which has broken out make up a story as terrible as anything which happened under Nero or Diocletian; but at the same time they are a striking testimony that the Old Gospel has lost none of its power, even in the darkest corners of the earth.

The moral condition of the district is low, even for Africa; and thus it is scarcely surprising that the trouble first arose from one of Mwanga's Christian pages "refusing to consent to a sin of which it is a shame even to speak, and to which the king had wished to make him a victim." About the same time a princess burned a certain magic charm; and the result was that a number of young Christians—some of whom belonged to the French Roman Catholic station—were arrested, and after being mutilated and used in a manner too sickening for description, about thirty boys were burned alive. Of course a reign of terror ensued; Christian youths were in hiding about the country; it was accounted a chief crime to be able to read, or to be a learner at the mission-stations. But, amid all this confusion and alarm, as we learn from letters recently received, it does not appear that those who had really accepted the Gospel for a moment thought of striking their colours. They visited the missionaries at night, or in the hours of early morning, some coming for counsel, and some even to ask for baptism.

The unyielding Christian assurance of these young converts was very wonderful; and the future historian of the African church will refer with admiration to the attendant circumstances of their death. Nakumba, or Joseph, fifteen years of age, and baptized with more than a dozen others on Christmas Day, 1883, was mocked for being a Christian on his way to the fire. Another, one of the brightest scholars of the mission-school, and under twelve years of age, was another victim. A third, one of the king's doorkeepers, had purchased the Bishop's Bible from the murderers. One on being threatened with burning, replied, "Very well; do so. I am a Christian, and I am not afraid." Some were butchered in cold blood, some were clubbed to death, and thirty-two were burned alive in one fire.

Amid surroundings as dreadful as can well be imagined, the missionaries, by intercession with the king and other means, have made heroic efforts to stop the persecution, but, as far as our present information extends, in vain.

Meanwhile, though under a cloud, and only able to visit their teachers under cover of darkness, the converts hold on, and the work of printing and teaching has not been checked; for as lately as July 11th, five natives were received into the native church by baptism. In a word, these poor African youths are setting an example of heroic faithfulness unto death which is worthy of comparison with the devotion of the early Christians.

G. H. P.

And he commanded the most mighty men that were in his army to bind Shadrach, Meshach, and Abed-nego, and to cast them into the burning fiery furnace.

DANIEL·III·20

By permission of Messrs. Boulton] *[From a Terra Cotta by Tinworth.*

THE INNER LIFE OF LORD SHAFTESBURY.

PART V.

IT pleased God to send into the happy home of Lord Shaftesbury sorrow upon sorrow, and the most pathetic passages in the books before us are those in which he relates the story of his conflicts in the Valley of the Shadow of Death. It is almost sacrilegious to select isolated fragments from those passages, as it destroys the beauty of the whole; but the sneer which is so often brought against philanthropists, that "in caring for others they neglect their own," meets with such a complete refutation in the case of Lord Shaftesbury, that we venture to quote a few detached paragraphs.

In 1847 his second son, Francis, a boy of sixteen, and a singularly striking character, was taken ill at Harrow, where he was at school, and the sickness was "unto death." He knew his danger, but he knew also his hope.

"Never have I known till now," wrote Lord Shaftesbury in his diary, "what I am possibly to lose! 'Read to me,' he said, 'about forgiveness of sins.' We then read and talked much of the free and full mercy of God in Christ Jesus. Above all, I urged him, as a calmer to every apprehension, to bear ever in mind that God is love; that human love is capable of great things; what then must be the height and depth and intensity of Divine love! 'Know nothing' we said, 'think of nothing, but Jesus Christ, and Him crucified.'"

"After he had learned his extreme danger from the medical attendants, he said to me, 'Is it so?' I replied that it was. He then called me, saying, 'Come near to me, dear papa.' I went and knelt down by his bedside; he threw his blessed arms round my neck and kissed me for a very long time, and then said, 'I want to thank you, dearest papa, for having brought me up as you have done—for having brought me up religiously. I now feel all the comfort of it; it is to you I owe my salvation.' No, dearest boy, I replied, it is the grace of God! 'Yes it is true,' he said, 'but you were made the instrument of it.' Is there not consolation, almost divine, in those precious sentences? After we had read and prayed together, the dear boy said, 'Dear papa, give me your blessing.' I might have replied, like St. John the Baptist, 'I have need—of thee, and comest thou to me?' but he asked it, and, from my soul, I gave it!"

"Yesterday it pleased Almighty God to take our blessed Francis. It was the work of a moment, and we were like amazed persons, so great had been the promise, not many seconds before, of returning strength and vivacity. Yet we must not murmur or repine, for all is wisdom and mercy and love that cometh from God. The child, we doubt not, is with Christ, which is far better."

"It opens up a beautiful page in a man's life," as Mr. Hodder says, "when it can be seen that there was between himself and his children such absolute confidence and affection that they could speak unreservedly together on the subject of personal religion. It sheds a lustre over every public effort for the good of others, when it is known that this was but an extended phase of the work that had been going on in his own home."

Nor was this a solitary illustration. Like testimony to the influence of home teaching was borne by his son Maurice, who died in Switzerland, and his daughter Mary, who died at Torquay, both in early life.

The darkest and most terrible year in the life of Lord Shaftesbury was the year 1872. His daughter, Constance, had been for some years in declining health, which necessitated her wintering in the Riviera. The devotion of her parents to her is a home-picture of singular beauty, but it has a reverse side of singular sadness. Overstrung by excessive watchfulness and nursing, the health of Lady Shaftesbury gave way. The best of medical advice was obtained, and recovery seemed certain, insomuch that on a day in October she was able to take the air in a carriage-drive. But in the evening of that day there was a relapse, and, on the following day, while his heart was breaking, Lord Shaftesbury turned to his diary with that strange instinct which had, all through his life, made it to him as a safety-valve for pouring out the pent-up fires of his soul, and wrote:—

"*Oct. 15th*, 1872.—Minny, my own Minny, is gone. God took her soul to Himself at about twelve o'clock this morning. She has entered into her rest, and has left us to feel the loss of the purest, gentlest, kindest, sweetest and most confiding spirit that ever lived. Oh, my God, what a blow! But we bow before Thee in resignation and sorrow. Almost her last words were, 'None but Christ, none but Christ.' . . . What do I not owe to her, and to Thee, O God, for the gift of her?"

In a letter to his friend, Lady Gainsborough, he says:

"During the long space of forty years that God, in His special and undeserved mercy allowed me to live in union with that inestimable woman, there was an increase and no abatement of love on either side. And now that He has taken her, I must believe that it is a continuance, and not a withdrawal of His mercy; and I bow before Him with reverence and gratitude for His past goodness."

The loss of the mother was a terrible shock to Lady Constance, the suffering daughter, and the only hope of her sustaining it was to go at once to the warmer shores of the Mediterranean. Mentone was reached on the 13th of November, a month after the death of Lady Shaftesbury. Inexpressibly sad were the days that followed.

Then came a day when the invalid daughter "became suddenly quite herself, as in the days of strength and joy. She sat up in bed, her face was radiant with inward pleasure, she spoke to every one around. 'Dearest papa,' said the blessed child, 'do not give way. I want to bless you now for all that you have taught me. . . . Christ is very near me,' she said; and when I reminded her of her mother's favourite line—'Simply to Thy Cross I cling'—she expanded her hands, her whole face beamed with the loveliest, happiest smile I ever saw, and she inclined her head towards me in assent quite exulting. . . . Soon after, she exclaimed, 'I know that I am going to die, for I feel so happy!' With these words she fell into a soft sleep. In a short time she was gone; and no one could mark the moment of departure. . . . Was her blessed mother there? Was our own most dear Lord far off? She said, 'Christ is very near!' She must, I think, have perceived something that we did not."

For many years there are, in the midst of the record of ceaseless activity, some very touching passages in the diary of Lord Shaftesbury, showing how keen was the struggle against abandoning himself to his sorrows, and how vividly, at all times and in every place, he was alive to the tremendous loss he had sustained. Only one of these passages we will quote, written twelve months after the death of the Countess of Shaftesbury.

"*Oct. 12th*, 1873, *Sunday*.—Shall I never see her again, O Lord, that sweetest, dearest, most precious of women? Surely there will be recognition; surely a re-union of love. God knows, and He is both wise, and good, and tenderly considerate. Perhaps she and my darling Conty are much nearer than I suppose. Perhaps they see me, watch over me, and pray for me. *We* cannot pray to saints in heaven; both Scripture and reason forbid it. But neither one nor the other forbids me to believe that the blessed in heaven may pray for the struggling on earth—nay, they rather bid us to do so. The highest duty and the richest enjoyment is the imitation of our Lord. He is ever interceding for those that He loves; and why not, in a far lower degree, the departed saints for those they have left on earth?"

In the discipline of life all sorrow loses its appointed end, unless it results in practical issues. More than the usual amount of suffering was appointed to Lord Shaftesbury. Let us see what use he made of its lessons, for "nothing can happen to a man—no loss, no tribulation—which may not leave him stronger, better, more full of spiritual resources than it found him, if only he has made sure of God, and of the perfect ends towards which, alone and for ever, God conducts His own."[1]

His early sorrows had precisely this effect upon him; they were years in which he was graduating for his life-work. He had suffered opposition in those early years; he determined henceforth to devote his life to fighting the battles of the oppressed. He had known loneliness and cold and hunger; henceforth he would plead the cause of the poor, the lonely, the suffering, and the hungry. He had known the loss of a happy childhood; henceforth he would labour, as long as life should last, to bring joy and gladness to the hearts and homes of little children.

In the same way, as loss after loss of those he so tenderly loved wrung his heart, and in his old age the great trial came which left him bruised and broken, crushed beneath its weight, he sorrowed as a Christian; and, within three months of the time when the grave had closed over his beloved ones he was again in the midst of his old work, toiling with a vigour that had never been surpassed; and to the poor, the suffering, and the sad he went forth from his own grief with a heart overflowing with sympathy and powers awakened into fresh activity, consecrated anew by sorrow.

It was his love for his own children, and his grief at parting with them for ever so short a time, that inspired those exquisite little addresses in which he bade farewell to the ragged-school boys on their emigrating to other shores. No advice could be more beautiful than that he gave on one occasion when, among other pieces of excellent counsel, he introduced these striking words—

"I hope, when you are far away, you will not forget those friends who have taken care of you here, and the instruction and advice you have received from time to time from those who have felt an interest in you, and that you will not forget what has been said to you to-night. I believe it will be a great help to remember, not only what has been said, but the very countenances of those who have befriended you; let their presence be familiar to your recollection. Remember the faces of those who are present to-night. The remembrance may deter you in the time of temptation from doing that which would disgrace yourselves and bring discredit on them."

It was the desolation made in his own household that made him so tenderly solicitous for the poor in their hours of bitterness, without the alleviations that came to him. He never shrunk from any task by night or by day, if only he could be the means of carrying comfort and hope, as well as of imparting practical aid, to those who stood in need. He was known in the slums of Westminster and Whitechapel even better than he was known in Grosvenor Square and Park Lane, and wherever he went he earned for himself the benedictions of the poor. His public labours are known to every one, but his more private deeds of love and kindness have never been told. Mr. Hodder summarises some of them thus—

"'What the poor want is not patronage, but sympathy,' was his own axiom; and when the poor saw him driving into their 'slums' with his carriage full of toys for the neglected little ones; when, on the great day of the year—'the day in the country'—they saw him moving

[1] "The Discipline of Suffering," by the Rev. James Durran, M.A., quoted in the "Life of Lord Shaftesbury."

about among them, with a kind word here, and a little pleasantry there, and a smile for all; when, in their times of sickness, he sat by their bedsides, and read to them from the Scriptures; when he promised to see them again, or send them books, or interest himself in other ways for them, and, notwithstanding the many promises of this kind he made, *was never known to leave one unfulfilled;* when they found that he could trust them, finding tools for one to get employment, advancing money to another till his first wages fell due; when they were confident that if a poor flower-girl, or little children in distress, called at Grosvenor Square to tell their troubles to the 'good Earl,' they would never be turned away; when they knew that, by day and by night, he went to the common lodging-houses, and sought out men and women, tenderly reared, who were hiding away from family and friends, and would not give up a case until he had seen them reconciled, and, perchance, brought home again; when the bare walls of those miserable lodging-houses, on the day after his visit, were made gay with bright pictures to produce the semblance of a home-like look; when, as some of them told him of cruel wrong or heart-breaking sorrow, they saw the tears pour down his face, and heard his faltering exclamation, 'God help you, poor dear!'—it is no wonder that they almost worshipped the ground upon which he trod, and that his name was held in veneration in every hovel of Whitechapel and Westminster."

It was the prayer of Lord Shaftesbury's old age that he might "die in harness," and the prayer was answered. Those memorable meetings in London in the spring of 1885 will be fresh in the memory of many readers of these pages, but few who heard him uttering his last words knew that they came from him when he was heroically bearing acute pain or suffering intense depression.

Then came a day, while he was at Folkestone seeking health, when he took a chill and ceased for ever from active work. Then, undisturbed by fear of death, unshaken in faith, and in full assurance of hope, he calmly waited the end.

That end came as he had prayed it might, and his last hours were spent in filling up the living of Shaftesbury in a way in which, as he believed, glory might be given to God, and good be done to man, and then the "labourer's task was over."

Such a life needs no comment, and yet we cannot close these papers without "pointing a moral." It shall be done in Lord Shaftesbury's own words:—

"*June 12th*, 1883, *Sunday*.—'With all your experience' (I imagine some young man saying to me) 'would you counsel me to follow the career that you have chosen and pursued?' In the first place, I reply that, in spite of all vexations, disappointments, rebuffs, insults, toil, self-denial, expense, weariness, sickness, all loss of political position, and considerable loss of personal estimation—in spite of being always secretly despised, and often publicly ignored—in spite of having your 'evil' most maliciously and ingeniously exaggerated, and your 'good evil spoken of'—I would, for myself, say 'Yes.'"

"*June 13th*.—But what would you counsel to another? I should advise him to consider maturely what he desired. If he desired to rise in the world, to have a party, to be much thought of, to be a great man at Court or in politics, I should say 'No.' If he desired internal satisfaction, that humble joy through Almighty God (amidst ten thousand vexations) that attend you in retirement and in thoughtfulness, I say emphatically 'Yes.'"

"But if Not."

"Our God whom we serve is able to deliver us from the burning fiery furnace, and he will deliver us out of thine hand, O king. But if not, be it known unto thee, O king, that we will not serve thy gods, nor worship the golden image which thou hast set up."—*Dan.* iii. 17, 18.

THE seas are calm, the winds are fair,
No rocks are near; thou hast no care,
Thou bearest home a cargo rare.

But if the seas thy bark assailed,
And stormy winds that wreck prevailed,
And all thy strenuous striving failed?

Thy strength exulteth in the sun,
Thy limbs are fleet the race to run,
And many a work thou boastest done.

But if thy joyous strength decay,
Thy task be patience all the day,
And death the fleetest in the way?

Now "troops of friends" thy steps pursue,
One common aim appears in view,
Their life gives thine a riper hue.

But if perchance thou stood'st alone,
The measure of thyself unknown,
And hadst no virtues but thine own?

Now clear the lights of science shine,
And wisdom hastes with smile benign
To guide thee up the heights divine.

But if thy knowledge ceased to teach,
And Truth should lose her tranquil speech,
And thy research no answer reach?

Faith hath its visions pure and high,—
Of mystic succour surely nigh,
And land that knows no tear or sigh.

But if no angel wing should gleam,
Nor crystal fountain healing stream,—
If earth be real, and heaven a dream?

Thy God delivers from the flame;
"*But if not*,"—were it still the same?
What saith the Cross of death and shame?

"Yea, though he slay me I will trust,"
—Soul, *this* is life—and God is just,
On all the rest is "dust to dust."

W. S.

HEART'S-EASE.

CHAPTER V.

ETHEL was now able to tell Miss Regina all that occurred with regard to the sick girl, and to ask for her help in showing her kindness. She found not only a willing sympathiser, but also a ready helper.

"I think I have heard through the rector of this poor woman," she said. "When her husband died, I know your father sent them some assistance, but we have been so much away from home, that for the last twelve months I have lost sight of the family. I shall certainly go down to-morrow, and see the girl."

"And you will let me go with you, of course, aunty?"

"If I take you I shall have to take Nero too, and that might be dangerous for pussy," said Miss Regina, with a smile.

"But you don't know how good Nero was when I was cross to him, Aunt Regina. He lay as quiet as a mouse."

"Then being 'cross' does good sometimes, Ethel?"

"I suppose it is necessary sometimes, auntie," said Ethel, smiling at the allusion to her own words.

"Then if God was not angry with sin, He would not be the kind loving Father that He is described in the Bible," Miss Regina said, anxious to clear her niece's mind of false views of her Heavenly Father. "We are told that 'God is angry with the wicked every day,' and that can only mean that He is angry with their wicked doings. God loves them, and would have them love Him, but as long as they keep away from Him, and do those things that displease Him, He must be angry with them."

"Yes, aunty, I suppose so. But does God forgive us without our doing anything?"

"No, darling. He tells us that we must do something, and that is, repent. If we have no sorrow in our hearts for sin, and no real desire and intention to turn away from it, we cannot hope for His pardon. Repentance and remission —or putting away of sin—go together, and when we know that we earnestly wish both of these things, then there is nothing to be done but to come to God, through our dear Saviour, and ask Him for pardon. And when we have pardon we ought to have peace—the peace of God in our hearts, to keep us from being over-anxious about anything, and to make us always calm and happy."

"O! how I wish I had it, aunty dear; I never seem to have any real peace, and I know I am never calm. As for being happy, I think I am sometimes, but it soon goes away. I am always happiest after telling my faults, like to-day. I feel very happy now," she said, putting her arms once more round Miss Regina's neck and kissing her.

"And that is just how we ought to feel with regard to our Heavenly Father, my darling. We cannot be happy if we feel that there is any cloud between our souls and Him—any unconfessed sin, or foolish desire. But when we know that He is our reconciled Father, and when we try daily to do His will, then He promises us His peace, and that is a peace which 'the world can neither give nor take away.' I wish my darling little Ethel had it."

Ethel looked up and smiled.

"I think God will give it to me, aunty dear, for I do repent, and I have asked Him to make me a good girl. I am truly sorry for thinking all those lies to-day. I felt very, very wicked."

Miss Regina imprinted a kiss on the upturned face, and with a reverent "God grant it, darling," she rose from her chair.

Unnoticed by Ethel, but not unnoticed by Miss Regina, who was facing the window, Colonel Seymour had been standing for a second or so, watching, somewhat in surprise, the unusual sight of his sister in such affectionate nearness to his daughter. There was, so far as he was aware, no special reason for this, beyond the few words he had spoken to each of them that morning, He was greatly pleased at the sight, for he had often felt that both were in some measure the cause of those occasional storms which disturbed the calm that usually presided over Holmsdale.

Of course Ethel caught sight of her father the moment Aunt Regina stood up.

"Oh! papa," she exclaimed, running to him and kissing him. "We have been so happy together. I never knew aunty so good as she has been to-day."

Colonel Seymour smiled across the room at his sister.

"Well, I hope she can say the same of you," he answered, as he patted the head that nestled for a moment so close at his side.

"Oh! no," she exclaimed, with sudden seriousness, "I have not been good." And then she drew herself away from him, with a strange self-condemnation, as though to mark her sense of her own unworthiness.

Colonel Seymour looked across to his sister for some explanation of this unusual confession, but she made no sign. Perhaps she thought it as well to let Ethel make her own confession in her own way. The occasion was most unusual, and no wonder the Colonel was puzzled. As a rule it was Ethel who was everything that was right and good, and all the rest of the world—that is, all her little world—was in the wrong. He was the only one with whom she never had any serious difference, but that was, I fear, because he excused her foolishness, with the fond excuse of an over-indulgent father.

"But, my darling child, what have you done?" he asked at length, feeling sure that it must have been some serious offence to warrant such serious looks and words upon her part.

"Oh! all kinds of things, papa," she answered him, with tears of remorse gathering in her eyes. "I broke your beautiful Dresden vase, the one you prized so much, because darling mother gave it to you," she went on, as if anxious not to leave out of her confession a single word that could make it complete. "But I could not help that, it was an accident. Then, I went out for a walk with Nero, and I tore my dress, and went further than aunty said I was to go, and I told her a lie about it, and I was very miserable, but I am happier now," she added, with a sudden burst of sunshine from the very midst of the dark cloud. Her face lit up with happiness, and she brushed the tears away from her eyes, and all this was so unusual, and so unexpected by her father, that he looked again in vain to his sister for some explanation of it all.

He sat down and drew Ethel to him. "I am very glad that you are happy at last, my darling, and although I am exceedingly sorry for my beautiful vase, I accept my Ethel's statement that it was the result of an accident."

"Oh! yes, Reginald," interposed Miss Regina. "It was really more my fault than hers. I called to her, and she was startled by the sudden noise, and dropped the vase. It was purely an accident."

"Then we must say nothing more about it, my dear. Accidents will happen, you know, although I wish it had happened to almost any other ornament in the room."

"So do I, papa," Ethel said, with serious face.

"But I am greatly troubled to hear about that other matter. I could never have believed it possible that my Ethel would deliberately tell a lie. Surely there was some accident or other, to account for it. It was not done deliberately."

"Oh! yes, it was papa. I should only be telling another if I said anything else."

Colonel Seymour was the very soul of honour, and the thought of any departure from the truth filled him with dismay. He could have wished almost any other fault in his child rather than that.

"I am very, very sorry to hear it, Ethel," he said, slowly and gravely.

Ethel was greatly moved by his tone and words. Her contrite spirit broke again into weeping, and she buried her face in her father's arms, and cried bitterly. It was now Miss Regina's opportunity to explain matters so far as she could.

"I must say, Reginald, that Ethel came to me entirely of her own accord, and confessed that she had said what was not true, and what certainly misled me as to what she had done. We have, together, asked God to forgive the sin; and I think Ethel is happier in her own mind, now that she has confessed both to her heavenly and earthly father. I am quite sure that you will freely forgive her, now that you know what has happened."

It was Colonel Seymour's turn to feel affected by the incident: he drew his little girl closer to him, and kissed her over and over again, with such affection that, in spite of her happiness, Ethel felt she must cry again. But that may have been for joy.

"I freely forgive my little girl," said the Colonel in a soft and broken voice. "If she has asked her Heavenly Father's forgiveness, I know she must feel happier, and it makes me glad to think that she confessed her fault to Aunt Regina without being forced to do to. We are never so happy as when we are doing what our inward monitor, conscience, tells us is right. God has given it to us, as He has given us His word to guide us. When we are following what His word and our conscience tell us to be right, we cannot go very far astray. And now, darling child, kiss me, and run away and wash your face. I cannot bear to see those clouds on it. I want you to come with me for a short walk; perhaps Nero might come too, if he promises to be very good."

Ethel kissed her father with passionate earnestness, and ran upstairs to do his bidding, for the prospect of a walk with him was particularly delightful.

She came down so quickly again, that it drew from him a pleasant remark as to her improved rapidity in dressing. "My dear, if you keep this up, you will be quite a model for your sex," he said. "You have only kept me waiting five minutes."

And very much to his surprise, she looked up at him with a most serious face, as she was in the act of putting on her glove, and said just in the way in which her mother used to speak in other days: "Oh! I have such a lot to say to you as we go along."

"Indeed!" he said, laughing. "A lot to say to me, and what about, pray?"

"Oh! about something very important. I cannot tell you until we are on our way," and with an air of business, such as sat very comically on her young face, Ethel hastened her father, and seemed rather indifferent as to Nero's going with them, much to the Colonel's surprise.

"But you have not called Nero," he said, looking at her with a smile as they walked down the broad gravel path.

"I should like him to come, but he might be in our way. Do you mind coming round by the village?" she said.

"No, my dear, not if you have any special wish to go that way."

"I went there this morning, and Nero gave me, oh! such a fright; and not only me, but somebody else, and it is that somebody else that I want you to see very badly."

"Another scrape, I suppose," he said with a smile, as he looked down into the flushed face at his side. He had begun to think that she ought to have been a boy. She seemed to have so much of the daring, adventurous spirit of his own young life in her, that he sighed, he hardly knew why, as he said this.

"I don't call it a scrape, papa, I call it a most happy adventure. I know when you have seen the 'somebody,' that you will think so, too."

"Is it so great a mystery, then, that you cannot tell me all about it at once?"

"I would rather that you waited until we get to the village, and I think we are better without Nero, although it goes to my heart to leave the dear old dog at home."

"Just as you wish, darling. Call him, if you would like him to come."

She hesitated a moment, but then she said, "No, I think we can talk better, you and I. If he came, he would want me to play with him, and I cannot do so now. I have too much to say to you."

"Then you had better begin at once," said her father in an amused voice, as he watched the serious face of his little girl.

Of course it was quite impossible for Ethel to keep a secret under such circumstances, and long before they reached the village, her father knew as much about "somebody" as Ethel could tell him.

HIDDEN TEXTS.

NO. I.

One word from each verse will give a saying of our Saviour.

1. God will not suffer you to be tempted above that ye are able.—1 *Cor.* xi.

2. The heart of the wicked is little worth.—*Prov.* x. 20.

3. Come, ye children, hearken unto me: I will teach you the fear of the Lord.—*Psa.* xxxiv. 11.

4. Be ye kind one to another, tenderhearted, forgiving one another.—*Eph.* iv. 32.

5. The Master is come, and calleth for thee.—*John* xi. 28.

6. And He saith unto them, Follow Me.—*Matt.* iv. 19.

7. Ye will not come to Me, that ye might have life.—*John* v. 40.

NO. II.

Reject seven of the words in this figure, and so arrange the others as to form a text.

Thy	A	Road	Way
Learn	And	Lead	Path
Me	Me	Teach	In
Ever	Faithful	Plain	For
O	Unto	God	Lord

Monthly Religious Record.

NO event of missionary history has aroused deeper or more general sympathy than the recent massacres in Uganda. Although so many and so great conflicts have been won for Christ peaceably in the dark corners of the earth, there was nothing surprising in the fact that contact with barbarous tribes was followed by bloodshed and peril; but few were prepared for this sudden revelation in central Africa, of patient faith and victorious endurance in the face of persecution, such as gave fame to the early martyrs. Such incidents appeal to the church universal; they have a language of their own, and are understood in every country. They are full of inspiration for the future, although the present is overclouded. The missionaries are themselves in danger. Mr. Mackay—who has suffered also from attacks of fever—has since been thrown into prison; Mr. Ashe has been "dismissed," and crossing the Msalala, came on to Uyui, whence he despatched messengers to Zanzibar. Communications have been addressed to the Sultan of that island, by the representative of England there, and he has engaged to send as a mission to King Mwanga two leading Arabs who have important business relations in Uganda. The journey inland occupies two months.

We have given on another page some account of the circumstances preceding these persecutions. Mr. Mackay, writing a month after the first outbreak, says:—"Those who were at the capital, and best known, were of course first arrested. About a dozen were butchered at once. Several were mutilated afterwards; many were speared or otherwise killed in the endeavour to capture them in various parts of the country; while thirty-two were burnt alive in one huge pyre, after having been kept prisoners over a week. Of course the great body of our people (as of the Frenchmen's) took warning and fled into hiding. A few of them have since come to light, having got influential friends to intercede for them, and have been pardoned on the understanding (i.e. on the part of the king) that they renounce Christianity. But a large number still remain in hiding, able to move about only under cover of darkness." Recounting a few of the incidents of this fearful time, he says:—"Let some of our friends at home fancy themselves exchanging places with us, and see their friends with whom they yesterday talked and ate, and prayed, to-day ruthlessly seized and hacked to pieces almost before their eyes. At this moment I recall vividly the voice and face of a man who came here almost daily. Several voyages he made with me in the boat, to and from Msalala. He was further a member of our native church council. The executioners suddenly appeared before his house to arrest him, but were afraid to enter. At the time he was engaged in holding prayers with several lads. These bolted through the thin reed wall of the house and escaped. One alone remained with him. 'Do not be afraid that I will shoot you,' cried the Christian; 'come in and take me.' They bound him and took him, as also the friend with him, before the king. 'Do you read?' 'Yes.' 'Take him and roast him,' was the summary sentence. The two were condemned, but one bought himself off by getting his friends to pay a woman and a cow. Roberto was kept a few days in the stocks, and then an arm cut off and roasted before his eyes. Next a leg was severed, and that also burnt. How much further the torture went I do not know; I only know that what was left of the man was committed also to the flames." Again:—"Nua, the chief of all the blacksmiths in the land, was one of our most prominent people. On hearing that arrests were being made he hurried off his wife and children, as well as some two or three Christian lads who were living with him. There he sat awaiting arrest: nor had he long to wait; the executioners arrived and led him off unresistingly. For a week he was kept with the other prisoners, and we hear that he appealed to the executioners to embrace Christianity. Seeing among those in the stocks with him a chief who had been condemned for shooting and wounding a man and stealing cattle, Nua implored the executioner not to execute the cattle-stealer along with those who were dying for their faith. This was reported to the king, who sent and pardoned the cattle-stealer, but left Nua to be burnt alive with the others.' After the massacre the head-executioner reported to the king that he had never killed men who showed such fortitude and endurance, and that they had prayed aloud to God in the fire. This caused merriment in the court, the king remarking that 'God did not rescue them from his power.'" Of the subsequent time, we read: "Now every night a few come from their hiding places to see us, and our sleep is much broken. To one or two who were allowed their liberty on payment of a fine, we have helped to advance the amount; while to a chief who is himself a Christian, and who was ordered to hand up two of his boys for execution, we advanced two tusks of ivory, by the payment of which he has been let off meantime. As was to be expected, several have been put to death who were not Christians at all, but were accused of learning. A few have been pardoned because their services could not well be dispensed with, some having charge of the king's goods." The young king meanwhile declaring that he would not tolerate the teaching of the missionaries, yet expressed his determination to have Europeans to work for him. "Every time," says Mr. Mackay, "a fit of malice comes on, it is on suspicion that we mean to 'eat up the country'" A month later Mr. Ashe writes:—"Most of our work is now carried on in secret and under the cover of darkness. At first when the storm broke upon us, all was darkness and fear. We knew the slaughter had been terrible, but who the slain were we knew not. After awhile, at dead of night, one well-known face was joyfully welcomed, and then another. Soon many came, and with thankful hearts we found that though many had fallen, many, many more had escaped and are now hiding." There had been several applicants for baptism; but once again the position is changed by the king's interference with the missionaries.

M. Barthelemy St. Hilaire, a Positivist observer of events, in a recent address to the Academy of Moral and Political Sciences at Paris, made a statement of his belief as to the future of Christianity—that "the colonial expansion of Christian nations will eventually cover the whole world, and India, drawn into the current, will one day spontaneously embrace the faith of her masters and educators, as she has already adopted their arts, industry, and commerce."

Some cheering incidents of missionary progress are reported from Cuddapah, where the Rev. W. H. Campbell, B.D., has for some time been labouring single-handed. There are signs of spiritual movement among the Sudra farmers. A number have already come forward and received baptism. "In one village, Upalapad, where there has been a Mala congregation for many years, almost the whole Sudra population seems impressed. In February last, two old men—leading men in the village—received baptism. In June, two more received baptism; one of them a Brahmagnani, or spiritual teacher, who had a considerable number of disciples in his own neighbouring villages. A few weeks later the village magistrate followed their example. When we visited the village a few weeks ago the people came in crowds to hear us. From morning to night they kept coming to our tent to inquire about the way of salvation. One young man received baptism in his own village, and with him a Brahmagnani from a village ten miles distant. You would be greatly pleased with these new converts. They are men of good position, educated and intelligent. Almost all of them, before they became Christians, held the Brahmagnani creed, a kind of mystical theism which tends to pass into Pantheism." Later letters report other encouraging facts, but there is a cry for teachers.

We get a glimpse of the manner in which song has been pressed into missionary service, in an account of a large *jatra* held in Belgaum. It was in honour of the goddess Lakshmi, and should be held once every twelve years, though in this instance fourteen had been allowed to elapse.

Large numbers of people came from long distances, and remained for about a fortnight, taking part in the religious ceremonies which occupy the first week—when a number of buffaloes, and hundreds of sheep, goats and fowls are sacrificed—and in the festivities and amusements of the second. Several missionary parties combined to utilise the occasion. From Satara came a band of singers who, to attract the people to their message, clothed it in services of song, called in India *Kirtans*. The airs were native, and sung to the accompaniment of finger drum, cymbals, and a rude kind of guitar. In the intervals between the musical portions the leader took what had just been sung as his text, and explained and enforced it for about five or ten minutes. Much evangelistic work was done in this way by the party, consisting of four, travelling about together. They drew large crowds.

ANOTHER detachment of missionary volunteers from different islands of the Pacific has arrived in New Guinea. The party this time consisted of nine young men and their wives. "We have visited from one end of the Mission to the other," says the Rev. W. G. Lawes, "and the most impressive thing I saw was the extent of land yet to be possessed. Everywhere teachers were wanted, and would be well received, but we have none to give them. It makes me sick to come home from these fields, ready for the plough and the seed, and read the reports of the English missionary meetings." "At Motumotu, a new station in the Elema district, begun only two years ago, the teacher Tauraki is a most energetic, intelligent young man, and has got a wonderful hold on the boys and girls of the village. He wanted a church built, and the chiefs and men assented; they talked about it, chewed betel nut, and smoked over it, but were not in a hurry to do anything else. Tauraki got sixteen young boys, and they went to work with a will, eight boys to each side; and in three Sundays it was finished. Then he got two fat pigs and gave them a feast, to which all the talking, betel-chewing aristocracy came, and thought they were going to have a share; but Tauraki kept watch over his lambs until they had had enough, and then let the hungry wolves in for the leavings. It was a grand success. The average attendance at the day-school was fifty-two."

A PROJECT for the reunion of the various sections of Methodism has been brought under discussion. "The recent unification of Presbyterians in England and Methodists in Ireland," writes the Rev. Alexander McAulay, "reasonably suggests the question—Cannot some of the Methodist Connexions in Great Britain be joined together? These connexions are of two classes—those formed by splits from the parent tree and those that grow from its seed. Among the former are the Methodist New Connexion, and the United Methodist Free Churches, and among the latter are the Primitive Methodists and the Bible Christians. The splits occurred during controversies on points on which there is now a near approach to an agreement on the principles involved. The seeds grew amid revivals, under an infinitesimal amount of collision with the parent body." It is suggested that the first step might be a reunion between the Methodist New Connexion and the older body. Many leading men have expressed an opinion favourable to the movement, but no official action can yet be taken.

IN an address at the opening of the Regent's Park Baptist College, Mr. S. R. Pattison warned the students against the supposition that the doctrine of evolution was universally accepted by scientific men. The botanist had found no unit in his department of study; for the most rudimentary plant has its parts. The leaves taken out of the funeral vestments of Rameses II., the contemporary of Joseph, were precisely the same as those now growing on the banks of the Nile; and the clover found under the ld glaciers was identical with that of the present day. The geologists, led by Sir William Dawson, find that although there has been throughout the ages an unfolding of a Divine plan, this has been step by step, and not by an inclined plane—every step a separate creation. The physicists know nothing of evolution; they find force and matter, but they know of no atom which is not a manufactured article. The chemist opines that the so-called "elements" are compound bodies. The metaphysicians reject evolution in ethics. The Scripturist finds nothing akin to natural forces able to account for the revelation of God in His word—which gives a light to every age—"gives, but borrows none."

DR. WELLDON, now the Head Master of Harrow, preaching in Westminster Abbey on behalf of the Bishop of Bedford's East London Fund, said the church did not so much need organisation as a larger living agency of men and women. Amongst other requirements was a lower order of preachers, for no messenger to a working man was so potent as one of his own order, as every religious revival from Methodism to the Salvation Army had shown. The church did not know what might be effected by the labours of illiterate men ready to be hissed and persecuted for the truth they believed.

THE Church Army has opened buildings in the Edgware-road for the use and training of its officers. There is accommodation for more than thirty men. The course of training occupies three months, at the end of which those who are duly qualified become "officer-evangelists." There are now nineteen men in the Home, who receive lessons every day in the Bible and Prayer-Book and in practical work. This is at present the only mission college in connection with the Church of England for training working men to preach the gospel. The Bishop of London presided at the dedicatory service.

THE Salvation Army has despatched forty-six additional "officers"—men and women—to fields abroad, in India, the United States, Canada and Sweden. An enthusiastic farewell meeting was held at Exeter Hall. Mrs. Booth said these forty-six were taken from the masses, were sent to the masses, and were chiefly equipped by the Holy Ghost.

THE Society of Friends in Great Britain numbered 15,380 members in 1885. The membership touched its lowest point in 1864, and since that time a slight annual increase has, with three exceptions, been recorded. The numbers in 1885 show an increase of 1,625 in a period of 21 years, equal to 77 per year. The excess of females over males was at the beginning of the period 912, and at the end 716.

ANOTHER attempt has been made to take a census of the attendance at the churches and chapels of London. On Sunday, October 24, about 460,000 out of its vast population were present in the morning, and about 410,000 in the evening.

THE Rev. G. S. Reaney, of Stepney, suggests, with a slightly satiric touch, that while conferences are being held to discuss such questions as Evangelical preaching, it would be quite as valuable if we could arrive at some true conception of the Evangelical *practice* of the churches. "Might we not have a kind of spiritual census of the hearers? The form of question might be in this wise:—(1.) What are your habits of private devotion? How and when? (2.) What are your methods of Bible study? How and when? (3.) In what Christian work are you engaged? How and when? (4.) What are your ways of giving? How and when? These questions, if fairly and fully answered, would enable many people to adopt wise and practical ways of Evangelical living. The 'how and the when' are most important, because it must be somewhat difficult for 'City men' to find the time for such methods of life as are highly spiritual."

THE Young Women's Christian Association has taken possession of the new buildings in Regent Street designed to be its headquarters. The site was purchased a few months ago through the liberality of the late Mr. Samuel Morley. They include a handsome lecture-hall, one or two smaller halls, class rooms, a library, an office for the assistance of necessitous foreigners, and other apartments.

JOHN BUNYAN has found voice in one more language, making the eighty-first into which the "Pilgrim's Progress" has been translated. The Religious Tract Society has just received copies produced at its cost in Japanese. The illustrations are done by a native artist and are of remarkable interest, as showing how well the artist has caught the spirit of the various characters and scenes in the immortal allegory. The Society is also contributing towards the cost of an edition in the Fanti tongue spoken on the West Coast of Africa.

THE SUNDAY AT HOME

O DAY MOST CALM, MOST BRIGHT! . . .
THE WEEK WERE DARK BUT FOR THY LIGHT.—*Herbert.*

BARBARA'S BROTHERS.

BY EVELYN EVERETT GREEN.

CHAPTER VI.—DAY DREAMS.

A REVERIE.

"I THINK you will find Juliet in the garden, my dear," said Mrs. Granby. "She is often there with her books now that the weather has turned so much warmer."

Reinée Dumaresq was standing before the old lady, looking down at her with her peculiarly sweet smile.

"Mrs. Granby," she said, with the winning

frankness that was one of her most engaging traits, "I sometimes wonder why it is you always look so very happy. I think you are the happiest person I know."

The old lady smiled a little, in that peculiar inward fashion not uncommon in old people, and said: "I am happy, my dear. I have had my troubles in my time; but the clouds have all rolled away now."

Reinée looked dreamily out of the window.

"I think you must have a secret for making them roll away."

"Perhaps I have."

"I wish you would tell it to me."

Mrs. Granby looked up into the thoughtful face above her, with its soft curves and steady dark eyes, and wondered if there were any clouds hanging over this young life that seemed so sheltered and cared for.

"Some secrets can only be learned by experience, my dear," answered the old lady, smiling a little to herself. "If you wish to learn the secret of happiness, you must learn that of contentment first."

Reinée made no reply at once, but after a thoughtful pause, she said slowly: "There is so much to learn in life;" and then she moved quietly across the room and went to look for Juliet in the garden.

She had not to seek far. Juliet was in her favourite sheltered arbour overlooking the sea. She had books beside her, but she was not reading, being lost in a reverie from which she did not awake until Reinée actually spoke, turning the books over as she did so.

"Ruskin, Browning, Carlyle. I always feel a sad dunce when I come to see you, Juliet. I have had so little time for study since I left the schoolroom, and I am afraid I did not learn much there."

"Ah," answered Juliet, drawing a long breath, "if only I had not had time!"

"What do you mean, Juliet?"

"Mean? I mean that I have never known any world but the world of books; never lived any real life, save in the pages of history or romance. Whilst you have been seeing real life and mixing in the stirring turmoil, I have been stifling in the heavy atmosphere of this stagnant little place, where people do not live but vegetate. Ah, you do not know what it is like, year after year! You have lived in the world—you are to be envied!"

Reinée was growing used to Juliet's impetuosity, and knew something of her views of life by this time.

"I am not sure that living in the world, as you call it, is so very different from your life. We have our own circle of friends—rather larger, of course, in London than here—but sometimes I think people are very much alike everywhere."

But Juliet shook her head impatiently.

"You don't understand—of course, you don't! How could you? What would not I give for one year of the life you have always led!"

Reinée laughed softly.

"I wish I could give it you. I did not care for it so very much. I feel quite pleased to think we are settled down now to be quiet and enjoy our own home life. I mean to be very rustic and Arcadian."

Juliet looked at her in surprise, not unmingled with a faint dissatisfaction.

"I cannot understand how you can talk so—how you can be content to give it all up so quietly. I often feel as if this little place would choke me, though I have never known anything else. But for you who have really tasted life to give up all so calmly—it passes my comprehension. Have you no dreams, no aspirations?"

Reinée's face grew intent and thoughtful now.

"Yes, I think I have. But what has that to do with the question?"

"Why, everything! One can do nothing here but dream. There is no realising of one's ideals."

Reinée smiled a little.

"I think mine will be more easily realised here than in the places I have been more used to."

Juliet looked at her curiously.

"I can't understand that. There seems to me nothing to be done here. I wish you would tell me what you mean, Reinée."

Reinée's eyes had grown dreamy again as they had done when she was talking to Mrs. Granby just before. A slight smile parted her lips and her face looked very sweet in its bright, trustful thoughtfulness.

"It is so difficult to put things into words, Juliet. I do not think I shall ever make you understand; but I have a great many thoughts and feelings of my own. I have always seemed to live before in a hurry and whirl, with no time to think, or to study, or to try to live my life more in earnest. I have no sister, and my mother always wished to take me everywhere with her, and it seemed my duty to put aside everything else to do as she wished."

"Ah," said Juliet with a sigh, "how I should have loved such a life!"

"Perhaps you would have grown a little tired of it," said Reinée quietly, "as I did."

Juliet shook her head.

"No, I am sure I never should have done that: but you have not told me about your ideal yet."

"It is so hard to say it in words," answered Reinée simply. "I think it is that I want to be good."

Juliet stared and then laughed a little.

"Do you think it is easier to be good in the country than in London."

"It seems so to me," answered Reinée in the same simple way. "At least one has much more time to think and much fewer temptations. I have always wanted to do something for other people—something to make unhappy lives happier and rough paths more smooth. In London I never could do anything like that; nothing personal, I mean: only giving away money when I was asked—mamma would not have liked me to do more, and in a great city things seem so big and one feels helpless. But here it is different. There are not so many people; I feel as if I could make friends with them and make them happy. I should like to visit them in their homes, and take them little things that I had made myself; I should

like to talk to the little children and make them love me. Perhaps I might have a Sunday school class, or a little class of my own at home. I should like the people to tell me of their troubles, and try to help them when I could. I should like them to feel that they had a friend to come to when they wanted help. I should like to make myself good first and try to help them to be good afterwards."

Reinée spoke with all the frank simplicity of her nature. Juliet listened in some wonder. She could not have spoken out so clearly and composedly. She would have felt ashamed of such homely and rustic ambitions.

"Well," she answered at length, summing up the case with a readiness for which Reinée was not quite prepared, "your ideal seems to be to play at Arcadia, and make a model Lady Bountiful for a model village. I suppose everybody fresh from London thinks the country all romance and the people all delightful."

Reinée coloured a little, but she was not vexed. It was very much what her mother had said before. In her heart the girl knew that she had deeper thoughts and purposes; but she could not make them clear to another.

"You think me very romantic and foolish I suppose?"

"No, only ignorant. You fancy that poor people here are quite different from those in town, less dirty, less wicked, less miserable. You think that you can do good here that you could not there, that it will all be easy and pleasant; but you will not find it so really. Things will be just as disagreeable and discouraging here as there, and after a brief experience of country cottages you will retire gracefully from the field as others have done before you."

Reinée looked rather downcast.

"Does nobody go amongst them then?"

"Oh, yes, the clergy, the doctors, of course. Barbara Meynal has just begun some sort of sick visiting."

"Barbara Meynal—yes; she was telling me about it. I should like to help her, if my mother will consent. I have told her so."

"Yes, she is helping her brother Wulfric. She has been at it about three weeks now and seems to find it all very delightful; but Barbara always was impulsive; she will most likely grow tired by and by. As for you—I am certain you will tire of it directly, if you begin."

"Why?"

"Oh you know people always do. There is something so miserably wearisome in the daily round of a little place like this."

Reinée did not look as if she quite understood the logic of this, but all she said was: "Tell me about your ideals, Juliet, now that I have told you of mine."

"Mine?" responded Juliet half bitterly, "ah it is waste of breath to talk of mine—hemmed in as I am in this narrow little place. I want to go out into the great whirl of life that lies beyond; to feel myself drawn into the vortex, to do and dare great things for the struggling humanity there. I feel I could do something—it may sound vain to say it, but I feel that I could if I only had the chance, but doomed to this quiet monotonous life I can do nothing—nothing."

"Except take care of your old grandmother," answered Reinée with a grave smile.

"She does not need any care of mine," answered Juliet with some vehemence. "She is well and strong and active; her life is full of little interests that give her all she seems to need. Her dairy, her fowls, her garden and household suffice her, and she does not really need me, although she has given me a home ever since I was left an orphan at six years old. She is good and kind in her own way, but she does not understand me and she never will. She forgets that she is old whilst I am young, and that what is enough for her energies is miserable inactivity for me. She smiles when I try to talk to her, and I know that she thinks me an idle dreamer, quite ignorant of what I speak about. But if I could only get away and find a larger sphere of action I would soon show her what I could do. I know it is not all mere boasting. If I could but get to London, what could I not do?"

Reinée looked thoughtful and made no reply. She was wondering if Juliet knew at all what she was speaking of.

"If I were rich and beautiful like you," pursued the other, still excited and restless, "I might realise my ideal still. Possibly I might marry and free myself in that way." She paused and looked at her companion, and then added more slowly, "I almost wonder that you have not married, Reinée. Do you mind my asking if you are engaged?"

Reinée's colour had risen a little, but she answered quietly and steadily, "No, I am not engaged."

Something in her manner aroused Juliet's curiosity.

"I suppose it would be very impertinent to ask if you cared much for anybody?"

Reinée smiled frankly and sweetly.

"Perhaps it would, if I did; but I do not care for anybody in the way you mean. My brother Clive has always stood first with me, and sometimes I think he always will."

"You have a brother, then?"

"Oh, yes, my dear boy, Clive. He is three years older than I am, and I love him with all my heart. He has been yachting; but is coming home very soon now. I shall be so glad to see him!"

Reinée's whole face beamed as she spoke. Her brother was evidently very dear to her.

Juliet would have asked more about him, but at this moment Mrs. Granby appeared making her way towards them, and a maid followed with a tray laden with strawberries and cream.

"Mrs. Granby," said Reinée when they had all seated themselves again and the maid had withdrawn, "Juliet and I have been telling each other our day dreams and ideals of life. We don't think at all alike, and one thing seems to me to be funny. Juliet, who has always lived here, thinks and feels that she could do more and make more of her life if only she could go to London; and I, who have spent much of my time there, feel as if the country were the place

where I could do the most to realise my ideals of usefulness. Why is it that we feel so differently? Can you guess? I am sure you are very wise and understand things much better than we do."

Juliet was rather taken aback by hearing Reinée propound her questions so simply. She was not fond of confiding in her grandmother; but she could not help herself now. Mrs. Granby smiled kindly at the two girls.

"My dears," she said in her wise and gentle fashion, "it is a way we all have in our lives of thinking we could better ourselves and do more good by breaking away from old ties and striking out a new line for ourselves. What we know by daily experience looks tame and wearisome to us, and imagination paints the unknown in glowing colours; but experience teaches us that the colours fade on approach, and the old difficulties we hoped to escape beset us at every turn. God has sent us each into the world with our appointed work to do, and if we leave matters in His hands and look to Him for grace and guidance, He will show us the way to do it. It may be He will make our duty plain to change the outward tenor of our lives, or it may be that we shall live and die in the same state in which we were originally placed; but let us leave all that to Him, and let us look about us with wide open eyes for the duties He has laid ready in our daily path. Let our prayer always be, 'Lord, show me what Thou wouldst have me to do, and help me to do it to Thy glory.' If we say that from our hearts, not once nor twice, but every day of our lives, we may be quite sure we shall not ask in vain, and wherever we are—in a peaceful country village or in the whirl of London life, work will never be wanting us, and our Heavenly Father will help us to do it. That is the ideal that I would have each young girl aspire to. It sounds homely: perhaps it sounds both visionary and tame; but try the prescription and see how it answers."

Reinée's face wore a very softened look. She glanced at the old lady, and it seemed as if something like a tear sparkled in her eyes. What had been said appealed to the devotional element of her nature, which was very strong, and she almost wished Juliet had not been present, for her dark face checked any possibility of confidential talk.

"I should like to feel like that," she said softly; "but I am afraid I am very ignorant. I hardly know how to begin to try to be good. It is so much easier to dream than to plan and to do."

Mrs. Granby smiled quietly, and quoted Kingsley's lines—

> "Be good, sweet maid, and let who will be clever,
> Do noble deeds, not dream them all day long;
> So, making life, death, and that vast forever
> One grand, sweet song."

"I should like to do that," said Reinée.

"Those who wish to do so generally can find the way," was the quiet answer.

But Juliet's face was hard and rather scornful. She had heard counsel like this before, and it was to her as idle words, without any real meaning. It was all very well to talk, but nothing could be done on such lines as these. She had been convinced of this by practical experience, as she told herself, again and again.

Reinée, however, thought rather differently. She was moved and struck by what Mrs. Granby had said, and went home with a more deeply-rooted purpose than before of trying to turn to account her bright young life for the benefit of others as well as for her own enjoyment. That night she spoke again to her mother about her former request, and received a half mocking, half serious assent to her petition.

"Well, well, my love, I see no valid reason against your doing a little, if you have set your mind upon it; but you must be careful where you go, and I do not think you will care for it long. Clive will soon be home, and I quite expect he will bring Arthur with him, and then you will not have much time for your charitable works. You will be better occupied."

Reinée's fair face flushed a little.

"Clive never interferes with my pleasures. He is more likely to help than to hinder."

Mrs. Dumaresq laughed lightly.

"Possibly, my love. But what about Arthur?"

The flush on Reinée's face deepened, but eyes and voice did not falter.

"Arthur has nothing to do with it," she answered quietly and steadily.

Mrs. Dumaresq laughed again, and Reinée was silent for a few minutes, trying to command herself before she trusted herself to continue the conversation.

THE HYMN-WRITERS OF WALES AND THEIR HYMNS.

WILLIAM WILLIAMS.

WHAT Paul Gerhardt has been to Germany, what Isaac Watts has been to England, that and more has William Williams of Pantycelyn been to the little principality of Wales. His hymns have both stirred and soothed a whole nation for more than a hundred years: they have helped to fashion a nation's character and to deepen a nation's piety. They have been sung by the shepherd on the moor and on the mountain, in the midst of romantic solitudes; or by the smith to the accompaniment of his ringing anvil; or by the miner in the weird halls of

buried forests underneath the ground; or by the milkmaid, with a fresh clear voice, as she brushed from the clover the dewdrops of an early morning in May; or by the reaper in the harvest-field as he gathered in the golden grain. The mother hums one of his tender musings above the cradle of her child, surrounding its soft-winged slumbers with the praises of Him whose "very name is music." The funeral procession takes up one of his strains of sorrow touched with hope, and sings it in accompanying the dead to the long home—sings it musingly, measuredly, moaningly. The young man in the day of trial will take some smooth stones out of this book of Christian poetry, and with them overcome the enemy. The veteran soldier of God thirsts for the water out of this "well of Bethlehem," and "pours it out before the Lord." Through some memorial verse of his the family of the Lord Christ has often expressed its sweet sorrowfulness of heart as it looked on the breaking of the bread. Many a time has the sad Angel of Death heard one of his victorious strains fall from some trusting soul as it passed through the dark gateway—heard the echo of the song far down in the Valley of the Shadow: a strange thing of joy: like a warm sunbeam piercing through the chill eternal twilight of some ancient forest of pine. It was a verse of his that Christmas Evans—one of the immortal "three" of the Welsh pulpit—sang when nearing home; taking it as a staff in his hand, "and smiting Jordan with it so that the waters were divided hither and thither, and he went over on dry ground":—

O Thou Righteousness eternal!
  Righteousness of boundless store!
Soon my naked, hungry spirit
  Must enjoy Thee evermore:
Hide my nakedness, Oh! hide it,
  With Thy robe of shining white;
So that, fearless, I may ever
  Stand before Thy throne of light.

Like all poets that have deeply stirred a people, he was brought up in troublous times. His father was the deacon of a famous Independent church in Carmarthenshire, which had to meet for a time in a cave during the hours of twilight on account of the persecution to which a large number of the sincerest Christians of the age was subjected. But when the poet was very young he lost his father and was left to the care of his mother. He spent some years at college, purposing to devote himself to the medical profession. It was on his way home from college that an incident happened which changed his whole career. He was passing through the little village of Talgarth, in Breconshire, on a Sunday morning when he was attracted by the sound of a bell to enter the parish church. The service was cold and spiritless, and left scarcely any impression whatever on the young man's mind. The people on leaving church, instead of scattering and wending their way home, grouped themselves together in the churchyard, and every face was alive with expectation, as though eagerly waiting for something more. And more did come. It affords a striking picture of the religious life of Wales near the middle of the eighteenth century. On one of the gravestones a man of short stature, and exceedingly sombre face, takes his stand. In a moment every eye is fastened upon him in a solemn, nervous suspense. Then the voice begins to ring deep and clear and earnest among the grey tombstones—like the voice of some ancient prophet of Israel summoning the people with words of fire to repent forthwith and escape for their life. The congregation is stirred, startled, confounded: it moves to and fro, "as the trees of the wood are moved by the wind." Strong men are there, weeping like little children, terrible to see: while others in their rage against the preacher curse like a demoniac at the approach of the Lord Christ. Here a woman falls fainting: another cries out through a storm of sobs and tears, "What must we do?" And the young poet? "There he is, his face deathly pale, and his whole body shaken with excitement and terror. He is a very image of fearfulness. He stands each moment expecting to see the Son of Man coming on the clouds of heaven: a sharp, glowing arrow from the bow of the doctrine of the man on the gravestone, has pierced through his heart." He came out of that historic churchyard with the light of eternity in his eyes.

Two or three years afterwards he was ordained deacon of the Church of England. But in those days the Church of England was her own unrelenting enemy in Wales. Like many another of her servants of best worth, he was excommunicated on an indictment of committing twenty-four crimes—chief among them being his refusal to make the sign of the cross in baptism, and his zeal in preaching the gospel outside of places properly consecrated. He had come under the influence of Whitfield, who urged him to go forth to the highways to proclaim the glad tidings. And preach he did from Holyhead to Cardiff, having travelled on an average 3,000 miles every year for fifty years.

Williams first exercised his gift of sacred song at an association held in the earliest days of Welsh Calvinistic Methodism. The hymns hitherto used were foreign to the spirit of the new movement; but as soon as he began to pour forth his varied strains of passionate sweetness, Howell Harries, the preacher of Talgarth churchyard, pronounced him a master of song. His hymns seemed to fly abroad as on the wings of the wind, and soon became the sacred ballads of the whole nation. As Luther sang Germany into Protestantism, so did Williams sing the Wales of the eighteenth century into piety.

A general feature of Welsh hymns is their picturesqueness. Almost every verse is a transcript from nature—spiritualised and illuminated. We walk in a song-land of rocks and mountains, of valleys and running brooks; of beautiful dawns struggling into day on mist-covered hills, and calm sunsets of gold breathing peace on land and sea after a storm of thunder and lightning and rain; of long winter nights with every song hushed under the starless skies, and happy spring mornings when every leaf is a murmur of resurrection.

The hymns of "Pantycelyn" are full of these pictures. Once, during a long season of drought, he was walking through the fields and found some little beasts of prey making busy mischief among the green corn; whereon he pertinently asks—

Why should beasts of prey be suffered
To destroy the tender blade?
Why should sweet and youthful blossoms
In the drought be left to fade?
Bring the pleasant showers refreshing
That the grain may flourish soon;
Bring a shower the early morning,
Bring one more the afternoon.

Jesus, turn the living rivers
O'er the dry and rocky land;
So make beautiful the cornfields
With the blessings of Thy hand;
From the cool and crystal fountain
Give to him who fainting lies;
Who has toiled without a shelter
All the day 'neath burning skies.

On another occasion he was staying for the night not far from the Prescelly hills. Being up early next morning, he saw the whole range lying dark and frowning under the mist; but in the east the dawn was breaking up the shadows of night, and the sky was brightening with the promise of a new day—a picture which he has introduced into his well-known missionary hymn—

O'er the gloomy hills of darkness.

He suffered sometimes from absent-mindedness, as the following tradition indicates. He was one day far away from home holding a service beside the sea-shore. A friend had taken the devotional portion of the service, when, as he drew near the close of his prayer, a cuckoo began to sing. Williams stood up to give out a hymn before preaching: it was an appeal to the cuckoo to fly away to Pantycelyn and tell "Mally" his wife that he was alive; to proceed from thence to Builth and tell "Jack" his son to "keep his place"; concluding with the pious wish that should they fail to meet again on earth, they might meet in heaven. His friend touched him and hinted that the doctrine of salvation was rather scanty in his verse. "Very true," replied the poet at once; and, without any more ado, gave out another verse, which seems to carry in it everywhere the sound of the everlasting sea—the music of an infinite hope for man:

Salvation like a boundless sea
Keeps swelling on the shore;
Here shall the weak and helpless find
Enough for evermore.

In another hymn we seem to be gazing on the sunset sky of a peaceful summer evening; and the heavenly quiet of the scene awakens in the soul infinite longings that are sad in their very sweetness:

I look beyond the far-off hills,
O gentle Christ for Thee:
Come, my Beloved, it is late,
The sun goes down for me.

These captive weeks of Babylon
Make sorrow long delay:
Oh! that I heard the jubilee
Opening the gates of day.

If from these fetters hard and cold
My feet were only free,
Long as I lived I would but sing
The grace of Calvary.

A pilgrim in a desert land
I wander far and near,
Expecting every hour to find
My Father's house appear.

Williams possessed to a considerable extent the Shaksperean faculty of seeing many aspects of human nature, especially on its religious side. His hymns give expression to every grade of experience from the lowest deep of despair to the clearest height of full assurance. It is himself speaking; but in his voice we hear the sobs and cries, the joys and transports of a thousand hearts. Now he is the publican in the temple "standing afar off," bearing the name of sinner—"I have no better name:" it is mercy he seeks, it is mercy he must seek again, knowing that to fail was death. Then he gives us a view of his early struggles and defeats: how seven times back and fore he broke the commandments of God, and attempted to confirm his deliverance with "seven great vows:" but all in vain, until he saw from the depths the Face that is "altogether lovely," and driven by a flame of guilt he came to the pleasant hill of Zion: he had found heaven in the brink of hell, in the thunders of Sinai he had his first meeting with God—hours never to be forgotten, the hours of his marriage with Heaven. But though the violence of the early conflict is smoothed down, he has not yet come to the possession of perfect peace:

Oh! to hear the silver trumpet
Now proclaim my full release,
That my soul so heavy-laden
May at last have joy and peace.

In another hymn we see him a solitary wanderer on the high and dangerous mountain foot-path; the path is very narrow, and underneath him is a fearful depth. What if he miss his footing!

In Thy hand I cannot fall,
Though the weakest of them all;
In Thy hand at length I come
From my trials safely home.

What a burst of triumphant faith we have in this martial strain:—

The standard is ahead,
The gospel of His grace;
And hell is filled with dread,
And shakes before His face:
Down! down! with shame it shall be brought,
Before my Jesus it is nought.

Great hosts from prisons free
Already have marched on,
And great their joy must be
To know the day is won:
From strife and toil on high they fled,
And in their footsteps we must tread.

Leave we the world behind,
The world that made us smart,
The world of evil mind
Each day to break our heart:
Between the stars we see the light
Of that far better world grow bright.

The blood of Jesu's cross
Was never shed in vain;
There is not any loss
Of His most precious pain:
This is the great, the finished plan
To open heaven's door for man.

Let all bow down and own
The sacrificèd Lamb!
Among all titles known
His is the greatest name:
Praise, laud, and blessing to our Lord,
Let Him be evermore adored!

Side by side with this call of Christian soldiers to battle we may place a hymn to the Lord of Battles, the Captain of the Christian host.

Ride to battle, ride victorious,
Gird, O Christ, Thy glittering sword;
Earth can never stand before Thee,
Nor can hell itself, my Lord:
In Thy name such glory dwelleth,
Hostile armies faint with fear;
And the wide creation trembleth
When it knows Thee coming near.

The Christ of the glittering sword and the glorious terror—can He speak to the broken heart and bring glad tidings to the frightened conscience? Yes, verily:—

Speak, O Christ! the gentle-hearted,
For Thy words are God's best wine;
All within me peace creating,
Peace of endless worth divine;
All the voices of creation,
Every passion and delight,
At Thy voice of quiet sweetness,
Pass away in hushed affright.

This world's empty noises vanish
When Thou speakest but a word;
And the tumult is dispersèd,
By opposing passions stirred;
Though the afternoon was stormy,
Cloudless is the evening sky,
And the south wind bloweth softly,
When Thou speakest peace on high.

His hymns are filled with Christ; every verse seems fresh from under "the sprinkling of the blood." He had expected to find Him among the great men of the earth; but he first saw the pale heavenly face among murderers and thieves; not in a king's palace, but on a cross: and there was no need to climb to heaven—heaven was on the tree; heaven bent down in pitifulness toward the earth when He bowed His head to die: and—

I the guilty
Go for pardon to the cross.

Oh! that my dear Lord's afflictions
In my heart had room to dwell;
Every wound and every anguish,
Every lash on Him that fell:
Till the evil
Lost its hold and went away.

This passionateness of devotion reaches its most striking expression in a prayer which seems to breathe the sunny air of an early morning in June:

To Thee, my God, my Saviour,
Praise be for ever new;
Let people come to praise Thee
In numbers like the dew;
Oh! that in every meadow
The grass were harps of gold,
To sing to Him for coming
To ransom hosts untold!

H. ELVET LEWIS.

ONE SOWETH AND ANOTHER REAPETH.

GLIMPSES OF EVANGELICAL WORK IN SPAIN.

I WOULD bring my readers to warmer climes and different faces. I would ask them to follow me through the narrow streets of Seville, warm with the heat of advancing spring, past the grand old cathedral, and the glittering towers of the Giralda until they reach the orange groves bordering the banks of the Guadalquiver, where orange blossoms strew the ground, and the fragrant scent of these lovely flowers perfumes the air.

It is a calm, pleasant evening; a soft breeze has sprung up after the day's heat; and gradually the seats under the trees begin to be filled with working-people chiefly, for the élite of society have not yet emerged from their homes.

On a bench under one of the trees sits a man deep in thought; he might be some thirty years of age; a troubled expression is on his face, and the high thoughtful brow is wrinkled with care. He was just then trying to solve the great problem that comes to all in a lifetime, that of the soul's salvation. How to be saved! "What is truth?" Don Federico is thinking. "I left the Church of Rome because it was not to be found there, but where am I to find it? I have read the Bible, and though I believe in it with my head, my heart is untouched. Yet it has been compared to a 'two-edged sword.' It has not proved so to me. I attend the evangelical services. I hear good things; my reason is convinced, and yet I cannot find peace, and now I long for it, God knows." Don Federico's thoughts ran somewhat in this line. He had

been a friar for years, but thoroughly convinced of the errors of the church of his fathers, he had left it in search of something more real and comforting which as yet he had failed to find.

That same evening, in one of the evangelical churches in Seville, the usual weekly service was to be held; a large concourse of people had gathered, for a preacher whose fame was well known was passing through and was to preach there.

Señor Lopez, for so we shall call him, had not arrived yet, and already the hour of service was near. Some brother ministers were awaiting his arrival in the vestry, where prayer was usually made before service for a blessing on the word. The people, ever demonstrative, were showing signs of impatience. Suddenly the long looked for one arrived, breathless. Seizing a brother minister by the arm he exclaimed, "I have forgotten the sermon I intended to preach, and I have no time to prepare another, and yet," he added, "perhaps it is all for the best, for there is another verse ringing in my ears so persistently that even if I had my sermon I don't believe I could preach it, for this verse has fixed itself on my mind. I can't remember where the passage is, however."

"What text is it?" asked his friend, who, having known the Scriptures from a child, had a more perfect knowledge of the Bible.

"To whom should we go but unto Thee? Thou hast the words of eternal life," answered the preacher.

His friend quickly turned to St. John's gospel, and having found the verse, handed him the Bible. Señor Lopez took the book with many thanks, and eagerly asked to be left alone.

That evening the little assembly was electrified by the words of power that fell from the preacher's lips. It seemed as though the Spirit of God had touched them with the live hot coal. He showed the way of salvation in a striking way. "To whom should we go?" he said, "to the Virgin, to St. Peter? Can they help us? Have any of you ever been helped by them? Can they give you peace? No, Christ alone. It is to Him alone we are to go. He gives salvation freely, without money and without price. No penance is needed, no self-laceration such as you often subject yourselves to, thinking that by so doing you may win salvation. Christ gives it freely. He was wounded and tortured for us. He bore our sins; the weight of them broke His heart. Oh, my friends, He only can help; He only can save. To whom should we go but to Him? And He will give us life!" Much more he said in his own earnest loving way—the power and earnestness of which we can only faintly give an idea of.

To one restless, sin-tossed, pardon-seeking sinner, conviction and peace came. It was the message he needed; and, down Don Federico's careworn face the tears were streaming—tears of joy, as he drank in the message, and learnt that Christ is not "very far" from any seeking one. His eyes never left the preacher's face; it was wonderful to see the changes that flitted over the speaking countenance as he followed those words of fire. At last it was too much for him, and, broken down by the strange conviction breaking on his poor tired soul, he bowed his head on his hands and wept. Before the preacher had descended the pulpit stairs, Don Federico had rushed to him, and throwing his arms round him, exclaimed, "Oh I have found it at last. God gave you that message for me! Oh, thank God!" It was a moment never to be forgotten, and sobs were audible all over the church. The brother minister who had found the text declares he can never to his dying day forget that scene. And what must have been the feelings of the preacher, whose happy tears told of the greatest joy that mortal man can know, joy more like that the angels feel, that of winning a soul to Christ! Señor Lopez's work on earth is now done. He lies under the waves of the broad Atlantic,—for he perished in the "Ville de Havre," with many others who were returning from a Christian conference in America,—but his memory lives in the hearts of many, and very especially in that of Don Federico. The latter is now also a "winner of souls." For many years he has been an earnest and tried worker, testifying to all around him that he is truly a servant of Christ.

An earnest missionary working in the south of Spain had for many years been labouring without apparent result. One night he was sitting in his study feeling very low and discouraged. He was saying to his wife: "After all the years I have worked here there seems so little fruit. I read of wonderful conversions: I have none. Many in our congregation profess Christianity, but have I really won one soul for Christ?"

While he was speaking a knock came to the door, and a messenger entered to summon him to the deathbed of a member of his church suddenly taken ill, who for years had been a professing Christian, but apparently a lifeless one; cold and reserved, little given to speaking, a thing most uncommon with Spaniards.

As the missionary entered, the dying man held out his hand, and with a happy smile, and rapidly failing voice, said: "I want to thank you for your faithful ministry. I owe my salvation to your message; my trust is in my Saviour and has been all these years, and I wish my children to follow in my steps." He died shortly afterwards in great peace. The good pastor said that he could never forget that night and God's faithfulness to him, and whenever he felt depressed and discouraged he brought it to mind.

Shortly afterwards he had still further cause for thankfulness and rejoicing.

At the time of the late earthquake, he told his congregation that he hoped they would be able to contribute something towards helping their suffering brethren; he did not expect much, for his hearers were all poor—but one of the first things missionaries try to teach is the privilege of giving to the Lord—and this is a thing little understood by these infant churches.

On the Saturday evening following, a poor water-carrier came to his door asking to see him, and put two shillings into his hand. The pastor, knowing how poor a calling an "aguador's" is,

THE GATE OF THE COURT OF ORANGES, SEVILLE CATHEDRAL.

marvelled at so large a sum, and asked how he had managed to give so much. "Those are my earnings of to-day," answered the poor man. "I intended giving my Saturday's earnings to you, but when I saw the rain pouring down, I thought, no one will want water to-day, but I prayed hard to God about it, and He answered my prayer, and opened ever so many doors to me. I have never done a better day's work."

And here we should say that all the houses are almost entirely dependent on water from the "aguador" or water-carrier, as the wells with which every house is furnished are brackish, and the water not fit for drinking purposes; but when it rains, the Spaniards, who economise much in this respect, fill tubs and barrels with the rain water, and the water-carrier is therefore on those occasions not in requisition.

One evening the pastor of a neighbouring town was called suddenly to see a member of his church who was dying. On the Sunday previously (only forty-eight hours before) the now dying man had attended the services, and partaken of the communion, and now it seemed as if he was about to partake of it in the real sense, in the "Father's kingdom." He had long known in whom he had believed. As the pastor entered, he saw the dying man lying unconscious. A numerous concourse of people had gathered round the sufferer, as is the custom in Spain, and the good pastor was determined not to lose such an opportunity of speaking to his countrymen of his Master. He took up the sick man's Bible, which lay on the table, and read a passage here and there, explaining as he went. As he began to read a woman rose up in a hurry, saying she must hasten back to her ironing, she had left her irons in the fire. "Wait but a few minutes," said the pastor; "I should like you to hear this; I won't keep you long." He read and explained briefly, but in a simple winning way that arrested the attention of those assembled, to whom God's word was a name only. "Your irons will be cold," whispered a neighbour to the woman who had been so eager to return to her ironing. "Never mind," she said; "the fire will be out now, and one doesn't often hear words like these." Another woman present was told that visitors were awaiting her at home. "Let them wait," she said; "I must hear this." Thus many heard the Gospel for the first time, and as the sufferer passed away, still in unconsciousness, the words of life were falling upon the ears of the living who but for this occasion might never have heard them. Thus out of our griefs a "Bethel" often arises by God's mercy.

In a quiet little spot, not far from the last village mentioned, on the south coast of Spain, lived some years ago a Christian lady. She had come there for her health; but her active spirit would allow her no rest when she saw the ignorance of the people, and the need of instruction. She devoted her life and means to work amongst them. For some years she was allowed to labour for her Master; then, suddenly, in the midst of her useful life, she was taken away.

She had been much discouraged by the fickleness of some and the lukewarmness of others; and she died without seeing much fruit, believing there was none. The reaping was for others who had not borne "the toil and heat of the day." She had worn herself out in her work; she had trained teachers, and taught the young, comforted the sorrowing, prayed with the dying; and none knew till she was taken away, what a place she held in the hearts and homes of the people. Those who have been allowed to follow in her steps can testify that "she being dead yet speaketh."

One young girl, who had attended the schools from infancy, had grieved the last months of her teacher's life by her worldliness and indifference. Suddenly, in the midst of her youthful bloom, the girl was struck down with a terrible illness. At first she rebelled against such pain and suffering, and in the intervals of relief, would speak constantly of the time when she would be well, and of what she would do, and what she would wear; but, by degrees, the gospel teaching and many of the loved teacher's words came back to her. The change was very great, as all could testify who were with her. One night, while still able to speak, she gave full testimony of her belief in Christ, and constantly she said how her only trust was in Him. In her delirium her only fear was that a priest should visit her, and she would beg a lady who came to see her, not to allow one to enter, for her mother was half-hearted. Firm in the faith she died. As the once bright eyes grew dim, the dull hearing was still able to take in verses of Scripture; and with these promises sounding in her ears, she passed away in perfect peace. By her faith she forfeited Christian burial—there was no native Protestant cemetery—and she was not allowed to be buried in the Roman Catholic place. For hours the coffin lay exposed in a hot August sun, the mourners not knowing what to do; and at last orders were sent from the mayor of the village to bury her outside consecrated ground. So she was buried under a cactus hedge. Facts speak for themselves, and this act excited fierce indignation even among the people of all parts of Spain, for the papers far and wide took the matter up.

Some time after this, a brother of the girl fell ill. He also had "from a child known the Holy Scriptures," but as manhood came, neglected his soul's welfare, and turned his back on religion. But he was checked in his downward course. For some time his case baffled the doctors. In his suffering he was very impatient, and would complain of everything that was done for him. Gradually a change came; he took to reading his Bible—it was never out of his hands, and with the familiar words came back the teaching of his youth and the remembrance of the loved teacher. Often he spoke of her, and of how he hoped to see her soon; for "my whole heart is in Christ," he would say. With the soft spring days, the poor mother's hope returned; he sat in the "patio" and breathed the sweet air. It was but the final flickering of the candle, and he himself was never deceived. As his earthly tabernacle crumbled away, his spiritual life seemed to grow

and beautify; the joy he was given was really remarkable. Day by day he sank rapidly. One evening his mother and sister thought he was passing away, and both were weeping bitterly. It was not yet the end, however, only one of the attacks of deadly faintness that were so frequent. He opened his eyes suddenly, and saw them crying. "Oh, why do you cry?" he said, smiling brightly. "I am so happy; if only you knew how happy I am." Shortly after he said: "Oh, God, only let me die a painless death; this is all I have to desire." His wish was fulfilled; he passed away in his sleep, peacefully as an infant in his mother's arms.

Shortly before he died, the doctor, a kind and liberal man, told the mother that he feared there would be great trouble attendant on her son's death if he did not have a priest. "I know all that happened before," he said, "and if to save such scandal, you decide to have one, I will send a friend of mine, who will ask no questions." The dying lad overheard the conversation, and agreed to the doctor's suggestion, saying: "To me it makes no difference. My trust is in Christ, and I believe He won't judge me for such a step; it is to save you all trouble." So the parish vicar came, and as he entered the dying lad's room, he said: "I come as a friend, not as a priest. I don't ask you to confess, and I merely come that there may be no trouble hereafter." He added that he was in favour of liberty, and utterly disapproved of what had happened before.

Another incident shows the power of the word. Maria "la sillera," or chair-maker, lived in a large tenement house. About eight or ten families dwelt under the same roof. There was an open court with a big plantain tree which grew in the middle; creepers grew up the walls, and pots of flowers made the little "patio" like a garden. Here in the evening the women gathered and little black-eyed children played. Here during the day busy life went on, and a stranger on entering would see women at their various household tasks, standing or sitting at their doorways, washing clothes, working or ironing. In a small damp room on the ground floor Maria plied her trade of chair-mending, and often Doña Isabel (the lady afore-mentioned) when coming to visit people in the house, would see the old woman sitting at her doorway, surrounded by chairs in different states of dilapidation waiting for her swift fingers to weave in new straws, or in many cases to put in new seats. She always wore the same patient dogged look, her face grey with pain, for she had an incurable heart complaint, and a cough that gave her no rest night or day. From early morning to night she plied her trade, only pausing when a paroxysm of coughing took her strength away.

Doña Isabel often noticed the patient suffering woman, but except wishing her "good day" she never spoke to her—for Maria's expression was forbidding—and the neighbours said she was sceptical about religion, and did not like to be talked to, so that some time passed before a way was opened for getting near her.

One day this lady was told that Maria was very ill—dying she thought herself—and had expressed a wish to see her. Accordingly the same afternoon she called on the sufferer, who was in an upstairs room, which was beautifully clean, and bore the marks of unusual care. Evidently the sick woman had once been better off; the chest of drawers, chairs, and tables were good of their kind, and well polished. The little shrine before the image of the Virgin was decked with flowers and candles, and there were a few bad paintings on the walls.

The sick woman was sitting up in bed, supported by pillows of snowy whiteness. She was suffering very much, and gasping for breath. Doña Isabel took Maria's hand, and told her how sorry she was to see her so suffering.

"Why should you be sorry?" the woman asked in an odd abrupt way, at the same time fixing her keen eyes on her visitor.

"Why you would be sorry if I were suffering," answered her visitor. "I often hear you coughing at night (her house was just opposite), and wish I could give you any relief."

"Well, I believe you mean what you say," said the strange woman, looking keenly at Doña Isabel.

When Doña Isabel left, she was eagerly asked to come again. Thus began an acquaintance that soon became a very pleasant one for both parties.

On her next visit she found Maria sitting up, supported by pillows, looking still very ill, but bent on returning to her work. Doña Isabel, after making inquiries about her health, said something about the comfort of having a Saviour who could feel for our infirmities. Maria caught her up quite sharply, saying, "Oh I don't believe He has time to look after poor people like me; He has too much to do."

"Wait and you shall see," answered her visitor, opening her Testament at the 11th of St. John. She read slowly and clearly; but as she came to the verse, "And Jesus wept," a sob broke on her ear, and looking up, she saw the old woman weeping.

"Oh, is that true?" she asked.

"See, it is in the Bible," said the lady; "now you cannot say that Jesus has no sympathy for the suffering."

"Oh, it is wonderful, beautiful—read more."

It was touching to see how the old woman's armour of pride seemed to break down under the gospel message.

Each time Doña Isabel came she found her old friend (for such she now considered her) more eager for the word. She drank in the message, but still her self-righteousness rose as a barrier between her and God. "I am good," she would say; "I have a good heart; I never yet saw one poorer than myself but I would divide a loaf with him."

The summer days were coming on, and Doña Isabel's family were going to England for a time. Severe illness made it many months before she saw her dear old friend again.

On the last visit paid before leaving, she found her very ill, and asked if she would like a

hymn. Then taking Maria's hand in her own, she sang a Gospel hymn.

Maria hid her face in her apron and cried as the hymn was being sung. Many women gathered in; and Isabel read from the twenty-first of Revelations of the blessed home above. The words seemed to touch many a stony heart; and during the prayer that followed, she could hardly control her voice, for the sobs of some of her poor sisters. A touching farewell ensued, for the poor Spanish women are very affectionate and demonstrative.

It was nine months before the lady returned. During that time a young Christian man belonging to the evangelical church visited and read to Maria, and found her always willing and glad to hear the Bible.

Almost the first thing Doña Isabel was told on her arrival was that Maria was dying, but that she had prayed to live till she should see her friend once more. It was a touching meeting. The aged pilgrim was very near the border-land; her face grey and drawn, her sufferings very great. But another change was visible, and this became more apparent every day; the patience, the resignation, were new; there was a softer tone in the voice.

Her last hours were troubled by nuns and priests. She had never come out of her church, but she did not wish to receive the last rites—she said she believed they would do no good. When she was unconscious, however, the priest forced an entrance, and gave her the sacrament without confession. She lay in a stupor, only once rallying to ask for her friend to sing her a hymn. Thus the aged woman passed away. She had learnt to know that Christ was not too busy to look after her.

In this manner, little by little, the seed is being sown. There are now five towns on the south coast of Spain, where the presence of the new life is making itself felt.

E. B. MOORE.

THE WIDOW OF NAIN.

"Now when He came nigh to the gate of the city, behold, there was a dead man carried out, the only son of his mother, and she was a widow: and much people of the city was with her."—*Luke* vii. 12.

THE ruins of Nain are still to be seen in Palestine. They are found on the side of a hill which gently slopes downward to a broad plain covered in their season with green grass and gay flowers. The name Nain means "the Lovely Place," and it is connected with one of the loveliest stories of Him who is "chief among ten thousand and altogether lovely," even Jesus Christ our Lord and our Elder Brother.

He had just done a great wonder-deed in Capernaum. Next day, unwilling to be complimented and caressed, and yet most willing to be active, He went away into the country. There, breasting the slope of the hill on which the village of Nain stood, He did another great wonder-deed. And the awed verdict of those who witnessed it was what ours would have been had we lived in that day, and seen that sight. Some cried out, "A great Prophet has risen up amongst us!" thus signifying their sense of His personal power. Some whispered, "God hath visited His people!" thus signifying their sense that the Divine omnipotence went hand in hand with the Divine compassion—a compassion that stooped to human sorrows, and delighted to relieve them. And quick like the summer wind, away swept this report through all the district. It bore with it the fragrance of heaven, and roused in lonely cottages and clustered villages the long-stilled emotions of wonder and hope.

Glancing over the history, we see: *The dominion of death.*—"When He came nigh to the gate of the city He saw a dead man."

1. *There is the certainty of the dominion.*—"A dead man." Nain was a country village situated on high land, and in a pure air, like so many of our English villages. And yet death had found it out; and entering one of the houses, had claimed a victim. So it is, and will be with our houses now. We may dwell by the sea-side, or on the hill-top, or on the sheltered plain—but there is a sure visitor on His way to us. He will not stop to ring the bell or tap at the window. We shall not see him coming up the street, or entering the passage. He will come in silently at his own time. And when he goes away, it will not be alone. Some one who lives with us must go with him too. Perhaps, indeed, we ourselves.

2. "He saw a dead man carried out." *There is the entirety of the dominion.*—It was, as we know from our Lord's challenge presently, a young man who had been claimed—say somewhere under twenty-five years of age. The strong hand of youth had been touched by a stronger; the active limbs had been caught by some yet more active; the whole compact force of heart and lung and brain had been wrestled with, and cast down helpless. He was now "carried out" utterly overcome. And so with ourselves some day.

3. *There is the severity of the dominion.*—"He was the only son of his mother, and she was a widow." This is one of the most pathetic sentences in that Book of endless pathos—the Bible. The mother, too, a widow; she had lost her husband from her side, and for years, perhaps, lived a lonely straitened life. This dead man was her only son. She had nursed him, fed him, clothed him; she had taken him for walks—

sometimes in the flowery fields, sometimes to the cemetery to his father's grave. She had pinched herself of many necessaries, perhaps, to educate him. She had doubtless prayed for him, as only mothers can for their sons. And he had grown up with her, taller, stronger, cleverer, year by year. And now, when he was able to repay her for some of her tenderness and trouble—now, when he could support her in her old age and feebleness—he was taken away. And she, a widow and childless. Oh, it was hard and terrible! But this hardship and terror abides with us also to-day.

4. *There is the irresponsibility of the dominion.*—"Much people of the city was with her." Ah, yes, as usual, now; some from curiosity and some from sympathy. They clustered together and followed her as she walked next to her dead boy. "Poor soul!" they whispered at intervals. "What will she do now? Who will take pity on her and care for her?" But for the most part there was awed silence. There was nothing really to be done but bow to the stroke. It was no use to challenge it, or even to cry out against it. Death gave no account of himself. He gives no account to any of us now. He will give no answer to our petitions. His dominion is with us what it was at Nain—certain, entire, severe and wholly irresponsible.

But look again on the other aspects of this scene.—*There is the Christ of God accomplishing the defeat of death.*—"When the Lord saw her, He had compassion on her, and said unto her, Weep not. And He came and touched the bier: and they that bare him stood still. And He said, Young man, I say unto thee, arise. And he that was dead, sat up and began to speak. And He delivered him to his mother."

1. *Full in front of the certainty of death let us put now the certainty of Christ.*—He was not a phantom gliding across the country and vanishing in an hour—this deed declares that. He was not only a good man who lived His life, worked His work, died and finished with this world. "Jesus Christ is the same yesterday, and to-day, and for ever." He is as real as death, and immeasurably more powerful. Death is but a passive state. Christ is a living Person. Death is but a produced effect. Christ is an uncreated will by which causes are set in action. Death belongs to man only. Christ belongs to God: He is God. In Him "God hath visited His people." We know God now because we know the Son of God. We drink in His words as spoken from His ascended glory: "Fear not; I am the first and the last; I am He that liveth, and was dead; and, behold, I am alive for evermore, Amen; and have the keys of hades and of death."

2. *Against the severity of death let us place the pity of Christ.*—"When the Lord saw her, He had compassion on her, and said unto her, Weep not." As the sad procession drew near, it was not long before His keen eye distinguished its meaning and marked the chief mourner. And His compassion flowed out towards her in her unbounded grief. He had seen His own mother weep when carpenter Joseph laid down his tools for the last time and came slowly into the little cottage to die. To die near her for whom he could do no more. And near that Son who had been such a blessing and wonder to them both. And now the Lord spoke to the widow in tender, healing tones; "Do not weep," He said.

Yes, He sees us in our death chambers and in our death journey; and He has pity, living, healing, redeeming pity for us in our death losses and death sorrows. Whilst sin lasts death must last too. Whilst the dark work is being done the dark wages must be paid. But meanwhile we have His compassion. He does not separate Himself in cold isolation. We cannot but sorrow, the tear-fountains cannot but flow. They must flow, or the over-charged heart reservoir would burst. But Christ is the authorised Stayer of the tear-fountains, that they do not exceed and leave the heart desolated and dry. He is "the Man of sorrows and acquainted with grief." He understands us still—sympathises with us still. We, under the healing sense of His pity, can calm ourselves a little and at least listen to His voice.

3. *Against the authority of Death let us place the supreme authority of Jesus Christ.*—Christ as an historic personage claims and wins the attention of all. "He came and touched the bier, and they who bore it stood still." There was something about Him that caught the attention of the bearers and secured their instant homage. Something in His bearing as He came nigh—something in His gesture as He touched the bier; a commanding majesty of sovereign and supreme goodness, which they could not resist. The four men who bore the body instantly and involuntarily halted on the road.

And so it is with all thoughtful men still. If they look at Christ simply as one of the chief figures on the page of history; simply as one of the chief persons who lived, worked and taught in the world eighteen hundred years ago, they cannot help stopping a little while before Him. It has been so with all the great thinkers and philosophers who have heard of Christ—they have yielded Him some homage as a greater than themselves. Men have done this specially when contemplating the terrible problems of life; when on their way to the grave; when the burden and mystery of death is heavy upon them. What has He to say upon these matters? What is it that He can promise? What is it that He can do?

But to how many thousands is Christ in His authority the Raiser and Restorer and Giver of the True Life that will endure and is life indeed?

"And He said, Young man, I say unto thee, arise. And he that was dead, sat up and began to speak."

There was sufficient force of Divine life in His voice to bring the human life to re-possess and re-animate the body.

We do something of this kind, in some small degree, in some lesser way, every time we stand by the bed of a sleeper and call him back to consciousness. The life in our voice, somehow touches the life of the soul in the motionless body, and brings it forth from its inward secret chambers. The roused sleeper sits up, and begins to speak. First the muscular system is re-occu-

plied, and then the brain is repossessed, and then full intelligence is again upon its throne. "Ah, it is you! And this is the day! The day so long looked forward to, dreaded or delighted in. The day of execution—the day of marriage—the day of journeying is indeed come at last!"

So in His higher way the commanding life of the Lord, coursed through the mystic avenues. His voice brought out and brought back the life of the young man, the life which had departed from the body, but that was not destroyed.

And now Christ is calling thousands of people to life in a high sense, far higher even than this. "The Son quickeneth whom He will." "He that is of the truth heareth My voice." "Verily I say unto you, Whosoever heareth My voice, and believeth in Him who sent Me, hath everlasting life, and shall not come into condemnation; but is passed from death unto life." "Is passed," now and here under the power of that word, challenging the deeper life, and bringing it out into consciousness and activity. Hearing Him, and believing in God, we have the true life which Time cannot touch—which Death cannot destroy.

4. *Against Death the irresponsible dissolver of families let us place Christ as the invincible re-uniter of families.*—"He began to speak." What did he say? At first he was probably startled and surprised. "Where am I? What are you doing with me? Why, mother, how you have been crying! And we are out in the fields! And our friends and this funeral, what are they doing with us!" And then, as he became more collected, and saw Christ, and came under the spell of His radiant majesty—lowering his tones in awe—"Who is this!" We are not told what He said. But in this beautiful reticence, what we do know is this—all speaking was instantly brought to an end. "He delivered him to his mother." And they went away together, side by side, to the old home, and then they entered and closed the door; and sat down and saw it was all real. Son and mother together once more. Son and mother touched now with a deeper sense than ever of their true relationship to one another and of the new claim of Christ as a supernatural benefactor.

This is part of Christ's redeeming work here on earth. He reunites the members of our families in mutual confidence and love. He sets the parents to a life of true care for the children. He sets the children to a life of true obedience to the parents; and sets both parents and children to a life of true gratitude and confidence in Him.

And then, presently, what will Heaven be but a vast assembling of the scattered members of one united family? "Many will come from the east and the west, and the north and the south, and sit down with Abraham, and Isaac, and Jacob, in the Kingdom of Heaven." One family purged at length from all personal pride and folly; from all national misunderstandings, disagreements and disputes. What a meeting, what a greeting will be there!

Children delivered to their parents. Parents freed from all causes of tears. Death defeated and dismissed for ever. And *One*, to whom all turn as the supreme Conqueror, who has at last given them the victory. ALFRED NORRIS.

Things New and Old.

SUPERSTITION *v.* DISEASE.—The belief in witches still holds sway over the minds of the Devonshire people. They have unbounded faith in charms and spells. I remember once to have had a conversation with Hannington on the subject of the supposed miracles at Knock, Lourdes, and other places. Whatever might be the source of the alleged healings, he warned me against summarily concluding that no cures had taken place. He said that he had himself seen the strangest cures effected in Africa by medicine men with their fetish; cures of which, to an impartial beholder, there could be little doubt. He then narrated some remarkable cases of persons who had, under his own observation, been healed by recourse to men or women who were supposed to be endowed with the power to "bless." He was of opinion that certain diseases—in fact, all those diseases which were directly or indirectly nervous—might, in certain cases be healed by a strong faith in anything.—*Bishop Hannington's Life.*

SMALL BEGINNINGS.—The late Bishop Hannington once took part in a very remarkable work which is carried on by the railway men at the Derby station. He says: "I went to the Midland Railway breakfast-room, where about a hundred men meet and listen to an address from a specially-invited preacher every morning, while they consume their breakfasts. A short time ago the Bishop of London spoke to them. This gathering originated in a half-witted man who used to read his Bible at meal-time, and was badly treated in consequence by the other men. He went apart into a corner by himself and was presently joined by another. They both of them got so persecuted that somebody spoke to the officials, and they gave them a small shed. This has now grown into the present meeting of about a hundred strong. I came in and asked if I might be a listener. The foreman said, 'We have been disappointed in our man, will you speak to us?' I had not come prepared, but the Lord helped me, and they immediately begged me to come again."—*Bishop Hannington's Life.*

A YACHT ADVENTURE IN 1867.—The party spent a week in St. Petersburg and Moscow, keenly entering into the delights of everything that was going in the way of entertainment, and towards the end of July set their faces again homeward. An incident which throws light upon Hannington's character occurred on the return voyage. The elder brother, who was in command of the expedition, having been recalled home by domestic affairs which required his presence, the leadership fell to James. He at once took the reins, and held them with no uncertain hand. He writes: "The men have of late been very disorderly, and getting worse, so, on my assuming command, I instantly gave them my mind on the subject, and told them that, in the future, any man breaking leave would be discharged. The first to do so, as it happened, was the captain, who remained ashore, and, by his own confession, helplessly drunk." The captain had no doubt that he would be able to make it all right with the young commander. But he reckoned without his host. Discipline was at stake. Hannington felt that now or never was the time to assert his authority, and, in such circumstances, he was not accustomed to hesitate for a moment. To the astonishment of the whole crew, and not less so of the culprit himself, the captain was there and then sent ashore with all his belongings. After this dreadful example the crew gave no more trouble.—*Bishop Hannington's Life.*

HEART'S-EASE.

CHAPTER VI.

COLONEL SEYMOUR listened with great interest to the story Ethel had to tell him. In some measure, he felt himself responsible for all who lived within reasonable distance of his house, which was the principal residence in the district.

He felt that he had not taken quite so much notice of the villagers since his wife's death, but the world was so changed for him by that sad event that he was never so light of heart—or more correctly, let me say, less heavy of heart, than when he was away from Holmsdale, the place of all others that revived his grief, and brought back with painful vividness, the few happy years which he spent there with his young and beautiful wife.

Ethel, all unconsciously, was filling her father's mind with new and somewhat painful thoughts, and she looked up at him once or twice with curious questionings in her eyes, as she noticed the effect her words had upon him.

"Are you not pleased with me, papa?" she asked at length, as she stopped abruptly in her story, much of which, by the way, her father had not heard. "Do you think I did wrong in going into the cottage?"

"By no means, darling. It was both wise and kind of you to do so. We should be glad of the opportunity of doing, or saying a kind thing, especially to any one in such distress as that poor girl."

"But you look as though my story wasn't what you liked," said Ethel, somewhat at a loss for words to express quite what she meant.

"Do I, darling?" and the fine military face was turned to her with a strange tenderness expressed in it. "No, my child. It is not that I dislike the story, but that it recalls other things, and other days, and they make me sad."

"I shall not say another word, then," she exclaimed decidedly. "I do not want you to be sad. I thought you would be pleased with my story. You always tell me that you like to listen to my 'chatter,' as you call it."

A smile broke over the Colonel's face, such as you may often have noticed, as the sun breaks through a bank of cloud, and lights up all the landscape. "Yes," he said, pleased at her words, "I do like to listen to your chatter, and never more so than now, for there is real interest in it. I should be content to leave my little girl, and go away to that other home where your darling mother is, if I knew that she was a useful woman. There can be no happiness in life apart from usefulness, Ethel, and I hope that this may be the beginning of a happy life of service for God, and your fellow-creatures."

"You will make me cry if you talk of leaving me, like that," she said with sudden alarm. "I *won't* be left alone with aunty, it would break my heart." And already the tears were gathering in her eyes.

"Hush! my child. Do not let me hear you speak like that again. We are in God's hands, you, and I, and aunty, and there must be no such words as 'won't.' But I was wrong to speak my thoughts aloud. Please God, darling, you and I will be spared for many years together, and I may be spared to see you a useful woman like your dear mother."

"Oh! I should so wish to be just like her. You tell me I am," she said eagerly.

"Yes, Ethel, you are. That is, you are like her—very like her—in face and figure."

"But not like her in my mind, I suppose? She was not foolish as I am, and wicked, sometimes. But, perhaps, God will make me like her in that way, too, if I ask Him," she said, with sudden hopefulness.

"God will make you a good woman, as well as a good girl, if you ask Him. He promises to give His Holy Spirit to all who desire and ask for it, and it is the Holy Spirit who leads us to God."

"That is just what Aunt Regina told me, papa."

"That is just what the word of God tells us all, my child. I have to learn that lesson, and your aunt has to learn it, and so have all who wish to know God, and to serve Him. Your darling mother learned it, and it taught her to love and serve God as long as she lived. And she was always happy. Even when God sent for her to take her home, very suddenly and painfully, as it seemed to every one, she was quite prepared to go, even though she left so many loved ones behind. Almost her last words were, 'He knows what is best.' With those words on her lips she went away from us, and with those words in my heart, I have tried to live ever since."

There was a solemn silence for some few minutes after this. To Ethel her father's words were almost like lifting the curtain from some picture that has stood with its covering over it for many years. She knew so little about her mother's last illness that she could not but feel awed and sobered by what she had just heard. She had always loved and cherished her mother's memory, but her heart swelled up now with a deeper love than ever before, and her prayer was that she might be like her, and worthy to be numbered among the followers of Him whom her mother served.

Very little more was said between them until they reached the cottage where the sick girl lived. The window was now closed, for the sun had ceased to shine upon the front of the house, and was already slanting towards the west. In response to Colonel Seymour's knock, a tall, respectable woman appeared at the door, and on seeing who it was that stood there she made a low curtsey.

"We have come to inquire after your daughter, Mrs. Weston. I am Colonel Seymour," the Colonel said.

"You do me a great honour, sir. Will you be pleased to walk in?"

They entered the only living room, in which Ethel had been that morning, and found the sick girl still propped up with pillows, but looking more cheerful as they approached.

"I have not forgotten my promise, you see," Ethel said, going over to her, and taking her wasted hand.

"Oh, I knew you would not, miss!" the girl answered, with a bright smile.

"I want papa to see pussy. Where is dear pussy?" she went on, looking round for the ball of white fur, which she presently discovered in a corner, not very far from the sick girl's chair.

Of course Colonel Seymour expressed himself greatly pleased to make pussy's acquaintance, although he found her disposed to mark the introduction by her sharp little claws, for, when he put his hand near her, she playfully scratched him, much to Ethel's delight. This little incident put them all more at ease than they might have otherwise been. Mrs. Weston was a woman who had seen much trouble, and not very much sympathy. Living so far as she did from any town, and dependent on her labour for her own support and that of her sick child, she had been shut up with her sorrow, and had grown not to care to talk much about it to strangers.

She had received many kindnesses from the Colonel's family in days gone by, but since Mrs. Seymour's death, and the constant absence of the family in London and abroad, she had seen very little of them.

"I remember your face, Mrs. Weston," the Colonel said, in his kindest manner. "My dear wife took a great interest in you, I remember."

"She was very kind to me and mine, sir, when we sadly needed help and kindness. My husband died soon after your lady. He had the same complaint as my poor Ethel," —pointing to the sick girl.

"How strange!" he exclaimed. "Why, your daughter bears the same name as mine. She is Ethel too!"

"My husband would have the child christened after your sweet babe, Colonel. He thought she must grow up good and wise, if she knew that she had the same name as the young lady at the big house. But that's many years ago now, sir. She has lived to be good and wise, and I must not doubt God's goodness, even though I must prepare to lose her. She is my only child." And Mrs. Weston's eyes began to fill at the thought of her impending loss.

"Can nothing be done?" the Colonel asked, in a low whisper. "I hardly like discussing the matter before your daughter; but is there no chance? What do the doctors say?"

Mrs. Weston shook her head. "They say she might have been cured years ago, if she had had change of climate; but it was only 'might,' sir, at the best. The child is going just as her father went. But, thank God, she is quite ready to go. Her heart was given to Him years ago."

Meanwhile Ethel—the two Ethels—were talking very earnestly together, and the Colonel could hear snatches of what they were saying. He heard his Ethel say—

"I was very glad you said what you did to me this morning. You remember you told me you never kept anything from your mother. Well, it was that that made me so uncomfortable about telling Aunt Regina an untruth. I didn't want her to know I had torn my dress."

"But you would never tell an untruth to your aunt, miss?" the girl said.

"But I did," Ethel replied sorrowfully. "I was very wicked, I know; but I thought, as she wasn't my mother, that it didn't make so much matter. I am not so wicked now, though," she went on, as she looked at her friend, and smiled. The other Ethel smiled too. Suffering had made her much older both in appearance and in manner than her young visitor, who preserved, in an unusual degree, the simplicity of a child; and the confident way in which she said that she was not so wicked now, caused the sick girl to wonder what she could mean by it. "I told Aunt Regina all about it, and I asked God to forgive me, for that and all my sins. Papa knows all about it too; but I'm glad, for I feel ever so much happier, now it is all over."

"I'm sure you must, miss. We ought never to keep any secrets from our parents, or from God," she added reverently

"I hope I shall never be so wicked again," said Ethel, "for I did feel miserable. All wicked people must be unhappy, I feel sure," she said, in a sorrowful tone.

"They must, miss, for we can only be really and truly happy, if we are trusting and obeying our Heavenly Father; and wicked people, who care nothing about Him, cannot be happy."

"I wish I could love Him better than I do. It seems to me that my heart is very hard sometimes. Could you tell me what I am to do, namesake?"

"Namesake" smiled pleasantly, as she answered: "There is only one thing you can do, miss, and that is to ask God to make your heart soft. You know He has promised to take away our hard hearts and give us soft ones. Mine was very hard; but I don't think it is so now. I hope it is not. I love God, and would serve Him if I could; but I am not likely to be of any help to any one whilst I am like this." And her pale face flushed for a moment, as though her weakness had surprised her into saying something that was almost like an act of rebellion against her Heavenly Father's dealing with her.

"Oh, but you must not talk like that, namesake! Remember how much use you were to me. You certainly helped me by what you said to-day, and I shall never forget it. Do you know, when I went home, and was telling Aunt Regina about my walk and deceiving her, your words would keep sounding in my ears. I could not keep them out of my head. They were just as if they insisted on being heard, and they seemed to be saying to me: 'Ethel, you are doing wrong, and you know it. You know you are, Ethel. You should never keep anything from your mother, and Aunt Regina is in the place of a mother to you.'" Then she added, with more serious manner: "And then the thought came into my mind, that in keeping it from Aunt Regina it was like keeping it from my own darling mother, who, perhaps, knew all about what had happened, and knew that I was not telling the truth."

SCRIPTURE ENIGMA.

NO. II.

Over what heathen land did Balak reign
When Balaam's curses were desired in vain?
Father of one Jehovah called His friend?
What mountain top did God's high priest ascend?
The second son of one who walked with God?
A plain through which a new-made monarch trod?
After the Lord had fiery serpents sent,
What spot was that to which the people went?
A refuge-city in the tribe of God?
Whose early death first made a mother sad?
One of two princes slain by Gideon's hand?
Assyria's town where dwelt an exiled band?
Who sought and then forsook old men's advice?
Father of him who blessed the Hebrews thrice?
When going south, what plain did Abram pass?
And where did Moses lead his flock to grass?
Where Paul a prisoner dwells "bound with this chain"?
Whose longing eyes chose Jordan's fruitful plain?
The mount from whence the curse of God was read?
Who did King David first expect to wed?
A town which close to Ezion-geber lies?
Father of children three, who all were wise?
One of the wives returning Jacob brought?
Father of those from whom a field he bought?
Where did the people "wait for good" with care?
The town God says He gives for Moab's share?

One name from out the twelve apostles choose,
Longest of all, and then its letters use
To spell these answers; you will need no more
Than these eleven for all the twenty-four. L. T.

THE SUNDAY AT HOME

O DAY MOST CALM, MOST BRIGHT! . . .
THE WEEK WERE DARK BUT FOR THY LIGHT.—*Herbert.*

THE COLPORTEUR'S PLACE IN HISTORY.

After the picture by C. R. Leslie, R.A.] [*At South Kensington.*

THE PEDLER IN THE SIXTEENTH CENTURY.

A WRITER in the "Nineteenth Century" says, "The chief difficulty about literature for the working classes, is to reach them." If the literature were lying on their table, they would often read, but they seldom sally forth into the highways and by-ways of the literary world to discover what they shall purchase. "The working classes," he says, further on, "read the Sunday newspaper as largely as they do because it is left at their door." And he suggests that what religious organisations have done in the way of the distribution of tracts, might be done in order to distribute other works of a wholesome character and an abiding interest. Here is a call for the work of the colporteur, or book-pedler; and it may help those who wish, for one reason or another, to

use this form of disseminating their ideas if we glance at the work of the colporteur in the past and present. "Colporteur," in England, as well as in France, is the accepted word for one who goes about the country selling books or other publications. Book pedler, or book hawker, might have been used, but it is a moot point which would have been best. In legal documents, "pedlers and hawkers" are always classed together; they are, however, clearly distinguishable. A pedler, strictly speaking, is one who travels on foot selling petty wares, while a hawker may possess a cart or waggon. This difference, clearly marked in the present usage of the words, is not so clear in their etymology.

"Pedler," some think, comes from *Ped*, a Suffolk word for a basket, because pedlers often carry one; another derivation suggested is *pedularius*, a socksman; a third, *petit* (French), because the pedler sold little wares; and this last would probably have had the sanction of Dr. Johnson. The most probable derivation however seems to be the French *pied*, or the Italian *piede*, afoot; and a correspondent in 'Notes and Queries' suggests that the word "*pedler*" is directly taken from one or other of the expressions: *a piede dall' érta*, on foot from the mountain; or *a piede all' érta*, on foot, on the look out. The Italians were, as we know, the leaders in commercial enterprise in the Middle Ages, and it is probable that the first pedlers known in France and England were Savoyards, or Northern Italians. That "pedler" in any case came to us from France is favoured by the phrase "Pedler's French," which may thus have got its meaning of *Jargon*.

"Hawker," it is suggested, comes from "hawk," because, like that bird, the hawker goes to and fro, rambling backwards and forwards from place to place, or travelling continually in a circle. Hawker, however, is clearly a Teutonic word, and may be derived as others think from the German *Hocken*, in the sense of carrying a burden on one's back. If this were certain, "hawker" would, etymologically, be a good translation for Colporteur, which is derived from the Latin *collo portare*, to carry on the neck. Others, again, derive it from the German *Auchen*, to increase, because the hawker sells for more than the first vendors; in which case hawker and auctioneer would, we suppose, be distant relatives. Richardson makes hawker descend from the same progenitor as huckster, which Junius says is from an old Dutch word—*hoecken*, a retailer, derived from hoeck, a hook, because they endeavoured to hook or draw in strangers. Whatever the etymology, hawker is precluded from being the translation of colporteur by its long-established usage to represent one who goes about selling goods in some conveyance with the words "licensed hawker" painted on a conspicuous part.

Colporteur is consequently best represented by the pedler who is himself the bearer of his wares—

> But all as a poore pedler he did wend,
> Bearing a trusse of trifles at his backe,
> As bells and babes and glasses in his packe.
> *Shepherd's Calender* (June).

One of the Roxburghe Collection of Ballads, entitled "The Sorrowful Lamentation of the Pedlers and Petty Chapmen for the Hardness of the Times and the Decay of Trade," shows, in fact, the exact similitude of the two words pedler and colporteur, since the woodcut of the pedler which accompanies it, represents him with this burden absolutely on his neck. He is evidently a dealer in rabbits, and this carries us back to the fourteenth century, when, according to the author of Piers Plowman, a distinguishing feature of the pedler was his skill in skinning cats.

This combination in the pedler's trade is disagreeably suggestive. It is to be hoped that our forefathers did not buy their rabbits skinless, but that the good wife saw that operation performed, especially if pedlers were often of the Autolycus type, who, "having flown over many knavish professions, settled only in rogue."

Unfortunately, society in all ages and in nearly every land has been so constituted that he who wishes to reform it has been obliged to allow himself to be numbered with such. Thus the early Reformers made much use of this means of propagating their doctrine.

Reinerius Sacco, a Romanist and an Inquisitor, who had once been a Vaudois or a Waldensian Christian, says in a book against his former co-religionists: "These Heretics are full of artful devices to obtain familiar access to the noble and the great and thus do they proceed: they exhibit to gentlemen and ladies some kind or other of tempting ware, such as rings or shawls for sale. When these are sold, if they ask him: Have you any thing else to sell? He replies, I have more precious gems than these, which I will shew you, if you will promise not to betray me to the clergy. Security being promised, he says: I have a gem so brilliant, that by it a man may know God. I have another, which shines so, that it kindles the love of God in the heart of its possessor. And so of others calling them metaphorically, gems. After that he recites some devout chapter, as that of Luke i. or one of the Lord's discourses, and then when he has begun to interest his hearer, he adds, Matt. xxiii. or Mark xii. Asked of whom these imprecations are to be understood he replies of the clergy and monks." He then begins to enlarge on the contrast between the state of the Roman Catholic Church and that of the Vaudois, illustrating every point from the Word of God, and calling upon his hearers to consider which state and which faith is the more perfect one, and to choose that.

The value of this method of disseminating the Scriptures and other publications was thus fully understood by the Reformers of the sixteenth century, and gave an immense impulse to the Reformation.

In 1518, the presses in Germany connected with the effort of which Luther was the most famous champion sent forth seventy-one different works; in 1519, a hundred and eleven; in 1520, two hundred and eight; in 1521, two hundred and eleven; in 1522, three hundred and forty-seven; and in 1523, four hundred and ninety-eight. In this last year the whole of the Catholic publications in Germany amounted only to twenty. In vain

did the Emperor and the princes issue severe edicts against the writings of the Reformers. A vast number of bold colporteurs carried them all over Germany, visiting the remote hamlets and the isolated huts, and so spreading the sacred fire in all directions. These colporteurs were mostly monks, who, too ignorant to preach themselves, adopted this work as the one to which they were most fitted. Well might Luther say in 1518, "My little books and my *Resolutions* went or rather *flew* in a few days over Europe."

The same work went on in France under the leadership of Farel and Calvin. The presses of Geneva, Lausanne and Neuchâtel poured forth religious works, which an army of devoted men, staff in hand and basket on back, carried by the by-ways, across ravines, down into the most hidden recesses of the country. Young, buoyant, adventurous, they travelled in the spirit of the song Shakespeare puts into the mouth of an English pedler:

> Jog on, jog on, the footpath way
> And merrily beat the stile—a:
> A merry heart goes all the day,
> Your sad tires in a mile—a.

At the top of their packs were all kinds of trinkets for ladies, with stuffs for dresses hiding the real wares below—Bibles, Testaments, and religious books, which were only produced when they became tolerably sure of the good faith of the purchasers. It was, however, a hazardous business, and many of these humble colporteurs went to the scaffold or the stake. Such an one was Pierre Chabot, who, in 1546, was detected by a spy of the Sorbonne and arrested. Brought before the *chambre ardente* at Paris, his gentle air and modest demeanour, combined with the bold manner in which he constantly appealed to the Scriptures, moved the hearts of his judges, some of whom would have allowed him to go free altogether, but the majority restrained their leniency to a remission of the cutting out of his tongue, giving him only the rack and the stake. Broken to pieces by the former punishment, he was supported in the cart by two men, yet he had enough life left in him to preach to the people on the road and to repeat a portion of the Creed. Urged to utter an *Ave Maria*, he steadily refused to say any other prayer than "Jesus, Son of David, have mercy on me!" The Sorbonnists saw clearly that leniency would not do with such determined heretics, and got the Parliament to decide that their tongues should be cut out, without exception.

The success of the colporteur system of propagating reform doctrine depended much on the degree to which the people connived at it. That they did so is evident when we find books being sent into the country packed in barrels, so that there were depôts in various places where the colporteur could replenish his exhausted stock.

We come across no groans nor complaints from these enterprising apostles; on the contrary, we fully believe their lives were joyful, if not gay; very different to the poor seekers after gain, who, according to an old ballad of the year 1595, called "The Pedler's Prophecie," went groaning about England in this way:—

> O this packe, this packe,
> this heavy packe,
> It is so heavy, it hath almost
> broke my backe.

This dolorous ballad, sold by William Barley, at his shop in Gratious Street, was matched by the one already referred to: "The Sorrowful Lamentation, &c." The burden there is that "Trading is dead, and all the sweet, golden fair-days are fled." At the date of "The Pedler's Prophecie," pedlers were in bad repute with the authorities. There was in Edward the Sixth day something like a general conspiracy of the poor against the rich, and the pedler's bag as well as the tinker's budget and the glassman's basket proved receptacles for articles whose presence could only have been defended by a "sturdy rogue," such as I imagine the pedler rarely was. Thus this "sorrowful lamentation" deals in very humdrum sort of verses:—

> We travel all day through dirt, through mire,
> To fetch you fine laces and what you desire;
> The world is so hard that although we take pains
> When we look in our purses we find little gains.

Probably the English pedler has always seen things in the light of this last word. A "Pedler's song," arranged as a glee for three voices in 1667, and of which the words on no ascertainable foundation are attributed to Shakespeare, says:—

> From the far Lavinian shore,
> I your markets come to store,
> Muse not, though so far I dwell
> And my ware come here to sell
> Such is the sacred hunger for gold,
> Then come to my pack
> While I cry,
> What d' ye lack?
> What d' ye buy?
> For here it is to be sold.
>
> I have beauty, honour, grace,
> Fortune, favour, time and place,
> And what else thou would'st request,
> E'en the thing thou likest best;
> First let me have but a touch of your gold,
> Then come to me, lad,
> Thou shalt have
> What thy dad
> Never gave;
> For here it is to be sold.
>
> Madam, come, see what you lack,
> I've complexions in my pack,
> White and red you may have in this place
> To hide your old and wrinkled face.
> First, let me have a touch of your gold,
> Then you shall seem
> Like a girl of fifteen,
> Although you be threescore and ten years old.

According to the Penny Cyclopædia, laws affecting hawkers and pedlers were first made in the time of William III.; but the ballad entitled "The Sorrowful Lamentation," which, to judge from its woodcut, belongs to the time of James I., shows that the pedler even then required a

license. It stands to reason that the local retailers would be jealous of these itinerating traders; and we find them in France complaining of their competition, and asserting that they descended in the bad weather from the mountains of Switzerland, Savoy, and the Dauphiny (*a pièdc dall' erta*), paying no taxes, selling refuse articles at a low price, and, while they carried French money abroad, often left the country without paying their debts. Some of the Swiss pedlers were in a good way of business and took a considerable stock of goods about with them; in fact some went about with a waggon and a strong horse. Many seem to have been packmen travelling with a mule that carried the packs. "Every year," writes Madame de Lamartine, "the colporteurs announce autumn, and the itinerating draper is seen with his packs, his mule, and his hungry-looking dog." In the last century, some of these Swiss pedlers must have looked picturesque and imposing personages. Here is one from Switzerland in 1758, dressed in a coat and waistcoat of grey velvet, with brass buttons, leather breeches and shoes with brass buckles. In Paris, colportage of publications was strictly looked after, so that only 120 were allowed. Each wore a medal, which with his license and his knapsack were absolute essentials of his condition. However, as in most monopolies, curious people got the license, and still more curious were their ways. An innocent young man thinks it a calling in which he may get an honest living, but he finds he cannot sell his papers. A vagrant points out to him that he tells the public too much, whereas his companions artfully mislead their customers, exciting their curiosity by suggesting by their cries that the most outrageous and almost impossible things have occurred.

As far as the country was concerned, this strict supervision of the sale of newspapers was continuously broken. The Jansenists in 1728 established a publication called "Nouvelles Ecclésiastiques," which in spite of the police was kept up until the first year of the Revolution, 1790, a space of eighty-two years. The press was set up in a boat, and distributed through the country by a method, which, printed on a card, was the only ornament which adorned the Jacobin club when it opened in 1791. It would be interesting to know what that method was; but we cannot doubt that it was a sort of colportage, as under the subsequent Revolution the pedler was freed from all bonds whatsoever, probably out of gratitude for the important work he had done in bringing it about. The colporteurs' business in Paris at once developed immensely. Six thousand men, women, and children were in the streets, shouting the titles of the innumerable journals and pamphlets which now began to stream from the press. "Every hour," writes one, "produces its pamphlet; thirteen came out to-day, sixteen yesterday, and ninety-two last week." Under the Consulate certain restrictions were imposed, and they continued in force during the First Empire, and under the Bourbons and Louis Philippe. The Law of 1833 organising primary instruction in France aroused, as was the case in England about the same time, a great desire to distribute knowledge among the people. Towards the end of the Orleans Monarchy, 3,500 colporteurs, distributing a stock of nine millions of volumes, were travelling about in all parts of France. To a great extent they were divided and organised into brigades, under about 300 different booksellers, who supplied them with cheap publications which they obtained at Paris, Rouen, Limoges, Épinal, and Tours. Colportage at the same period was much used in distributing copies of the Scriptures in France, so that the priests were reported as saying: "It is a deplorable state for our poor France; since the freedom of the press these miserable colporteurs go everywhere, and everything is destroyed. In fifty years, if the good Providence of God does not come to our assistance, our religion in this kingdom will be in a deplorable state."

The second Republic, following the traditions of the first, removed all restrictions from the colporteurs' trade; but the reaction against liberty was coming, and the Assembly of 1849 once more put the colporteur into fetters, which were rendered tighter still after the Coup d'État of 1851. The object was evidently to prevent the spread throughout the country of facts and doctrines inimical to the Empire. We have not the means for ascertaining how far the arrangements for suppressing the colporteurs succeeded; but from their elaboration, and from the rank of the persons who were put on the Commission to superintend the matter, it is clear the propaganda carried on by colportage had been most powerful and effective. This Commission, on which not a single ecclesiastic of any religion whatsoever sat, had almost the authority of the Inquisition. No publication could be hawked through the country unless it had first been examined by the permanent Commission, and each copy stamped with its imprimatur. Every colporteur had to have a special permission to exercise his trade, revocable in case of abuse; and to obtain this permission, he had to deliver to the prefect a number of documents, which would prevent any but safe men from going about the country. The Commissioners talked much of respect for the human conscience and society, but their standard permitted the circulation of the works of Voltaire, while it could hardly have failed to proscribe those of De Lamennais.

In the British Isles and in the United States colportage has been much used as a means of disseminating religious publications. The American Tract Society issued a report in 1843, in which it is stated that the colportage system is the great means of touching the mass of foreign immigrants into America, and the mass of the population in the West. The same was thought in Ireland during the early part of this century. Book pedlers went about the country selling travels, books on natural history, voyages, stories about shipwrecks, or extracts from the Bible. All were carefully selected, each volume being sold, bound in leather at seven pence, or in stiff covers at five pence, and some few as low as three pence.

"THE GLORY THAT SHALL BE REVEALED"

The first faint promise of the Spring awaking
God's tender kindness to His land makes known:
By every snowdrop, through the drifts upbreaking
His faithfulness is shown.

His word can reach the innermost enfolding
Of leaf and flower which winter storms sweep by;
For Him the birds make melody, beholding
Their time of bliss draw nigh.

So, Lord as Thou dost comfort Thy waste places,
And clothe the earth with beauty from above,
Pour on our souls so bare of heavenly graces
The springtide of Thy love.

Break up the secret frosts that bind and harden,
Give quickening showers, and sunlight full & free,
Till life shall be a fair and watered garden,
And fruitful, Lord, for Thee.

(Mary Rowles.)

ALF COOKE, QUEENS PRINTER, LEEDS.

We have seen that colportage is quite a traditional institution. During the last eighteen years it has been worked in a new form. In 1869, two evangelists started with a Bible carriage, belonging to the Committee of the Bible-stand at the Crystal Palace, from Bourges, in the centre of France, intending to visit the small fairs—of which there are about 1,600—throughout France. The zealous French evangelist F. Pointet still travels about with this carriage; and, according to the last report (1885), had recently completed a long tour of sixteen months' continual travelling, in which he had crossed France from the extreme south-west to the north-east, and then through the eastern and southern departments back again into Italy. During 1885 he sold 6,867 Bibles and New Testaments, and distributed 51,500 Gospels.

In other continental countries colportage is much more difficult. Thus in Austria the restrictions imposed are so numerous as to render it almost prohibitive. Like every other good work, it can only prosper in an atmosphere of liberty. When by the expulsion of Queen Isabella in 1868 Spain was for two years actually a Republic, the Scriptures were freely disseminated over that priest-ridden land.

It is not pretended that the labours of the colporteur produce immediate and startling effects, but it is a form of seed-sowing which can scarcely fail to produce a certain crop. And the work itself to one rightly understanding its advantages is evidently educational, if not inspiring, as any one will admit after reading the admirable picture Wordsworth has drawn of a pedler in his poem, *The Excursion:*

> An irksome drudgery seems it to plod on,
> Through hot and dusty ways, or pelting storm,
> A vagrant merchant under a heavy load,
> Bent as he moves, and needing frequent rests;
> Yet do such travellers find their own delight;
> They wander far; much do they see of men,
> Their manners, their enjoyments, and pursuits,
> Their passions and their feelings; chiefly those
> Essential and eternal in the heart,
> That 'mid the simpler forms of rural life
> Exist more simple in their elements,
> And speak a plainer language.

Passing the better portion of their time in the open air and in the midst of the peace and liberty of nature, unvexed and unwarped by any kind of bondage, living for the moral and the intellectual improvement of the race, they could not fail to grow in sympathy with Man, to become alive to all that was enjoyed, and all that was endured. Wheresoever they went, they would learn to take large views of things as they observed the progress and decay of mind and body in the men they met from time to time, and to observe

> The history of many families;
> How they have prospered; how they are o'erthrown
> By passion or mischance, or such misrule
> Among the unthinking masters of the earth
> As makes the nations groan.

It would be difficult indeed to imagine a calling which would better help a man to realise the highest aim of ancient philosophy: "*Mens sana in corpore sano.*"

> Vigorous in health, of hopeful spirits, undamped
> By worldly-mindedness or anxious care;
> Observant, studious, thoughtful and refreshed
> By knowledge gathered up from day to day;
> Thus might be lived a long and useful life.

R. HEATH.

THE GOING-TO-DO FAMILY.

BY RUTH LAMB.

PROBABLY there is no family so numerous as the Going-to-do's. Its members are to be met with everywhere, and the persons who are not acquainted with some of them are few and far between. Happy is the house-mother who neither springs from the ancient stock of the Going-to-do's, nor harbours one of them beneath her roof-tree.

When we call over memory's muster-roll of the world's workers, heroes, discoverers, or inventors, we never by any chance find a Going-to-do in the list; yet probably every single member of the family has in his day resolved to take a high place there.

It has been equally the misfortune of one and all to be ever planning, never executing; always resolving, yet ever adding to that pavement which is said to be laid with good intentions—unfulfilled.

The Going-to-do's are endless talkers, and like nothing better than to get hold of good listeners to whom they may expatiate respecting their various schemes for astonishing and benefiting the world. They may be compared to an archer who bids you watch the course of the arrow which he will let fly presently, and which is certain to reach a height or travel a distance never before attained by such a shaft.

The Going-to-do's always profess to aim at something far beyond what has been hitherto achieved by their neighbours. But, somehow, just as a bow-string will become slack if strained too long, and the arrow drop harmlessly to the ground, so do the dreams of fame indulged in by the Going-to-do's remain unfulfilled to the end of their life's chapter.

Socially speaking, the members of this family are usually pleasant people to know. They are so hopeful and enthusiastic, so certain of success, that their buoyant spirits prove infectious and

act upon their neighbours like a mental tonic. The real worker who talks little about his plans but puts them into practice, is not always of a hopeful temperament. Even when he feels that the work is good and for the good of others, he is often weighed down by doubts and fears. He recalls to mind the fate of many an inventor before his day, who has given a lifetime of thought and labour, but who, when success has crowned his efforts, has been called from the scene of them. Fame has come when age has dimmed the eye and unnerved the hand and the toiler can no longer rejoice in it. Or others have reaped the reward; mankind has enjoyed the results of a hard-working, unrequited life of labour, and the name of him who conferred the benefit is soon forgotten.

The thinker and toiler of to-day remembers the discouragements and disappointments of his brother worker of yesterday, and hardly dares to hope for immediate success and recognition or enduring fame.

The Going-to-do, on the contrary, knows no such fears or forebodings. He is always buoyant, always going to succeed. His plan of last year may have vanished like the winter's snow; his resolutions have proved as fruitless as a withered tree that will never again put forth leaves. But he has new plans, new resolutions, new hopes—he would call these "certainties"; and sometimes his very confidence cheers a desponding neighbour into thinking that the future may have some brightness for him, if one possessing so little foundation for his expectations can see nothing but success and sunshine in the distance.

If, however, the Going-to-do's are often amiable, they are always to a great extent mischievous. The harm they do by leaving undone is simply incalculable.

An active evil-doer often so shocks those who witness his openly wicked life, that they shrink with horror from the bare thought of imitating it. On the other hand, the geniality and enthusiasm of the Going-to-do often prove irresistibly attractive to other people of sanguine temperament, and the plague spreads. The number of useless lives is multiplied and the family increases.

It may be as well to sketch the lives of a few of the Going-to-do's, as there are plenty of these to choose from.

There is Dick, for instance, a middle-aged man now; but when I first knew him, a pretty boy of nine, and one of the pleasantest-tempered children imaginable.

He was the child amongst several grown-up brothers and sisters, the youngest of whom was at least ten years his senior. Death had made a wide gap between these two, and the little fellow came in for a large heritage of love in consequence. He was watched, cared for, shielded, petted, just a little too much for his own good.

His early lessons were made as easy as possible for him by the joint efforts of his mother and sister, and Dick's road to learning was the nearest approach to a royal one that love could contrive and maintain.

As the boy grew older he was expected to put forth his own powers. Mother and sister began to doubt whether it was true wisdom to make things so easy for him; and when he came for help, replied, "No, Dick, you must begin to work in earnest. You never set yourself to do anything single-handed. Do your best to master your lessons, and then come for help, if you really need it."

Dick was a thorough Going-to-do. His patience was soon exhausted, his efforts hardly worth the name; and, like all the family, he was fertile in excuses for putting off even the beginning of anything requiring effort. He would enter the room with a smiling face and kiss his parents most affectionately an hour before bedtime—then say good-night.

"But, Dick, are the lessons learned? Why do you wish to go to bed so soon?" would be his mother's question. "I have a headache, mother. I have been grinding over the books for ever so long, but I am feeling too stupid to do any good. I have asked to be called early, and shall feel bright and fresh, and do my work twice as well after a good sleep."

"Mind you do get up. You are always going to rise early and coming down late," said his mother.

Dick promised, and retired, but not to bed. The weather was warm, the evening light, and he had resources in his room for passing a pleasant hour. He went to rest later than usual, and, despite frequent summonses, rose just in time to scramble through breakfast and be the last at school. His mother for once refused to send a written excuse; the master was a man of his word and declined to receive a verbal one, so Dick paid the penalty due for unprepared lessons.

The days were very much alike as to scholastic results; but Dick could not help a feeling of shame when the report arrived at the end of the term, and he saw his father's sorrowful looks and his mother's tears. He was affectionate after his thoughtless fashion, and he twined his arms round her neck and whispered what he was going to do next term.

He looked very winsome—and he was the Benjamin of the household—slight and delicately built.

The mother thought of the gap in the family ranks and of the graves in the churchyard, and that perhaps Dick was not very strong. So she and his father admonished him tenderly, and the lad listened, promised, and even got to drawing pictures of all he was going to do, and was as cheerful as if the work were accomplished, even winning his parents to hopefulness by the infectiousness of his own. Finally he retired, feeling that he was uncommonly well over this affair, and that, with the long vacation before him, he might prepare to enjoy himself.

His career can only be given in outline. Removed from school to school—boarded, that he might be under the eye of the principal; next relegated to the care of a gentleman who received two or three backward boys on high terms, and boasted that he had never failed to bring them forward. Dick proved the one heart-breaking

exception, and he left his tutor with the merest smattering of learning.

Having to decide on an occupation, he resolved to be a farmer. "Nothing like a country life," he said to his mother. "When I am settled down, you and father can come and stay with me away from city smoke. How jolly it will be!"

Seeing Dick was no student it seemed the best choice to make, and he was placed as the pupil of a nobleman's steward, and a fine farmer. But Dick had pictured farming as riding on a good horse and looking at other people working, and never dreamed of office work, study, and scientific calculations. So after three years of "knocking about" in a desultory way, he resolved to emigrate.

"The old country is used up," he wrote. "Nothing like new ground for young men—less science and more work."

Away he went across the Atlantic, as buoyant as the waves that bore him. His first letter was most cheery. Country delightful; scenery glorious; people hospitable and kind. Canada was the place of all the world to come to.

Then two months and no news. Dick was always going to write, and keeping his friends in cruel suspense because he never noticed the lapse of time. A second letter expressed only disgust at his new surroundings.

"One does not at first realise the state of things here," he wrote. "Rough and ready; Jack as good as his master." This last should have been in Dick's favour, seeing he was to begin in Jack's position. "I am going to leave off farming and try something else."

He had left it when he wrote, and gone to "show off" organs at a city exhibition. Dick had a fine musical ear, and might have made a musician; but as he was always going to practice, he never got beyond a little showy strumming.

Dick further stated: "I shall learn the tuning business, and shall then make ten to twenty dollars a week."

The dollars evidently did not come in fast enough to prevent Dick from sending for money, and for three years he tried something new about every month, and was at length reduced to depend upon the charity of a gentleman who had once known his father, and who sheltered him until a last remittance came to pay his passage back to England.

Many years have passed since his return, and Dick has always been going to do great things, and has done many foolish ones, amongst them marrying unknown to his parents and without the means of keeping himself or a wife.

The Going-to-do's, it may be observed, are often prompt enough in carrying out a particularly rash and foolish resolution. Dick has worn out everybody's patience, and now subsists on a little allowance paid him through an agent, to spare the parents whom he has so sorely tried.

There was another Going-to-do of my acquaintance who went into the office of his bachelor uncle, a lawyer, with the certainty of a partnership when he had served his articles, and succession to the practice. He had just got his right to practice when the uncle died and left him at the head of affairs, and with a capital of thirty thousand pounds absolutely his own.

When I knew this man, he was station-master at a little wayside station, with house, firing and lamps found him, twenty-five shillings a week, and a wife and eight children. His eldest lad, sixteen years of age, was acting as porter, and thus adding a little to the family income. They had absolutely nothing else—not a five-pound note left out of the thirty thousand pounds and the fine practice built up by the dead uncle. By the way, they had something else—a notice to quit.

The man, big, strong-looking, but helpless, was a Going-to-do of the first water, and this fact had landed him where he was. His clients had entrusted business to him, and gone again to find things as they left them.

A will was perhaps to be drawn up, and instructions were given. A messenger would go post haste to the office, bidding the lawyer take it for the signature of a dying man. The will was just going to be drawn out, and before it was done the hand that was to give it value had lost its cunning.

An investment of his own was said to he shaky. Our lawyer was going to see about it. He put off from day to day, and the money was lost.

Notice was to be given to get rid of an objectionable tenant; but quarter-day slipped by whilst the master was going to tell his clerk to deliver it, and the angry landlord found himself powerless to obtain possession of his property for eighteen months to come.

So practice dwindled away, and the lawyer's money dwindled too—not from extravagance, but for want of active care; until he and his were landed at the wayside station, through the intercession of one who was sorry for the wife and children. Thither went also the going-to-do disposition, which brought down several reprimands on the master's head. Notice to quit came because a great quantity of grain had been spoiled for want of tarpaulin covers while standing in the waggons.

The covers were in the shed, the clouds hung low all the morning, and the station-master was for some hours just going to put them over the corn. Then down came a torrent of rain, the corn was drenched, the owner wrote to claim the value from the company, and our going-to-do received marching orders.

The wife, who had done all the indoor business, was frantically writing to interest friends on their behalf, and, poor soul! trying to find excuses for her husband.

The children were sadly thronging the little waiting-room, the only cheerful face being that of the baby.

"I say, ma'am," said a young countryman, after giving me a nudge with his elbow to call attention, and indicating with his thumb the seven human steps around us; "ain't this a warning?"

He meant the flock of children. So many for such a little place, as a warning to bachelors not to run headlong into matrimony. I felt that it was the father, not the children, who might be regarded as a warning against going-to-do.

What became of the family for the time I know not; but years after I saw husband and wife well dressed in deep mourning, though with little of grief in their faces. The wife's father had left them another fortune, and "tied it" to come to the children. Going-to-do's are generally better cared for than they deserve; but that does not lessen their individual responsibility.

It is Going-to-do fathers who neglect to make wills, and leave their money to flow into channels it was never meant to pass into, or to be wasted in litigation.

It is Going-to-do servants who set houses on fire, for want of using precautions within their reach.

Going-to-do mothers and nurses burn babies to death by leaving the fire-guard out of its place, or the lamp within reach of the tiny fingers. They leave washtubs full of suds in the house place, and kettles of boiling water on the hob, when there is no living creature near them except baby, that can just toddle. They are only going to hang out the clothes, or fetch some coal, and then going to empty the tub or wash up the dishes. They come back to find baby silent enough, head downwards in the suds, into which it has fallen through bending over to dabble in the pretty white froth. Or they are summoned by wild screams, and find that the tiny hand has been strong enough to pull down the boiling kettle.

Going-to-do tradesmen lose their business. Going-to-do messengers would ruin masters, only they generally lose place after place and are ruined themselves.

And, worst of all, those who are always going to attend to their temporal interests invariably neglect their spiritual ones. That which should be their great, their chief concern, is ever the matter of all others that is to be thought of in the future. Speak to a Going-to-do on this subject, remind him of the value of the soul, the shortness of life—of the death that must come to all, and the bliss or woe that must follow to every human being, our Going-to-do's face becomes serious, and his reply befits the importance of the subject. He owns the truth of every word you say, and probably adds point to the lesson by telling you of some sudden death that has just taken place, or of the solemn warning furnished by another dying bed. He is resolved to take it and lose no more time. He owns he has been too much like him who was called away unprepared, having lived without God in the world, and died without hope in Christ. The friend who has uttered the kindly warning leaves the Going-to-do, feeling thankful that he had courage given him to speak a word in season and confident of good results; but the results he anticipates never follow.

The Going-to-do is true to his character. He knows that now is the accepted time, now is the day of salvation, but he determines to see about it to-morrow or the day after. The morrow never comes, but in God's time the summons does. The first call, that of sickness, stretches him on a bed of pain. How can he turn his mind from the contemplation of present suffering to future possibilities? Weakness succeeds pain, and then the brain wanders, the powers of mind and body are alike enfeebled. He can neither think of the past, pray for pardon, lay hold on Christ by faith, or hope for a blessed future. It is too late for each and all of these things now. He dies, having done nothing for the well-being of his neighbours; there is no single instance of a fellow man helped onward by his example, or cheered by the sight of his success. "I was going to do," is all the plea he has to urge in excuse of his innumerable neglects.

Bethany.

A LITTLE village on the mountain's shoulder,
Facing towards the sunrise and the day,
Half-ruined now, and strewn with rock and boulder
That tell of homesteads long since swept away.
Yet every stone is dear that marks the sod
Hallowed by footprints of the Son of God!

Here, far removed from city strife and revel,
His wayworn steps oft turned at eventide;
The bitter scorn, the haunting hate and evil
Were all forgotten on the lone hillside.
Divine in lowliness, with joy He moved
To hold sweet converse with the friends He loved.

Without, the night dews on the olives glistened,
And the hill breezes through the vineyards stirred;
Within, one sat beside His feet and listened
With eager love that treasured every word.
All heaven seemed opened and made manifest
When her soul hearkened to its Kingly guest.

And when her sister, in her much providing
Cumbered and anxious, with reproach was filled,
How sweet the words, half tender and half chiding,
With which the anger and the blame were stilled.
Teaching the truth all busy hearts should know,
That work in worship must have root and grow.

And thus His comings touched their lives with glory,
And happiness seemed borne on every breath;
Till sudden darkness dimmed their tranquil story,
And love was conquered in its strife with death.
No Master nigh to succour and to save,
They laid their brother in his rock-bound grave.

Long were the days of grief and separation,
While faith still questioned "When will He appear?"
But brief the heart-wrung cry of desolation [here!"
That told their yearning, "Lord hadst Thou been
While o'er His human soul the anguish swept—
A sea of love and sorrow—Jesus wept.

[*By Heinrich Hofmann.*

THE HOME AT BETHANY.

They heard His pleading prayer the silence breaking,
And then the challenge, resolute and strong,
That smote the gates of death, the lost one waking,
And stirred all listeners in that eager throng;
It shook the hills, it thrilled the heavens above,
For Death was vanquished by eternal Love.

Oh living word! oh wondrous resurrection!
No great thank-offering could their rapture bring;
But in the fervent gladness of affection
They made a feast, and Martha served her King—
With yearning zeal and gratitude untold,
While Lazarus sat among them as of old.

But Mary came, with swift, impulsive motion,
Love culminating in one purpose sweet—
And in abandonment of pure devotion
Lavished her spikenard on His sacred feet.
And through the world, as through the ages gone,
The odour of that precious gift lives on.

Once more at Bethany, His own assembled
When the long strife and woe were overpast,
The stricken hearts that in His griefs had trembled
Rejoicing now, were with Him to the last.
His parting blessing given, their wondering eyes
Beheld Him pass in triumph to the skies.

Oh, little village on the mountain's shoulder,
Well may the ransomed love to gaze on thee!
Our feeble faith grows strong, our courage bolder,
Whene'er remembrance turns to Bethany.
And all our work and worship and our care
Shine in the brightness of the home-life there.

From the deep meaning of its tender story
We gather hope in grief, and rest in pain,
And see in gleams of His departing glory
The sunrise promise "He shall come again,"
And on its slopes, by white-robed angels trod,
Adore and bless Him, our Redeemer God!

MARY ROWLES.

BARBARA'S BROTHERS.

CHAPTER VII.—GERALD'S VIEWS OF LIFE.

"WULF," said Gerald, in a slightly patronizing tone of voice, "when can you spare an evening to dine with me at the Thompsons'? They want to make your acquaintance."

"Very kind of them, I'm sure; but I haven't time to begin dining out."

"Oh, nonsense! You can't go and make an anchorite of yourself. Our father never did, and it's absurd for you to take that line. Besides, people will resent it, and professional men like you and me cannot afford to give ourselves airs and despise public opinion."

A faint suspicion of a smile hovered round Wulfric's lips, whilst Barbara tossed her head with a gesture of unconcealed contempt. It was evening, and Wulfric had joined the family party, as he generally did for a short time when he was at home.

"Of course the girls aren't going out anywhere at present," continued Gerald; "but it does not do for us to hold aloof too long. Come, now; be sensible, and say what day will suit you. The Thompsons were good enough to leave the choice to you."

Wulfric looked impatient, and muttered something that Gerald pretended not to hear.

"When did you see them?" asked Celia, with a little more interest than she generally appeared to take over anything.

"Hector came to my studio to-day," answered Gerald. "I was at work on your picture, and he offered me five pounds down for that study in chalk of your head when I had done with it."

Celia blushed and bridled and looked foolishly pleased, but a dark frown contracted Wulfric's face.

"I hope you knocked the fellow down for his impudence," he said, without, however, any heat of manner.

Gerald laughed, as if it were all a very good joke.

"What am I to say, Celia? Shall he have it or not?" he asked.

"Oh, I don't care!" she answered, with an affected toss of the head. "I'm sure it's nothing to me."

"I think we'll wait till we are a little more pressed for money before we begin selling portraits of our sisters to strangers," said Wulfric.

Gerald and Celia both laughed.

"Strangers, indeed! Much you know about it! Why, the Thompsons are amongst our very oldest friends."

"Who are they?"

"He is mayor of the place. They live in one of the best houses in the town. They are very well off. Hector has travelled a great deal, and been all round the world; and Fergus is a scholar, and has been to Oxford. There are two very jolly girls. You ought to know them, Wulf; and as they are never ill, it is no use waiting for a professional visit. You must just come with me some evening to dine there in a quiet way."

"Very well," answered Wulfric, after a short pause, "I will do as you wish."

Barbara looked half surprised, but made no comment, and Gerald was pleased to have carried his point.

"I've never seen any of your work yet, Gerald," remarked Wulfric a little later. "I've been so taken up with my own affairs that I have had no time to think of yours. What are you doing, and how are you getting on?"

"Come into my studio and smoke a cigar, and

see for yourself," answered Gerald. "I've always plenty of work on hand. In fact, I have almost too much; for my ideas come so fast that I have not time to finish one thing before I have to begin another."

Gerald spoke in the self-satisfied way habitual to him, but Wulfric looked doubtful.

"I should have thought it would pay better to finish off one piece of work ready for sale before beginning another. Do your patrons like being kept waiting for an indefinite time for their pictures?"

Barbara began to laugh; but nothing ever put Gerald out. He answered with his careless smile: "Oh, as for that, I paint for my own pleasure and satisfaction more than for anything else. It's a necessity to me to give my thoughts expression in some way; the other is quite a secondary consideration."

"Ah!" returned Wulfric, with a kind of good-humoured dryness; and he gave Barbara a look of reproof as he caught her murmured words:

"Yes, quite; so long as he can sponge upon his relatives, and live in elegant idleness."

Wulfric had an odd sort of affection for this brilliant, handsome, good-for-nothing young brother of his—perhaps their radical differences of temperament formed a link of attraction; possibly Gerald's lofty and almost scornful patronage amused and pleased him by its frankness and simplicity. Any way, such was the state of the case. Gerald afforded him much entertainment and a little anxiety; and he was himself too large-hearted and raised above all petty jealousies and vanities to feel in the least annoyed by the tone adopted towards him by his brother. In point of fact, he found in it a great diversion.

He followed him willingly to his studio that night. His day's work had been laborious, and he felt more disposed for a chat with his brother than for burning the midnight oil over his books.

He had not visited the studio before. He had always been busy, and Gerald looked upon him in the light of a Goth or Vandal, upon whom the treasures of art would be entirely thrown away.

As a matter of fact, Wulfric, although not professing any knowledge of art, had lived long enough in London to have acquired a kind of unconscious culture on the subject; and his knowledge of anatomy gave him a critical insight into figure-drawing that received a severe shock as he stood before Gerald's canvases.

He put his hands in his pockets and looked at his brother's productions with an odd sort of compression about the corners of his lips. The room was warm and bright—the gas lighted it up well. Gerald cast himself into his favourite chair, and lighted a cigar.

"What do you expect to realise by the sale of a work like this?" asked Wulfric presently.

The picture represented the bearing of Elaine into the hall, where king Arthur and his queen and knights were assembled. It was only half finished, nevertheless the composition and colouring made a great impression upon the young doctor. He felt much disposed to laugh.

"Oh, as for that," answered Gerald negligently, "I suppose it would fetch a good sum in a London exhibition; but the Academy is no good unless one has influence at headquarters. The Grosvenor is more my style. I dare say I may send it there next year, if I get it finished in time. It's rather in the Burne-Jones style, don't you think?"

"Hum!" returned Wulfric, doubtfully. "The fact is, my dear fellow, pictures aren't in my line; but if you'll allow me to make the remark, that young female lying there is in an absolutely impossible attitude. Nothing short of an attack of catalepsy could throw her into a posture like that."

Gerald smiled indulgently.

"My good fellow, I had a model."

"I don't care if you had a dozen models—the thing's impossible."

"Well, I wonder who is the best judge of drawing—you or I?"

Wulfric laughed good-naturedly, and took a chair opposite to his brother.

"Now look here, Gerald, let's be serious a minute, and talk business. Will this art of yours ever make you a decent livelihood?"

Gerald waved his white hand as if such a question as that were quite beneath his concern; and the elder brother continued coolly—

"Because, if it wont, it's high time you turned your attention to something that will."

Gerald laughed negligently.

"Anything else, old fellow? Any other suggestion to make? Do you want me as a supplementary assistant in the surgery, like Barbara?"

"No, thanks; I'll dispense with that gratification. But what about the law? That was to have been your profession once, was it not?"

"Yes, once; but it was no go. A born artist can't go and settle down to that kind of drudgery. It's an impossibility, though not one that you will understand, I dare say."

Wulfric compressed the corners of his lips as he glanced round the artist's studio; but all he said was: "Didn't I hear something about a novel, or a poem, or something? Haven't you a second string to your bow?"

"Oh, yes! I have written a good deal at one time or another."

"And published anything?"

"No; but I have sometimes thought of bringing out a volume of poetry."

"At your own expense?"

"I dare say. What does it matter at whose expense?"

"It would matter very little if you were a millionaire, but, as things stand at present, it is of some considerable importance that you should begin to turn your many talents to some practical account. Have you ever made any money by your art so far?"

"I have sold a few sketches to the people about," answered Gerald carelessly. "I've never cared very much about that part of the business."

"But it's about time you began to care now. Is there any chance of your writings becoming at all profitable?"

Wulfric had his own ideas about the market value of the pictures, and was not sanguine there; but he could still hope that the literary work might be more successful.

"I don't think poetry pays well," answered Gerald; "at least, not till you've got your name up. But I've got a novel in hand which I think will make a sensation when it comes out, and a successful novelist's fortune is made from that day forward, I believe. But, for my own part, I believe in my pictures the most. My inspirations generally come to me in the form of pictures for the brush rather than the pen."

Wulfric mused a little and then spoke.

"Well, look here, Gerald. Of course you know as well as I do that you have got your way to make in life in some way or another. You have very little private property—so little as hardly to be worth considering—and, if anything happened to our mother, this house would be sold at once, and you would lose your home. I have every reason to hope that I shall be able to look after the girls; indeed, if I keep my health I think there is no reasonable doubt on that point; but you will have eventually to shift for yourself, and it seems to me that the sooner you learn to do so the better. You cannot go on for ever in this desultory easy-going way."

Wulfric spoke very quietly and good-temperedly; but Gerald looked decidedly offended at his tone.

"I do not quite understand you, nor do I know by what right you lay down the law to me. I am sure I work hard enough."

"That may be; but I want to see you turn your work to more account. I have a certain right to speak, seeing that I occupy the position of head of the house. Look here, Gerald; don't you take offence where none is meant. Just listen to me for half a minute. All I want you to do is this: make a start of some kind. Bestir yourself to sell your pictures, or to get commissions. I know this place thinks well of you—at least I am told so; see if you can't do something. Aren't there local exhibitions where you could get your pictures taken?"

Gerald looked very disdainful.

"I don't care about provincial exhibitions, thank you."

Wulfric was more patient than Barbara. He did not lose his temper.

"Well, go your own way," he answered quietly; "you ought to know the tricks of your own trade better than I, and I don't want to hurry you, or anything. We'll say no more about it for a few months to come, and then by that time I shall hope to hear of something a little more definite."

Gerald looked relieved. He was a born procrastinator, and a respite of some months just suited him. He was angry with Wulfric for daring in any way to take him to task, and yet there was something in his brother's strong personality and cool air of mastery that was very difficult to withstand.

So then the subject was changed, and the two young men parted amicably enough. Wulfric, judging his brother to a certain extent by himself, believed that he would be a little roused from his apathy and would at least bestir himself as much as in him lay, whilst Gerald told himself that there was no hurry, and that something was sure to turn up all in good time.

A few days later Wulfric and Gerald dined together at the house of Mr. Thompson, the leading magnate of St. Hilda. He was a pleasant, if rather a pompous man, and gave his guests an excellent dinner. He had lost his wife some years ago; but his two grown-up daughters, handsome, showy girls, played hostess with great good-humour and gusto, whilst the elder son was a noisy young fellow, who seemed to think the more he talked the better every one would be pleased.

The brothers were not the only guests present, but Wulfric being the stranger was considered of the most importance. He took in Miss Thompson, whom her brother called Georgie, and was made a good deal of by all present; for St. Hilda, though not much acquainted with the young doctor personally, was proud of his talents, which were now being recognised far and wide.

Wulfric was more at ease under the honour thus done him than Gerald had expected him to be, and he was not quite certain that it pleased him to see his brother acquit himself so well. In point of fact the young doctor, who had not unfrequently dined at the tables of his senior physicians and surgeons in London, and had met there men of great culture and eminence, was not at all dazzled or abashed by the attentions paid him by the good people of St. Hilda. He was able to hold his own very well, and would have been much amused had he been aware of his brother's feelings regarding him. It had always pleased Gerald to believe that because Wulfric was deeply engrossed by his profession, and had never indulged in the whirl of social dissipations that London life made possible to him, he had therefore become awkward and boorish and would hardly know how to conduct himself amongst the magnates of St. Hilda.

But this supposition proved quite groundless, and Gerald would have been equally surprised on his side had he been able to read Wulfric's opinions of the people whom he met.

A young man fresh from town is rather predisposed to hold somewhat cheaply an assembly comprising the quiet humdrum inhabitants of a small country town; but Wulfric was not inclined to be censorious for the most part, and made friends easily enough with the older men present. But what he did not like was the tone adopted by Hector Thompson and some of his contemporaries with whom his brother Gerald seemed very intimate.

Gerald and Hector were evidently very close friends, and at the end of the table, where, on the departure of the ladies, the young men clustered together, the noise was fast and furious, and the style of the talk, by what Wulfric could gather, anything but refined or elevating. His face clouded over unconsciously as his eye rested upon his brother's flushed face and sparkling eyes. He was pretty certain Gerald had been drinking more wine than was good for him, and his brows drew together into a frown of anxious thought.

Nobody was noticing him just now. Local politics were engrossing the elders of the party, and the juniors were full of their own noisy merriment. Wulfric belonged to neither set, and was free for the moment to indulge his own thoughts unchecked; but a voice at his elbow aroused him from the reverie into which he had fallen.

"I must say, Meynal, I am uncommonly glad to think you have settled at home for good."

Wulfric looked round quickly, and saw that Fergus Thompson had slipped into the seat beside him. Little as he knew of the Thompsons—so little indeed that he had almost forgotten their very name—he had had some slight acquaintance with the boys in their childhood, and had felt a sort of liking for Fergus.

"Thanks," he answered, with a quick glance at the speaker; "but you have some special reason for saying so, have you not?"

"Yes, I have. I think it's high time somebody was on the spot to look after that brother of yours."

Wulfric glanced at Gerald, and shrugged his broad shoulders.

"Brothers have not much influence over brothers," he said.

Fergus made an expressive gesture, as if he too had found out that much.

"True enough in most cases," he answered; "but in this instance you hold the purse-strings, don't you?"

"To a certain extent I do; but, so far, things are hardly settled. Gerald has never appealed to me for money yet."

"No? Well, I do not think it will be long before he does. He is here three or four evenings a week, and he cannot always win."

Wulfric's face grew grave, and rather stern.

"Do you mean that they gamble every night?"

"They play cards regularly, and for money. I don't know very much about what goes on. It isn't in my line. But Gerald is weak. He is very easily led. He wants a strong hand over him. It is Hector's fault more than his. Hector leads him into it. I have spoken to him again and again; but he won't listen. He says Gerald is his own master, and can do as he likes."

Wulfric made no reply, and a general rising to join the ladies put an end to the conversation for the present; but he went home with a mind full of anxious thought, feeling that the position he had taken up as head of his father's house was an onerous one indeed.

The substance of that conversation and the warning conveyed in it haunted him for long, as did also another doubt that began to weigh upon him at this time. He had known so little of his family during these long years that his relation towards them was often exceedingly difficult; and he had so little leisure in which to improve the acquaintance, that it seemed sometimes as if he never should be able to win their confidence, and must find out the points he wished to elucidate by appealing direct to the one sister who did trust him.

"Barbara," said Wulfric to her one evening, as they paced the shrubbery together instead of going into the study, "does Celia go much to the Thompsons, do you know?"

The question came so suddenly that Barbara was a little time in replying.

"I don't know much about Celia's doings. I dare say she goes there pretty often."

Wulfric bent his brows in thought.

"Do you think there is any attachment between her and Hector Thompson?"

"I don't know. Celia is always admired; but Hector has been away some time, and I don't often go to the house. I don't much care for the people."

"Nor I," answered Wulfric, "except Fergus—he's a good sort of fellow, I believe. Of course it's no business of mine exactly; Celia is of age, and must choose for herself. But that young Thompson is not the stamp of man I should like one of my sisters to marry; and with a fellow of that sort one never knows if he is in earnest or not. Celia is very inexperienced, and I don't wish to stand by and see her trifled with." And Wulfric's face looked very stern.

"What can you do?" asked Barbara.

"That's what I want to know. First of all, I must find out the truth. Have you noticed any thing?"

Barbara shook her head. She felt a little compunction as she realised how very little she heeded the affairs of other people, whilst Wulfric, with so much to occupy him, found time and occasion to be anxious on their account.

"Would not Celia confide in you?"

"No, indeed!"

Wulfric stopped short and looked down at his sister. His sternly-set face expressed a certain sense of dissatisfaction.

"How is that? I thought sisters always told those things to one another."

"I am sure Celia would not tell me."

"Nor you her, I suppose?"

"No."

Wulfric walked on again in silence, and Barbara paced at his side feeling half ashamed of herself, yet hardly knowing why.

"I can try and find out for you, Wulf," she said presently, rather timidly.

He made no reply.

"Shall I ask Celia?"

"No, certainly not."

"Is there nothing I can do to help you? It isn't fair all the worry should come upon you."

Wulfric stopped short again, and looked down at her steadily, in a way that made her glance fall before his.

"If you were fond of Gerald and Celia you might be able to help me: but as it is, I think you would most likely do more harm than good."

Barbara looked up to say pleadingly, "It isn't all my fault, Wulf, indeed it isn't. They have never been fond of me. We get on pretty well; but—but—you see——"

"Yes, I see; I have seen all along," answered Wulfric quietly. "No, Barbara, I don't suppose the fault is all yours, and it is not for me to lecture you. Only it is a pity. Our home might have been such a much happier place than it is."

HEART'S-EASE.

CHAPTER VII.

ALTHOUGH the visit to the sick girl was a short one, it was sufficiently long to make both mother and daughter very glad, and a little proud, too, of the distinction that had been put on them. It was not to be the last visit by any means—oh, dear, no! Ethel was determined that Aunt Regina should come down and see her new friends, and she herself had formed plans for reading to the sick girl from some of the many books in her little library at home.

It was perfectly wonderful how much brighter Ethel became in the thought of all this kindness. She seemed to throw off much of her petulant manner, and to be less exacting, and certainly less troublesome; Aunt Regina knew that. During the few days that followed she was as busy with her plans, and as happy in them, as a little girl could be. Her delight when Aunt Regina drove down to the cottage—for she could not walk—was only equalled by the joy she felt in seeing how happy these attentions made the sick girl and her mother. The books that were transported from the big house to the little one, the jellies that cook made, and the little dishes to tempt the feeble appetite of the sufferer, were enough to make the invalid open her eyes, and her mouth, too, at the mere sight of them. Of course she could neither read, nor eat, half the good things that were provided for her; but that did not matter. The little that she was able to take did her good. And, with true charity of spirit, the sick girl bethought her of another invalid a few doors off, who had quite as much need of nourishing food as she had, and that was the young woman who married last year, and was now the happy mother of a pretty babe. Ethel had no idea before of how much real pleasure there was in doing good. She seemed to enjoy the dainties and good things at home with a new relish. The world was brighter and sweeter for these acts of charity, which did more for the giver than the receivers. Nero had been allowed to go over to the village as a special act of grace, and had behaved himself, I must say, with the greatest propriety—in fact, so amiable did he become after one or two visits, that the ball of white fur became quite friendly with him, and might be seen watching for him from the window on those bright sunny days when Ethel brought him with her; and as soon as she was quite sure that he was in good humour, she would jump down from the sunny window sill, and, after pretending to bite his ears and otherwise punish him, would nestle down between his big paws, much to the delight of the two girls.

Ethel found that reading aloud was not the pleasantest part of her visitation. She did it, though, resolutely, as if to prove to herself that she was not above doing what was disagreeable when it was a duty. But, nevertheless, there were very frequent pauses in the readings. Sometimes it would be a robin perching just outside the window on the hawthorn tree, whose saucy demeanour made both girls laugh; or, perhaps, a bee would come sailing majestically in, making as much fuss and noise as if he was a person of great importance; and after having examined the beautiful blossoms about the room, and having made the sick girl rather anxious as to his movements, would sail out again, without even an apology for his intrusion. But whatever it was, it gave Ethel an opportunity for talking a little instead of reading.

"I think I must tire you with this story," she said on one of those occasions, as she raised her head from her book. "I always think that talking is so much pleasanter than reading; there is more variety in it."

The invalid smiled. Certainly no one could complain of want of variety in Ethel's conversation.

"I wish you would talk a little, miss; I like it," she said.

"I hardly know where to begin, Namesake. I suppose I had better commence with myself."

Namesake nodded assent. She never spoke much, and when on occasion she made an effort to do so, it cost her dear afterwards.

"Then I must tell you about nurse—I call her nurse, because she was my nurse when I was quite a tiny infant—ever since I was born, in fact; and do you know what she said to me yesterday? Can you guess?"

Of course Namesake could not guess, and so she shook her head.

"She said that I was a different girl all last week. What do you think of that?"

"I am very glad to hear it miss; but I should never have thought you were bad."

"Well, no, Namesake, not bad like those little girls that get taken up by the police and put into prison—not like that; but she said I was always very troublesome. Do you know what she calls me?"

Namesake again shook her head.

"She calls me 'a spoiled child.' Is not that cruel of her?"

"Perhaps it may have been true, miss. You may have been spoiled without knowing it."

Ethel laughed heartily. After a moment or so she became very serious, and whispered—

"I think you may be right, Namesake. Between ourselves, I think I have been."

"It must be bad for people to be spoiled like that, miss."

With a comical look of confession and gravity on her face, Ethel said: "I think I shall go on with the reading now, Namesake; I have got tired of talking. We can have another talk after a bit."

When the reading had again become slightly wearisome, Ethel put the book away; and turning to Namesake she said: "Now I am going to ask you about yourself. Do you feel any better?"

A very weary but decided shake of the head was the answer.

"I know I shall never be better, miss; God whispered that to me long ago."

"And were you not frightened? I should be terribly alarmed if I had such a thing whispered to me." The sick girl had spoken so quietly about it, that for a moment Ethel had thoughts of little Samuel's temple experience, when God's word actually sounded in his ears.

"I don't think you would, miss. Not if it really came

to you as it came to me. It was the voice that always speaks to us, if we will listen to it. The inner voice. It told me that I might be called home any time. I always think I should like most to go with God's angels when all the world is asleep." And the sick girl's face lit up with sudden pleasure, as though the vision of that heavenly home came to her with exquisite joy.

Ethel was strangely interested, and moved. She sat in silence, as though some charm had fallen on her; and the wan face of the sick girl seemed to her to gather new beauty as she spoke of going home.

Perhaps you may have guessed already something of the thoughts that were trooping through her busy brain. Ever since she had seen this poor sick girl she had been thinking much of her own mother, whom she could but dimly remember, if indeed she did remember her at all. A beautiful oil picture of her hung in the drawing-room at home, and the face in that picture was so sweet and compassionate, and the eyes so full and dark, that they followed her all over the room with a tender, almost inviting, glance that was to Ethel's vivid imagination life-like. So that whenever she thought of her mother at all, this picture filled up the entire of her mind; and although she declared that she could remember her mother's face, I think myself that the portrait had a great deal to do with her memory.

But now, as she listened to her namesake talking about heaven as a home to which she was looking forward, with the pleasure of a tired and faithful child, she mixed up the picture of her mother with this delicate face; and when she could command herself sufficiently to speak, she asked: "Do you think people ever know one another in heaven, Namesake?"

The unusual exertion of speaking had tired the sick girl, who replied by a shake of her head.

"I think they must," she went on, with an assured voice. "If our very own selves are there, we ought to, you know. I'm sure I should know you, and I hope you would know me."

This time the girl nodded and smiled.

"Well, now," continued Ethel, very earnestly, and tenderly, as though she had come to a very important part of her discourse, "suppose you should. And suppose my darling mother should meet you. Would you give her a message from me?"

"Yes! Oh yes, miss!" And the white face was lit up with smiles of genuine pleasure. "But what should I say, miss?"

"Say that I am trying to be a good girl, and to love and obey Aunt Regina, and to take care of papa, and to be kind to everybody. God will help me if I ask Him, and I do ask Him every day now." Ethel said this with a great effort, as though she had worked herself up to it; and then she stopped suddenly, as though she could go no further, and her large eyes overflowed with tears, much to her relief.

For some time the silence was unbroken. The sick girl sat with a happy smile on her face, although the tears were quietly coursing down her cheeks also; but they were not tears of sorrow, you may be sure.

After dinner that evening Colonel Seymour was sauntering round the garden, as his custom was, pulling here and there a dead leaf or blossom from the roses, or stopping to admire the brilliant colours of the geranium beds, and to suggest some alteration in the arrangement for next season. He delighted in his garden, although he was far too busy a man to be able to spend much time in it. Almost always he was accompanied by Ethel, who talked about the flowers with all the authority of a pupil of Aunt Regina's, who, as everybody ought to know, was quite a famous amateur.

To-day Ethel was with him, as usual; but so quiet and so preoccupied was she, that her father more than once cast a sidelong glance at her, to see whether she looked well. He tried to engage her in conversation about the garden. "I think we ought to have another bed cut here, to match the one yonder," he said, pointing with his stick to the spot.

"Yes, perhaps so, papa."

"Come, come, my dear child. That's not your usual style of talking. There is something on your mind. What is it?"

"I want to ask you a question, papa."

"Certainly. I knew there was something. Go on."

"Do people know one another in heaven?" And a very flushed face was upturned to his.

"My darling child, who or what has put such thoughts into your head?" her father enquired, as he removed his hat and brushed his forehead. In truth, the question was so very unexpected that it somewhat agitated him. The oil portrait was not forgotten by him, you may be sure; and that other home beyond the skies had become very real for him since his wife died. But he had never spoken very much to Ethel about her mother, except on those rare occasions when some special circumstance called forth some special confidence.

"Mamma's picture," she said.

"Come and let us sit down here and talk it over, darling," he said gently, as he led the way to a rustic seat close by.

"My little girl must remember that we are not permitted to know very much about these matters. God has wisely hidden them from us, in order that we may trust Him the more. We know that He is there; and where He is, we and those we love must be safe and happy. But what has caused you to ask the question?"

"The sick girl told me to-day that God had whispered to her some time ago that she would never be better, and she thinks herself that she is worse. She says she wishes to go to her home in heaven. And I thought, papa dearest, that if she ever met darling mamma, she could tell her that I was trying to be a good and useful girl."

"May God bless you, my darling!" said her father, kissing her. And she felt a tear drop on her hand as he did so.

NATURAL HISTORY NOTES

ON THE REVISED VERSION OF THE BIBLE.

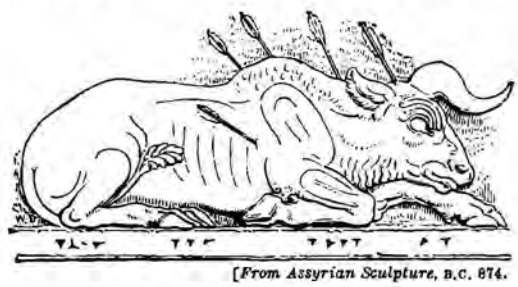
NO. I.—THE WILD OX.

IN the Revised Version of the Old Testament several changes are made in the names of animals. In this and following papers it is proposed to make some remarks upon both the new and the old names. We take first one with which all British children are familiar—the unicorn. No doubt most of us, on first hearing this animal's name read out from the pulpit or at family worship, thought we knew all about it. Of course it was the horse with a horn that faces the lion in supporting the crown—a very graceful animal, and very terrible with that long sharp horn between his eyes. After a few years we learnt that this unicorn never had any being. He was the invention of those people called "Heralds," who make out armorial bearings for people to put on their carriages. Having lost our first unicorn, we were very glad to hear of some learned men who told us that the proper unicorn was the rhinoceros. We went to see him at the Zoo, and found that he really had a horn on his nose, though not just between his eyes. Perhaps some young readers looked to find the rhinoceros

mentioned in the Revised Version. If so, they were disappointed. Instead of rhinoceros, they would find "wild ox." Now let us see what reason there is for this. One of the verses of the Bible tells us "His horns are like the horns of the ——." Rhinoceros plainly will not do to fill up the gap. He has usually only one horn; if he has two, the second is much smaller than the other. This animal has two, and probably exactly alike—for they stand in the Scriptures for two of the tribes of Israel. Besides, he is to push with them, and the rhinoceros would find it very awkward to do that. Then the unicorn is spoken of as skipping. If you have ever seen a rhinoceros, you can hardly think of his doing that, even when young. The unicorn is an animal of great strength. Well, that would do for the rhinoceros, but for many other animals also. Another text tells us that we cannot yoke the unicorn to the plough, or make him draw the cart at harvest. Well, you will say, of course you cannot do that with a rhinoceros. But then there is nothing in the rhinoceros that would make you *think* of doing so. Probably this animal is much like those used for the plough, only not at all manageable. Then one of the prophets speaks of unicorns coming down to be sacrificed along with bulls and bullocks. He would not talk of sacrificing any animal that did not resemble those usually employed for sacrifice. There is one more passage which is difficult, but the general idea is of lifting up the horns; and even the tame ox does that sometimes, in a very unfriendly way.

LITHUANIAN BISON. (*B. urus.*)

There have been in all countries in former times, and in some at the present day, wild oxen, which answer to every point in this description. Over the plains of North America wild buffaloes or bisons roam in huge herds. They have certainly become scarcer in this century, and the Pacific railways will hasten on their end by helping to fill the country with their greatest enemy—man. In Africa there are also bisons scattered about more thinly than in America. These animals differ from tame oxen chiefly in that their hind quarters are smaller, stronger, and fitted for quick movement. All their strength is gathered about their shoulders, which, as well as their necks and heads, are covered with shaggy hair. They may be seen careering over the plains, throwing up their heels, and lowering their heads, and then again lifting up their horns as if they were hurling a foe into mid air. A nearer view reveals a round, rolling, fiery eye, and sharp horns. By the aid of these the animal may hold his own against a panther, or even a lion. A recent traveller in Africa gives the tale of an encounter with a buffalo, the terrible charge which he made, and renewed again and again, to the dismay of his antagonist, who wondered when it would end. The wild ox of the Bible would display all these traits, and perhaps was larger and stronger than those we know now, for the remains of larger animals are discovered from time to time.



[*From Assyrian Sculpture*, B.C. 674.

HUNTED WILD OX.

Now there are six texts in which the wild ox or unicorn is mentioned, from which these six questions may be answered:—

1. Where is the wild ox spoken of as strong?
2. Where is he spoken of as skipping?
3. Where as pushing with the horns?
4. Where as coming to sacrifice?
5. Where is it said that he cannot be made to plough, or draw a waggon?
6. Where is lifting up the horn spoken of?

HIDDEN TEXTS.

NO. III.

Write out these texts, and then mark one word in each line, so as to form another text.

1. My son, fear thou the Lord.—*Prov.* xxiv. 21.
2. My son, despise not the chastening of the Lord.—*Prov.* iii. 2.
3. He shall give His angels charge concerning thee.—*Psa.* xxxvii. 4.
4. Have mercy upon me, O Lord, for I am weak.—*Psa.* vi. 2.
5. Arise, O God, plead Thine own cause.—*Psa.* lxxiv. 22.
6. The Lord looketh on the heart.—1 *Sam.* xvi. 7.

NO. IV.

One word from each line will give a text showing David's trust in God.

1. He leadeth me in the paths of righteousness.—*Psa.* xxiii. 3.
2. All the paths of the Lord are mercy and truth.—*Psa.* xxv. 10.
3. The Lord is my light and my salvation.—*Psa.* xxvii. 1.
4. The Lord is the strength of my life.—*Psa.* xxvii. 1.
5. The Lord is my shepherd; I shall not want.—*Psa.* xxiii. 1.
6. I will be glad and rejoice in Thy mercy: for Thou hast considered my trouble.—*Psa.* xxxi. 7.
7. He shall feed His flock like a shepherd.—*Isa.* xl. 11.
8. Thou shalt not be forgotten of Me.—*Isa.* xliv. 21.
9. They that seek the Lord shall not want any good thing.—*Psa.* xxxiv. 10.

THE SUNDAY AT HOME

O DAY MOST CALM, MOST BRIGHT! . . .
THE WEEK WERE DARK BUT FOR THY LIGHT.—*Herbert.*

BARBARA'S BROTHERS

CHAPTER VIII.—LITTLE JACK STONE.

AN UNEXPECTED VISITOR.

"I DOES try to be patient, I does," said little Jack Stone to himself, as he fetched a deep sigh and twisted his hands restlessly together. "But it ain't easy, that it ain't; and if 'twouldn't bother mother to see me, I could cry, I could."

Jack looked round him as he spoke, for although like many children he was fond of talking out loud to himself, he did not care to be overheard. But he need not have been at all afraid. The little cottage was quite empty this hot summer's morning. From where he lay in the inner room the child could see the open door, and watch the branches of white roses as they danced up and down in the golden sunshine. He could hear the sound of the waves upon the shingly beach fifty feet below, and the cries of the sea birds as they circled about the cliffs or skimmed over the shining water; but he could not see the sea itself. He could catch nothing but a glimpse of the steep path that led down the face of the cliff, and the roses framing the doorway. For three weeks he had lain there, horribly tired of inactivity, yet doomed to it for some weeks to come still, and the child who had never before been ill and had spent all his life out of doors, indulging in every hardy enjoyment and active prank that ingenuity of body or mind could suggest, felt as if the long weary days never would end, and as if he could really bear imprisonment no longer. Had it not been for the trouble in his mother's eyes whenever he gave way to his feverish grief and impetuous sense of despair, little Jack would have been less brave than he had shown himself to be.

But it was very hard to lie all day alone in that close little room, with the sea breezes and sunshine nearly but not quite within reach—so hard that the tears would sometimes roll down the brown cheeks that were beginning to look pale and hollow with the confinement to the house; and on this particular day Jack felt as if his powers of endurance were almost exhausted.

"I don't know what I'll do all day—that I don't. Miss Barbara she said as she'd not be able to come, as there was other folks as wanted her more. I did say as I'd try and be brave and not selfish, and not fret if she couldn't come so often; but it didn't seem so hard then, when she was sitting by and telling me of other folks worse than me, but it don't seem now as if anybody could want her more than me. Alice has one of her cross fits on, and nobody else will be back not before evening."

And Jack heaved another deep sigh, and gave the same sort of instinctive look round afterwards, although he knew that his mother was far away.

"Oh, dear! oh, dear! I wonder what I'll do all day. I wish I could go to sleep like a dog and only wake up when there was something to do," and then Jack's voice suddenly ceased and his eyes took an intent and listening look as he raised his head from the pillow. "Sounds like somebody coming down the path," he said softly. "Perhaps it's Miss Barbara, after all. 'Taint Dr. Meynal, he makes more noise than that."

The next moment Jack's eyes were bewildered by the sight of a totally unexpected apparition. A young lady, dressed all in white, with a wide brimmed hat and drooping white feathers had stopped at the cottage door and was knocking gently upon the panels.

"Come in, please," said the bewildered Jack. "There ain't nobody at home but me, and I can't move. Was it mother as you wanted to see? She's out washing. She won't be home till night."

The young lady had approached whilst Jack was speaking, and now stood at his bedside. The little boy saw then that it was Miss Dumaresq from the Cedars.

"It was you I wished to see, Jack, not your mother," said Reinée with a very sweet smile. "I heard you had broken your leg, and I came to hear all about it, and see if there was anything you wanted. May I sit down a little while? You are so nice and cool in here. I have a brother who once broke his leg, and he wanted such a lot of amusing. He kept me hard at work amusing him for ever so many weeks."

Jack's face expressed a vivid interest and pleasure.

"How did he break his leg?" he asked. "Did he get climbing up rocks like me?"

"No, his was broken at football when he was at school; but they sent him home to be nursed. He kept me busy, I can tell you. How do you manage to amuse yourself all day?"

"It's pretty dull," answered Jack, but he spoke brightly, for he was wonderfully cheered by all he heard. "Sometimes I get dreadful low, but I does try to be patient—I does indeed. Miss Barbara comes in pretty often; only she's so busy now she says she can't come as much as she did—and the new clergyman—the curate they call him—he came once; but I expect he's busy too. I liked him, though he looked grave and was so tall, I was most frightened at first; but I think he's a good man, don't you?"

Reinée smiled at the question.

"I hope he is. I suppose he is as he is a clergyman. I have only seen him in church. He preached a very good sermon. He has not been here long, has he?"

"No, only since Mr. Sargent got ill and had to go away. I wish he'd come again. I couldn't quite understand all he said. I want him to explain it some more: but perhaps you could tell me as well as he." And he cast a quick searching glance at the face of his visitor.

Reinée's face encouraged him to proceed.

"He said as having pain to bear ought to make us better like—'bring us near to God,' he said; and he talked about Jesus carrying of His cross, and said it was something like that if we were brave and tried to be like Him. I can't remember it all—but it was nice, it was—only I don't think I rightly understand it."

Reinée's face had grown sweet and serious. Little as she was used to put her deeper thoughts into words, she felt more able to do so in presence of this simple childish questioner than she would have done before one of her own age and station.

"Perhaps, Jack, he meant that as Jesus had carried that heavy cross, and borne all the pain and shame for us without one murmur, so we ought not to complain if He asks us to bear pain too when He sends it; but try to be brave and patient as He was. We can none of us be much like Him; but we must all try to copy Him as well as we can."

Reinée's fair face had flushed as she spoke, and Jack looked up at her with deeply seated admiration and reverence.

"Yes, that was what Mr. Leslie said—but I think you make it clearer, I do. I guess you're ever so good. I just know as you couldn't ever do anything wrong."

Reinée smiled back at him as she answered simply: "Indeed, Jack, you're quite wrong there. You can't see my faults and I can't see yours; but God sees both our hearts and He knows that I have my sins just as much as you have. Perhaps, in His sight, mine look blacker than yours." And, as the girl glanced round the poor room and contrasted her own lot with that of the little lad beside her, she was filled with a deep sense of humility and gratitude, feeling as perhaps she had never done before to the same extent that from those to whom much has been given much will be required.

But Jack looked at her with an incredulous smile and shook his head vigorously. Reinée did not pursue the argument.

"You have not told me about yourself, Jack; nor how you met with your accident."

"I was climbing after sea-gulls' eggs, I was," answered Jack. "And I got giddy like and fell off and broke my leg, I might have been killed, I might."

"Poor little boy! How pleased you must all be that things were no worse."

"Father and mother is," answered Jack, his face working a little oddly and expressing a variety of feelings, "but I ain't sure that I am. Sometimes I think it might have been best for them if I'd a been killed outright."

"Oh, Jack!" exclaimed Reinée shocked.

"I can't help thinking things sometimes," explained Jack, defending himself for his assertion. "Times is so hard. I sometimes don't know what will become of us. Father's been ill and hasn't had no regular work for months, and can't get nothing but a job now and then, and mother has to slave at washing or charing till sometimes she's almost beat. Then there's Alice as is worse than no good; and David who's at sea and used to help a bit hasn't been heard of for ever so long. And I thought as I'd be able to help as I was getting a big boy, and I took to getting sea-weed and shells and eggs and things and selling them in the town, and I did make a bit like that now and again. And now I've broke my leg and I'm only a burden and there'll be doctoring to pay for as well, and I shan't be no good for ever so long; and I think we'll all have to starve—we were pretty nigh it before," and Jack's brave little face quivered all over.

The tears were very near to Reinée's eyes, but she would not let them be seen.

"No, Jack," she answered gently; "you shall not starve. I will take care of that. Tell me, what sort of work can your father do?"

"He can turn his hand to most things, can father," answered Jack; "but he likes minding cows and pigs and poultry best. He was brought up on a farm, he was."

"And what wages does he earn when he is in work?"

"He gets half-a-crown a day when he's jobbing; but he can't never hardly get more than a day or two in a week, and sometimes he gets nothing. He ain't strong since he's been ill, and folks seem to think as he can't work; but he can now."

"And if he got regular work at the Hall farm at eighteen shillings or a pound a week, would you be pretty comfortable then?"

Jack's eyes sparkled, and he rubbed his hands gleefully together.

"Why, we'd live in clover altogether then. I can't hardly believe as such a thing would ever happen."

"We will see about it, Jack. It shall be a secret between us; but I almost fancy it will."

Reinée know her kind, indulgent father would never deny her her first request of the kind. She knew he was not altogether suited with farm hands, and was confident that any protégé of hers would be taken at once.

"And now, Jack," continued the girl, opening a dainty little basket she carried, "don't you think it's almost time you had some dinner? My brother was always wanting a meal when he was getting better. He said it passed away the time better than anything."

Jack's eager eyes expressed the state of his feelings eloquently. They sparkled with delight as the basket was unpacked, and its contents spread upon the bed. First there came a snowy napkin, that served as a table-cloth; then followed two light, yet substantial, chicken *patés*, some slices of pudding, such as Jack had never seen before, and in a little basket by themselves some such big ripe strawberries as made Jack's eyes grow round with wonder.

"Now I want to see you make a good dinner, Jack," said Reinée, "and then I must be thinking of going."

Jack needed no further encouragement; but set to work upon the tempting viands with an energy that showed how sharp-set was his boy's appetite, all the more sharp from the fever that had hung about him for some time, but had left him now altogether.

Whilst he was enjoying his food, and Reinée was enjoying the sight of his pleasure, she was aware of the tapping as of crutches approaching from without, and presently a lame girl of apparently about fourteen years of age came limping into the cottage and across to the inner room. Her face was thin and brown with the sun, but it was contracted either by pain or temper into an expression far from pleasant; and there was something in the expression of the sombre dark eyes so hostile and menacing that Reinée started as she met their glance, although she smiled the next moment at her own weakness.

"Is that your sister?" she asked of Jack.

"Yes," he answered, rather uneasily, "that's our Alice."

"Alice," said Reinée, "will you come and have some dinner with Jack? I am sure he will spare you a share. I dare say you are ready for some as well as he."

But the lame girl, who had stopped short upon the threshold as soon as she saw the stranger, only scowled darkly as Reinée spoke, and turning abruptly round, limped away upon her crutches; but she paused to take some crusts of bread from the cupboard in the outer room, though she had tacitly refused to partake of Jack's banquet.

Reinée looked perplexed, and the brother hung his head as if ashamed.

"Don't be vexed, please," he said timidly; "it's only our Alice. She can't abide strangers nor gentlefolk, and she's a bit queer always. Dr. Meynal thinks as he could do her hip good if she'd go to the hospital; but she goes pretty nigh mad at the thought of such a thing. Folks do say as she's wrong in the head; but she's a good scholar, and likes books a deal better than I do. She's good to us, is Alice, but mother's often troubled about her.

"Perhaps its being lame that makes her shy with strangers," said Reinée, gently. "Never mind that, Jack. I will make friends with her, if I can, and if I can't I must do without. Now tell me, as you don't care much about books, is there anything else you think would amuse you, if we could manage it for you?"

Jack's face beamed with pleasure.

"You are good, you are, a real first-rater!" Reinée smiled to herself, at the thought of what her mother would think, could she hear Jack's eulogium upon her daughter. "I saw an old

fisherman mounting and drying sea-weed once, and he sort of showed me how to do it and it looked jolly; but it wants blotting paper, and a book on purpose to mount it when it's done properly, and I never could get the things, though he said it paid in the long run."

"If I were to see about those, could you get the sea-weed?" asked Reinée, smiling.

"Oh, yes! Alice would get me that; but then it's so dark in here, I'm not sure that I could see to do any good," and Jack's face fell suddenly.

"Couldn't you be out of doors, now that it is so warm and bright? If you were lifted carefully, I don't think it would hurt your leg."

Jack looked eagerly out at the open door.

"I should like it no end," he said wistfully, "but the bed wouldn't get out at the door, and I don't think the doctor would let me lie on the ground."

"No," answered Reinée, smiling, "I don't suppose he would. Well, we must think what we can do; and I must be going, but it won't be long before I come again."

"I'd like to see you every day, I would," said Jack with his broadest and brightest smile; and Reinée smiled and stroked his curly head and went away, leaving a great deal of sunshine behind her in the heart of one weary little child.

Every one knows how strong a hold first protégés take upon the imagination of youthful workers. Reinée went away full of schemes for the benefit of the Stones in general and little Jack in particular, and so engrossed was she in her thoughts that she met Wulfric Meynal face to face on the narrow cliff path before she was in the least aware of his proximity.

"I have just come from one of your patients, Dr. Meynal," she said, holding out her hand with a smile. "I was just wishing to see you about him. He is so tired of lying in that dark room, poor little fellow, and I wanted to know, if I had a sort of couch fixed for him against the cottage wall out of the sun, whether you would consent to his being carried there on fine days to lie there instead of on his bed. He would find it much less dull and would be getting the fresh air and sunshine."

"It would be a capital thing for him," answered Wulfric, "if it could be managed."

"I think I could manage it easily enough, if you approved it. I feel so sorry for the child. It is so very dull for him."

Wulfric smiled with just a touch of grimness. He was thinking of some of the misery he often witnessed, before which little Jack's troubles sank into insignificance; but he said nothing of this to Reinée. How could she understand? she, whose whole life was one dream of luxury and pleasure.

"If you can carry out such a plan, you will be doing him a great kindness, Miss Dumaresq, as well as an undoubted benefit."

It was altogether a red-letter day for little Jack Stone. First there had been this wonderful visit from the young lady at the Hall. Then his doctor had paid him a flying visit, and told him he had made a friend of the queen of the fairies—an opinion he was quite prepared to endorse—and later on, about three o'clock in the afternoon, the village carpenter and his assistant came up to the cottage with a lot of blocks and lengths of wood, and were busy there for a couple of hours—so busy, that they could not hear Jack's oft-repeated questions to know what they were about. Before they left, however, the man looked in, and told him his orders were to make a wide sort of couch in the shelter of the north wall, and that he believed some cushions and things were to be sent down from the Hall to make it comfortable by day. The cushions could be taken in at night easily, whilst the woodwork was immoveable and safe from molestation. It seemed indeed to Jack as if a wonderful new life had begun for him.

The cushions came down from the Hall that same evening, together with a message that Stone had better step up to see the farm bailiff the first thing the following day.

There were bright faces and cheerful hearts in the little cliff cottage that night. There had been anxiety, sickness and trouble there for many long days, but it seemed as if brighter times were dawning at last.

Only the lame girl's face was dark and clouded, and it was long before Jack could coax her to say what was in her mind; but at last it came out.

"I hate taking things from rich folks. They just come to amuse themselves and give what don't cost them nothing, and think themselves awful kind and good. I won't have none of it. They don't do it because they care for us, only to amuse themselves. They wouldn't lift a finger for us if it gave them any trouble, that they wouldn't, only when it's a sort of game."

Jack was silent. He did not in the least understand the bearing of his sister's excited speech.

Reinée went home that day in a thoughtful mood, and for many days, as she pursued with unostentatious and loving care the little offices she had set herself to perform, a shade of unusual gravity rested on her sweet face, and her eyes would grow dreamy with the thoughts that were rising within her.

She was very happy, and yet often sad during these days of new experiences. The sight of poverty and pain saddened her again and again, as did also the uncomplaining cheerfulness or stolidness of the sufferers; and yet, despite these sorrowful sights, Reinée was beginning to experience some of that strange sweetness that is felt by all those who take up a labour of love in a tender, humble, child-like spirit.

She felt her ignorance in spiritual things very keenly at this time, and longed for a friend to guide and teach her. She could not, alas, go to her mother, and after the unconscious rebuff she had once received at Barbara's hands, she felt shy of re-opening the subject with her. She saw more of Juliet Granby just now, and the two girls had become increasingly intimate of late. And so one day after Juliet had been spending the afternoon with her, Reinée propounded

the question she had been pondering with a little more abruptness than was usual with her.

"Juliet, are you religious?"

"I hardly know what you mean, Reinée," answered Juliet quickly. "Of course I read the Bible—sometimes—and go to church, and all that sort of thing; but I never profess to understand the ecstatic sort of religious enthusiasm that seems to fill some people. I should not care to have it if I could. I think that poetry and music are my most real religion."

"Yes?" queried Reinée dreamily, "I have heard other people say the same; but do they satisfy you?"

"Satisfy me? Why no, of course not. Who could be satisfied in this narrow, narrow little life?"

"Some people are," answered Reinée in the same dreamy way. "That dear old blind woman by the church is quite the happiest person I know; and yet she has had more troubles than fall to the lot of most. It is her religion that makes her happy. It is a real, living thing to her. Why do not we feel the same?—we who have so much more to be thankful for."

Juliet smiled with something of scorn, but Reinée did not see, neither would she have been daunted by a little contempt. She was too much in earnest.

"My dear Reinée, surely you are not going to institute comparisons between our minds and those of poor untaught people like that. Don't you know that it is always the most ignorant of the community who are the most religious—or superstitious? When you come to that level it does not much matter which you call it."

Reinée made no reply. She did not appear shocked—unfortunately she had known too much of such talk to hear it with any great surprise; but her eyes grew deep with the intensity of the thoughts at work within her, and presently she said softly: "You can call it superstition if you will, Juliet; but I know that there is a grand, grand truth behind—a truth worth all the learning of this world put together. When we come to die, Juliet, how do you think things will look to us then?"

Juliet laughed uneasily.

"What dismal spirits you are in to-day, Reinée! What is the matter with you?"

The face that Reinée turned towards her companion was anything but dismal.

"I think," she said with a peculiarly sweet smile, "that I am learning to be happier than I have ever been before."

Juliet looked at her companion with some dissatisfaction.

"Is that because you are growing religious?" she asked with a half impatient sigh. "It seems to me that every one gets spoiled when they begin to take up——"

And then Juliet stopped short, half ashamed of the thought that had prompted these words.

Reinée looked at her thoughtfully.

"I was hoping you would be able to help me," she said in her simple way.

Juliet's cheek flushed, and her glance fell in a sort of compunction she could not understand.

"I am afraid I can't," she said with a humility very unusual with her; and as she walked home and thought again of Reinée's words and look, she almost wished she had been able to help her friend along the narrow way that she had often said she more than half despised.

MARY OF BETHANY,

AND THE VALUE OF A ROMAN PENNY.

THE critics of all ages have a marvellous faculty for discussing improbabilities in a narrative, and for passing from that discovery to a doubt or denial of its truth. The sacred histories have not escaped this ordeal, and many, even of those who profess to accept the Gospels as in the main accurate and trustworthy, yet refuse their credence when anything improbable appears to be recorded. This is quite different from the rejection of miracles. Some students accept some or all of the miracles, and yet hesitate about narrations which, if miracles are admitted ought surely to give little occasion for doubt. This refinement of criticism is especially frequent when the Gospels record two similar events. It is thought to be unlikely that almost exactly the same incidents should have occurred twice; and from this unlikelihood men jump to the conclusion that the records are slightly different, and each of them slightly inaccurate, accounts of one event.

This criticism has been employed with respect to the miracles of feeding. Canon Cook, when writing of the feeding of four thousand men, says: "Nothing can be clearer than the distinction between this miracle and that of the five thousand as stated in Our Lord's own words. Yet the ingenuity of several modern commentators has discovered, in spite of the narrative, that the two are but different statements of the same event." Precisely the same kind of criticism is observable with respect to the account given by St. Luke of the anointing of our Saviour and the similar occurrence related by the other three evangelists. These records, say the captious commentators, are so nearly alike that we must believe them to be only two slightly different accounts of a single transaction. It is not likely

that there should be two Marys performing the same act of devotion in the houses of two Simons.

But when we look more carefully into the matter, we shall see that the unlikely circumstances are more on the other side. In the first place, it is not properly a question of two Marys. The name of the "woman who was a sinner" is nowhere mentioned in Scripture. It is true that, for some hundreds of years, there has been a tradition, more or less accepted by the church, that the "woman who was a sinner" was Mary Magdalene. But for this there is not a particle of evidence, and the only excuse for the supposition is that Mary Magdalene is introduced to us by St. Luke immediately after his account of the anointing. On the other hand, we may rather say that there is clear proof that the two women were not identical, for, in the phraseology of the New Testament, it is not at all the same thing for a woman to be "a sinner" and to be "possessed of devils"; the one marks moral guilt, the other spiritual infirmity, to which guilt is no more necessarily attached than it is now to madness. In fact, as we should now say, the one was a "bad woman," the other was a "mad woman." As to the name Simon, it was as common as John or James. Perhaps we should say more common. Hence, it is usual to distinguish the Simons by descriptions which have the effect of surnames. Thus we have Simon surnamed Peter, Simon the tanner, one Simon a Cyrenian; and in these two accounts Simon the Pharisee, and Simon the leper. Again, it is clear that Mary of Bethany was a daughter of Simon the leper. But that Simon appears only by name. No doubt his disease had compelled his removal from home, and hence his house is in one place called the "house of Martha," who was clearly the eldest of the family. Simon the Pharisee does appear conspicuously. He was entertaining our Lord when the woman came in. To him the parable of the two debtors was specially addressed. It is very certain that he would not have spoken of his own daughter as "a woman that was a sinner." We take it to be proved then that there were two different Simons and two different women. That two women should have selected the same method of attesting their devotion cannot be deemed improbable by those who remember how common a thing in Palestine, Greece, and Italy were the use of precious oils and unguents. We may pass rapidly by other differences. The story of St. Luke appears clearly to be placed in Galilee, and in the first year of our Lord's ministry. The story of the other evangelists is most distinctly placed in Bethany, and within two days of our Lord's betrayal. Again, our Saviour distinctly speaks of the motive of the "woman who was a sinner," that "she loved much"; and of her reward, that her "sins were forgiven." Of Mary He says that "she did it for My burial," and for her reward He promised that her name and story should be published wherever the Gospel was preached.

We now come to another interesting question, namely, that of the costliness of the spikenard used by Mary of Bethany. We are told that it might have been sold for three hundred pence, and we have to consider what that means. Now we all know that a Roman denarius, which is translated by "a penny," contained as much silver as would be equal to sevenpence halfpenny of our money. Reckoning in this way three hundred pence would be equal to about 9*l.* 7*s.* of our money. But historians and political economists alike have pointed out that the value of different coins in various countries and at various times is not to be learned by simply ascertaining the weight of silver or gold they contain. A Roman penny contains as much silver as sevenpence halfpenny of our money; but if it would purchase five sixpenny loaves it would really be equal to half-a-crown. The real question, therefore, is, "What amount of useable commodities would such and such a coin purchase in any given country at a given time?" And for such a comparison, perhaps no commodity is more useful than bread or grain. It is universally used—it is the prime necessary of life; and if we could learn how much bread the Roman penny would purchase in the time of our Lord, we shall know as nearly as possible the present value of three hundred pence. Now the value of money changed very rapidly in Rome during the two hundred years before Christ. In the time of Polybius, about 150 years before Christ, a bushel and a-half of wheat could be bought in Southern Italy for four pence of our money. Victuals and lodging at an inn cost on an average about one farthing of our money per day. But a great change took place. Flushed with conquest, loaded with wealth, the Romans ceased to grow their own corn in Italy, and purchased what they required from Sicily, Sardinia, and Egypt. Hence the price of food fluctuated very much. The ravages of the pirates about 70 years before Christ brought Rome to the verge of famine. More than once a severe winter and the perils of the sea caused extreme scarcity in the time of Augustus, that is, during the life of our Lord. At one time, we are told by Herr Mömsen, that the price of a bushel of wheat rose to about twelve shillings of our money. A quarter, or eight bushels, would then be worth about ninety-six shillings, which was about the price reached during the Crimean War. But the same authority calculates that the medium price of wheat in Rome during the first century of our era was about four denarii or pence, that is, about two shillings and sixpence of our money for a bushel. That, however, is reckoned as the price in Rome itself, which imported all its bread-stuffs, and therefore had to pay, in addition to the cost of production, all the cost of carriage over a long sea voyage—all the risks of shipwreck, and the profits of the farmers and merchants. The cost in Syria, Palestine, and Egypt must have been very much less, for carriage, whether by sea or land, must have employed much more labour than it does in these days of steam. We may well suppose that, even on Herr Mömsen's calculation, three Roman pennies, or denarii, would purchase a bushel of wheat in Palestine at the time of our Lord's ministry. The price in England of a bushel of

wheat, even in these days of depression, is about four shillings and sixpence; and as the penny would buy one-third of a bushel, it would be worth not sevenpence halfpenny but one shilling and sixpence, and the three hundred pence, at which the spikenard was valued, would be equal not to 9*l.* 7*s.* but to 22*l.* 10*s.* Another authority, Mons. Victor Durney, distinctly gives the cost even in Rome at three denarii, or nearly two shillings the bushel.

But we think that even these calculations give to the penny too small a purchasing power; and we have a test even more satisfactory than that of the price of wheat. About the time when our Lord was teaching in Palestine, the Roman soldiery were agitating for a penny a day. It is probable that John the Baptist refers to this when he tells the soldiers to "be content with their wages." But their actual pay was, and for many years remained at, ten asses, or five-eighths of a Roman penny per day. Out of this they had to pay not only for food, but for their arms, clothing, and tents. So that three hundred pence would pay, clothe, arm, and shelter a soldier for a year and a quarter, and would be equal in purchasing power to at least forty pounds. This then makes the penny nearly equal in purchasing power to three shillings now. And this is something near the amount which other passages in the Gospel imply. Thus in St. Mark vi. 37, we have the estimate that two hundred pence would purchase enough bread to give a meal to five thousand men. "Shall we go and buy two hundred pennyworth of bread, and give them to eat?" St. John, in his account of the same miracle, makes Philip suggest that two hundred pennyworth would hardly be enough. Now, if we take the penny as equal to sevenpence halfpenny, twopence would only buy three four-pound loaves—the two hundred pennyworth would buy three hundred loaves; and it would be absurd to suggest the purchase of three hundred loaves for five thousand men. But allowing that the purchasing power was nearly equal to three shillings, two hundred pence would buy nearly as much as 30*l.* now. If we reckon the four-pound loaf at sixpence, the two hundred pence would buy 1200 loaves, if at fivepence, 1600 loaves, so that the estimate becomes a very fair one. Again, we have the labourers hired for the vineyard. It is obvious that the master in this case is represented as a very rich man, who could afford to pay for an hour as much as for a day. Yet he reckons a penny to be good wages for a day; and that, presumably, for labourers who had to house and feed a family. If the penny were only equal to our sevenpence halfpenny in purchasing power the wages would be absurd; but if it would buy as much bread and other necessaries as three shillings will now, we can understand that the wages of eighteen shillings a week were not despicable. Indeed, as we have seen already, it was the pay that the soldiers asked for and could not obtain. The same remarks apply to the parable of the good Samaritan. Twopence, if reckoned equal to one shilling and threepence of our money, seems an absurd sum to leave, even at a roadside inn, for a wounded man: it would barely buy three loaves of bread. But six shillings would buy loaves enough for a week or more, and leave something over for wine and olives. And we must remember that even then the twopence was not expected to be sufficient. The balance was to be paid on the next journey.

Perhaps it may be thought that we have proved too much, that the expenditure of 40*l.* on unguents would be monstrous, and would deserve the epithet of "waste." But it must be remembered that in these times the rich were very rich, and the poor very poor.

Thus Juvenal (Sat. iv. 15) says, that Crispinus gave 50*l.* for a mullet of six pounds weight,[1] and a little research would provide plenty of proof of the possession of enormous wealth in comparatively few hands. Now every incident about the family of Bethany seems to suggest a wealthy household. We may add that it was the custom of the Jews and of other nations who buried instead of burning their dead, to spend large sums in spices for a newly-buried corpse. Finally, we may notice that at this very day 50*l.* to 80*l.*, or even more, is constantly spent in the United States for embalming a corpse, and that Jesus distinctly speaks of this anointing as being for his burial.

The M'Ganda's Request.

[When the first boy-martyrs of Uganda, Central Africa, perished, in January, 1886, singing the praises of God in the flames, one of the murderers was so impressed by their behaviour that he came afterwards to the missionaries, and said that he must learn to pray too.]

TEACH me to pray! For I have seen
That man may hold communion high
With One who far above doth dwell,
To mortal eye invisible,
Beyond the heavens' shining screen,
Beyond the portals of the sky.

Teach me to pray! For I have seen
That in a way beyond our ken,
Down from that strange, stupendous height,
Down from that glory infinite,
Where mortal foot hath never been,
The Mighty One comes down to men.

Teach me to pray! For now I see
There is a Power beyond our thought
That, spite of human fraud or force,
Holds on its straight, unswerving course;
And wrath and hate and man's decree
Before its purpose are as nought.

Teach me to pray! For I would share
In that communion high and blest.
Teach me to pray! For I would be
Linked with that Power so strong and free,
Would know that Friend beyond compare,
And find in Him eternal rest.

SARAH GERALDINA STOCK.

[1] Even a mullet of ordinary size was considered a great delicacy, but this was a marvellous fish.

THE SAVOY.

AN interesting history has the precinct of the old Savoy; and with its palace, hospital, and chapel, many vicissitudes has it had since Peter the Savoyard, brother of two archbishops and uncle of five queens, received the manor from the third Henry on condition of the three barbed arrows delivered each year to the king's exchequer. It was at the invitation of his niece, the Provençal Eleanor, that Peter came to England in 1241. Five years afterwards, by a grant signed by King Henry at Reading, he was put in possession of the lands hitherto belonging to Brian de l'Isle—"extra muros civitatis nostræ Londiniæ in vico qui vocatur La Straunde"—and to them he gave his name.

He built the first house and in it kept considerable state. He was always an officiously busy man, and went on many missions across the channel, but he was never popular. His distasteful consignment of continental damsels, shipped in hopes of marrying our wealthy wards in Chancery, did him no good; and his position was not improved by the proceedings of his brother Boniface, who has come down to us with the distinction of having been Archbishop of Canterbury for nine years before he set foot on our shores, and then having fled the storm he had provoked. Peter, who shared in his disgrace, seems to have escaped banishment by being abroad when the Oxford Council met, and, in 1263, he succeeded his nephew as Count of Savoy, and retired to the Castle of Chillon, where he ended his days, sailing on Leman's pleasant lake and listening to the strains of his minstrel.

From him the Savoy passed to the friars of Mountjoy, and these, two years afterwards, in 1270, sold it to Queen Eleanor. Eleanor held it until she began her preparations to take the veil, and then, by a grant from Ludgershall in 1284, she assigned it to her "dear son Edmund" Crouchback, Earl of Lancaster, the husband of Blanche of Navarre. During Queen Eleanor's holding it was occupied by her eldest son Edward Longshanks, who thither brought his young wife, the other Eleanor of Castile, and made it his home whenever he came to London; and when Alexander III. of Scotland was in London in 1279 he also was lodged in the Savoy.

Of Edmund Crouchback the story runs that he brought from Provence the stocks of the red roses which afterwards became the cognizance of his descendants, and which are still to be seen carved on his monument in Westminster Abbey. The roses thus first grew in the gardens of the Savoy which in the Temple Gardens lower down the river were a century and a half later to give rise to the picturesque incident of the York and Lancaster quarrel.

Edmund's son was Thomas, afterwards "Saint Thomas of Lancaster." He it was who compelled the banishment of Gaveston in 1308, and who, on the favourite's return four years afterwards, captured him at Scarborough. After Bannockburn, Thomas entered into correspondence with the Scotch, and in 1322 was executed with twenty-eight of his followers. By an extraordinary revulsion of opinion he became a popular "saint," and miracles were wrought at his tomb. In vain the King desired the Bishop of London to put a stop to the worship of a rebel without the authority of the church. The feeling was too strong against him. St. Thomas of Lancaster almost took the place of St. Thomas of Canterbury. "The archbishop had died for the liberties of the church, but the Earl for the liberties of the people." There was even an "Office of St. Thomas of Lancaster" with its first lines in imitation of a current hymn beginning—

> "Gaude Thoma, ducum decus, Lucerna Lancastriæ,
> Qui per necem imitaris Thomam Cantuariæ;
> Cujus caput conculcatur pacem ob Ecclesiæ
> Atque tuum detruncatur causa pacis Angliæ."

And after Edward's deposition an application was made to Rome to canonise the Earl of Lancaster in the orthodox way. It came to nothing, however, and soon the tide turned; the people who had worshipped at the tomb of Earl Thomas, began to worship at the tomb of the king who had beheaded him.

For a time the manor belonged to Edward, Earl of Chester, afterwards Edward III., and then "the Sauveye" was handed over to Henry, Earl of Lancaster, the next heir of the sainted Thomas. His first son, the fourth earl, became the first Duke of Lancaster, and henceforth the Savoy was the headquarters of the great Duchy Palatine, which still has the offices of its chancery within its precincts. When the palace had disappeared, and its site was occupied by the hospital, these offices were rented from the master and chaplains. The Duchy had then been joined to the Crown, and it is on account of its head being also our reigning sovereign, that the chapel of the Savoy is one of the chapels royal.

In 1357, King John of France, who had been taken prisoner at Poitiers, was quartered at the Savoy, and it was thence that he rode on the white steed with the Black Prince "on the little black hackney" beside him, as told in all our history books. John was released when the first instalment of his ransom was received; but after a time he returned to captivity—because he could not raise the balance say some; because he came to organise a conspiracy against his captors say others—and in the Savoy he died.

The first Duke of Lancaster had met his death three years before. He left the Savoy to his daughters Matilda and Blanche. Matilda died childless in 1362, and the whole inheritance fell to her sister Blanche, the wife of John, Earl of Richmond, better known to us as John of Gaunt, Duke of Lancaster, he having been advanced to the title on his wife coming into the property.

John of Gaunt was the last who lived in the

palace of the Savoy. "In his day," says Mr. Loftie in his memorials, "the house in all probability consisted of a quadrangle or series of quadrangles surrounded by domestic buildings. There was a great gateway half fortified and protected by a portcullis facing the Strand. This gate was probably on the site now marked by Savoy Street, and occupied the centre of the Strand front. A smaller gate, or postern for foot passengers only, may have been at one side, and the space between was guarded by a long line of wall pierced with a few windows at some distance from the ground, and serving to mark the residences of the soldiers and lower rank of retainers with which the court of every great

John of Gaunt's ambitious schemes bore unexpected fruit. In 1381 occurred the "rising of the commoners," when the peasants rose against their rulers all over the kingdom. The men of the southern shores under the Tyler stormed into London. Southwark was harried, the Marshalsea was battered down, Walworth's houses in Bankside were given to the flames, and Lambeth Palace was broken into. The Lord Mayor made a half-hearted attempt to save the city and pulled up the drawbridge over the last arch on London Bridge. As soon as the crowd had gathered, the drawbridge was dropped and into the city the rebels poured.

It was on Corpus Christi day. The peasants

[From an Original Sketch.

THE SAVOY CHAPEL ROYAL.

man's house was in those days filled. Entering by the great gate we should have seen on the right the chapel, and in front, probably the great hall, a prominent feature in every nobleman's house. The private apartments were beyond the hall, between it and the river on which they looked out, pleasant terraces intervening, with gardens and orchards extending to the water's edge. There was, of course, a landing-place, as the river was in those days the great thoroughfare, with low houses for the duke's barges, and sheds, or cloisters, for the bargemen to wait in. The kitchen adjoined the hall, probably running at right angles to it, and, if so, occupying the left-hand side of the court-yard, that namely facing the chapel."

rushed to the west, straight for the Savoy. It was soon in flames. Not a thing was taken out of it. "We are no thieves," said the Kentish men; and when one straggler was found hiding a silver goblet in his jerkin, he was set upon at once and cast alive into the flames. The palace was one of the best furnished in Europe. "Five carts would hardly have carried all the silver and jewels," to say nothing of the gold and plate; but the gold and the silver, the draperies and the tapestries, the house and all that was in it fell wrapped in fire. Three barrels of gunpowder were found by the rioters, and, supposing them to contain gold and silver, they threw them into the flames. The powder "more suddenly than they thought, blew up the

hall, destroyed the houses and almost themselves."

This was the end of the palace in the Savoy. Sixteen years afterwards John of Gaunt died, and his son Henry IV. annexed the manor to the Crown with all the other estates of the house of Lancaster. Under the charter in which he did so Queen Victoria is now Lady of the Manor of the Savoy.

For some years the site remained waste. Occasionally the ruins were used as a prison. At last came the founding of the hospital in accordance with the will of King Henry VII. The chapel was then rebuilt on its old foundations and re-dedicated to its old saint, St. John.

The hospital was opened in 1517. Three years before, Wolsey, then Archbishop of York, held a council in the uncompleted buildings. The first life of the hospital was not a long one. The suppression took place under Edward VI.; but with Mary came the restoration. During Elizabeth's reign the state of the charity was much enquired into, and it dragged on a miserable existence. Under James its condition improved somewhat. Its end was however evident, and in 1702 came the sentence of its dissolution from Lord-keeper Wright.

In James's time came the rivalry of its two famous masters Balcanquall and the corpulent Archbishop of Spalato, Mark Anthony de Dominis, who, after quitting the Church of Rome, and becoming Dean of Windsor, reverted to his old creed, and returned to his old country to be killed in the castle of St. Angelo, and with his "Ecclesiastical Republic" burnt by the public executioner. In Cromwell's time came the meeting of the Independents to draw up their uniform confession of faith. In Charles the Second's time came the conference between the Churchmen and the Presbyterians on the Book of Common Prayer, in which so much was said and so little was done.

After the hospital's dissolution the precinct grew to be a kind of no man's land of very doubtful fame. At last the builders invaded it. The west front of Somerset House was built within its boundary. Waterloo Bridge took away a large slice of its area. Lancaster Place rose on the site of the houses once occupied by Jacob Tonson the bookseller, and Alexander Cruden, of the Concordance, who in 1739 held under no leases and paid no rent. In 1876 the Embankment came, more of the Savoy was taken and little but its chapel was left.

The precinct had had other chapels. There had been a French one, a German one, and even a Persian one. The Persian, probably a Greek Church, had no lengthened existence; the German chapel with its burial-ground lasted until lately; the French Chapel had removed to Bloomsbury. The present chapel, the chapel royal, is on the same site as that destroyed in 1381. It was built by Humphrey Cook in the reign of Henry VIII.

Cook's monument once stood in the body of the chapel. It has now disappeared and with it many others. The oldest now remaining is the little brass plate in memory of two bishops—Thomas Halsey, of Leighlin, and the poet Gawain Douglas, of Dunkeld—the third son of the mighty Bell the Cat. "Save Gawain none could spell a line."

The Savoy is indeed rich in its memories of the poets. It was in its gardens that Chaucer won Philippa Roet to be his wife and it is of the Lady Blanche who brought the manor to John of Gaunt that he sings in his Boke of the Duchesse. Wither "who discovered that poetry was a present possession as well as a rich reversion" came here to die. Cowley was an unsuccessful applicant for the mastership, and the Mrs. Anne Killigrew of Dryden's Ode was the master's daughter. Her monument was destroyed in the fire of 1864 which wrought much damage.

After the fire the chapel was restored by the Queen. It was reopened on Advent Sunday 1865, Dean Stanley preaching the first sermon, Frederick Denison Maurice addressing the evening congregation. The Savoy has had many ministers. Among them two stand out pre-eminent—Anthony Horneck the popular, "whose parish extended from Whitechapel to Whitehall," and quaint old Thomas Fuller, "who spent his life making others immortal and thereby attained immortality himself."

It was in the Savoy that the author of "The Worthies" preached his last sermon. "He felt unwell, and his friends would have kept him from making the exertion. But a member of the congregation was to be married on the following day, Monday, and Fuller lovingly undertook to wish the wedding couple well, in a special sermon, a good custom which still obtains at the Savoy. Before he began he told his congregation he felt ill, but by a strong exertion he got through. He was carried from the church half-fainting, and being taken to his lodgings, he was put to his bed, and he never rose from it again."

"Here lies Fuller's earth" was the epitaph he playfully suggested for himself, but a by no means inappropriate one is furnished by George Wither's hymn "For the present day or the last day" which is given in Mr. Loftie's book—that "ample and accurate record of the varied attractions and associations which cluster around the history of this ancient precinct," as Mr. White very truly calls it—to which we owe so much.

So let us walk, so let us work,
Whilst this fair daylight is possessed,
That when Death's evening waxeth dark,
Our flesh in hope may sweetly rest,
Until that mortal night be done,
And day immortal is begun.

And when Time's veil is rent away,
Whereby Eternity is hid,
When Thou shalt all things open lay,
Which here we thought, or said, or did.

Among Time's ruins bury so
Our failings through our tract of time,
That from these dungeons here below
We to celestial thrones may climb;
And then to our Eternal King
For ever Hallelujah sing.

SOME HINDU DEVOTEES,

AS PHOTOGRAPHED.

II

AND how many castes are there in India? Let any man look through Mr. Sherring's three quartos, and strive in vain to discover, and let him live in India for years and see for himself and combine his information in vain. In the olden times it was held there were but four castes. Manu's doctrine was that there were created four distinct types of men, Brahmans, Kshatriyas, Vaisyas, and Sudras, who from birth to death were to remain distinct from each other. According to the Brahmans there is but one pure caste, their own; for all the rest are mixed. There is no mistake about the superiority of the Brahman, in looks at least. Kashmir is a Brahman country, and there are to be found some of the finest and handsomest men in the world, men of quite high Aryan type, with fair well-chiselled features that would make a sculptor's heart glad. As Mr. Sherring says, in his "Hindu Tribes and Castes"—"Light of complexion, his forehead ample, his countenance of striking significance, his lips thin and mouth expressive, his eyes quick and sharp, his fingers long, his carriage noble and almost sublime, the true Brahman, uncontaminated by European influence and manners, with his intense self-consciousness, with the proud conviction of superiority depicted in every muscle of his face, and manifest in every movement of his body, is a wonderful specimen of humanity walking on God's earth." But the Brahman is now being left behind. He had a better start than his fellows, and he missed his opportunity. Instead of trusting to himself he thought only of his ancestors.

In the portrait of Nait Ram, given on the next page, we have an example of the Sunat sect from Aligarh. Most of these are agriculturists, but many of them are priests and mendicant friars, sometimes going on pilgrimages, but generally settled and peace-loving members of society, of teetotal and vegetarian habits. By the horizontal marks on Nait Ram's forehead, and the round spot in the centre, we see that he is a follower of Siva or Mahadeo, the third person of the later trinity which consisted of Brahman the creator, Vishnu the preserver, and Siva the destroyer, whose duties and attributes are so mixed and interchangeable that all efforts to separate them have been futile. This mark of Siva may be of ground sandal wood, or white earth ground up with water; but the mark would be red if he were to be a worshipper of Kali—the

A BUDDHIST LAMA OF TIBET.

consort of Kala, who is none other than Time, "the great dissolver"—or Devi, Siva's female principle, who has come to be the mother of the wives of Brahman and Vishnu, and to represent all the other female manifestations of the Trimurti. On his breast and arms are also marks of sandal-wood rubbed on a particular stone for this particular purpose until the paint is of the thickness of cream. Into the paint he dipped the finger ends of his right hand and scored himself in stripes, here and there ending with a dot, in the Prout style of art, not only for effect but as a protection of his chief muscles and vital spots from evil influence. This marking or painting of his body is a part of his morning's devotion, and during its performance he chants his liturgy

A SUNAT BRAHMAN.

or incantation to purify himself for the day. In the evening he bathes again and washes off his paint to renew it with his morning devotions, and so continue for the rest of his life by day and night in turns a painted and unpainted man. By his beard, by the mark across his nose, and by the rag thrown on his head, we recognise him as a mendicant friar and priest. And on his shoulders, across his chest, and probably tucked into his waistband is his sacred thread, the emblem of his Brahman rank.

This sacred thread is the mark that he has been born again; for the Brahman, like the Kshatriya and the Vaisya, belongs to a twice born caste. This sacred thread must have been made by a religious Brahman. It consists of three strings of cotton, each forty-eight yards in length, twisted and folded into three, and again twisted and folded into three, and knotted at each end. It is worn over the left shoulder, next the skin, and should hang halfway down the right thigh. In the case of the soldier caste the janeo is of hemp, in the case of the Vaisyas it is of wool. The Brahman receives the token of his spiritual birth in his eighth year, the Kshatriya receives his in his eleventh year, the Vaisya receives his in his twelfth year. No Brahman can marry unless he has received the thread, and should he not receive it at all he is an outcaste.

In the induction ceremony he has to stand opposite the sun, and walk three times round the sacred fire. The guru then consecrates the janeo by repeating the Gayatri, a sacred Vedic text, ten times. The boy is then girt with the thread and asks alms from the assembly in token that he undertakes to provide himself and his teacher with food. "The guru," says Professor Monier Williams, "then initiates him into the daily use of the sacred Savitri prayer called Gayatri, because it is in the three measured Gayatri metre, preceded by three suppressions of breath, the triliteral syllable Om and the three Vyahritis, or mystical words, Bhur, Bhuvah, Svar, and admits him to the privilege of repeating the three Vedas, and performing other religious rites, none of which are allowed before investiture. The Gayatri prayer is from the Rig-veda and may be thus translated, Let us meditate on that excellent glory of the divine Vivifier; may he enlighten our understandings." This prayer is repeated or muttered with the aid of a rosary five, ten, twenty-eight, or even one hundred and eight times at the two Sandhyas of sunrise and sunset; and those who aim at great sanctity repeat it at the three Sandhyas or divisions of the day, sunrise, noon and sunset. The rite of investiture is concluded by the binding on of a girdle made of Munja grass.

The young Brahman is then an "unmarried bachelor," or student; and at the end of his studentship comes another ceremony, the Samavartana, after which he has to return home and take a wife and become a householder. The three debts of the Brahman are the first to the gods, of which he acquits himself by daily worship and sacrifice, the second to the sages of which he acquits himself by the daily study of the sacred books, and the third to his spirit of which he acquits himself by begetting a son. When he is married, the sacred fire used at the ceremony goes home with his bride, and becomes the domestic fire to be kept up night and day by either himself, his wife, his children, or his pupils. And when he is advanced in years, he takes his sacred fire with him, and, clothed in skins or bark, he lives on vegetable food, and only such gifts as are necessary for his existence, to read the Veda and overcome his sensual affections and desires; his last stage being to meditate on divinity with no companion but his own soul, and beg only in the evening. That is to say, he will do so if he chooses, though the practice is not now obligatory.

Away to the north Brahmanism has given place to Buddhism which arose in Behar and Eastern India in the sixth century before Christ, and made its way with great rapidity not by the sword, but by persuasion, until it now has more followers than any other religion on earth. Of Buddhism, in its modern aspects, much notice is given in Mr. Gilmour's "Among the Mongols." It has been the state religion of China ever since

Kublai Khan, and its head the Dalai Lama, who lives at Lassa, and effects his re-embodiment by the beam of light that issues from his own body and enters that of his successor, is merely a creature of the Chinese government who retain the right of nominating the keeper of his conscience. It is singular to what numbers its lamas run. In Lassa there are 18,000 of them; in Ladakh there are at least 12,000; all going through the ceremonies in the most mechanical of ways. Horns are twirled and beads are slipped; prayers are cut on waterwheels and kept spinning in the stream; psalms are pasted on drums worked like smoke jacks and kept whirling round, each revolution having the same effect—on the lama—as if he had thought and offered the pious petition. To enlarge on the absurdities would be profitless; they are appalling instances of how great thoughts may be depraved. For Sakya-Sinha, so called from his clan, or Muni, so called from his being a hermit, or Gotama, or Buddha, or whatever he may be called, was assuredly a great man. The world is not likely to forget the story of the great renunciation; and though we may not go as far as to identify him all at once as the Sarmanes of the Greeks, the Wud of the Arabs, the Toth of the Egyptians, and the Woden of the Scandinavians, we are unable to deny the commanding influence of him who, as Saint Josaphat, strangely enough appears even in the Roman calendar.

The date of his death, B.C. 543, two hundred and sixteen years before Alexander the Great invaded India, serves one useful purpose to us here in showing the antiquity of the Brahmanism he came to reform. What that faith is to-day among India's two hundred and fifty millions has been shown over and over again in these pages, and is known to all readers and travellers. What it was three thousand years ago is not easy to say, and it may have failed as much in practice then, as now: but from the Vedic hymns it would seem to have had in it many of the elements of truth. That it can even be considered as monotheistic the following extract from the hundred and twenty-first hymn of the tenth Mandala, as translated in Professor Williams' "Indian Wisdom," affords at least fair grounds for contention.

What god shall we adore with sacrifice?
Him let us praise, the golden child that rose
In the beginning, who was born the lord—
The one sole lord of all that is—who made
The earth, and formed the sky, who giveth life,
Who giveth strength, whose bidding gods revere,
Whose hiding-place is immortality,
Whose shadow, death; wholly his might is king
Of all the breathing, sleeping, waking world.
Where'er let loose in space, the mighty waters
Have gone, depositing a fruitful seed,
And generating fire; there he arose
Who is the breath and life of all the gods,
Whose mighty glance looks round the vast expanse
Of watery vapour—source of energy,
Cause of the sacrifice—the only God
Above all gods. W. J. GORDON.

A VILLAGE READING.

THE indifference of the working-classes to religion may be too hastily assumed. Many conferences have been held on the subject. The following paper, written at our request, shows what has actually been done in an English village. Whatever views may be held as to the methods adopted in different spheres, the question as to how these classes may best be reached is one of vital interest, and all facts that bear upon it must be welcome.

I have been asked to write a short account of my "Sunday Readings" in our village. I will begin by saying I am a layman, a member of an exacting profession—a busy man: therefore, what I do, others may be able to do under corresponding circumstances. The place of which I have to speak is a purely agricultural village; there are a few small shops, some shoemakers, bricklayers, labourers, or odd men, who usually obtain work in the neighbouring towns. We are some miles from a rail, and had the reputation of being not so long since "a very wild uncultivated lot."

About a year ago, on my way to public worship I was often pained by seeing such a crowd of men and lads, on Sundays, standing at the cross-roads—the favourite place of meeting—all smoking, talking, or indulging in a good deal of rough play. As from time to time I passed, I would ask them why they did not go to some place of worship, and the answer was usually a great laugh, and some would slink away. There was no other result.

One Sunday, when I thus spoke to about thirty, a voice in the crowd said, "Church is not for such as we. Look at our clothes." I endeavoured to show them that that ought to be no bar; but shakes of the head showed I had failed. Another voice then said: "Why don't you talk to us on Sundays? We'll come to hear you." I said: "Is that a promise? If I read a chapter of the Bible and try to explain it, will you come?" Several men said, "Yes."

Then where to meet was the difficulty. I spoke to a farmer. He offered a barn; but it was out of the way, had no seats, and was, moreover, very draughty. A public-house club-room was offered, but after consideration was declined. There is a club-room in the village, and unused on Sundays. After some negotiations I obtained the use of that—I pay a man to light a good fire, so as to warm the room in winter—and we met. About twenty or so came. I began at first by reading a chapter in one of the Gospels, taking one which brought in country life. In the simplest manner and plainest language I sought,

as one familiar with the text, to show the men the difference of country, of race, costume, agricultural implements, and then I went on to the practical lesson of the chapter.

The numbers increased. Then I thought I would begin with a short prayer—only a few words. No objection was made by the men. Still I kept to the Gospels. Soon it occurred to me that a large map of the Holy Land would be a good thing, so that I might point out the exact place where the event occurred; and if a journey was described in the sacred text, I traced the line of route on the map, explaining from my own knowledge of the land anything peculiar or different from England. Presently I thought I might also *end* with a prayer.

A few Sundays after, I asked the men if they thought we could sing the Doxology. There were grave shakes of the head; but we tried it. It was not a success, but I determined to try on, and ere long we managed very well. Here I must note, that though I can sing in a way, I cannot start a tune. By-and-by, however, the Doxology went splendidly, and the men were pleased.

One Saturday evening a deputation of the men who attended came to me, and asked if I would say a few more words of prayer, both at the beginning and end, and "if we could not have a hymn." I said we would try. I kept the prayers *very* short still; and we tried our hymn.

It was a great trial to my gravity: all were in different tunes and time, but we did not give it up. We then numbered about seventy, and soon we got on; and now though we could hardly enter into competition with a trained choir, we sing well, and from the heart. Often the men ask, before I begin, for a particular hymn, such as, "Jesus, lover of my soul," "Abide with me," or, "O God, our help in ages past." Hymns of that class are the favourites. And now we begin with prayer; then a hymn; and close with hymn and then prayer. At the present time we meet, 120 men, and perhaps twenty lads over sixteen.

Some time ago we began a course on St. Paul. First I described him when he was a Pharisee, explaining carefully what that meant. One lesson which made a great sensation was the chapter giving the account of his conversion. We are still going on with St. Paul's Epistles; and it is a deeply touching sight to see old grey-haired labourers, with their furrowed cheeks, and bent figures, come with reverence into the room, cover their eyes for a short prayer, and then listening with eager ears—and eyes often full of tears—to the manly appeals of the Great Apostle of the Gentiles. The younger men are equally attentive, and many a bent head or shaded eye shows how the man is impressed. After reading the chapter selected, the whole chapter and sometimes more if the subject requires it, I endeavour to bring out all I know of the history of the place, and the people to whom the Epistle was written, and the state of the world at the time, often quoting what the best heathen writers said of it. I strive to show how straighforward, simple and manly the life of the apostle was, his difficulties, trials, faith. And then his converts: I show who they were, as far as history helps us; their positions in the world; their dangers and devotion; and apply as well as I can every event described in the lesson to ourselves.

We have our difficulties. Small boys like to come, but we are obliged to turn them out, otherwise the ladies who hold Sunday afternoon classes would complain that all their scholars were taken away. Another difficulty is the hour. We meet at three P.M. and close shortly after four o'clock, there being no service in the village at that hour. There are other men, employed on the different farms, stock-feeding at that time, who want the hour made 5.30, but then it is said I should be competing with the services in the evenings; so at present we keep to three o'clock. Another difficulty, and that has been grave, has arisen from the fact that so many men wished to bring their wives, mothers, or grown up daughters. For they said, "You make the Bible a real Book, sir; and women have souls to be saved." But the objection was made,—if you give this general character to it, your "reading" will become a "service." So we have compromised the matter. Once in every three months, women are admitted. They sit at the end of the room by themselves. Strangers often come. One man was steady in his attendance all the summer, walking from a village, four miles away. The Squire and male visitors at the Hall drop in; but all are treated alike. Of course we have disappointments, for we have some bad characters in the village. Their attendance is very irregular; but when here they behave quietly. On the other hand men come privately to tell of their troubles, to speak of their soul's welfare, and ask advice. Wet days make no difference, only that more young men are present. Working men from other villages at a distance ask me to do the same there, but as I have not solved the difficulty of being in two places at the same time, I am obliged to refuse.

Explain it how you choose,—vast numbers of working men will not go to church or chapel, yet they will listen to laymen in club-rooms or town halls. I have proved it again and again in the most unlikely places. My own belief is that the masses are "hungering for Christ." They may have deserted the churches, they have *not* deserted Christ.

In the hot summer-time the room gets very close, so, one Sunday, having a friend staying with me, we had two addresses in my field, a quiet place away from any road. No notice but a verbal one given in the club-room announced the service. The sight was wonderful. Under a beautiful sky the whole village assembled. It was touching to see men and women kneel down on the grass, while my friend offered a few words of prayer. He was a man who had bravely fought for country and Queen in distant lands, and, strange to say, in this out-of-the-way village two men came up to him afterwards, and reminded him that they in distant lands had been soldiers under his command in battle! How warm the greeting, I leave the reader to imagine. It was pleasant to exchange words in such circumstances; but there is a deeper joy in meeting those who are our comrades in the greater battle against evil.

HEART'S-EASE.

CHAPTER VIII.

IT was not to be expected that Ethel could visit her sick friend every day, but as often as opportunity offered she went to the village, either with Nero, as her sole companion, or with nurse, who in common with every one else, took a lively interest in the case of the sick girl. The visits now were usually shorter, for even Ethel could see how weak and weary her namesake became if there was much talking between them, and to go there and not talk, would have been impossible for the bright, active girl. Nurse, and all who had any experience in such matters, shook their heads whenever they spoke about the case, as though they had quite made up their minds that there must be a speedy ending to it.

Aunt Regina had gone over several times, but had not always taken Ethel with her, for she thought, very wisely, that so many visitors would not be good, and there were other people to be visited also, for her brother had begged of her to make enquiries as to any case needing their help, and she was glad to be of service herself, in doing good.

But when Ethel went now, she was able to read from the Bible for her namesake. The sick girl could listen to that when she could not listen to anything else. One portion was always a special favourite with both girls, and it was read so often, that it became easy for Ethel to repeat it from memory.

"Let not your heart be troubled; ye believe in God, believe also in Me. In My Father's house are many mansions; if it were not so, I would have told you. I go to prepare a place for you. And if I go and prepare a place for you, I will come again, and receive you unto Myself; that where I am, there ye may be also."

It was always with a smile, and a brightening face that Namesake listened to these tender words. She knew them so well as the words of the Saviour who had died to give her a right to enter that happy place, that they had long ago ceased to be mere words from a book, but sounded to her heart as the accents of a present friend. Everything belonging to the present world in which she was merely hovering now, seemed dim and uncertain. Ethel made it appear less visionary by her high spirits, and keen enjoyment, but it was fading away day by day, whilst that other home beyond the grave was shining bright and splendid, to her eager spirit.

It was good for Ethel who had never given a thought to such realities, to be brought in contact with one so fit to teach her something about them. There was nothing gloomy in the lesson. There ought not to be, if it be taught by God, and not by the fear and ignorance of our own hearts. "Let not your heart be troubled," was the shining motto over all. And Ethel began to understand something of the great love which makes life full of happiness, and death full of glory to those who trust it.

One lovely morning after breakfast, Aunt Regina herself suggested going to the village with Ethel, and as she felt better to-day, she would walk through the fields, and so cut off a considerable angle of the road.

"Your father tells me that he may have to go abroad after all, this autumn, Ethel," Miss Regina said as they went along.

"Oh! aunt!" Ethel exclaimed, with evident disappointment. "I could not leave home now. I do hope papa will leave us here."

"But, my dear, if he goes we must go too. He would never leave you behind, and besides, I thought you were most anxious to go! Remember how angry your were at our coming down here."

"Ah! but things have happened since then, Aunt Regina," said Ethel, looking up with a smile.

Yes, things had happened, no doubt. No one knew that better than Miss Regina. The smiling face at her side was proof positive of the fact, if she had need of proof.

"But you have faith enough to believe that if you are to go, it will be the best for you and others, Ethel."

"I don't know, aunt," said Ethel, doubtfully.

"But, my darling, if we have faith in the wisdom and goodness of our Father in heaven, we shall be willing to trust Him in matters of this sort. Indeed, unless we have such faith we must be continually in doubt and distress. It is only by perfect trust that we can be happy."

Of course Ethel knew that. She was not too young to understand what real faith in God meant, and she had, in her own way, desires after a more perfect trust in Him. We have to walk without seeing exactly were we place our feet. It may be we have never crossed the bridge of promise before, and it seems so slender as to be dangerous. I think we may all say, as Ethel did, in answer to Miss Regina's remark, "I'm very foolish, aunt, I know. I wish I had more sense."

"There is a promise in the Bible that will exactly suit you then, Ethel. 'If any man lack wisdom, let him ask of God, that giveth to all men liberally, and upbraideth not, and it shall be given him.' We can bring even our weaknesses to God, and He promises to turn them into strength."

Ethel walked on in silence for some time. She was busy with her own thoughts, which were too sacred even for Aunt Regina. There was an inner sanctuary in her warm heart, to which no one had access but God only, jus tas there is in your's and mine, and everybody's. It was only by the happy expression on her face than Miss Regina could tell something of what was going on in that sacred recess of her thoughts and feelings. It could not be anything other than pleasant, to cause such a happy smile to light up her young face, and give such buoyancy to her step. Even Miss Regina seemed brighter and better to-day than she had been for a long time. Her sufferings, which were considerable, had given her a respite for the last few days, and she was able to enjoy the walk through the pleasant fields, and in the inmost recesses of her heart she thanked God for having given her this exemption from pain.

When they reached the village, they saw at once that something unusual had occurred. The women who would at this hour have been busy in the fields, or in the house, were grouped together in conversation, and noticing the

approach of Miss Regina and Ethel, they seemed to connect them, in some way, with their talk.

Ethel looked instinctively at the cottage where her namesake lived, with a little heart-throb, as though she expected to find there the answer to her questioning. But everything was as usual. The window was open to the bright day, and the soft air was playing with the leaves of the vine that clustered over the front of the house. So far as any one could see there had been no change in the place since she was there a few days ago. It was only by the perfect stillness which prevailed, and the hushed voices of the women a little way off, that she still felt sure that something had happened.

The cottage door being opened they went in. The room was empty. The sick girl's chair was vacant, and never more would she look out from the old lozenged window on the little patch of green, for her spirit had taken flight, before the dawn, and was at rest.

The mother and a few of the neighbours were in the little room at the back, which was the only sleeping apartment. They came out, hearing the steps, and their faces were calm, and serious, but not grief-stricken. They could not mourn that the long period of weakness was over, and the endless life of joy begun. Only the mother's eyes overflowed as she told Miss Regina and Ethel of the last words uttered by her daughter before she went home.

"She called me to her," the weeping woman said, "and bade me be sure and give Miss Ethel her last message. Tell her, said she, that I have not forgotten what she said to me the other day. I will say that she is trying to be a good girl, and to love and obey Aunt Regina, and to take care of papa and to be kind to everybody, and then she put her dear arms about me, and begged of me to come to her soon, and after a few more words of remembrance to the neighbours who had been so kind to her, she lay down, and turned her face to the wall with a sweet smile of peace on it, and went asleep. The smile is on her dear face now, but she will never wake again in this world: and my heart is desolate." Nothing could exceed the tender pathos of these last words. Not spoken in noisy grief, but with the subdued feeling of one who has indeed been bereaved, the solitary woman seemed rather to allow her grief to escape her, than willingly to give expression to it.

Ethel could not say a word. She felt a great lump in her throat, and her eyes were fast filling with tears, and it was as much as she could do to keep from bursting into sobs. But she could not think of her namesake's death as anything dreadful, or terrible, but rather as the falling asleep of a tired child. Was it not just what the girl had wished for? When all the world was asleep to be carried by the angels beyond those golden gates into the city of the Great King—her Saviour.

Aunt Regina was exceedingly gentle and wise in her words. She had passed through so much sorrow herself, that she was able to give comfort to those who needed it.

The walk back through the fields was very different to the walk to the cottage. A little chapter in Ethel's history had been closed that day, and its effect on her life was to be greater than she had any knowledge of now. It seemed to her, as she recalled that first day, when Nero brought her into contact with the sick girl, as though it was a long way off. She had so taken her namesake into her confidence that it seemed almost as though she had known her always. And she could not bring herself to think that wherever that freed spirit was now, there could be any want of knowledge. She asked Aunt Regina some very wonderful questions on that return walk. I am not at all sure that they were all answered, for the simplest tongue can frame questions which God only can give the right answer to, and Aunt Regina never attempted to supply out of her own imagination explanations such as might happen to satisfy her enquiring niece at the moment. It is far better to admit that at best, we know but little. And best of all to rest in that love and wisdom which hides many things from us for our good.

There was no fear of Aunt Regina misleading Ethel on any subject of this sort, for her own trust in the wisdom of God was very great, and she desired to so teach her niece that she too might carry through life an abiding confidence in that loving Father, who does all things well, and in whose light we shall see light.

* * * * *

Some days afterwards a ball of white fur might be seen rolling about in Colonel Seymour's drawing-room, and having indeed the run of the whole house and premises. Even Nero's kennel was not sacred to this daring animal. And if so formidable a beast as Nero had to bear the indignity of having his ears bitten by the daintest of white teeth, and his face licked by the pinkest of pink tongues, it is not surprising that Colonel Seymour should have suffered from its attacks. I am told on good authority that this bold and privileged kitten made attacks on the Colonel's legs when he was quite unprepared for them, and that he has been known at such times to drop his newspaper with a start and an exclamation of astonishment, much to Ethel's delight. When she laughed at him he seemed to enter into the fun himself, declaring that he hardly knew which was the most impudent of the two—Ethel, or pussy.

After all, Ethel did not find it disagreeable going away from Holmsdale that autumn. But she went away a much wiser girl than she was when first we saw her. Perhaps this little portrait of her—small and imperfect as it is—may cause other Ethels to see a feature here and there, which reminds them of themselves. Perhaps it may help them to understand that there is no real 'Heart's-ease' apart from love to God, and obedience to His commandments, and that in seeking to do good to others, we are going the surest way to do good to ourselves.

SCRIPTURE ENIGMA.

NO. III.

Who says the wicked shall be sore afraid,
And by "the king of terrors" be dismayed?
What king describes a good and virtuous wife?
Who fled from Jezebel to save his life?
Third son of one whose youngest son should reign?
A second brother of the cruel Cain?
What exile-prophet by the Chebar dwelt?
Who for a prince a deep affection felt?
Who stood as prophet by his brother's side?
Who on a camel rode as Isaac's bride?
Where dwelt a witch consulted by king Saul?
One who received two letters from St. Paul?
Who met the death for Mordecai prepared?
Who to her son the word of God declared?
The name by which Naomi would be known?
And that of Samuel's great memorial stone?
Who, pleading, saved a younger brother's life?
A king of Elam slain in deadly strife?
Whose head was laid in Abner's honoured tomb?
Who was made governor in Felix' room?
Third of the mystic words that Daniel read?
One Jesus loved, and raised to life when dead?

These twenty-one initials now explain
Who from their God shall gracious mercy gain.

L. T.

THE SUNDAY AT HOME

O DAY MOST CALM, MOST BRIGHT! . . .
THE WEEK WERE DARK BUT FOR THY LIGHT.—*Herbert.*

BALAAM AND BALAK.

"And Balak's anger was kindled against Balaam, and he smote his hands together: and Balak said unto Balaam, I called thee to curse mine enemies, and, behold, thou hast altogether blessed them these three times."—*Numbers* xxiv. 10.

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STONES OF CURSING.

BY THE REV. HUGH MACMILLAN, D.D., LL.D.

THE method of Balaam's divination has an interest of its own, apart from that reflected upon it by its occurrence in the tragic story of one of the most perplexing characters in Scripture. It gives us a curious glimpse into the pagan world, and illustrates a custom that was wide-spread among ancient nations. When Balak wished to devote the Israelites to destruction by invoking upon them the curse of heaven, previous to going to war with them, it was not enough that the great Gentile prophet should pronounce that curse in his distant home. A prescribed and elaborate ritual had to be gone through. Balaam had to come across the eastern desert to the plains of Moab where the Israelites were encamped. He had to ascend with the king the heights of Mount Nebo, the highest hill in the vicinity—not merely because from that elevated vantage-ground he could obtain the best view of the goodly array of the tents of the Israelites, as they dotted the extensive plain below, but also because of the superstitious veneration connected with the place. From time immemorial the spot was one of the great sanctuaries of religion. It possessed on its craggy knolls and along its elevated ridges high places dedicated to Baal; and on its loftiest summit, the peak of Pisgah, there was the famous shrine of Baal-Peor.

This was doubtless the worship of the sun as the source of all the life, beauty and power of the world. There was no older, or more universal, or more natural form of idolatry. Mountains were the most suitable places for such worship. They were supposed to be nearer to the divinity. They were lifted above the earth into a holier solitude and a deeper peace. They commanded a wider outlook of heaven and earth. On their summits, the eye could most advantageously behold the rising and setting of the sun, and embrace the widest survey of the kingdom of life which his beneficent beams created and upheld. Mount Nebo in the south was therefore what Hermon was in the north of Palestine, the seat of a primitive sanctuary of nature worship. There, as on a throne high and lifted up, reigned the mighty force whose smile was life—whose frown was death. Balak and Balaam, as their very names indicated, were both worshippers of the sun; Balak, a sincere and whole-hearted idolator, for he knew nothing better; Balaam, a man who sought the rewards of divination, while he had the prophet's vision of the things of God, and was rapt out of his baser self for the moment by their inspiration. Together the two climbed the sacred mountain, to invoke the great spiritual force that was supposed to dwell specially there. And few things are more strange and impressive than the repeated attempts which they made to overpower the voice of conscience, and to wring an answer favourable to their wishes from the local divinity. On successive heights, nearer and nearer to the skies, they built altars of the rough boulders scattered on the hillside, and offered sacrifice upon them. The king remained beside the altar on the lower level, while Balaam went alone to the top of the hill. But as the sacrificial smoke ascended, the words of cursing that arose to the prophet's lips were irresistibly changed into words of blessing. From each new point of view a new revelation was given to him of Israel's future. Like a sublime panorama the destiny of the world passed before him, and he knew what a mighty part in its drama was to be played by the people, the outskirts of whose tents he could dimly discern through the haze of distance, with the tall pillar of cloud resting over them as the rallying point and centre of Israel's national life, and the pledge of divine protection.

In a well-known picture of Moses on Mount Nebo, the artist represents the right hand of the Jewish lawgiver resting on a fallen cromlech, as if symbolising in this action the triumph of his law and race over an already crumbling idolatry. The introduction of this feature into the picture was a peculiarly happy stroke; for such cromlechs, consisting of huge blocks of rough stone—gathered from the hillside, and set on end, with a large covering slab placed over them—abound in the neighbourhood of Mount Nebo. On the slopes of the ridge itself, Captain Conder found, a few years ago, several cromlechs at various levels, the highest considerably below the summit. They occur in groups, and in some places a great number of such groups are found together on one site. On every new occasion it seemed to have been the custom to erect a new altar; and sacred centres would thus in time be crowded with such structures. To this custom Balak we are told conformed, for he erected no less than twenty-one altars on three different sites, a group of seven on each site. Hosea plainly refers to this multiplication of altars on important occasions when he says "Their altars are as heaps in the furrows of the field." Among the hill-tribes of India it is customary for the relatives of a sick man to vow a large stone in honour of some local deity—to be erected should the sick man recover. Other members of the tribe make similar vows, and thus a group of similar votive stones will appear on a certain spot, and mark it as a religious centre. Some of the table stones of the cromlechs of Mount Nebo have cup-shaped hollows excavated in them, connected together by means of grooves or channels. The presence of these rude sculptures affords a strong confirmation of the view that the monuments in question were ancient places of sacrifice; the hollows and grooves having been made for receiving the libations poured upon the

altar, or for collecting the blood of the sacrifices offered upon it. Captain Conder would not venture to say that he had actually discovered the identical altars which Balaam had erected; but the peculiar archaic appearance of the cromlechs and their local position, occurring not on the highest point of the hill—to which Balaam ascended alone, but at some distance below it where the king was left—would seem to indicate that they were at least the kind of altars which the eastern soothsayer must have constructed at the time.

The use of such altars for cursing the Israelites was in strict conformity with ancient superstition. Hanilcar, the Carthaginian general, when his son Hannibal, at the age of nine years, was eager to accompany him in the war against Spain, made him lay his hand on an altar of Baal, that must have been similar to the ones on Mount Nebo, and swear eternal hatred to the Romans. The Druses of Lebanon, who still preserve many remnants of the old Canaanite religion—such as a brass image of a calf, the well-known ancient symbol of the rising sun which they now affect to despise—to this day swear beside the altars of their chapels on Mount Hermon, and invoke in these sanctuaries curses upon their enemies. Near Triguier in Brittany, a country famous for the mysterious charms of its Celtic and Mediæval monuments, and where the spirit of the old Pagan religion lingers under the alien forms of the Christian faith, there is a place of worship called the "Chapel of Notre Dame de la Haine" —Our Lady of Hatred. It is situated on the top of a bleak eminence amid desolate surroundings; and the present shrine is the representative of one that has stood there from time immemorial. The people have not ceased to believe in the potency of the prayers that are offered there. It is by no means uncommon to see, as the twilight shades are deepening around, muffled human forms stealthily approaching the spot; youthful pupils tired of the tyranny of their masters, old men jealous of the prosperity of their neighbours, and wives worn out with the cruel treatment of their husbands. These kneel before the altar of the Virgin, and pray for the death of the object of their hatred. Three "Aves" devoutly repeated bring about irrevocably that death within a year. There can be little doubt that this chapel occupied the site of a prehistoric altar of cursing, and that the unhallowed rites once practised there long ages ago were continued in the Christian church that afterwards arose in its place, and received the sanction of the new faith; much in the same way as Mahomet tolerated the previous stone-worship of Mecca, and the Roman Catholic religion baptized many of the ancient customs of Pagan Rome.

"Cursing-stones," as they are called, are well known to antiquarians. They are found in several places in our own country; and till very recently they were resorted to by jealous and disappointed persons who wished to imprecate destruction upon the person and property of their neighbour who had injured them. Upon the shore of Loch Macnean in Ireland, within a short distance of the ancient parish church of Killinagh, there is one of these "cursing-stones," called St. Bridget's stone. It is a large roundish boulder of red sandstone, with a flat top in which there are nine cavities artificially scooped out. Each of these hollows contains an oval water-worn stone which nearly fills it. When a man thought that he was wronged, he went to this altar, and taking one of the stones and turning it round, he would wish all manner of evil to his enemy. If he had good cause of complaint, the evil fell upon the wrong-doer; but if he simply bore spite or malice against an innocent neighbour, the curse causeless would not come, but, on the contrary, the evil returned to his own bosom. The dread of incurring this latter fate deterred many from the use of the altar, and led to its final abandonment. St. Bridget was the queen of heaven, and was adored as the "Mary of the Gael." Her symbol was a flame, and on her altar blazed a perpetual fire which was maintained for ages in the shrine at Kildare. It is possible that in her worship we may recognise a form of primitive solar adoration. If so, the turning of the oval boulders in the hollows of St. Bridget's stone would be a part of this Baal or Solar worship. The hallowed turn, or the *deseul*, was from east to west, or from left to right, sunwise—the turn which the host still gives to the service of his table, which the housewife gives to her spinning-wheel, and the soldier to his brandished weapon. While the sinister turn, or *tuathseul*, which was always made when a curse was invoked, was against the motion of the sun in the heavens, from west to east, or from the right hand to the left. There are individuals still alive who dimly remember the maledictive rotation of the stones on St. Bridget's altar.

"Cursing-stones" are somewhat numerous in Ireland. There is a celebrated one at the well of St. Fechin, near Cong; and in the island of Innissmarry in Connaught, there is a boulder near the ruins of the ancient Chapel of St. Molaise covered with globular stones somewhat flattened, of different sizes, which are turned in precisely the same way as those on St. Bridget's stone when evil is wished to any one. The custom of "turning stones" in the case of a person considering himself aggrieved to bring ill-luck upon the offender still exists in some remote parts of Dartmoor. Not long ago, a woman in this locality, who was under notice to quit her farm for some offence, threatened to "turn some stones" against the proprietor. So great was the dread of her occult powers of cursing that it was with difficulty that a man was induced to execute the order for her eviction. A peculiar manner of cursing once prevailed extensively in the county of Fermanagh, Ireland, though it is now rapidly disappearing. It is called the "Fire of Stones." When a tenant was in danger of what he considered wrongful eviction, he proceeded to collect from his farm as many stones as would fill the fireplace of his kitchen. These he piled up on the hearth, like a heap of fuel, and kneeling down he prayed that, until that heap of stone should burn, every kind of misfortune might attend his landlord and family to the latest generation. And to prevent all

possibility of the malediction being frustrated, the stones were afterwards scattered widely all over the country, so that they could not be gathered together again. We see in this extraordinary method of procedure, a manifest survival of the old altar of solar sacrifice, with its sacred fire. As Balak on Mount Nebo built a special altar for each new opportunity of cursing the Israelites, and kindled the flame upon it which consumed the offering, so the Irish farmer built his altar of representative stones from the farm which he was in danger of losing on the household hearth; and as the sacrifice was perpetual, for the stones could never be consumed, so the curse should never cease. Both instances pointed to their common origin in the prehistoric worship of the sun.

"Cursing-stones" are often associated with holy wells. A very remarkable and deeply venerated well, dedicated to St. Bridget, exists near the altar stone of the saint already described. And this circumstance leads me to notice that there are also "cursing wells," where, by casting into the water a stone with the name of the person upon whom the curse is to be invoked inscribed upon it, the spirit of the well forthwith causes the victim to pine and die, unless the curse should be willingly removed. Perhaps the most dreaded of such wells is the one in the parish of Llanelian, Denbighshire, called St. Elian's Well, named after a Welsh pilgrim saint whose churches are renowned for the cure of diseases, and whose fair is still held in August. It is the firm belief of many of the people in the neighbourhood, that a person can put his enemy into this well, that is to say, render him subject to its evil influence. A man who lives near at hand has charge of the well, and after presenting him with a fee, and registering the name of the person to be maligned in a book kept for the purpose, he casts into the well a pin and a pebble carved with the victim's initials. The person thus cursed soon hears of it; and such is the power of superstitious imagination, that the curse speedily fulfils itself, and death has not unfrequently happened. The curse may be removed by reversing the process, taking out the pebble and pin and appeasing the spirit of the well by a gift. Occasionally the maledictive power of the well has been turned to a good use. Its magic influence has been invoked to curse a disease and so to cure it. The curse as in Balaam's case has thus turned into a blessing.

The most interesting association connected with my subject is the incident that took place on Mount Ebal, which is known to this day as the "Mount of the Curses." Moses said to the Israelites, "And it shall come to pass when the Lord thy God hath brought thee in unto the land whither thou goest to possess it, that thou shalt put the blessing upon Mount Gerizim, and the curse upon Mount Ebal." This remarkable ceremony was performed as soon as an entrance into the Holy Land was effected by Joshua, who proceeded straight from the valley of the Jordan to the sacred spot. Half the tribes stood on the one mount, and half on the other, while the Levites read the law beside the ark pitched in the intervening space between the two hills. In the clear still atmosphere of this locality, where voices are heard at great distances, and every sound is musical, the people on Gerizim responded with their loud "Amen" to the blessings invoked upon those who should keep the law; while the people on Ebal ratified the curses chanted against transgressors. On Ebal there was a sanctuary from time immemorial. It was one of the oldest, if not actually the oldest, religious site in Palestine. Its western side is still called the "pillar of religion," from a very ancient local tradition that a rude primitive cromlech stood there dedicated in all likelihood to solar worship. It was on the summit of Ebal that Joshua erected his monumental altar of the twelve stones that had been taken from the bed of the Jordan during the miraculous passage of the Israelites. And it was in the same place that he constructed according to Divine commandment the altar of rude boulders on which a copy of the law of Moses was inscribed—and beside which the maledictions upon the law-breakers were fulminated; if indeed this altar was not identical with the one previously mentioned. Probably Mount Ebal was used as a place of cursing by the aborigines long before the Israelites took possession of the land; its primeval cromlech being regarded with the same veneration which the Irish peasants cherished towards St. Bridget's stone. And thus the primitive custom of the place was consecrated by Joshua to a higher service, according to the Divine method of procedure which produces out of the forms of the alien or the false the power of the true. The great height of the mountain, forming a conspicuous object on every side, and its sterile appearance, the bare precipitous cliffs of its dome-shaped summit, and its steel-blue rocky slopes, rising up in remarkable contrast to the rich foliage of the valley beneath, early marked it out as an appropriate shrine of nature-worship, where the severest forms of religion might be cultivated. The study of this whole subject of "stones of cursing" is an elucidation of the fact that primitive Hebrew life was parallel to primitive life in general; and we rise from the consideration of the fierce and inordinate forms which early religion often assumed, with deeper gratitude for the clearer and purer light that shines on our Christian path from the revelation on the Mount of Beatitudes. "But I say unto you that hear, Love your enemies; do good to them which hate you; bless them which curse you, and pray for them which despitefully use you."

BARBARA'S BROTHERS.

CHAPTER IX.—COMING CHANGES.

"IF I were you, Gerald, I would go to London, and see what real life is like. What is the use of letting your talents rust and moulder in a little place like this? You are a man. You have some liberty of action. Why do you not go away, and make yourself a great name elsewhere?"

It was Juliet Granby who spoke, and her dark eyes were alight with her own eager enthusiasm. Her listener was leaning against the rustic arbour door in an attitude of graceful, negligent ease.

Juliet had known the Meynals intimately from childhood upward, and she and Gerald had always shared in a good many similar feelings and ambitions. She had twice his energy and force of character; but he had ambitions as lofty as any of hers, and although he had never troubled himself with any great exertions in order to realise these, it was generally supposed that he was an unknown genius, who must some day rise to notoriety and fame.

Juliet was no judge of art: she did not profess to look critically upon his productions either with pen or brush; but she recognised the one merit they undoubtedly did possess—that of vivid and original imagination. Faulty as was Gerald's execution, from the fact that his idleness hindered any kind of serious study and persevering toil, he yet was full of fanciful imagination, which, could he but master the technicalities of his craft, might stand him in good stead, and give to his work a certain value of its own. But he was vain and idle. He never realised how utterly he failed in transferring his thoughts to canvas or paper, and his facile imagination threw a halo over all he did, and made it eminently satisfactory in his own eyes.

Juliet had always felt in sympathy with Gerald. She understood the better side of his nature more thoroughly perhaps than anybody else. She entered into his dreams, sympathised with his ambitions, and appreciated his imaginative faculties as no other friend did, because they were in reality not at all unlike her own. Gerald was fond of Juliet in a rather patronising sort of way. He liked a talk with her now and then. It was pleasant to feel himself intelligently appreciated, and to talk in a strain that would convulse Barbara with mirth, and provoke the good-humoured scorn of many of his friends, but which chimed in only too harmoniously with Juliet's thoughts and fancies. He was telling her now of that interview with his brother, in which Wulfric had spoken strongly as to the necessity of his turning his talents to practical account, and the girl had broken in upon his tale with the urgently expressed wish that he should try in the great city of the world for the fame that must be awaiting all true talent.

"You will be appreciated there, Gerald; how can you expect it here, where the people are only half educated or half asleep? If I were a man, I would not wait long before I found myself in the great vortex of life. Go, Gerald: your own family will never recognise your talents until you return to them with the victor's laurels, that you must surely win when you mix in a world of culture and intelligence."

Gerald smiled at the picture thus held up before him, but his answer showed a certain amount of practical knowledge of the world.

"That is all very fine, Juliet; but Rome was not built in a day, and it takes time for a young man without name or connections to make his way in the world. How am I to live meanwhile?"

"Would not your mother or your brother make you an allowance—you could repay them afterwards?"

Gerald shrugged his shoulders.

"My mother has not the power to do so; and Wulf is such a Goth, he would scorn the idea of my being able to make my way alone in London by my art. He had the cheek to stand me out the other day that one of my figures was out of drawing."

Gerald was still sore about the affront put upon him. Wulfric's cool air of assurance had been very trying, and he had not forgotten the episode. But Juliet was intent upon her own thoughts and plans.

"Have you no money of your own? Can't you sell your pictures, or get some any other way, just to make a start, which is all you want?"

Gerald thought for a little while.

"Well, perhaps I might manage it somehow. I suppose I could demand my portion if I really wished it; but possibly I can manage something without that."

"Ah, yes, I feel sure you can!" cried Juliet ardently; "and just think what it would be like to change this slow humdrum life for the whirl and glitter and vortex of life in a great city! Ah, if only I were a man, it would not be long before I should find myself there!"

Gerald was not easily roused out of his habitual indolent calm, but there was something rather infectious in Juliet's enthusiasm and ardour. As they talked together in glowing terms of the great future that lay before him, he began to feel aroused from his careless state of ease, and to believe, as she did, that a great career lay before him, only waiting for him to enter upon so soon as he should have joined the ranks of genius to which he was entitled to belong.

Juliet felt like a maiden of romance, girding his armour upon a youthful knight and speeding him to the battle by words of cheer and promise.

There was no vanity or self-consciousness about Juliet in this. She knew that she was nothing to Gerald save a friend who had known him from childhood, and she had not the least thought of flattering him into an additional interest in

herself—she would have scorned such a course as despicable and unwomanly. It was unselfish of her to bid him go, for she would miss him greatly as the one being who seemed to have real sympathy with her dreams and ambitions; but Juliet, with all her faults, was conscientious and sincere, and she urged upon him a course of action that she really believed was for his benefit. She never had any doubts as to her own capacity for judging the merits of a question; she was troubled by no misgivings on account of her own inexperience and ignorance of life. It is always the most inexperienced who are the boldest, and those who are ignorant of the snares and pitfalls of life who rush most blindly and confidently along the untried path. Gerald and Juliet had a great deal of this rashness and confidence, and before they had talked together for an hour, it had become almost a settled thing that he was to go to London; whilst the credit of the scheme was allowed by both to be hers.

Their conference was interrupted by the return of Mrs. Granby and Barbara, who had been making a tour of inspection round the garden and poultry yard, whilst the girl had taken the opportunity of telling her wise old friend all about her new duties and labours, and had asked her advice on many knotty points. Barbara had always been fond of Mrs. Granby, but she had never felt quite such a respect for her opinions as she did to-day. It seemed as if the old lady understood and sympathised with everything, and yet had a sound discrimination enabling her to discover true from false, and detect the least taint of insincerity, or, as Barbara called it, "humbug."

The girl felt that in the mistress of the cottage she possessed a valuable ally, to whom she might always safely apply in cases where she was in difficulty or doubt.

When they reached the other two, who had soon left them to prosecute their journey of inspection alone, they saw that an earnest conversation had been carried on also in this quarter.

Gerald was unusually silent as he partook of Mrs. Granby's excellent tea. Juliet hoped he would keep his own counsel, but that was not Gerald's forte.

"Mrs. Granby," he said, looking up by-and-by, "Juliet has been talking to me in a most edifying way about my duties to myself and others. You have brought her up to be wise beyond her years."

Mrs. Granby smiled in a way not quite easy to be understood, and Juliet coloured and looked as if she would have silenced Gerald if she could.

Barbara glanced from one to the other, and her brother, feeling that he was making something of a sensation, proceeded with great deliberation.

"She tells me that I am letting my talents rust, and am wasting my life in idleness. I partly believe she is right, and mean to amend matters in the future. In point of fact, as soon as I can see my way, I am going to London."

Barbara laughed silently. As Gerald had no money to do this, it seemed a mere boast to talk of it.

Mrs. Granby glanced quietly at her granddaughter.

"Juliet has a theory that all talent is buried and useless unless it is carried to London. When she grows older and wiser she will perhaps learn her mistake."

Juliet flushed angrily.

"At any rate, in my case I think she is right," answered Gerald, who, when once an idea took hold of him, could be quietly tenacious of purpose. "Other people have told me the same. You see I belong to an advanced school of art, that has only come to be appreciated in the great centre of civilisation."

Juliet gave him a glance of approval; Barbara's face expressed an amused disdain, whilst Mrs. Granby said in her quiet way: "London is a great place, a wonderful place, and great fortunes and names are made and lost there. Every man must to a certain extent be the master of his own life, and decide upon his own career; but to go to London to make fame and fortune that are denied at home, or at least only partially assured, is a dangerous step, and one likely to be fraught with peril. Do not enter rashly upon any such decision. Take counsel with yourself and others before making any resolve. Juliet has hardly experience enough to advise you. Your brother would be a safer counsellor."

Gerald looked at Juliet with his gay smile. The counsel of the young and ardent is ever more pleasant to hear than that of the old and thoughtful. Of course Mrs. Granby was no judge of his affairs. She was a good old soul, but sadly old-fashioned and behind the times. One could listen respectfully to her advice, but it would be ridiculous to act upon it.

Barbara had risen to her feet and was drawing on her gloves.

"Gerald has been going to London, on and off, ever since I can remember," she remarked in her incisive way. "Do not be afraid, Mrs. Granby; we shall believe in his going when he has really gone."

Gerald's smile expressed no annoyance. His temper was not easily ruffled—in that he possessed a decided advantage over Barbara—but Juliet, glancing in his face, saw a certain look of resolve about the set of his lips, and he made a slight gesture as much as to say that his mind was quite made up and would not easily be unmade.

Brother and sister went away together; and Juliet exclaimed with some heat: "I cannot bear Barbara's sneering way with Gerald, as if he were quite beneath contempt; and he so immensely her superior really!"

"Brothers and sisters are not always quite wise with one another," answered Mrs. Granby quietly; "they are inclined to be a little too intolerant of faults and failings from which none of us are exempt; but the wisest plan is to adopt the 'give and take' principle, and not to pay too much heed to the sharp speeches that wider experience teaches us to modify. A man who cannot stand a little home-made ridicule and banter is scarcely likely to make his way in the world."

Juliet pursed up her lips and kept silence. She had learned to avoid arguments with her

grandmother, who had a tiresome way of being always in the right about things.

Although what Mrs. Granby had said as regards brothers and sisters was undeniably true in the case of the Meynals, as well as in that of many more families, there are notable exceptions to every rule.

At that very time—that quiet evening hour—Reinée was standing upon the terrace watching the sunset-glow fade in the sky, and she was so absorbed in her own thoughts that she only awoke to the consciousness of outward impressions when her eyes were suddenly covered by a pair of strong hands, whilst a merry voice cried in her ear: "Caught, Reinée! Fairly caught! Who is it?"

"Clive!" cried Reinée joyfully, and pulling his hands down she turned quickly round and clasped her arms about his neck, murmuring pretty loving words of welcome.

Clive's caresses were as warm as hers. Brother and sister loved each other dearly, and had never had a quarrel since the days of their babyhood, but had grown up together in the closest ties of loving union. They were never really happier than when in each other's society.

Clive was a fine handsome youth, two years older than Reinée but very like her, with the same well-cut features, high-bred carriage and air, and the same sweet and expressive dark eyes. His face was very brown from exposure to sun and wind, and he looked a picture of manly health and vigour. Reinée's eyes rested lovingly upon him, and she said presently with a bewitching little smile: "My own handsome boy!"

He laughed and kissed her again.

"I shall not waste compliments on you, little sister. You will have plenty by-and-by. Tell me, Reinée, are you happy here? What were you thinking of so seriously when I stole upon you unawares?"

"I will tell you some day. I will never have secrets from you, Clive; but I want to know more about you. Are you coming for a long visit?"

"I hope so, little sister. I have no intention of taking myself off—not at any rate before the shooting begins, and then, perhaps, we shall all go to Scotland together. And so you like this place, do you? And country life does not weary you to death?"

"I have been very happy here," answered Reinée with a bright smile, "and if you are here too, it will be quite perfect, I think."

Clive smiled, and drew his sister's arm within his, and thus they paced the terrace together.

"And I shall have you all to myself for once," said Reinée, pressing close to her brother's side. "I do not know when that has happened to us before, Clive."

"Not for some time," he answered; "life has been rather a whirl and a rush since you came out. But we shall not be quite alone for very long. Arthur Trevelyan is coming down shortly; but he will be no spoil-sport," and Clive smiled rather mischievously.

Reinée's face grew suddenly grave.

"Oh, Clive!" she exclaimed quickly, "I am sorry! I do not want Arthur here."

Clive looked at her surprised.

"Not want him! Why, I thought——"

"I know what you thought; but it is all quite wrong. I have never liked him since I began to grow up, and learn a little of life; and I like him less and less every year that passes."

Clive whistled.

"Why, little sister, what is the meaning of all this? I thought it was a settled thing that you were to marry Arthur; and he will be a peer before many years are out—some say in the course of a few months' time. Old Lord Strafford's life is not worth a pin's purchase."

"That has nothing to do with it," answered Reinée with a sort of forced quietness. "I could not marry any one I did not love; and I can never love Arthur Trevelyan."

Clive looked at her a little disturbed and perplexed.

"Why not, Reinée?"

"I am sure he is not a good man."

"I don't know, I'm sure," answered Clive, a little dubiously. "He always seems a very good fellow."

Reinée did not speak for a few minutes, and then she said thoughtfully: "I often think there is a very great difference between a 'good fellow' and a good man."

Clive glanced again at his sister. The outline of her pure profile stood out in strong relief against the darkening sky. Something in the expression of her face struck him as being changed, though in what way he could hardly tell.

"She is lovelier than ever," was the thought in his mind; "Trevelyan will not give her up without a struggle." But what he said was, "Does mother know your views?"

"No," answered Reinée, and there was some pain in her face now. "I am not very brave, Clive. Sometimes I am afraid of mamma. I want you to help me. I have never engaged myself to Arthur. He has never asked me to be his wife. I have known him from childhood, that is all. Why should it be taken for granted that I am to marry him?"

"You see the match was made for you when you were still in the nursery. Trevelyan fell in love with you after a fashion when you were quite a child, and from a worldly point of view, of course the marriage is a good one. He is a good deal older than you; but twelve years does not seem so very much as one grows up. Trevelyan may or may not be what you call a good man. I do not feel able to judge a point like that; but at least he has always been faithful to you, which should be something in his favour. I admit that it has always been taken as a matter of course that you would marry him when the time came, and possibly without sufficient allowance being made for your independent opinion; but you know what mother is, and she has always looked upon you as a sort of lawful prey. If you did not like Trevelyan, it is a pity you did not find it out sooner. Things have gone rather far now."

And Clive, who liked to take life easily, looked at his sister as if he could find it in his heart to wish that she would think better of what she had

said, and submit quietly to the destiny mapped out for her.

"I never had time to think until I came here," answered Reinée gently. "Life used to be such a whirl, I seemed to be swept along without power to judge for myself; but I begin to see things differently now. Clive, you will be my friend, will you not?"

She turned and faced him as she spoke with a look that went to his heart. An appeal like that would never be made in vain, and in the present instance Clive felt more moved than he altogether liked. There was something in Reinée's face that touched him in an inexplicable fashion he could hardly understand.

"You and I will always stand together, Reinée," he answered, putting his hands upon her shoulders and looking straight into her eyes. "You may rely on me, little sister. Whatever your decision is, I will uphold it."

Sudden tears sprang to Reinée's eyes, showing how grateful this support was to her.

"My own dear boy!" she answered with a little tremulous smile; and then they resumed their walk together, and talked of other subjects, until the time came to go indoors for dinner.

Reinée knew that there were difficulties and dangers lying in her path, not very far ahead, and she did not try to blind her eyes or to ignore their existence; but just for the time being, in the delight of having Clive at home for her companion every day and all day long, she could afford to put aside her sense of coming trouble and enjoy the present as only those blessed with her happy temperament can enjoy things. Brother and sister rode, drove and boated together, exchanged confidences and indulged bright day-dreams, and led a simple, healthful life, that was as delightful to both as it was novel. They did not seek such society as St. Hilda had to offer. For the present they preferred to keep together and away from others, and scoured the country in a way that Reinée had had no opportunity of doing before.

Mr. and Mrs. Dumaresq were delighted to have their only son at home, and pleased for him to enjoy his sister's society to the full for a time.

"Let them take their fill of one another whilst they can get it," Mrs. Dumaresq sometimes observed to her husband. "I am glad for Reinée to have these weeks of liberty and Clive's company, for her girlhood is fast drawing to a close, and when once she is married, no one can tell how her life may shape itself, and in any case, it is certain to be full of duties and engagements of all sorts. She has always had a very happy and easy life with us, and I am pleased that it should continue so to the very end. She has not flagged or moped at all down here. No doubt the knowledge that she would not long be here has kept her up."

"We shall miss her sadly when she goes," the father would say with a little sigh. "She is quite the life of the house."

"Yes, we shall miss her; but we must get over that. We must not stand in the way of her happiness and welfare."

Clive, however, who saw more of his sister than their parents did, was not entirely satisfied that she was altogether as carelessly happy as they supposed, or as she had been in old days. He often caught her musing deeply, so deeply that she was lost for the time being to all sense of outward impressions; and although at such times there was no look of unhappiness in her face, yet there was a depth and earnestness of expression that often awoke within him an odd sensation akin to pain.

"Reinée," he said suddenly to her one day as he surprised her in one of these reveries, "you have never told me what all these sober thoughts are about. You are changed, little sister, from what you were when I saw you last, and I want to know what it all means."

It was Sunday afternoon, and Reinée had been reading to her old blind friend, but she had returned now, and her brother had found her in one of their favourite haunts.

She looked up with a smile as Clive seated himself beside her, and slipped her hand into his as she often did when they were alone together.

"Am I changed, Clive?" she asked. "Sometimes I am afraid I am not; but I want to be."

"You need not want that, Reinée," he answered quickly; "for nobody who knows you could wish you a bit different from what you are."

She smiled and shook her head.

"Ah, Clive, you say that because you don't know!" He put his arm caressingly round her.

"What don't I know, little sister? What is it that is troubling you?"

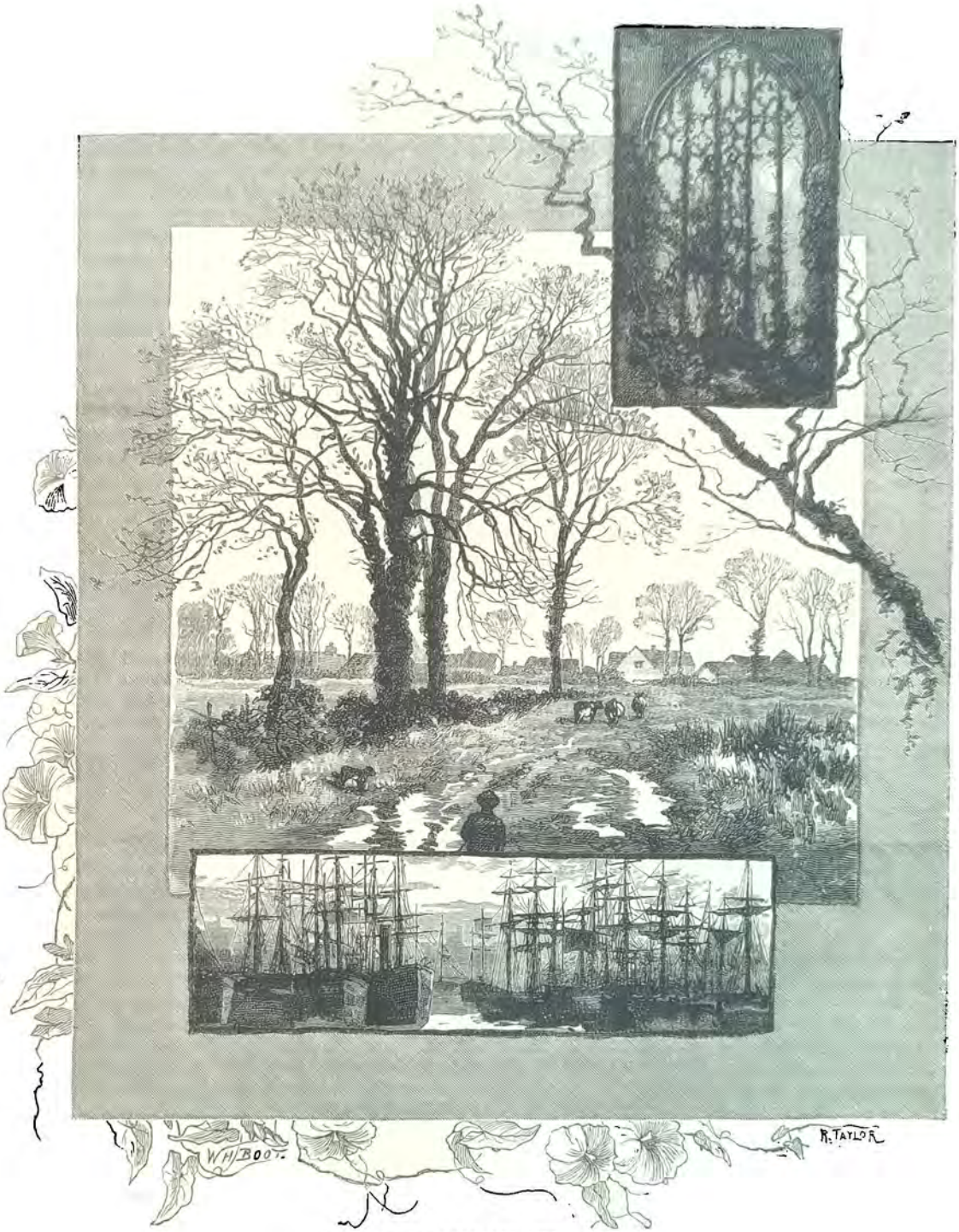
"I hardly know how to put it, I don't know if you will understand. I want to make my life of use, Clive. I don't want to be a mere pleasure-seeking butterfly; I know I have my own duties to think of. I am given my place in life and I mean to stay there and try to do God service by serving Him where He has put me. But I want to make my life real earnest, not all ease and pleasure. I want to live so that when I come to die I shall not have to look back on a long vista of wasted opportunities and an idle, selfish life of ease, without any thought of the great eternal future."

Reinée could speak more easily to Clive than to any one else; but even to him she could not say all she would. He was silent for awhile, and then said gravely and quietly: "I understand you better perhaps than you know, Reinée; but I tell you that the less you indulge such thoughts the better. Forget them and live happy and careless as you did before."

She looked at him with surprise.

"What do you mean, Clive?"

"I mean what I say, forget your dreams and be happy in your butterfly life. Do you think I have never had my hopes—my aspirations? Do you think I have never had dreams of noble purpose or longings after something higher and holier than the life we lead? Yes, Reinée, I understand you; I have been through it all before; but I have had to give way to circumstances. You know what our home is like, and our mother. God forbid I should judge her; but we both know how she views the questions we



THE NETWORK ON THE SKY.

have been touching on. She is our mother; she moulds our lives and has done so from the day of our birth, and you know as well as I do what her influence is like. We have been born butterflies, and as butterflies we must live and die; I have striven, and I have had to confess myself beaten, as you will do, if you persist. Take my advice and give up at once; it is much the safest and simplest plan."

Clive spoke with a good deal of suppressed emotion, and Reinée, who had never known him allude to such a subject before, was surprised and moved.

"You never told me, Clive."

"No; men find it difficult to speak, and I was not always at home—home baffled me."

"Clive," said Reinée suddenly, "I do not think you are quite beaten or baffled. Let us help one another. Do not give way; God is very good; He does not look for impossibilities; He does not wish us to be undutiful or extravagant in what we do. He can help us to live for Him, even if we are surrounded by temptation. He can make our lives holy, and keep us from the evil, even if we are in the midst of it."

She broke off almost as suddenly as she had begun, wondering at her own confidence in speaking thus: but it seemed as if some assurance of help had been given her to make her brave and steadfast. Clive was silent for a long time, and his face had caught some of the serious gravity of hers with just a gleam of the light of hope that beamed out of her clear eyes.

Presently he stooped his head and kissed her.

"Little sister," he said in a low voice not quite like his own, "almost thou persuadest me to be a Christian."

"Oh, Clive!" she cried, half-startled, half-pained, "you know that you are a Christian now, and have been all your life."

"I do not know," he answered quietly. "If by a Christian you mean a follower of Christ, I am afraid I have often been something very different."

There was silence for a long time, and then Reinée spoke in a whisper: "Let us follow Him together from to-day, Clive."

* * * * *

"Clive," said Mrs. Dumaresq, during the course of dinner that day, "I forget if I told you that I heard from Arthur Trevelyan this morning. He intends being with us by the end of the week."

The Network on the Sky.

FAIR are the trees when the soft colours blended
By spring or autumn clothe each spreading bough,
But when the leaves have passed, their life-work ended,
An equal loveliness of form we know.

Bravely the chestnut to the tempest hearkens,
And with his sturdy arms the blast defies;
Softly the birch, all grey and silver, darkens,
Against the grey of quiet wintry skies.

We love the oak when sunbeams, in their playing,
His strong and massive lines are glancing through,
The lighter grace of willows idly swaying,
And far-spread elm-boughs pencilled on the blue.

The nightfall glows with more ethereal splendour,
Behind their curved and darkly outlined bars,
The peace of midnight seems more deep and tender,
And clearer shows the lustre of the stars.

So sorrow works its own rich compensation
When by untimely frosts our joys are shed,
For through the blanks of loss and separation
Come visions of the azure overhead.

The beauty of God's infinite designing,
His traceries of love we learn to see,
And rounding every twig in sunlight shining
The promise-buds of summers yet to be!

MARY ROWLES.

BIBLE NOTES AND QUERIES.

DIFFICULT OR MISUNDERSTOOD TEXTS.

The Catastrophe of Beth-shemesh.

QUESTION.—It is said in 1 Samuel vi. 19, that God smote the men of Beth-shemesh because they had looked into the ark of the Lord: Even He smote of the people fifty thousand and threescore and ten men." Can this be correct?

THE literal translation of the clause in question is: "And He smote among the people seventy men, fifty thousand men." Had the intention of the writer been to express the number 50,070, he would scarcely have put it in this way. At least, such a designation of the number would be without example in Old Testament Hebrew. The Revised Version gets over the difficulty by inserting the italic *and* before "fifty thousand"; it is surprising however that no attention is called in the margin to the anomaly. The phrase was found altogether perplexing by the older Commentators. Among the explanations given are: "Seventy men *out of* fifty thousand;" "Seventy men, *even* fifty *out of a* thousand," *i.e.* five per cent. of the whole number;

"Seventy men, *equal to* fifty thousand *ordinary persons!*" But these explanations all seem unnatural. Josephus (*Ant.* vi. 1, 4) writes: "The wrath of God overtook them, and struck *seventy persons* of the village of Beth-shemesh dead, who, not being priests, and so not worthy to touch the ark, had approached to it." This is quoted, not as of itself authoritative, but as showing that the copy of the Book of Samuel in the hands of Josephus read simply "seventy men."

We may conclude therefore with tolerable certainty that the words "fifty thousand men," are an addition of some transcriber, and that the words ought to read: "He smote among the people seventy men." It is probable, as the Bishop of Bath and Wells suggests ('Speaker's Commentary,' *in loc.*), that "fifty thousand" was originally a marginal insertion by some scribe, who in copying the passage was uncertain whether the numeral (expressed by a Hebrew letter) was ע = 70 or נ = 50,000. In the earlier alphabets these letters were more nearly alike than in the form here given. Another copyist combined the text and margin: hence the error. The Septuagint and Vulgate both read 50,070, only the latter takes the repetition of the word "men" as denoting two classes: "percussit de populo septuaginta viros et quinquaginta millia plebis." "He smote of the people seventy chief men and fifty thousand of the commonalty." In this the Vulgate follows the Chaldee Targum of Jonathan; but of course without authority. The Hebrew word for "men" is the same in both instances. It may be added that the Arabic and Syriac versions read 5070.

Beth-shemesh, "House of the Sun," was a Levitical city (Joshua xxi. 16) amid vast cornfields beneath the hills of Dan. In extent it would be little more than a village, and the whole population seems to have been in the harvest-field, ver. 13 (literally "And Beth-shemesh was [were] reaping," etc.). The crime of the people in all probability was that they celebrated the return of the ark by feasting to excess, and that in their unhallowed excitement they pried into the ark. The impiety would be aggravated by the fact that the chief inhabitants of the place were consecrated to solemn service, and therefore should have set an example of reverence. The sudden death of the seventy men stricken down for their sin would be a salutary warning to all Israel.

The Brook in the Way.

Question.—How are we to understand Psalm cx. 7: "He shall drink of the brook in the way; therefore shall He lift up the head"?

We have the authority of our Lord Himself for regarding this Psalm as David's own: not in the general sense in which the whole book is ascribed to the royal Psalmist, but as an expression of his personal hope—a direct prophecy of the Christ. This Psalm, as Dean Perowne remarks, "is more frequently cited by the New Testament writers than any other single portion of the ancient Scriptures." It is worth adding that, as the same author shows, "in late Jewish writings nearly every verse of the Psalm is quoted as referring to the Messiah."

The conquests, then, which the Psalm describes, are spiritual; the imagery being taken from the triumphant career of earthly warriors. In the last verse, the subject of the query, the conqueror is depicted as pausing for a moment's refreshment, in the ardour of pursuit, and lifting up the head with new strength to continue his career. "Thou shalt reap the fruit of thy victories like a warrior who, pressing hotly on the rear of his enemies as they flee before him, scarcely pauses for a moment to snatch a hasty draught from the wayside brook, and then with renewed ardour, with head erect and kindling eye, continues the pursuit. Thus shall victory be crowned, and not a foe remain" (Perowne).

Others discern in the figure an allusion to our Lord's humiliation and glory—"He humbles Himself," to the common, wayside refreshment of earthly life, and therefore "is highly exalted." But this seems a little to confuse the figure, which, without this added thought, is simple and sublime.

Reference should be made to the mystical interpretations of the passage favoured especially by the older expositors. So, Matthew Henry: "'He shall drink of the brook in the way,' that bitter cup which the Father put into His hand. The wrath of God, running in the channel of the curse of the law, was 'the brook in the way'—in the way of His undertaking which he must go through; or which ran in the way of our salvation and obstructs it, which lay between us and heaven. Christ drank of this brook, when He was made a curse for us; and therefore, when He entered upon His suffering, He went over the brook Kidron (John xviii. 1). He drank deep of this black brook (so 'Kidron' signifies), this bloody brook, so drank of the brook in the way as to take it out of the way of our redemption and salvation." All this is interesting, but it is not exposition, and true Bible students are learning inflexibly to apply the principle, that the deepest spiritual significance of the Scriptures is to be reached by the direct and (as we may say) common-sense interpretation of its letter. In the present case, the much-needed and exquisite refreshment of the cool stream to the wearied warrior under the burning eastern sky furnishes an emblem both adequate and beautiful of the unfailing energies of love that sustain the Captain of our Salvation until His final crown shall be won.

"Ephratah" and the "Fields of the Wood."

Question.—What is the meaning of Psalm cxxxii. 6: "Lo, we heard of it at Ephratah: we found it in the fields of the wood"?

This Psalm, being one of the "Songs of Degrees," belongs to the period after the return from the Captivity, and was no doubt connected with the building and consecration of the Second Temple. By a happy retrospect, it commemorates the bringing of the Ark by David into the Tabernacle on Mount Zion. The "fields of the wood," or, as the margin reads, "of Jaar," are evidently a poetical description of Kirjath-

jearim ("the city of woods"), where the ark had remained for nearly a century,[1] after the catastrophe of Beth-shemesh. Thus far all is clear. Personifying David and his associates the Psalmist joyfully sings: "At Kirjath-jearim we found the ark."

But what is to be understood by, "We heard of it at Ephratah?" Now the word means "fruitful;" and the clause may therefore read: "We heard of it in a fruitful place." If then the reference is to the place where the ark was at the time, it may be no more than a description of Kirjath-jearim itself, with its orchard-fields, or of the surrounding district. So, 'Annotated Paragraph Bible:' "We heard of it in the fruitful district—we found it in the city of fields." Another explanation is that as the word "Ephrathite" sometimes denotes "Ephraimite" (Judges xii. 5; 1 Samuel i. 1; 1 Kings xi. 26), so "Ephratah" may stand for "Ephraim," the reference being to Shiloh, the place of the ancient sanctuary, "We had heard of the ark as at Shiloh in the days of our fathers; but we ourselves found it at Kirjath-jearim." According to this explanation, which is preferred by Gesenius and other authorities, the verse sums up the history of the ark up to the time when it was brought with songs and shoutings into Zion. In fact, on the authority of this passage Gesenius in his 'Lexicon,' gives "Ephraim" as one of the meanings of "Ephratah." Fuerst renders the word "to Ephrath" regarding the termination as prepositional, and also understands the allusion as being to Shiloh.

We cannot however regard this as satisfactory. Ephratah or Ephrath, as the name of a place, means Bethlehem; and (if we except the passage before us), Bethlehem only—(Genesis xxxv. 16, 19; xlviii. 7; Ruth iv. 11; Miah v. 2). To make it equivalent to Ephraim in this Psalm appears a forced interpretation, inadmissible, if the text can be fairly otherwise explained. Most natural too would it be that the mention of David would lead on to the mention of David's birth-place and early home, Bethlehem-Ephratah. But the ark never was at Bethlehem; is not this fatal to the meaning that we would give? We venture in reply to suggest another construction of the sentence, already indeed given by Hengstenberg. Instead of reading "we heard of the ark (as being) at Ephratah," read, "at Ephratah we heard of it." In Bethlehem, in the days of his youth, the son of Jesse would often listen to the story of the ark. The tale fell upon receptive ears, and stirred a strange enthusiasm: and in the heart of the child there sprang the yearning desire after this symbol of the living God, with some wild dream, perhaps, of being able to bring it to its destined dwelling-place. Of these dreams and longings the realisation seemed impossible, until the opportunity was given by his wonderful elevation to the throne and his early career of conquest. The object of youthful aspiration was secured in his maturer days; and on the heights of Zion were brought to pass the visions of Bethlehem.

Thus the Dedication of the Second Temple is connected in this noble hymn with David rather than Solomon, with Mount Zion rather than Mount Moriah, while the thought is carried back to the early days at Bethlehem in which the foundations of future greatness were laid. These days were dear to the nation's memory—

> He chose David His servant,
> And took him from the sheepfolds;
> To feed Jacob His people
> And Israel His inheritance.—*Psalm* lxxviii. 70, 71.

[1] Twenty years, 1 Sam. viii. 2, *i.e.* up to a certain date: and long afterwards, 1 Chron. xiii. 5, 6.

THE SNAIL AND THE ROSE-TREE.

BY HANS CHRISTIAN ANDERSEN.[2]

A HEDGE of nut-bushes grew around a certain garden, outside which were a field and a meadow with cows and sheep. In the middle of the garden there was a rose-tree full of flowers, and under it sat a snail, who had a great deal in him, for he had *himself*.

"Wait till my time comes," said he; "I shall do something more than merely put out roses, or bear nuts, or give milk like cows and sheep."

"I shall have to wait very long for that," said the rose-tree. "May I ask when it is coming?"

"I take my time," said the snail. "Now, you are in such a great hurry; that is not the way to keep people's expectations on the stretch long enough."

The year after the snail was lying in the sun, in much the same spot under the rose-tree, which was bearing young buds and full-bloom roses, ever fresh, ever new. The snail crept half way out, stretched out his feelers, and drew them in again.

"Why, it looks just like last year! There is no progress made. The rose-tree is in the same condition, it can go no farther!"

The summer passed and the autumn passed, while the rose-tree continued to bear buds and flowers all the time until the snow fell, and the weather got bleak and wet; then the rose-tree bent down towards the earth, and the snail crept into the ground.

A new year began again, when out came the roses and out came the snail.

[2] Translated from the Danish by CHARLES J. BRANCH, D.D., Bishop Coadjutor of Antigua.

"Why now you are an old rosestick," said he. "You'll have to see about dying soon. You have given the world already all you ever had in you—whether that has been of any importance is a question I haven't had time to think about. But it is nevertheless evident that you have not done the least thing for your own internal development, or otherwise something else would have come out of you. Now, can you set up any defence for that? You are now hardly anything else but a stick from head to foot. Can you understand that, I say?"

"You frighten me," said the rose-tree. "I never thought about that."

"No; it's a long time since you ever got anything for yourself by thinking. Have you ever at any time tried to account for your own flowering, or thought anything at all about the question of bearing flowers? Why shouldn't it be done in some other way than it is?"

"No, indeed," said the rose-tree; "I flowered for the pleasure of it, because I could not help doing it, the sun was so warm and the air so refreshing. I drank in the bright dew and the strong rain: I breathed, I lived. Strength came up into me from the earth, strength came to me from above. I was conscious of a health always renewed and always great, and therefore I was obliged to be always bearing flowers."

"You have an easy, comfortable life of it," said the snail.

"To be sure I have. Everything is given me," replied the rose-tree. "But still more is given to you than to me. You are one of those profound, deep thinkers by nature, one of those highly endowed beings who will one day astonish the world."

"That I have not the least intention of doing," answered the snail. "The world is nothing to me! What have I to do with the world? I have enough to do with myself, and I have enough in myself."

"But should we not all, while we are here on earth, do our best for others? Should we not give them what we can? But you—you who have received so much—what have you given to the world? What are you giving to it?"

"What have I given it? What am I giving it? I spit at it—it is good for nothing—it is nothing to me. Put out your roses, you can advance no farther. Let the hazel-bush bear its nuts. Let the cows and the sheep give their milk. Each one of you has his own people to serve. I have mine in myself. I retire into myself, and there I am. I have my people in myself, the world is nothing to me."

And so the snail went into his house, and fastened it up.

"How sad it is," said the rose-tree; "I cannot shrink in by the utmost effort of my will. I must be ever springing out, springing out in roses. And the petals fall off and fly away in the wind. But, never mind, I have seen one of my roses laid in my mistress' hymn-book; one of them got a place on the breast of a beautiful young girl; and another was kissed by the lips of a child in his joyous happiness. These are my memories. This is my life."

And the rose-tree blossomed on in her innocence, and the snail still lay torpid in his house.

The world was nothing to him.

And so the seasons went by.

With the snail it was "dust to dust," with the rose-tree it was "dust to dust." The rose put in the hymn-book, as a keepsake, was also blown away. But new rose-bushes were blooming in the garden, and new snails were also living there. They went on creeping into their houses, they went on spitting—the world was nothing to them.

Shall I tell you their history over again? It cannot be told in any other way.

HOMELY LIGHTS ON HALLOWED TEXTS.

NO. II.

"He that is slow to anger is better than the mighty; and he that ruleth his spirit than he that taketh a city."—*Proverbs* xvi. 32.

IT was the proud boast of the soldiers of France that every drummer boy might hope to rise to the highest position in the French army, and wield a marshal's baton. The proverb ran, "Every soldier carries a marshal's baton in his knapsack"; but we know that the proverb was but half a truth, and that of all the brave Frenchmen who have fought and died for their country, very few attained to the dignity of the high-sounding motto.

There is a service, however, in which even the youngest and weakest may hope to succeed, and in which all who are faithful and persevering are sure to reap a reward more enduring than the laurels of the warrior.

Of this service our text speaks. It tells of a warfare and a victory, and it says of those who conquer their angry passions that they are better than the mighty.

It may seem strange to some young people, and yet it is actually true, that the boy or girl who checks the flood of angry words and thoughts which rise so suddenly like armed enemies against our souls, is really engaged in a nobler warfare than many a warrior who has taken a city.

And we can understand something of this by means of a very simple illustration. Let us suppose that we are called upon to give a prize to one of two boys for true manliness and nobility of character. One boy is first in every athletic exercise, and is, so far as looks go, handsome and strong. The other is neither so good-looking nor so muscular. But this latter boy has proved that he can rule his spirit, and check the angry word or blow. He is helpful, kind, and gentle, to all who need his aid, and no cruel act has ever been recorded against him. The other boy is notoriously a bully. He makes his younger brethren quail beneath his ungovernable temper, and with him it is a word and a blow. Despite his good looks, there cannot be much question as to which we would accord the prize. He may be strong, and able to gain victories by the force of his arm, but he cannot win our respect or love, and therefore we cannot give him the highest place in our esteem.

Happily, some of the strongest among boys have also been amongst the gentlest and kindest, and where the two qualities are combined, we have the stuff of which real heroes are made.

The noblest men have been distinguished for the power of ruling themselves.

The great George Washington, as a boy, was afflicted with a violent temper, which he fought against all his life. He learned to rule himself, before he was called to rule a great people; but his victory over his own heart made him strong to govern others.

"First in peace, first in war, and first in the hearts of his countrymen," were the fitting words engraved upon his statue. It was, perhaps, the greatest tribute that could be paid to his character to say that even his enemies mourned his loss. What greater victory can the world show than that of turning enemies into friends? Surely such a conquest is well worth our best energies.

It was in the nursery and at school, that our greatest men first showed signs of their powers, and none can be too young to begin the struggle against evil tempers and angry words.

If we wait until some great occasion arises, we can never hope to win a victory at all. Great victories are usually the result of little ones. Little words checked, little bursts of anger quelled, are sure to lead us on to greater victories,

if we seek the necessary strength from our Father in Heaven.

Let us never forget that our foes are mighty, and that the strength to overcome them must come to us from God. He has promised His aid to all who seek it, and in His strength we may fearlessly go on to victory.

Home will be brighter, hearts will be kinder, and all about us will be happier, if we begin at once to fight this noble battle against the evil that is within us; and we shall presently understand the real meaning of our text, "He that is slow to anger is better than the mighty; and he that ruleth his spirit than he that taketh a city."

THE SUNDAY ALBUM.

NO. I.—FIG-TREES AND FIGS.—p. 32.

THE fig-tree, so beautiful for its shade, and so valued for its fruit, is held in such high esteem in the Holy Land, that it is mentioned as one of the blessings of that country that it is "a good land. . . a land of wheat, and barley, and vines, and *fig-trees*." (Deut viii. 8.) In later days, when Israel was settled there, we have a glimpse of the way in which they valued this tree in the curious parable of Jotham (Judges ix. 10), "The trees said unto the fig-tree, Come thou, and reign over us." A beautiful picture is given in 1 Kings iv. 25: "Judah and Israel dwelt safely, every man under his vine and his fig-tree. . . all the days of Solomon." See also Zech. iii. 10. When Rabshakeh tried to tempt Israel with deceitful promises from Hezekiah, he said, "Make an agreement with me, and then eat every man of his own vine and of his fig-tree." (2 Kings xviii. 31.)

It was not merely for shade or for ornament that this fine tree was valued. "Whoso keepeth the fig-tree shall eat the fruit thereof." (Prov. xxvii. 18.) Therefore a fig-tree planted in a vineyard, on which its owner found no fruit, was condemned,—"Cut it down; why cumbereth it the ground?" (Luke xiii. 7.) How touching is the intercession of the "dresser of the vineyard." "Lord, let it alone this year also, till I dig about it, and dung it: if it bear fruit, well: and if not, then after that thou shalt cut it down."

The Lord had also another way of marking His displeasure against those represented by the unfruitful fig-tree, as shown in Matt. xxi. 19: "He found nothing thereon, but leaves only, and said unto it, Let no fruit grow on thee henceforth for ever. And presently the fig-tree withered away,"—emblem of that nation or individual that produces nothing but leaves—barren professions.

There are those from whom no such fruit is expected,—"Do men gather grapes of thorns, or figs of thistles?" (Matt. vii. 16.) It is thus that the Lord teaches that the "tree is known by its fruit." See also Jas. iii. 12.

The fertility of the land and the return of spring is known by the fig-tree's state, "the fig-tree putteth forth her green figs." (Cant. ii. 13.) The Lord teaches a still higher truth when speaking of the signs of His own coming, He says, "Now learn a parable of the fig-tree. When his branch is yet tender, and putteth forth leaves, ye know that summer is nigh: So likewise ye: when ye shall see all these things, know that it is near, even at the doors." (Matt. xxiv. 32. Luke xxi. 29.)

The judgments of God are shown by the destruction of the precious fruits of the earth,—"There shall be no grapes on the vine, nor figs on the fig-tree." (Jer. viii. 13.) "He hath laid my vine waste, and barked my fig-tree." (Joel i. 7.)

How grand is the faith which even in such circumstances says, "Although the fig-tree shall not blossom, neither shall fruit be in the vine; yet will I rejoice in the Lord." (Hab. iii. 17.)

Jeremiah's two baskets of figs set forth as in a parable two opposite parties in Jerusalem, those who obeyed and trusted in the Lord, and those who refused to do so,—"One basket had very good figs, even like the figs that are first ripe: and the other basket had very naughty figs, which could not be eaten." (Jer. xxiv. 2.)

An awful scene is described in Rev. vi. 13: "The stars of heaven fell unto the earth, even as a fig-tree casteth her untimely figs."

The deep shadow of Nathanael's fig-tree made it a place of holy retirement for that man in whom was "no guile," but the eye of the Lord followed him there, and brought home conviction in a moment to his mind by the words, "When thou wast under the fig-tree, I saw thee!" (John i. 48.)

Let our young friends take a NEST as the second picture for their album.

HIDDEN TEXT.

NO. V.

Write this out, and then mark one word in each line, so as to form a text.

Those who in life's young dawn shall turn to God;
And that bright path shall choose which saints have trod;
They who seek wisdom more than length of days;
They that love Me and My most pleasant ways;
Turning from sin, and early seeking peace;
These surely in their searching shall not cease
Until the Lord they seek they find. He
Says, and means it surely, "Come to Me."

ANSWER TO SCRIPTURE ENIGMA.

NO. I.—p. 16.—PHARISEES—SADDUCEES.—Matt. xvi. 3, 12.

P-apho-S	Acts xiii. 6, 11.
H-ammedath-A . .	Esth. iii. 1.
A-shdo-D	1 Sam. v. 1, 2.
R-amoth-gilea-D . .	1 Kings xxii. 29, 34.
I-r-U	1 Chron. iv. 15.
S-ado-C	Matt. i. 14.
E-v-E	Gen. iii. 20, 23, 24.
E-phraimit-E . . .	Judges xii. 5, 6.
S-ardi-S	Rev. iii. 1, 3.

ANSWER TO HIDDEN TEXT.

NO. I.—p. 78.

"Suffer little children to come unto Me."—*Luke* xviii. 16.

Monthly Religious Record.

WHILE the various sections of the nation are still debating as to the manner in which they may best celebrate the Queen's Jubilee, the fifty years of the Victorian Era have already been made the occasion of many a retrospect. The development of foreign missions during that period is the subject of an interesting paper, by the Rev. E. Storrow, in the "Chronicle" of the London Missionary Society. For the details of progress we must refer our readers to the article itself; but the multiplication of societies is alone evidence of a vast change. Thus, the 8 British societies have grown to 25, or including those of the colonies, to 31; the 7 in the United States to 39; the 10 of Continental Europe to 13 in Germany, 11 in Holland, 16 elsewhere; while to these must be added many institutions not exclusively missionary, but co-operating in Christian work. Many influences have combined to give the Victorian Era its proud eminence; and among other great factors has unquestionably been the more aggressive faith of the Christian churches. When we look abroad, we are reminded that England, while contributing to the general progress, has herself, as at other times in her history, been but a sharer in a world-wide movement, having its origin in more than national causes. Surveying the field of Christian effort, Mr. Storrow concludes:—"If the missionary spirit is not as intense as once it was in a few, it is at least far more diffused. The seven Protestant Missionary Societies of 1800 have become more than a 100. Their total income then was less than 50,000*l.*; now it has steadily grown to 2,220,000*l.* Then the converts numbered about 50,000; now they are nearly 3,000,000. Every Protestant denomination of the least importance has its foreign missionary society. If a chart could be so tinted as to exhibit the relative presence of Christian teachers throughout heathenism as recently as 1837 and now, the contrast would be very great. Some regions then entirely dark now have some light; others then having a little, now have much more. Thus has it been with South America; North, East, and Central Africa; Madagascar; the Turkish, Indian, Chinese, and Japanese Empires; New Guinea, and scores of smaller islands. Central Asia, including Thibet, is, indeed, the only large region where missionaries do not reside; and if Tertullian, in the middle of the third century, and Jerome, a hundred years afterward, wrote with surprise, not untouched with exultation, of the spread of Christianity, not only among various classes in the Roman Empire, but even far beyond its limits, we, with equal surprise and exultation, but with stronger confidence, should hail the extension of the Kingdom of God now. The hundreds of thousands of converts gathered, and the almost 30,000 natives preachers and evangelists, are the outward .and visible signs of a splendid work for Christ and man. . . . And the collateral results of missions are far more varied and important than is usually supposed. . . . It is not the least of the glorious features of Her Majesty's reign that during it Christianity has spread more widely, gained more triumphs, and made more solid advance throughout heathendom than during any monarch's reign of any age or country."

ANOTHER aspect of this era is touched by Mr. Gladstone, in an article upon Lord Tennyson's new "Locksley Hall." Contrasting the past and present, he says; "The sum of the matter seems to be that upon the whole, and in a degree, we who lived fifty, sixty, seventy years back, and are living now, have lived into a gentler time; that the public conscience has grown more tender, as indeed was very needful; and that, in matters of practice, at sight of evils formerly regarded with indifference or even connivance it now not only winces but rebels: that upon the whole the race has been reaping, and not scattering; earning, and not wasting." Would it be too much to add that this gentler spirit, this more sensitive conscience is the perfected fruit of the evangelical revival of the last century?

SAD news comes from the neighbourhood of Lake Ngami. The mission to the Batauana tribe, initiated some years ago under circumstances of much interest, has been apparently shattered. The story, as told by the Rev. R. Wardlaw Thompson, vividly reflects the lights and shadows of Christian enterprise. The first stroke fell in 1883, when the Matabele invaded the country, and wrecked the town. The native church was then destroyed, and the schools broken up; the traders' houses were levelled, and a large number of prisoners carried off, and many thousand head of cattle. A second raid was attempted in 1885, under one of their most noted captains; but then the Batauana were better prepared; they betook themselves to an impregnable position, and hundreds of the invaders fell in the swamps under their rifles, or in crossing the adjacent river. This success, and the long strife, have demoralised the people. The change in their location, and the break up of old associations, effaced the last traces of educational work. In the tumult of war, the heathen spirit regained its ascendancy. The tribe, as a whole, "has given up Christianity, and gone back with redoubled energy to the licentious practices and cruel ways of heathenism." A faithful band alone remains to witness for Christ.

THE Rev. James Gilmour, whose Mongolian travels have become a missionary classic, is now again in Mongolia. For some time he has been living the life of an itinerant vendor of medicines, being at the same time teacher and preacher. "I have been well received everywhere," he says. "For a while I could get but a limited medical practice. At last, imitating a Mohammedan medicine-seller I happened to see at a fair, I had a cloth awning or tent made and mounted on six sticks, and with this, like a Chinese quack-doctor, I made my appearance in the market-places and public streets. This took, and the patients have everywhere been numerous; and by this means God has opened a way for me into the hearts and confidence of the people."

THE heroic self-sacrifice of Father Damien among the lepers of Molokai reminds us of other men who have given themselves to a like service. It is sixty-seven years since the Church of the United Brethren, which has ever been ready to go to the most inhospitable climes, the most pestilential districts, and the most degraded people, had its attention called to the wretched lepers of South Africa, where her missionaries had for many years been labouring successfully among the Hottentots. An interesting sketch of their labours in this direction was published some years ago by Mr. James Latrobe. The following details will be interesting at the present time. In the year 1818 the Colonial Government fearing the spread of leprosy, erected a temporary Asylum, in the romantic valley of Hemel en Aarde (*i.e.* Heaven and Earth) so-called because it was far removed from human habitations and hemmed in by rocks, with only a strip of sky above. To this place some Christian Hottentots had been removed from the Moravian settlements, and their faithful pastors paid them occasional visits, and embraced the opportunity of preaching the gospel to all the afflicted inmates. In course of time, a larger hospital was built, and the Governor, Lord Charles Somerset, addressed a letter to the Directing Board of the Moravian Church, requesting that a missionary might be sent to manage the Institution, and to instruct its inmates in the doctrines of Christianity. His desire was granted, and in January 1822, the Rev. Mr. Leitner and his English wife, relinquishing the loved society of their fellow-missionaries, and the valued privileges of a well-organized church, entered on their self-denying, repulsive, and then supposed, perilous duties at Hemel en Aarde. For sometime he had to preach in the open air, at much risk to his health. Often a heavy shower would disperse the congregation, but only till the rain ceased. In 1824, a temporary chapel was built of stakes and unburnt bricks by the patients. Four years afterwards a new church was built by the Government.

Year by year the work progressed, the gospel of a crucified Saviour approved itself the power of God to salvation. Nor was this all; diligence superseded idleness, the hospital was soon surrounded by neat gardens, and a large plot of ground was cultivated for the general benefit. Assisted by such inmates as still could work, Brother Leitner constructed an aqueduct which supplied the little colony with water for their gardens and houses. No wonder that the afflicted household looked up to the missionaries as their father and mother, and sad was the Easter Day, 1829, when, after six years of faithful labour, he was suddenly removed by death, in the act of baptising one of the converts.

In the same devoted spirit their successors laboured among the lepers at Hemel en Aarde for ten years. But in 1846 the Government, wishing to enlarge the Hospital by the addition of a Lunatic Asylum and an Infirmary for the poor, resolved to remove it from Hemel en Aarde to Robben Island, a low sandy islet, surrounded by dangerous rocks, and situate near the entrance of Table Bay, seven miles from Cape Town. Here commodious buildings were erected, and arrangements made for diet, cleanliness, ventilation, and sea-bathing, far superior to those at the former station. In this new sphere the status of the missionary was materially changed; hitherto he had managed both the spiritual and temporal concerns, but now the latter were committed to government officials, and his duties were restricted to the spiritual and educational charge of the patients.

The number of inhabitants on Robben Island, lepers, lunatics, and sick, now rose to 300, and of these about 60 placed themselves distinctly under the care of the missionary. A school was begun for the children of lepers, and such adults as chose to attend, and the first teacher was a leprous young Englishman, a convert from popery, who undertook the service gratuitously. "It is most touching," wrote Brother Wedeman, "to see the scholars turn over the leaves of their Bibles with their mutilated hands, some not only without fingers, but with hands corrupted to the wrist." Many and deeply affecting were the scenes depicted at this time.

In 1860 the Governor paid a visit to the Island, and expressed a desire that a competent teacher should be sent out to take charge of the schools. Accordingly, Brother John Taylor, son of an esteemed missionary (and himself lamed in his feet from his youth), left his widowed mother, and relatives, and home comforts, and willingly followed the call of the Lord to this desolate island of lepers and lunatics. For five years this earnest young brother continued his labour, till he was called to his eternal rest on May 27th, 1866. Thus for forty years, impelled by love to Christ and compassion to man, Christian men and women were found willing to undertake this self-denying duty, amid a mass of human misery and corruption. In no field of labour was missionary work accompanied by more signal spiritual blessing. One after another of the poor lepers were, by their sore affliction, led to seek rest in Christ.

In 1867 the Colonial Government appointed a chaplain of the English Church, and thus dispensed with the religious oversight of the Moravian Church.

The Moravians have now a hospital for lepers at Jerusalem.

In India leprosy is still a terrible scourge. It is estimated that there are as many as 135,000 lepers within its boundaries. Their condition is almost too dreadful for description. A Mission to Lepers has been for some years in operation there, with a view of ministering to both their bodily and spiritual needs. This society endeavours to utilize as much as possible existing agencies, by assisting Leper Asylums already established, and providing missionaries with the means for carrying on Christian work in connection with them. It makes grants of money towards the building of new asylums, prayer-rooms, etc.; and in many instances provides for the entire support of lepers. It is at present carrying on work at Kashmir, Tarn Taran, Sabathu, Dehra, Almora, Lohardugga, Calcutta, and Alleppey, in connection with the Church Missionary Society, the London Missionary Society, the American Presbyterian Mission, and Gossner's Evangelical Mission. The work has been greatly blessed in the conversion of souls. 6*l.* will support a leper for one year, and 20*l.* will supply a Christian teacher to an asylum for the same period. Many most pathetic facts attest the consoling power of the gospel among these outcasts.

The Salvation Army has welcomed General Booth back from America. Three great meetings were held at Exeter Hall. In the course of his statement, he said that their progress in the United States was greater than in any other country. This sanguine view has been challenged, but he reported that they had made a commencement in 240 cities. A summary of the year's operations over the world, since published, shows that at the close of 1885 the Army comprised 1,322 corps under 3,076 officers, while at the present time there are 1,749 corps and 4,192 officers, being an increase in the year of 427 corps and 1,116 officers. The total receipts for the year were 73,430*l.*, as compared with 69,768*l.*, in the preceding year. The *Times* devoting an article to the subject, points one important lesson. "Undoubtedly," says our contemporary, "the Salvation Army has something in its spirit which other religious bodies need not disdain to copy, while they repudiate absurd accessories. All old-established societies tend after a time to close their doors, and to turn their camps into citadels. The strength of the Salvation Army is that it is constantly in light marching order, and is encumbered with little baggage, It is not more dependent on a base of operation than a Mahratta host of the last century. Its life is a life of forays and invasions. With all its defects it will not have been without use if it has reminded orderly communities of a distant past in which, at the opening of their careers, they conducted themselves with the same vivacity, though with more self-respect."

The Colporteur's "place in history" is described on another page. We note with pleasure also his place among the agencies of to-day. The Christian Colporteur's Association, for example, employs 91 colporteurs. Its sphere is indicated in the fact that during the year 1885, they sold many copies of the Scriptures, various books and periodicals to the number of 578,762, and distributed half a million of tracts. More than a thousand villages are regularly visited, as well as the Metropolitan markets and other markets and fairs. In addition they have two colporteurs who work at some of the ports on the Severn, and a Bible carriage which goes about many of the towns and villages in the South and West of England. Another Association has its headquarters at the Metropolitan Tabernacle, and for the same year reports a distribution of 457,527 Bibles and books, and 320,504 periodicals. The Church of England Book Hawking Union employs a like agency; while the Religious Tract and Book Society of Scotland has also a committee for colportage.

Mr. G. R. Sims, whose description of life among the poor attracted much attention some years ago, has recently given his impressions of the East of London, as he finds it after the lapse of time. "One improvement directly resulting from the slumming agitation must," he says, "be thankfully chronicled. Religion and Temperance have stepped in and taken a tighter grip of the masses. In several slums that I passed through I found a church bill displayed in every window—the printed notice of a sermon to be preached next Sunday; and on entering into conversation with the inhabitants I found that the great bulk of them were teetotallers. The manners of the people have also appreciably improved. In places where a few years ago I was received in much the same spirit as the cannibals of the Pacific Isles were wont to display when a white stranger landed on their shores, I found a courteous welcome from both men and women. The conversation of my hosts was also considerably less garnished with expletives, and faces were worn decidedly cleaner." As regards the housing of the poor, he reports that the large blocks of buildings erected here and there have made little appreciable difference. There is, moreover, no marked improvement in the domestic interiors.

Our readers will be glad to learn that Mr. Power's sketch in our November part entitled "Unscattered" has brought £300 to the funds of the National Orphan Home, on Ham Common. This amount has been received chiefly in small sums, which have varied from one half-penny, to 5*l.* It is evidence how widely the Sunday at Home is read, that the contributions have come from India, Egypt, Canada, Germany and other places abroad. The friends of the orphans in that institution return their warmest thanks. We are unable here to specify details; but may add that two cheeses have also come to hand, and a variety of clothing.

THE SUNDAY AT HOME

O DAY MOST CALM, MOST BRIGHT! . . .
THE WEEK WERE DARK BUT FOR THY LIGHT.—*Herbert.*

BARBARA'S BROTHERS.

BY EVELYN EVERETT GREEN.

CHAPTER X.—ARTHUR TREVELYAN.

"VERY PRETTY AND ARCADIAN," SAID TREVELYAN.

"BE ye not unequally yoked with unbelievers."

Reinée closed her Bible and stood quite still, leaning against the window frame and gazing steadfastly over the sea, upon whose broad shining expanse of waters the opal tints of twilight were beginning to gather.

Reinée was dressed for dinner and had dismissed her maid, as she often did now, for a few minutes before descending, and those few minutes were generally spent by her in quiet, prayerful thought, or in the study of her Bible.

She looked very fair and sweet that evening in her pure white robes, white blossoms in her hair, and a look of steadfast purpose shining in her eyes. An unusual shade of seriousness and gravity hung about Reinée that evening, for she would have to meet in a few minutes time the man whom her parents wished that she should marry, and who had probably come with the intention of making a formal proposal for her hand and of settling definitely for a speedy union. It was this thought that made the girl's face grave and serious; but there was no wavering or indecision in the set of the delicate lips or in the glance of the dark eyes. Difficulty and some trouble and distress might lie before her; but Reinée knew by this time that she would not be left to fight the battle alone; she had learnt where help was to be had and was never asked in vain.

She had closed her Bible and a shade had gathered upon her face, presently she spoke half aloud: "Is Arthur an unbeliever? I cannot tell. I do not wish to judge him; but I am afraid—I am afraid he has no God, save of his own making. I have so often heard him sneer at what is good

and true, and speak slightingly of those who are living for another world beyond this. I have felt again and again that we were not suited to one another. Now I am sure of it. I would do much to please my mother; but not that—not that."

And with a look of peculiar sweetness and resolution upon her face, Reinée went downstairs and entered the drawing-room.

She was watched rather closely by more than one pair of eyes as she appeared, and met Arthur Trevelyan with a quiet, gracious self-possession that was at once dignified and simple. Her colour had deepened a little, and her eyes were unusually large and luminous. She looked very lovely, and her mother regarded her with satisfied pride, whilst her brother felt that she had a very difficult game to play, and wondered how it would end.

Arthur Trevelyan was a handsome man with a hard face expressive of determination and force of character. It was not a good face, despite its regularity of feature. Its beauty was all external, it lay only surface deep, and was already somewhat marred by the traces wrought upon it by the passions from within. He had been travelling for some time. Reinée had not seen him for nearly a year. She detected at once that he was changed, and that not for the better.

He looked at her steadily as they met, with an air of appropriation that deepened the flush upon her cheek. His long and close acquaintance with the family and his years of seniority had given him the claim to a familiarity which it was useless now to resent. He had known her as a little child with white frocks and floating hair, and had paid court to her, even then. It was hardly likely he would begin to stand on ceremony now.

"You grow more like your name every year, Reinée," he said, "more queen-like and stately; but it becomes you well. I never wish you other than you are. Tell me, are you glad to see me after this long absence? Is my presence welcome to you?"

He asked the question with a sort of cool confidence, and he did not release the hand he held.

"My brother's friends are always welcome," answered Reinée, looking at him without a trace of self-consciousness. "And especially when they are old friends and known to us all."

He smiled a little as he turned away. He would win a warmer welcome from her presently.

Reinée was somewhat more silent than was her wont at the dinner-table that day, and when she did talk it was generally to her father, at whose elbow she sat, and whose wants she studied and forestalled with a loving tenderness that had become habitual with her since his health had so manifestly failed.

Mrs. Dumaresq talked to their guest, and drew him out on the subject of his travels. Arthur talked well, and if he boasted somewhat of his own prowess, it was done with a skill that almost defied detection, and left no unpleasing impression on the minds of his hearers. His eyes rested often upon Reinée; he seemed to be studying her with great attention. Perhaps he was conscious of the subtle change that had crept over her of late, and was wondering what it was, and what had caused it. He felt that she was at a greater distance from him than she had been when last they met; but he attributed that to the length of his absence and her natural girlish shyness. He was a man accustomed to his own way, and he did not doubt for a moment his power of breaking down any barrier of reserve so soon as he had a mind to do so.

"Arthur is really exceedingly clever and well-informed," remarked Mrs. Dumaresq, when she and her daughter were alone together after dinner. "I think he improves each time I see him."

Reinée was standing by the long French window that even now stood open to the soft night air.

"Do you?" she questioned thoughtfully. "I do not think I agree with you."

"You are hardly of an age to judge, my dear. You must accept upon some points the verdict of those older and wiser than yourself. Arthur is a man of very superior parts. I only wish Clive would show indications of as much talent and energy."

"You see we do not quite agree in our views, mamma," answered Reinée, still speaking quietly and naturally. "I should be very sorry to see Clive grow like Arthur. I want him always his own dear self."

Mrs. Dumaresq looked sharply at her daughter, but she was disarmed by the serenity of Reinée's expression. There was no mutiny or defiance in the sweet face turned towards the moonlight without.

"Ah, you and Clive always stood by one another; but all the same, Arthur is the cleverer man."

"And Clive the better one."

"What do you mean by better?"

"I mean that he has the nobler nature. I could trust Clive's generosity and goodness of heart, his unselfishness and bravery, anywhere, and under any circumstances; but I could not say the same of Arthur."

Mrs. Dumaresq looked slightly displeased, but she laughed lightly as she answered, "You are foolish about Clive—you always were; but you will do more justice to Arthur when you know him better."

Reinée made no reply, but moved across to the piano, and played softly until she was interrupted by the entrance of the men.

"It's as light as day outside," remarked Trevelyan, approaching the window. "I want to see your garden, Reinée; it looks charming in this light. Come round and do the honours. I have never before seen you occupy the post of châtelaine in a house like this."

"The garden is delightful," answered Reinée, slipping her hand within Clive's arm as she stepped out upon the terrace. "We have such lovely views of the sea, as you must have noticed before. If we stay here I mean to be very busy in the autumn making improvements. Clive and I have a great many ideas. I hope papa will buy

the house. I have never felt any place quite so like home as this."

"It is not likely to be *your* home for very long, in any case," remarked Trevelyan, in a low voice; but Reinée made no reply, only that Clive felt her fingers press rather more closely upon his arm.

He came to the rescue by drawing his friend into conversation, and an hour slipped quickly away in rambling about the extensive grounds of the Hall, and in talking easily and pleasantly of bygone days and old associates.

Reinée presently left the young men to smoke together, and slipped off to her own room. Arthur Trevelyan oppressed her somewhat by his air of appropriation. She had never given him the right to exercise it, and she looked upon it as a liberty that he had no right to take.

With all her gentleness and sweetness, Reinée had a good deal of innate pride; and she could be exceedingly dignified and stately when it pleased her. She was quite prepared to hold her own with Arthur Trevelyan, and to show him his place if necessary.

The next day was Sunday—a day that of late Reinée had learned to love and prize very highly, and to keep very differently from the way in which she had been accustomed to see it kept.

There had been no Sabbath calm about God's day of rest in the girl's old life. It had been as it were a breathing space in which to recover from the toils of the past week, and lay in a supply of energy for that which was begun. No active employment had been carried on, but it had never been hallowed by any of the reverence that makes it in very truth "the Lord's day." Reinée had generally gone to church, sometimes accompanied by her mother, but more often only attended by a servant, and she had tried to infuse a little of the devotional element into the day by the choice of her books and the regulation of her thoughts; but she had received no encouragement from without, either by example or precept, and it had been an uphill struggle, not undertaken with much resolution or energy. Until lately Reinée had been more given to dream than to think, and her ideals had been far too shadowy for her to grasp.

Now, however, a change had come over her. She had begun to see light where once all had been dark, and step by step she was treading the narrow way, humbly and patiently trying to follow the footsteps of the Saviour whom she had learned to know and to love.

Her quiet country Sundays were a source of much comfort and pleasure. The simple practical teaching of the old rector, followed by the earnest, impassioned eloquence of the young man who had taken his place for a time, had been of immense use to Reinée. No difficulty was made here about her regular and frequent attendance at church, or her visits to her cottage protégés. Mrs. Dumaresq liked her daughter to be looked up to and admired by high and low, and fancied that there was nothing more than a freak of fancy in the girl's "religious turn." All young things liked change; and this new development was very pretty and becoming, and gave a pleasant popularity to the name of Dumaresq.

All the family, with the exception of Mr. Dumaresq, attended morning service; and Arthur Trevelyan, who never willingly entered a place of worship, swallowed his weariness and *ennui* as well as he could in the pleasure of sitting beside Reinée and watching her covertly throughout the service. But his restlessness and distaste did not escape her notice. She felt instinctively that he was only here from motives of policy, and she heard him mutter under his breath a word or two of scornful dissent as young Mr. Leslie spoke with peculiar emphasis and eloquence upon the awful danger those were in who idly followed the fashionable doubt and scepticism of the day.

Reinée had a visit to pay on her way home from church to the old blind woman, to whom she read regularly on Sundays and once or twice during the week. Generally she went in the afternoon, but to-day she feared she might be prevented from doing so, and determined to take advantage of the present and go on her way home. So she slipped away as the congregation were dispersing, and hoped that her disappearance would be unnoticed.

She had hardly however got clear of the churchyard before she found herself joined by Trevelyan.

"Whither away so fast, Reinée? This is surely not the direct way home?"

"No; you must go back and keep up the hill. I am going to pay a visit before I go home."

"You have modified your views then, Reinée; for if I remember right you made a point of paying no visits on Sunday, or receiving them, if you could help. I suppose you have learned at length how inconvenient such Sabbatical rules are?"

He spoke with something of mockery in his tone. Reinée, her mind full of the stirring truths she had just been hearing, answered quietly and fearlessly: "I am learning more and more to try and keep holy the Sabbath day as we have been bidden to do. You know best whether you are doing the same."

He laughed with careless raillery.

"You see, Reinée, I am more advanced than you, though quite as Scriptural, I assure you. I hold that the Sabbath was made for man—not man for the Sabbath."

"Yes," she answered, turning her clear eyes full upon him, "the Sabbath was made for man, that he might use it as God has appointed, and not abuse it after his own will. You may be quite sure it was not made to be ignored and despised. I know it is not for me to preach. I have been very thoughtless and careless; but I cannot and will not stand by to hear you sneer at such things. If you are determined to be a scoffer, please keep out of my hearing."

Reinée spoke with her usual quietness, but Trevelyan had never before received such a set down at her hands, and he felt more affronted than he cared to express. He admired the

through all the ages; and the Master's commission ordains Mary Magdalene, last at the cross, first at the sepulchre, to be the earliest herald to the despairing disciples of the power of His resurrection.

Eighteen centuries pass away; and when we narrow down our gaze to the one spot in Christendom where we might reasonably expect to find the Gospel victorious, the prospect is scarcely brighter than was that of the heathen world before Christ. It is now scarcely a century and a half ago since Bishop Warburton said that he had lived to see that fatal crisis, in England, when religion had lost its hold on the minds of the people; while Bishop Butler declared that it had come to be taken for granted that the religion of Christ was fictitious, "a subject for mirth and ridicule." The picture of the moral condition of England was worthy to be hung as a companion beside that of Rome under Nero. We need only recall, for a moment, the merciless descriptions given by Thackeray of the First and Second Georges; the coarse satires of Swift; the equally coarse pages of Fielding; and those famous paintings in which William Hogarth has immortalized the life seething about him in that London which Johnson brands as "the common sewer of Paris and of Rome." It is a condition of things upon which no pure-minded man cares to look long. In the pathway of history there it is, this stagnant slough of despond; and we are bound to take knowledge of it. But like the lonesome traveller, haunted by the spectre, who "having once turned round, walks on, and turns no more his head," so the student of the seventeenth century has no inclination to spend one moment in its company beyond what is absolutely necessary. "I say," cries Thackeray, "I am scared as I look round at this society, at this king, at these courtiers, at these politicians, at these bishops, at this flaunting vice and levity."

But then, as truly as in the first century, "the Lord reigned." Again the Gospel of Christ asserted its power. Such changes as Lecky pictures coming over the Pagan world, later historians describe as coming over our Protestant world, a hundred and fifty years ago.

It was then that modern Protestant missions were born. The very same power which was working a moral revolution in England and the Colonies, matched itself against a heathen world, of whose magnitude and wickedness it knew no more than did the first disciples, of the region beyond, when they started out to preach the gospel to every creature. It is with these "regions beyond" that we are now concerned. The scope of our argument is comparatively limited, and, to a believer in Christ, it is certainly very imperfect. "Godliness," says the apostle, "is profitable unto all things, having promise of the life that now is, and of that which is to come." This "life that now is," is a life which the world at large can measure and apprehend. If, by the spread of Christian missions, commerce is prospered, if civilization is advanced, if patriotism is cherished, if education is introduced and culture encouraged, and the morals of a community are cleansed, these things must be simple matters of history. The gauge which such an one as Mr. Lecky applies to the old heathen world, can be applied also to the heathen world which lies about us at this hour.

If William Carey, or Alexander Duff, or Henry Martyn, or John Williams, had been sent forth to speed the commerce, and to raise the civilization, and to inspire the patriotism of the world, they would, we believe, have failed. Nobler ambitions swelled in their breasts. But we cannot afford to shut our eyes to the fact that all this, and much more of the same character, modern missionaries have accomplished. This "after-shine" of Christianity, as Carlyle finely calls it, is not, indeed, the full splendour of the light which, coming into the world, lighteth every man; but it is not, therefore, to be ignored. Christian missionaries have a right to point to material prosperity, to home happiness, to nobler manners and purer laws, to schools and colleges, to temperance, truthfulness, peace and security, and to demand of the wide world to-day that these be credited to them as among the things which accompany salvation.

Wherever honest missionary work has been done, "the life that now is" has been lifted up and made better.

I will glance, to commence with, at the effects of missions upon commerce. Perhaps you will pardon me if I allude at once to an incident of personal interest to myself. As a boy, one of my earliest remembrances is of being told the tragic history of the "Charles Eaton." A large merchantman of that name, bound for China, was wrecked among the dangerous reefs of Torres Straits. A raft was hastily made, on which the crew and passengers all escaped to a small island, where they were treacherously welcomed by the natives. On the first night after their arrival, the savages, having seen that all their visitors were asleep, set upon them with clubs. With the exception of one little boy, every one of the white men was killed, and the bodies were eaten. This child was carried off, with the skulls of the murdered people, to Murray Island. A schooner, sent out by the British Government, rescued the boy; and finding the skulls piled as a trophy, brought them to the Cape of Good Hope, where they were buried. The facts are impressed on my mind because an uncle of my own was one of the victims, and his death must have occurred about the same time that I was born. Now, through the heroism of missionaries who, fearless of its evil reputation, and of the blood of some of their own number, persisted in occupying that ill-omened region for Christ, Murray Island is civilized; it has become an educational centre, industrial and other schools are planted there, regular reports are issued of the work carried on by native teachers, and it is a well-known place of call for traders. It is quite as safe to-day for a stranger to be wrecked in Torres Straits as in Boston Harbour; and a merchant is in more danger of being clubbed on Broadway than on those once murderous shores. If countries at one time shut off from trade by barbarous practices are now open to commerce, commerce has not herself to

thank for this. The peace of the world is being promoted by the Gospel of Peace. Sir Austin Layard confesses that he went to India prejudiced against missionaries, and holding the opinion that they were largely responsible for the terrible mutiny in this empire. He came away with the firm persuasion that, so far from this being the case, they were the most intelligent and the soundest men he met.[1]

The dignity of labour is an essentially Christian doctrine. In Rome, while the cry "To arms!" could call thousands into the battle-field, industrial toil was handed over to slaves, and came at last to be reckoned beneath the dignity of the free man. In heathen lands to-day, in half-civilized countries, with the Indian tribes, and even on our own frontiers among the wilder settlers, the drudgery of honest toil is contrasted unfavourably with a life of predatory ease. Christianity changes all this. Robert Moffat once told me that when first he went among the Bechuanas, he found no ambition for trade. Money, the people called "buttons without holes in them." Merchants did not dare to pass beyond the line of missionary discovery. When he left the country he could record the fact that, in one year alone, £300,000 passed through Bechuana and in commercial transactions. No sooner were the savage hearts tamed, and the fierce lives surrendered to Christ, than the converts "manifested a disposition to clothe themselves, and to keep clean their persons. They began to improve their dwellings, and, in a simple way, to furnish them. They wanted ploughs, waggons, and other agricultural implements. They entered readily into commercial relations with foreigners, and in a few years their import of foreign manufactures amounted to £250,000 paid for in the produce of the soil."

In the South Seas the islands, with almost universal readiness, took on a new life with Christianity. Under the teaching of the missionaries the cotton plant was cultivated, spun, and woven; sugar was extracted from the cane; roads were made; bridges were built; a patent-law was passed; a newspaper was started, and, in due time, a national debt. Not even the shadows of civilization were lacking. Before this, traders had come to these islands almost in vain. They had left on them their vices, and carried away the spoils of trickery and violence. Discovery, in yet earlier years, had visited these same islands only to lose, on their treacherous shores, Captain Cook, the first of modern voyagers. But with Christianity al things became new. In 1867 the imports were £400,000, and the exports exceeded them by £100,000. In the Congo country, while a great majority of the cotton goods sent out go to deck the dead, the living are no longer content to dress themselves in the narrow strip of cloth formerly used. The whole region has been opened to European enterprise by the foundation of a new state.

The missionary, while no trader himself, must often serve an apprenticeship to those industrial arts which are the bases of commercial life. James Mursell Philippo, the Apostle of Jamaica, was at once doctor, brick-maker, builder, joiner, wheelwright, farm labourer and manufacturer. In the fascinating "Voyage of the Beagle," on which his fame was founded, Mr. Darwin describes, in glowing terms, the change wrought in New Zealand by Christianity. The country-side at Waimate he finds more charming than an English or a tropical garden. "All this," says he, "is very surprising, when it is considered that five years ago nothing but the fern flourished here. Moreover, native workmanship, taught by the missionaries, has effected this change. The lesson of the missionary is the enchanter's wand." The traveller is quick to notice that this revolution in industry goes hand in hand with a revolution in morals.

Now, it is surely only right that such facts as these should be widely known. At the British Association meeting in Montreal, Sir Richard Temple, an eminent authority on India, drew attention to the debt which commerce owes to Christianity. England spends, he tells us, three-quarters of a million of pounds on Christian missions. What is this petty sum compared with what is annually produced by trade with the nations to whom missions have given access?

It is to modern missions that the savage world is indebted for the civilization which has made its life clean and tolerable. The scion of an ancient English family, himself a man of fine taste, ripe scholarship, and exquisite manners, is seen, one evening, travelling in New Zealand. To call him an Episcopal Bishop is to summon back those early days when a bishop needed to be made of heroic stuff. And of such stuff Bishop Selwyn was made. "I landed," he writes, on this occasion, "with my faithful Maori carrying my bag and cassock, the only remaining articles in my possession of the least value. The suit which I wore was kept sufficiently decent, by much care, to enable me to enter Auckland by daylight, and my last remaining pair of shoes (thin ones) were strong enough for the light and sandy walk of six miles which remained from Manukau to Auckland. At 2 P.M. I reached the Judge's house, by a path avoiding the town, and passing over land which I have bought for the site of the cathedral; a spot which, I hope, may hereafter be traversed by the feet of many bishops better shod and far less ragged than myself."[1] The presence alone of a man like Selwyn is, in itself, a liberal education. We pass to the opposite extreme of the social scale when we mention the name of Alfred Saker, missionary to Africa, a man of humble birth and imperfect education. Yet, under his influence, the wild tribes of Africa were changed as entirely as were the Maoris of New Zealand under the influence of Bishop Selwyn. "More than twenty inquirers are hanging,"[2] he says in one place, "on my heart and lips, with marks of deepest solicitude. The ferocious, demoniacal features are assuming

[1] Life of General Mackenzie.

[1] Life of Bishop Selwyn, i. 131.
[2] Life of Alfred Saker, p. 55.

the softness of children, and those who, a little time since, sought my life, are saying to me, 'What shall I do to be saved?'"

Turn, if you can do so, to the original edition of Captain Cook's voyages. Look at these plates. Here, a savage, horridly adorned, with a dagger run through his ear. Here, a bench, covered with naked men and women. Here, a wild dance of the men, more awfully grotesque than a page from Dore's 'Dante.' Here, a human sacrifice. Here in the Sandwich Islands, a picture of the savages worshipping Cook as one of their gods, having placed him in honour among their hideous idols. Now leave this vivid book of travels, and take up, instead, the perodical published in these very same islands at the present time, 'The Friend.' It is the journal of a highly civilized and most intelligent people; and the last page is occupied by the doings of the Young Men's Christian Association of Honolulu.

Some five and twenty years ago a missionary was pushing his way into Africa, up one of the rivers which empty into the western shores of the Dark Continent. Suddenly, a creature sprang out of the bushes, which slowly assumed the shape of a human being; a young boy, but more degraded and inhuman than we can imagine any creature made in the likeness of God to have become. He had no articulate speech, but he made signs to be taken into the boat. Before long he disappeared again. That same missionary attended a gathering of Sunday-school children last year, and listened to an address by one of the native pastors of that district. The wild creature of the swamp, and the preacher on this occasion, were one and the same person.

JACOB: A STUDY OF CHARACTER.

BY THE REV. S. G. GREEN, D.D.

"JACOB have I loved, but Esau have I hated." So, in Jehovah's name, speaks the prophet Malachi, as he contrasts the arid mountain wastes of Edom with the fair valleys of Israel. We know how the Apostle Paul applies the words, and, from the different fate which befell the descendants of the twin brethren, points his argument for the sovereignty of God. Yet, apart from this, there are in the contrast important ethical meanings, which hardly lie upon the surface, and which may even shock our preconceptions.

Many a reader of the patriarchal annals has at times been conscious of a preference for the ruddy frank-hearted sportsman over his quiet and subtle-minded brother. Englishmen, we may be permitted to say, feel this pre-eminently. Of all faults, duplicity is perhaps the most abhorrent to Saxon instincts; and we are apt to forgive many a grave moral defect to the hearty and the outspoken. Our delight in all athletic and manly exercises fosters the tendency; schoolboys would call Jacob a "milksop," and many children of a larger growth will confess that Esau was after all "a good fellow." The young huntsman would have been the favourite in almost any family, and a natural leader among his young companions. Most people, on first acquaintance, would "get on with" him better than with his shy and thoughtful brother. He would have many more friends, though not so true, perhaps, and constant as the friends of Jacob. That Isaac should have preferred Esau is not wonderful. The very unlikeness between father and son would but quicken the old man's doting fondness. It is equally natural too that the mother should prefer the quiet, obedient, home-loving Jacob.

But Esau was "a profane person"; he despised the great spiritual gift which was the heirloom in Abraham's line. True; but, some will boldly say, was it not better to be thus profane, than to be as mean and overreaching as Jacob showed himself to be when he proposed that memorable bargain? To the immediate view, the wild impetuous warrior of the forest, faint with hunger and ready to give up anything for bare life, seems not wholly at a disadvantage beside his crafty smooth-faced brother.

Then what are we to say of the conspiracy by which Isaac's intentions regarding Esau were frustrated at the last? We cannot but have our pity stirred by the "exceeding great and bitter cry," with which the favourite son threw himself on his father's baffled heart: "Hast thou but one blessing, my father? Bless me, bless me also, my father!" Our natural sympathies are still on Esau's side.

We pursue the history of Jacob; and amid its glimpses of supernatural grandeur, we still discern the calculating, bargain-making spirit. Even when awaking from the slumbers on which visions of God and heaven had dawned, the transports of his devotion do not wholly check his ruling disposition. "If God will be with me .... then shall Jehovah be my God; and this stone shall be Beth-el, and of all that Thou shalt give me, I will surely give the tenth unto Thee."[1]

[1] It is right to say that there is another way of reading this passage (Genesis xxviii. 20–22), which makes the bargain somewhat less pronounced. "If God will be with me . . . and if Jehovah will be my God . . . then this stone shall be Beth-el, and I will surely give the tenth unto Thee." By this turn to Jacob's vow (given in the margin by the English Revisers) his promise becomes not that of personal devotion on condition of Divine care, but of the dedication of the place and of his gifts to God, should the opportunity be afforded. Dr. Doddridge, in his beautiful paraphrase, turns Jacob's vow into a prayer:

"God of our fathers, be the God
Of their succeeding race."

PARTING OF JACOB AND REBEKAH [*From the Painting by Rodolphe Amoëdo.*

The subsequent transactions in Laban's sheepfold display a similar character. The covetous, bewildered Mesopotamian, endeavouring to circumvent his nephew, is again and again defeated by the younger man's craft. Laban "changed his wages ten times," but Jacob was even with him to the last, and still secured the best of the flocks and the herds. The whole business is eminently Oriental, and while we feel that the brother of Rebekah is detestable, we can scarcely exonerate the son.

Such are the superficial aspects of the history; and yet, before going any deeper, we must note one important fact which cannot but qualify our estimate. Jacob schemed and planned simply to obtain his own. It was no case of defrauding others of their just rights. Laban would have deprived him of his wages, and was only compelled by stratagem to render substantial justice. Then, as to the graver matter of the birthright: from the beginning, Jacob knew it to be pledged to him by the Divine word. In the face of the declarations of God Himself, Isaac's attempted choice of Esau to receive the supreme blessing was an injustice. Well must Rebekah and Jacob have understood this. The promise of God to the younger was the great family tradition. Mother and son must often have talked of it; the father was familiar with it; Esau himself had surrendered any possible claim. And now at last, suddenly, peremptorily, Isaac appears to be setting aside the Divine plan. A few hours, and the patriarchal blessing will be wrongfully bestowed! It is a terrible emergency! Must not Rebekah and Jacob "do something"? Alas! they had not the calm strong faith that could wait, assured that God would accomplish His own purpose in His own way. They did not understand that Infinite wisdom needs no human craft to further its designs. Like many mistaken religionists of after times, they sought a Divine end by immoral means, when no other seemed available; and the result of their intermeddling, although for the moment apparently successful, was to their own shame and disaster.

How stern and complete, again, was the retribution of Jacob's sin! His mother's fondness had led him astray: and mother and son were parted, never, as it appears, to meet again. "Flee then," she said, "to Laban my brother, and tarry with him a few days." The "few days," stretched out to twenty years of weary servitude! Had he risked everything to gain the assurance of his birthright in the fair land of Canaan, only for a result like this? Then, he had been the occasion of strife in his father's household; more bitter were the dissensions which through long years distracted his own. He had grossly deceived his father; his sons in turn shamefully imposed upon him. He reaped as he had sown: and, although forgiven and restored, he was pursued by the consequences of his misdoings, almost to the end.

But we have not yet reached the true man—to whom, when driven from home in consequence of his falsehood, God Himself appeared, and showed a path from earth to heaven. For that vision there must have been a spiritual susceptibility. We cannot imagine Esau dreaming such a dream. The power of God's Spirit had already reached the soul of Jacob; and a Divine life was quickened there, although so strongly overlaid by human selfishnesses. So, amid Jacob's imperfections and failures, we still discern the possibility and the promise of higher things. In his more winning and attractive brother that promise is absent. Esau is the "natural man": his highest qualities belong to the present sphere; we see the best and the worst of him at once; he "wears his heart upon his sleeve." Such men may be very frank and generous when the impulse so takes them: they can also be violent and cruel. To this day it is uncertain what Esau at first intended to do with the "four hundred" men whom he took with him to meet Jacob. The apprehensions of the latter may after all have been mistaken. Possibly the chieftain of Mount Seir may have intended only to make an imposing demonstration, showing himself at his best while welcoming his brother back to Canaan. His armed retainers would make a goodly display in comparison with those droves of flocks and herds, that company of women and children! In such a contrast Esau would delight. For it must be remembered that he had his heart's desire. Whatever his clamorous entreaties may have been for "the blessing," he had never really understood what it meant; and he was happier in his mountain fastnesses, "away from the fatness of the earth, and from the dew of heaven from above," than he could have been among his father's tents and sheepfolds in Beersheba. Could he have seen the immediate future, too, would he not have exulted in thinking he had the better part? The long line of "dukes" of Edom, in their wild unfettered freedom, would seem a bright contrast with the strangerhood and degradation of Israel in Egypt. What man of the world would not rather have had the "birthright" of Esau?

Jacob was a man who even at the worst held to his faith in the future and the unseen. He felt, however dimly, that he lived for something beyond the visible and tangible. The great promises of God had not passed into unheeding ears; he "was persuaded of them and embraced them, and saluted them from afar." His moral defects were those incident to a thoughtful, dreamy nature. When principle is weak, intrigue and finesse have not infrequently been associated with a sincerely religious feeling. Yet in the spiritual man there is that which will overcome these lower elements. The true life in its rudiment and germ is there, with its possibilities of growth and of conquest. Esau remains to the end the slave of impulse; although the impulses may not only be generous, but may simulate the results of disinterested affection. Jacob grows towards the light, entering more and more into communion with God; the baser tendencies of his nature being cleared away one by one, and the character emerging in spiritual nobleness at the last. To something of this nobleness he had attained when he utters his wonderful prayer before meeting Esau and the four hundred men. It is not without signi-

ficance that this is the first[1] recorded prayer in Scripture; and in its fine completeness it gives the picture of a soul purified by discipline and led upwards from its immature longings and dreams to restful communion with God. Humility, thankfulness, and trust blend in one impassioned cry; and the victory over self is a presage of that sublime victory which was to win for him the name of Israel. His might in that mysterious struggle, "until the breaking of the day," well symbolized the spiritual power to which he had arisen through discipline and self-conquest. It was "power with God." And at the same time, the touch that left him halting showed him that the power was not his own. Dependence on his own resources could mean only failure, and there were marks that he would carry to his life's close.

> Contented now, upon my thigh
> I halt, till life's short journey end;
> All helplessness, all weakness, I
> On Thee alone for strength depend;
> Nor have I power from Thee to move,
> Thy nature and Thy name is Love.[2]

Henceforward, the life of Jacob is worthy of his new name. Through troubles patiently and nobly borne, he reaches at last the supreme hour in which "by faith he blessed Ephraim and Manasseh," with a calm reliance upon the purpose of God, as far as possible removed from the restless self-assertion of his younger days. "Let my name be named upon them." Strange words for the aged shepherd from Palestine to employ respecting the sons of Zaphnath-Paaneah, the great Egyptian noble! Faith explains the mystery—faith, piercing at a glance through four centuries of time, to the possession of Canaan; then onward still, to the accomplishment of the world's great hope. The "birthright" and the "blessing" remain the object of his hopes: only for the self-seeking, the restlessness, the artifice, with which he had once sought to win them, there is now the sublime repose of absolute trust in God. "I wait for Thy salvation, O Jehovah!"

Such are the points of contrast between the natural man at his best and the spiritual man at his worst. The former remains on its own low level for evermore, unless indeed some miracle of heavenly grace should shatter the old self-content and inbreathe new life; to the other, the glimpse of the Divine which has been vouchsafed will grow into the perfect day. It is faith, we are told, that saves. True greatness of character can be reached only through communion with the Unseen. The "children of this age" pass away and are forgotten; but "they that are of faith" appear as God's true Israel, and out of weakness are made strong for evermore.

[1] "This prayer is the first on record; for the intercession of Abraham for Sodom was more of the nature of a remonstrance or argument; and Eliezer's utterance at Haran rather a proposal than a prayer."—*Dr. Kitto.*

[2] Charles Wesley.

ANNE GENTLE:

A SKETCH IN BLACK AND WHITE.

THERE are few bits of English landscape less interesting—to speak in common parlance, and from the level of common ideas—than the mile and a half of flat country that you pass through, between the village of Caldecote and the little hamlet of Hatch, in Bedfordshire.

The road runs almost in a straight line, between wild hedges, looking over which on either side, you see nothing more striking than large fields of grain or vegetables, in stubble or seed or blossom, as the season may be; distant woods and a few straggling trees, not of the most picturesque forms, the rich cultivated soil producing a weight of leafage which seems to hinder the woody growth, and to give to the forest tree some resemblance to a very fat man.

Yet, commonplace as this road is, dull and flat, destitute of striking form and rarely enriched by brilliant colouring, we can well believe that any thoughtful sweet-minded person, not afflicted with chronic dyspepsia or acute rheumatism, or a twinge of jumping toothache, and walking in a leisurely manner with parochial visiting in his mind, or a friendly call and a cup of invigorating tea in perspective, may find much in the objects that surround him to soothe his spirit, and minister through more than one sense to his love of the beautiful.

First of all, the sky-larks; they are always on the wing in this flat country—not a sky-lark here and there as we meet with in other places, but sky-larks without number. They seem to be going up from the fields by hundreds, raining upon us from far and near, their exhaustless flood of melody, music and sunshine flowing upon us together, until song seems lost in light, and light in song, as it is in truth in the dazzling ether, where our bewildered sight in vain tries to distinguish the small winged shape that is

> Pouring its full heart,
> In profuse strains of unpremeditated art.

Then—let us suppose that it is a genial day in June—our pedestrian, looking over the hedges to see what he can see, finds in the far distance, between the leafage of those fat trees, a line of very spiritual blue; trees and hedges all ethereal; the line broken here and there by a repetition of trees and hedges slightly enlarged, and with a

faint tint of grey green marking their closer proximity. And again, breaking this second line, and in part extinguishing it altogether, he sees the woods of Ickwell, and here and there a building wrapped in mystery; it may be a church tower or the tower of a mansion that looms through the blue haze; it may be a line of tiled cottages or barns that shows rose-red through the blue; or those yellowy-brown objects may be thatched roofs or hay-stacks; and while he looks on, still unable to distinguish, he is struck by a strange line of yellow light, or what he had at first mistaken for light; but its fixity and exceeding brightness puzzle him. Then he discovers that it is a turnip field in full blossom. It gleams here and there through the openings in the wood, and on the verge the olive green outlines lie against the yellow in their rich rounded beauty; and throwing these colours into striking relief, he observes a patch of rich purply-blue—later on he would have seen this patch as a positive purple; now the whity tinge of the upper part of the leaves makes it incline more to blue; it is a large field of red cabbages. Nearer are fields of wavy grain showing the varieties of tint that we see in a hay-field fully ripe and swayed by a strong wind; and nearer still are fields of onions in full bud, the white balls on the top and the blue green of the leaves giving a soft tint which harmonises with the distance, and which seen under the passing shadow of a cloud makes a sober effective light.

We cannot say that the long strips of rye, sown to shelter the young cucumbers and vegetable marrows, add much to the scenery, but one observes with constant admiration the beautiful parallel lines in which this crop is planted, as exact as if it had been done with line and compass; a master hand having set the first furrow, for the less skilled workmen to follow. Ah! we are apt to think, falling into a moralizing vein, what a world of consequences may follow upon a first furrow! Make them straight, fathers and mothers; there are feet following in your train. Make them straight, wives and daughters, elder brothers and sisters; there are little ones close upon your track. What does the Book of books say, the Wisdom that has a lesson ready for every occasion: "Make straight paths for your feet, lest that which is lame be turned out of the way, but let it rather be healed!" And again: "He has left us an example that we should follow His steps."

And now, having seen all that there is to see, our walker begins to find the road hot and dusty; but on this road to Hatch, as on many of the Bedfordshire roads, there are delicious borders of grass, sloping down to the shadow of the hedges, and kept close shaven by horses, which for a small payment are allowed to graze by the roadsides. There is Walter Scott, most likely, lying on the soft sward, with a rope in his hand, and his father's pony browsing a few feet off; and amongst that group of children on the other side we may possibly find a Minna and a Brenda; the poor here, as elsewhere in modern times, having a taste for names out of books, and small scruple in disturbing classic associations.

These children are amongst the objects well worth looking at on this dull road. Caldecote is as full of children as a hive of bees, and so many of them are pretty, graceful and endearing, that one can hardly meet with a small group, even in dirt and rags, without looking fondly at them, and comparing them to the bedraggled wild flowers that show their glad beauty in the solitary places. Our friend is looking at some of this wild beauty now, as he blesses the shelter of the tall hedge, and is ready to cry out with notes of admiration at the marvellous wreaths and clusters of wild roses that throw their tangled masses over the hawthorn bushes and send their long blossom-laden trailers to meet the trailers of the bramble below, where the wild briony and convolvulus clasp them both in such an ecstacy of love as death only can dissolve.

And now, having come to the end, or very nearly, of this straight road where we can see before us the little cluster of cottages known as Brook-End, I find myself obliged to part company with my imaginary companion and to turn on my own account into a lane on the left, for a reason which I will presently explain. But just here something has impressed me very much. On one side of the road, just where the lane branches off, you see in the mid-distance the little town of Sandy. I had seen it often from this point, and taken little notice of it. To-day, when the sun is midway between the zenith and horizon, a gleam has fallen upon the roofs, tiled and slated and thatched; upon the houses, red, and white, and yellow; upon the trees of every shade and character that belong to this wooded region, bringing out the colours with such a transparent glow, such a glint of brilliant beauty, that I quite start with astonishment. Looking upon the other side of the road I saw the same effect produced upon a landscape of quite another character; a few simple cottages with their green surroundings, some distant roofs, and again, the woods of Ickwell. The transformation was complete, and that lesson once more repeated which we learn so often both in Nature and religion of the wondrous manner in which light can glorify the lowliest and meanest objects.

The lane already alluded to is a very rough irregular by-way to some cottages that lie scattered beside it, and about midway there is a little wooden bridge with a hand-rail over a stream, which presents a pretty subject for a sketch. A little farther on there is a still prettier view of this stream, where the Brook-End cottages may be seen through the trees as they bend gracefully over the water, and throw their shadows with picturesque effect below. I had borrowed a chair at a friend's house and was sketching this little picture, when some six or seven small children coming out of a gateway close by were attracted by the novel sight of a lady sitting on a drawing-room chair in the middle of the lane, and drew near with very wondering faces. Dearly as I love children, I confess they worry me sadly when I am sketching, and I have been so often troubled by intrusion of this kind in other places that I am afraid I ordered these little ones off in rather a

peremptory manner. My orders at other times have generally proved unavailing, and I considered it necessary to be severe. These little ones, however, were easily cowed and ran away immediately, looking frightened and shy. My heart smote me, and I ran after them, showing them what I had done, and explaining my reasons for not wanting them close to me while I was at work. While I was still speaking to them, the little white gate, from which they had issued a few moments before, was opened by an old woman—a very disfigured and remarkable-looking object she was. Her under-lip was drawn completely to one side, causing a sad distortion of her whole face. The muscles of her neck were also contracted, drawing her head on one side; and her poor hands and arms! I did not see them at first, for her face had startled and riveted my attention; but they were injured and deformed beyond anything I had ever seen.

She spoke to me in a pleasant courteous tone, begging that I would come into her house and rest awhile; and, with the easy refined grace and good-breeding which I have generally found in the poor women of this district, she led me into her cottage, offered me a chair, and then sat down herself. I liked this. A poor woman would not sit down in a lady's house unless requested to do so, and then with some reluctance; but the poor woman's house is as much her castle as the rich man's, and there is a native dignity which makes her feel that when it is her place to offer hospitality it would be unbecoming to suggest social distinctions. She had already two visitors, one of them a near neighbour of mine—our church-woman; a face I always like to see, in the church or outside it—a bright, cheerful, happy face, showing energy and contentment in old age and poverty.

"Oh, Mrs. T——, I am glad to see you. I did not expect to find you here," I said.

"I have come to see my old friend and relation, ma'am. I often run over to see her."

"Ah! and she lives alone, I suppose, and is the more glad to see a friend."

"No, ma'am, I am not alone," our hostess replied. "I live here with my husband. My own children are all married and gone, but I have still the young ones about me most of the day. I keep a little dame school, and those were all my little scholars that you met in the lane."

"Ah, indeed!" I said, feeling very much mystified and surprised; first, that such a terribly deformed creature should have a husband and children, and secondly, that any one apparently so physically incapable of exertion should be the teacher of a school. "You must feel it hard work," I said at last; "you do not appear to be very strong."

"Yes, ma'am, I enjoy good health, though I am such a poor cripple."

"Rheumatism, I suppose?"

"No, ma'am, no; I was nigh burned to death when I was nine years old."

"Indeed! So terribly burned and so young! It is wonderful that you survived."

"Yes, ma'am, it was wonderful. They gave me up for dead, but I was brought through. And then Mrs. H——, the Squire's lady, she sent me to school, and I learned to sew and to make lace."

"To sew and to make lace!" I exclaimed, glancing again involuntarily at those dreadful hands. It would be difficult to describe them. The muscles of the arms had been so injured that the limbs could never grow to their proper length, but were stunted and shrunken to half their natural size. From the left hand the fingers had all dropped off at the second joint, leaving a bundle of stunted stumps, thickened at the ends, and apparently utterly useless for any practical purpose whatever. On the right hand she could still number the five fingers, but in such a fearfully mutilated and distorted condition that no one could imagine they could be of any use to her. The thumb is turned completely over the back of the hand, and the lower joint of the thumb and the wrist-joint protrude in such a way that they can be made almost to meet across the palm. Between the lower joint of the thumb and the middle finger she learned to hold the needle. She showed me how she did it, and executed a very neat bit of hemming while I looked on.

"The Squire's lady," she resumed, "said she would send me to school, just for to learn me to read. 'You can't do much more, you know, Annie,' she said, 'than learn to read and add up a few figures; but they will come useful to you and help to pass away the time.' So she sent me to school; but I did want to learn to sew, and so I thought I would try, and I did try, and I tried, and I tried very hard, and it was hard work sure enough, but I did it, and I won the sewing prize that year; a half-crown it was, and Mrs. H—— gave it to me herself; and then after that I learned the lace making, and I made beautiful lace, that I did. I have sold a lot, but I have none left. I often wish I had a piece left, just to show what I could do; for now I am too old, and my sight has been bad for over seven years; one eye is quite lost, but you know, ma'am, it is time, for I am in my seventy-nine. I was never good at the straw-plaiting. I could plait, for sure; but so slow, so slow, it was no good to try to make anything of that."

I did not make a very long visit on this occasion, as I felt that I was interrupting a friendly reunion, but I promised to call again.

The story of this poor woman had impressed me so deeply, and more and more as I dwelt upon it, that I resolved to ask her to give me, in her own words, a history of her life and her struggles with her infirmities, and to allow me to take it down in writing as she told it. This she most willingly consented to do, making the naïve remark: "I quite agree with you, ma'am. It is right that people should know what a creature can do as crippled as I am, if only she has a mind to. See all the people with their limbs all whole and sound that can't do a thing, just because they wont try. We get help when we do our best; and even if we never could succeed, it is something to have to think on that we did what we could."

"It would not hurt you, if a drawing or a photograph were taken of your hands?" I said.

"Oh, no, ma'am; dear, no! Why should I be

'shamed. My children all have my likeness, with my hands just in front, to show what they are like."

I needed no photograph: those hands will be engraved on my memory as long as I live. I looked at my own uninjured limbs, and meditated on the marvellous mechanism that has called forth from one of the ablest philosophers of his age one of the largest and most brilliant scientific treatises in the England language. I thought—

> Of flesh and bone and nerve beneath,
> Lines and hue of the outer sheath,
> * * * * *
> Flesh and bone and nerve that make
> The poorest, coarsest human hand
> An object worthy to be scanned
> A whole life long for their sole sake.

Yes, a perfect human hand, be it the rough coarse worn hand of a peasant, or the delicate jewelled hand of a princess, is an instrument so wonderful for its beauty and completeness, so exquisitely adapted to the purposes for which it is required, so delicately responsive to the motive power of the brain that guides and directs its action, that it seems impossible, as we contemplate it, to doubt for a moment the Divine source that has originated and completed its mechanism. What may not a hand accomplish? What has it not accomplished? But here were hands deprived of all their natural force, the nerves destroyed, the sinews shrunken, the bones charred and wasted away, the flesh hardened almost to bone, the nails destroyed, the joints stiffened and dislocated; and yet these hands had practised the most delicate uses of the needle, and guided through their intricate mazes of workmanship the tangled bundles of bobbins!

So much seemed to my mind to be wrapped up in a life-history that had arrived at such noble ends by such apparently inadequate means, and that had gained all the honours and blessings and fulfilled all the offices of womanhood under such singular deprivations, that I confess to a feeling of disappointment as I transcribed into my note-book this poor woman's dry and utterly colourless narrative, from which I have abstracted the following particulars.

She was a gardener's daughter, and lived in Ickwell. Her father and mother had gone to Sandy, and she and her little sisters were left in charge of their grandfather, who went to bed. She set her pinafore on fire with a match, and her screams brought the old man down. He threw water on her and extinguished the flames. She then went to a neighbour who kept oil for burns; the burns did not pain her so badly as any one might suppose until she went near the fire. She was taken home, and the Squire's family did all they could for her, and then sent her to the Bedford Infirmary. "When there," she said, "all the flesh of my arms hung down like rags, and bits of the flesh dropped off; but I did not feel so much pain until the skin dropped off, and my fingers they dropped off with the plasters."

When she came home cured she was sent to school, and not liking to sit idle during the sewing hour, she begged of her mistress to teach her to sew, but she said it would be impossible. So she then said if she would only set the work for her she would try herself. And she did try, and tried so hard that she gained the prize for needlework. Afterwards she learned marking, embroidery, and lace-making; and had regular employment at "embroidering dresses for the ladies and helping about the bed-furniture." She "kept company" with her husband for three years before she married, "and a very good husband he have been to me, and a very happy life we have spent together."

Yes, it was a dry and colourless story. The poor have a very limited vocabulary, and they do not know how to translate their feelings into words, and therefore we are too apt to think that they do not feel as we do, and that the golden threads of fancy are never woven into the web of their lives. "I tried hard, and I did it," was the only record of those terrible struggles, physical and mental, through which alone her modest ambition could ever have attained its goal. "We kept company for three years, and then we married," comprised the whole history of her life's romance; and yet what gleams, rich with a poet's colouring, may not have shot athwart the memory of this woman of nearly fourscore years as she read again the pages of the past! What fair images of her bowery home on Ickwell Green! Of the dear old cottages, with their tall chimneys and thatched roofs and lichen-tinted bricks and tiles, each familiar as a friend's face! Of the tall trees making patterns more beautiful than her lace work over the greensward and the shady old lane! Of the true love that had sought and found the priceless worth that lay

> ". . . beneath
> Lines and hue of the outer sheath,"

and given to her afflicted life the crowning joys of womanhood, a loving husband, a happy home, and the "olive branches round about her table."

For myself, after all, what recked I of the dead flat, while a myriad sky-larks were raining their glad melody upon me, rose wreaths arching overhead, and every common thing made glorious in the light of heaven.

Once or twice, I must confess, with a narrow prejudice, I suppose, in favour of a more demonstrative manner, I had been tempted to doubt whether Anne Gentle's religious growth had kept pace with her self-reliance and her heroic efforts to master the difficulties of her position. She said so little about the Divine help, and it was so coldly said! Calling one afternoon I found her reading to a poor sick neighbour, who had "just crawled over," she said, "to have a cup of tea with me, and have me read a chapter of the Bible to her!"

I asked her what parts of the Bible she liked best to read, and she answered at once, "Isaiah and the Psalms in the Old Testament, and St. John and the Revelation in the New."

On another occasion I found her similarly engaged with another neighbour, her sister-in-law, whose husband had that day been removed to the Bedford Infirmary with small hope of ever returning to his home. In fact he never did

return. The old women were both in floods of tears, but Anne with a broken voice was reading from a large print Psalter. "You see, ma'am," she said, "she come to me natural enough in her trouble, but I don't seem to know what to say to do her any good, but I always finds it comforting to read a Psalm."

The mechanism of a human hand is a difficult study; more difficult still is it to follow through its various ramifications the complicated mechanism of the entire human frame, and to ascertain how each part ministers to the health of the whole, and all combined to that subtle principle which we call life. But more difficult far would it be to dissect the mechanism of a human soul, and to trace, through all their complicated workings, the feelings, and motives, and influences that have all had their share in sustaining and upholding its life. We know that it is a hidden life "with Christ in God," but when we see the fruits we believe in the life, and the poor woman who had learned to find her best comfort in the Book of books, and who tried to impart that comfort to others, was surely no dead branch on the living Vine.

And thus these aged pilgrim feet
Are treading day by day
With patient step and quiet hope
Upon their lowly way.

No eye to mark the daily toil
That loads her fourscore years,
Her crippled hands, and failing sight,
With weariness and tears.

No tongue to tell how oft her tones
Have soothed the waves of strife,
And poured upon the wounded breast
The blessed oil of life.

No study she, for painter's art,
No theme for poet's song,
The tender eye might even shun
To see her pass along:

But hers was an heroic strife,
A victory nobly won;
And hers the prize that crowns a life
Of duty bravely done.

No heathen mission called her forth,
No martyr's scourge of flame,
But yet her mission work she has,
Her cross for "that dear Name."

No jewelled fingers fair and free,
That loving eyes behold,
Shall surely e'er so joyful be
To strike a harp of gold—

And swell that everlasting sound,
The Alleluia song;
As those poor shrunken withered hands
That ached and toiled so long.

Oh, blessed joy that Christians have!
To see a vault of stars,
And all the glorious blue of heaven
Athwart their prison bars!

Bear on, toil on, O patient souls,
That watch for morning's light!
Where shall these hours of darkness be
When "there is no more night"?

NATURAL HISTORY NOTES

ON THE REVISED VERSION OF THE BIBLE.

NO. II.—THE CONEY.

THE next name of an animal that we take is the *coney*. None of the young folks now living would know what sort of an animal is meant by it until they were told. Very likely they have imagined strange things about it. One young lady told the writer that she always took it to mean a horse. But it was not always so. When the Bible was published in the form that we call the Authorised Version, two centuries and three-quarters ago, everybody knew what was meant by it; and it is scarcely a hundred years ago that people left off using the word. Meanwhile another word was being used by a few people, and had been used for two hundred years, which was in our day quite to take the place of *coney*—I mean the word *rabbit*. Perhaps it will seem strange that the Revisers should leave in the text of the New Version a word that has quite gone out of use; but we must remember that "rabbit" would not be any

THE CONEY.

better for their purpose, as it is pretty certain that no such animal is intended. The Revisers have put in the margin "rock-badger." This does not give us much more light. We have heard of badgers, and know that they are to be found in England now; but what is a *rock-badger*?

Let us turn to the verses where the animal is mentioned. This is what the Bible tells us about the coney. It is a feeble animal—that will suit the rabbit very well; but then it makes its house in the rocks, it keeps company with the wild goats. It is not exactly on the rocky hill-tops that we look for rabbits. They like something soft and sandy; a level country with sandy hillocks is the thing for them. Plenty of green food too must be within their reach. Then we find the coney placed among the animals that the Israelites were forbidden to eat; it chews the cud, but does not part the hoof. That will not suit the rabbit, for it does not chew the cud.

Without venturing to be too positive about it, travellers are pretty well agreed as to the animal meant in the Bible by the coney. They have given us pictures of them, and you may perhaps see one stuffed in the British Museum, or rather the Zoological Museum at South Kensington. This is the name you must look for—*Hyrax Syriacus*, or the Syrian hyrax. You will see that it is about the size of a cat; its fore-legs are as long as its hind-legs, and not ever

so much larger and stronger, as the rabbit's. It does not belong to the same race as the rabbit, but to the thick-skinned animals, so that, though a little animal, it is in its structure something like the great rhinoceros. Now the hyrax really lives in the rocks. In the north of Palestine are some tolerably high mountains, the Lebanon and Anti-Lebanon. Between the two ranges runs a river, called the Litany. In some parts this runs through very narrow places, where there are steep cliffs on either side. It is in such places that the hyrax is seen. It lives in holes in the rocks, and, though not very elegant to look at, is a pretty object, with its brown-grey back and white belly. The animal most like it also lives in mountains, the marmot of the Alps.

There are not many texts to find out about the coney; only these:—

1. Where it is called feeble.
2. Where the rocks are said to be its refuge.
3. Two texts where it is called unclean.

LIFE ON THE PRAIRIE.

VERY extensive prairie fires last autumn too quickly devastated the half-settled lands of Assiniboia, the new Province of Canada to the west of the better known Manitoba. Many square miles of country were in flames. Where no "fire-brake" had been made, the flames extended to the ricks and stables, and even to the houses of many of the settlers, some of whom were rendered houseless just as the winter frosts were setting in. Some time since, a settler had carefully ploughed his "brake" all round his homestead, and thought all was safe. He was going away for a few days, and, to save his wife labour in feeding the cattle, he carefully carried from the hay-rick enough hay to serve them during his absence. A prairie fire came in sight. The poor woman, who thought she was in safety, was astounded to find that the fire had spread to their stable and house, and that she must escape for her life. The fact was that the husband's kindness had wrought their ruin. In carrying the hay across the ploughed fire-brake he had dropped enough hay to form a train from the fire to the dry grass growing beyond the brake, and so the fire had traversed this bridge of the farmer's own making, and thus wrought his ruin. "Behold, how great a matter a little fire kindleth." What disastrous events spring often from very small causes. May we not treat this incident as a parable? How many a soul has been ruined by some little circumstance of evil association.

Another glimpse of prairie life is given in the letter of a lady who is settled at Moose Mountain, in the same region: "I must tell you a story of the little girl of the man who has been plastering our church at Moose Mountains. He is a Londoner, one of the colony that Lady Burdett-Coutts sent out, and who are settled a few miles from here. She is about ten or eleven years old, and was left in charge of some small brothers and sisters while her mother was away helping a neighbour, and her father was working here. Seeing the fire coming over the place she proceeded busily to transfer as much as she could of the household belonging to a potato patch,—fire of course stopping at ploughed ground; then she led the children there. Leaving them, she took buckets of water and wetted as much ground as she could all round the house, retiring eventually to the potato patch to wait for the fire. No harm came to them. On the return of her father next day—he was on his way to the dentist at Moosomin—she told him she thought she was entitled to a treat. 'So you shall, my dear,' said he, 'you shall go with me to Moosomin (the nearest town and station) and have your teeth out!' She was delighted and went gleefully. The dentist was much interested in making the acquaintance of the little girl, who for a treat went to have her teeth out." Such coolness and courage deserve commemoration and imitation.

SCRIPTURE ENIGMA.

NO. IV.

Who pleads his cause six times with earnest tones?
Who praying dies amid a shower of stones?
What brook flows near the spot where Jesus prayed?
What foe was slain while Moses' hands were stayed?
Who prayed for safety while a wall was built?
What king implored "Deliver me from guilt"?
What rose with prayers of saints before the throne?
Who came to life when Peter prayed alone?
Who, blinded, asked for vengeance on his foes?
Who o'er a letter prayed and rent his clothes?
Who sought for help when meeting Zerah's host?
What after prayer were blown from Egypt's coast?
Who went to pray down by the river-side?
And where did Jacob seek a heavenly guide?
Who prayed one day for fire and water too?
Who to a praying prophet swiftly flew?
What child of prayers was on an altar laid?
And what appeared to Peter while he prayed?
Who weeping mourned and prayed till Israel wept?
What town with prayer a public fasting kept?
The birds God feedeth when they cry for meat?
The trees that shaded Jesus' loved retreat?
A sorrowing father did some faith possess,
Yet still with tears what sin did he confess?

A promise sweet initial letters show,
Which Jesus gave us while He dwelt below.

SCRIPTURE CHARACTER.

NO. I.

1. She was a queen in a country not her own.
2. Her father was king of a celebrated nation.
3. She was the chief support of a heathen worship.
4. She stirred up her husband to many sins.
5. She persecuted the greatest of the prophets.
6. She died a shocking death.
7. That death was plainly foretold.

HIDDEN TEXT.

NO. VI.

One word from each line will give a request of our Lord.

1. If ye keep My commandments, ye shall abide in My love.—*John* xv. 10.
2. These things I command you, that ye love one another.—*John* xv. 17.
3. Continue ye in My love.—*John* xv. 9.
4. As My Father hath loved Me, so have I loved you.—*John* xv. 9.
5. Nor will he keep His anger for ever.—*Psa.* ciii. 9.
6. If ye shall ask anything in My name, I will do it.—*John* xiv. 14.
7. If ye love Me, keep My commandments.—*John* xiv. 15.

THE SUNDAY AT HOME

O DAY MOST CALM, MOST BRIGHT! . . .
THE WEEK WERE DARK BUT FOR THY LIGHT.—*Herbert.*

God's Child.

THE EVENING HYMN.

AH, child, we live together in our old house mid the trees,
But each sees a world quite different from the world the other sees:
For you prattle to the portraits that are hanging on the wall,
And you make a pretty story up, about them, one and all,
And your fancy shows you fairy rings upon the daisied grass,
And up and down the corridors you dream that angels pass:
And when upon your little bed you rest at eventide,
You think "mamma in Heaven" comes and watches at your side.

But, child, I know our household tale, and all its woe and sin;
I've gazed into the living eyes of those, our pictured kin,
Whose wasteful crimes have left us poor, the bearers of a name
Whose ancient glory only gleams 'neath smirch of newer shame!
And bitter words ring in my ears and wrongs earth cannot right,
And scenes of strife come back to me in visions of the night,
With heart-sick longing for my boy—your father—lost in life;
(The angel that you dream about was his deserted wife!)

And when I hear of ship-wrecked men, grown savage in despair;
Of wanderers lost on mountain tops, I wonder "was he there?"
Or when I read of nameless ones, found dead in alleys dim:
Or lawless souls whom none can tame, I always think of him!
And yet—and yet—I see his eyes, as they were raised to me
When he would lay his boyish head against my manly knee,
I'm ever listening for his step—his hand upon the gate,
Oh, he will surely come some day—but he may come too late!

My little maid, you dream of life as one long summer day,
Where new friends come to bless our hearts, while all the old friends stay:
You know of poverty and grief, but do not understand
That they are aught but something strange which makes life good and grand:
While I—I know their stress and strain—the pinching and the wear
Of constant worry, lest to-day consumes to-morrow's share:
With not a hope, except for death, that I at rest may be,
—Only this little maid of mine has nobody but me!

Yet when behind the low, blue hills the rosy sunset dies,
Its glory on your auburn hair and in your sweet gray eyes,
I take my poor old fiddle out, while like a bird you sing
About "the Blessings of the Light," and "God's Almighty Wing."
Then, somehow, sweeter thoughts steal in, and gazing on your face,
I recollect Who set a child in midst of all the place
And bade His servants understand who would His Kingdom win
Must be as little children are, and as a child go in.

And I begin to think 'tis I am lost in nightmare dreams,
And that God's world is really fair as in your sight it seems;
Old wrongs, may be, are working out some new and higher right,
And surely old friends are not lost because they're out of sight;
And my poor boy is in God's hand, Whose love is more than mine:
Who keeps His best things to the last—like Cana's mystic wine:
So in the light of Love Divine, all life grows reconciled,
As from my little maid I learn how I may be God's child!

I. FYVIE-MAYO.

BARBARA'S BROTHERS.

CHAPTER XI.—AN ADVENTURE.

WULFRIC MEYNAL had had a hard day's work amongst his patients. The heat had been oppressive all day, and he was feeling unusually tired as he walked homewards along the edge of the cliff.

It was about seven o'clock in the evening, and the heat was slowly abating. He had been spending the last two hours in visiting on foot some of his poorer patients who lived at a distance from St. Hilda, and now that this work of charity was accomplished, he was leisurely retracing his steps, his mind reverting from time to time, although against his will, to the difficulties and anxieties of his position, and revolving schemes by which he hoped in time to lessen these, and settle down to a greater enjoyment of life than seemed possible at present.

He was presently aware that the lonely cliff path was less lonely this evening than usual. He caught sight of two figures slowly advancing towards him. The graceful girl in white he recognised at once as Miss Dumaresq, and he presumed that her companion was the brother of whose arrival he had heard, although he had not yet seen him.

But the next moment his thoughts were entirely diverted from the pair in front by the sudden presence of imminent and terrible peril.

He had been vaguely aware for the past few moments of the dull thud of galloping horse-hoofs over the green sweep of the downs that terminated in the precipitous cliffs at whose edge he was walking, and now all in a moment there hove in sight over the ridge of the sloping shoulder a dog-cart driven tandem by a young man unknown to him, whose horses had taken fright, and had bolted, and now, utterly unmanageable and beyond themselves, were heading straight for the cliff, from whose edge they were but five hundred yards distant.

Wulfric took in the whole situation and its awful peril at a single glance. He was not wont to lose his presence of mind, and danger generally served rather to quicken than to deaden his faculties. In a single instant he had resolved upon his course of action. The horses

were charging straight down upon him, but the ground which sloped down from the ridge of the moor rose again somewhat steeply towards the edge of the cliff, thus giving him a slight advantage. Waving his arms wildly, and uttering a series of unearthly sounds, he rushed furiously towards the leading horse.

This manœuvre produced the desired effect. The creature terrified by the sight and sound, started, swerved, half paused, and in that moment's pause Wulfric sprang to its head and seized the bit in a grasp of iron.

What happened then he could not afterwards remember; there was a rearing and trampling, a hideous noise and confusion, and all the breath seemed beaten out of his body, and stars danced before his eyes; but he did not relinquish his grip upon the horse's head, and when at length the tumult subsided, he found himself standing beside the panting leader, whose traces were broken, leaving him free of the cart, whilst the wheeler lay upon the ground, unhurt but exhausted, having slipped upon the smooth dry turf in the effort to pull up suddenly.

Reinée Dumaresq, as white as death, stood a few yards away trembling in every limb, whilst two young men unknown to Wulfric were endeavouring to release the prostrate horse.

At that moment the groom came running up. He had prudently dropped off the back seat when the horses headed for the cliff, and now arrived at the scene of action in company with one or two men, who had seen something of the accident from the spot where they were working.

The arrival of these assistants seemed to break the spell of silence that the sense of escape from imminent peril appeared to have laid upon the party.

Clive gave some directions to the man and then turned to Wulfric.

"Are you much hurt?" he asked anxiously. "I am sure the shaft struck you. I was awfully afraid you would be knocked down and trampled on. The man will take the horse now. Will you let me send for the carriage to take you home? I am awfully afraid you are hurt!"

But Wulfric, who was quickly recovering from the stunning effect of the shock he had experienced, only smiled in his quiet way.

"I assure you I am not conscious of any injury. I dare say I have got a few bruises and may be stiff for a day or so; but nothing worse. I hope you have come off equally well?"

"I? Oh, yes—you saved me from the necessity of having to hazard a leap. Two minutes later I must have tried it; but I wanted to save the horses too, if I could. They owe their lives, however, to you, and I am not sure but that I do the same."

Clive held out his hand, which Wulfric took in his for a moment. That silent pressure expressed the young man's sense of gratitude better than his words.

"I think," said Wulfric, with a glance towards Reinée, "that you had better send for the carriage for Miss Dumaresq. It has been too much for her."

But the girl was recovering from her first agitation and terror; and Wulfric's words brought a flush of colour into her white face.

"I would rather walk, thank you," she answered, with a tremulous little smile. "I hardly care to trust myself behind a horse today."

"You must come with us too," said Clive, as he drew his sister's arm within his and led the way onwards. "You must not attempt to walk all the way to your own house until you have had something. You cannot help feeling a bit shaky after that."

Wulfric would have preferred going straight home, but he was aware that to insist would have appeared ungracious, and, moreover, he was still feeling dazed and shaken and hardly in trim for a two and a half miles' walk. He was fasting and exhausted, and though vexed with himself for being taken at a disadvantage, was conscious that his best course was to accept the proffered invitation.

So they walked on together four abreast, the young man whom Clive introduced as "my friend, Trevelyan," on Reinée's other side, Wulfric next to the young fellow whose life he had probably saved—the only son of Mr. and Mrs. Dumaresq.

"You have cheated yourself of a patient, Dr. Meynal," said Clive, recovering his natural gaiety as they walked onwards. "I should at least have broken an arm or a leg had I taken the inevitable leap."

"Don't, Clive!" murmured Reinée.

"I am glad to think it is so," answered Wulfric. "I am much too busy to wish to add to my labours. I prefer you sound to broken."

"What a good thing! I was afraid you would be regretting the nice complicated case I might have presented—all chawed up. Now, Reinée, don't shiver so. I am all right, thanks to Dr. Meynal; and all's well that ends well."

"I know," she answered, with a little quiver in her voice; "but I cannot help seeing it all again and again. Ah, Clive, why did you put Firefly in as leader? I told you he was not safe. He is so nervous—the least thing frightens him."

"Yes, and I ought to have taken your word for it, only I would have my own way. He took fright at an engine thrashing on Holson's farm, and there was no holding him after that. Well, Reinée, make your mind easy; I won't drive him tandem any more."

They were not long in reaching the Hall, and Wulfric went upstairs with Clive to remove the traces of the struggle from his dress and person. A great bruise on his temple was beginning to come out, and his head threatened to ache severely before many hours had passed. Nothing, however, would serve Clive but that he should remain to dinner; and he spoke a few words of simple, heartfelt gratitude to the man who had "saved his life," as he termed it, that pleased Wulfric more than a more elaborate or ambitious speech would have done. He took to Clive from the first moment of their acquaintance, and for the first time since he had come to St. Hilda, felt that if circumstances allowed, he could make a friend of this young man.

Mr. and Mrs. Dumaresq received him with a good deal of *empressement*, and expressed themselves warmly when they thanked him for the service rendered to their son. Wulfric could well have spared these eulogiums on his courage and presence of mind, but he accepted them with his cool, impassive gravity, and turned the conversation as quickly as possible into other channels.

He felt the better for his dinner, and took his part in the conversation with the ease of a well-informed, cultivated man untroubled by self-consciousness or false shame. He was not in the least awed by the stateliness of Mrs. Dumaresq or the slightly supercilious air adopted by Trevelyan towards the country practitioner. On the contrary, he did not hesitate to enter into an argument with that gentleman on the subject of some new scientific discovery, and he undoubtedly showed himself the more brilliant talker, the better informed man, and, to all appearances, got very much the best of the argument; although after he was safely gone Trevelyan asserted that he had "beaten that impudent young apothecary into a cocked hat," whatever that might signify.

The antipathy between Wulfric Meynal and Arthur Trevelyan was undoubtedly mutual. Reinée grew hot as she heard the covert sneers levelled at the doctor by a man she considered so much his inferior. In order to effect a diversion, she asked Wulfric how it chanced that he came to be walking that way at such a time.

"I suppose you think I ought to have been going about my business, instead of enjoying a walk on my own account, Miss Dumaresq?" he queried, one of his rare smiles lighting his eyes. "But I had not been quite as idle as you might suppose. I had been visiting some patients of mine along the coast."

"I did not know there were any houses out that way," remarked Trevelyan carelessly.

"Well, I do not know that you would call them houses; but there are plenty of cottages and cabins scattered about."

"Oh—pauper dwelling-places you mean?"

"Some of them; others inhabited by working people of the poorer kind."

"You are the parish doctor, then?" remarked Trevelyan, with a manner evidently intended to be insolent.

"No," answered Wulfric, very quietly, "I have not that honour; but I often think if I had time that I should like to undertake the office."

Trevelyan stared. He did not in the least understand the bearing of such a remark, but he fancied it was meant as a set down, and was angry in consequence.

"You have a natural taste for paupers then?"

"I have a natural taste for hard work, and for combating disease in its worst forms. The ailments of the poor are much more interesting to me, as a rule, than those of the rich, and deserve infinitely more compassion. The patience and gratitude of the poor often strike me as very wonderful. I do not hesitate to confess that they are my favourite patients."

Reinée said nothing, but she looked at him with a sense of undefined sympathy and comprehension, and for a moment their eyes met. Wulfric smiled very slightly, but neither of them spoke, and shortly afterwards the ladies withdrew.

"That is a very peculiar young man," remarked Mrs. Dumaresq to her daughter, when they were alone together. "As a doctor, I think very highly of him, and we shall always be grateful to him for having prevented a serious accident to-day; but I cannot say I altogether like his manners or opinions. I do not think he would make a suitable companion for Clive."

Reinée made no direct reply. She could not agree with her mother's verdict. She felt she would much rather see her brother under the influence of Wulfric Meynal than of Arthur Trevelyan; but it was not for her to say so to her mother, and so without any definite answer she slipped away into the garden.

Presently she heard voices in the drive, and caught the drift of what Clive was saying.

"I'm awfully sorry you have to go so early, Meynal; but if your head is aching, it's no kindness to keep you. I hope you won't be any the worse for it all. I shall not be quite comfortable for a day or two. Sometimes one gets a blow or a twist that turns out an awkward thing after a bit. I shall look round early to-morrow to ask how you are."

The answer was plainly distinguishable.

"Unless I am very much worse than I at all think myself to be, I shall be busy in my surgery long before you are about. Come in some evening if you will, and smoke a pipe with me in my study. From eight to nine I am generally my own master, but at no other time."

"I'll be sure to come, thanks. Well, good night. You're sure you feel equal to the walk? I'll have the cart ready in five minutes, if you prefer it."

"Thanks, I'd rather walk. Good night; make my adieus to the ladies for me. Good-bye."

But just as he turned after this last farewell, he was confronted by Reinée herself, who had approached under cover of the laurel hedge, and had slipped through a gap and now stood before him.

"Dr. Meynal," she said, holding out her hand and speaking with simple earnest feeling, "I cannot let you go without thanking you for saving my brother. I had not the chance to do it before. You do not know how very, very grateful I am; but please believe that I shall never forget it—never—never. You risked your life for him; I saw it all."

Wulfric took the girl's hand, and answered with quiet gentleness, "I am only too pleased, Miss Dumaresq, to have been of any service to you or yours. For the rest, you think too much of the matter. The danger to myself was much less than you suppose."

And lifting his hat, he bid brother and sister good night, and walked away down the dim avenue.

"Clive," said Reinée, turning and putting her arms suddenly about his neck—"oh, Clive, when I think of it all, I do not know how to be thankful enough!"

He held her in his arms, and answered seriously enough: "Yes; it was a narrow escape, little sister. I have very much cause for thankfulness."

"He did risk his life, Clive, though he won't admit it. I saw it all; we were quite close. I thought he would be killed when Firefly reared and Gipsy was rushing right upon him. Oh, it was awful! And the edge of the cliff not a hundred yards away!"

"Yes, I thought it was all over for us both for a moment; but his strength saved us."

There was a pause, Reinée was shivering again despite the heat of the night. Presently she whispered a low-toned question: "Clive, do you know that Arthur is a coward?"

"What do you mean, Reinée?"

"I mean what I say. He is a coward, and thinks only of his own safety. He was almost as near as Dr. Meynal when he saw the cart come tearing along, but he did nothing. When Dr. Meynal had seized Firefly, and everything seemed to depend on Gipsy's being stopped, he would not move, though we were quite close. 'Go and help,' I cried out to him; but he only said, 'I have no wish to be killed, thank you, like that other fellow,' and there he stood doing nothing. I tried to rush at Gipsy myself, but he held me back. Clive, I don't know how a man can stand by and see anybody in such danger and not try to help, and that man his friend too! I think in moments like those one's true nature comes out better than at any other time. I don't know if Arthur knows what he said, or that he betrayed himself to me; but I know him now for a coward."

Clive made no answer. It had not escaped him that his friend had been content to stand by until all real danger was over; but he had not fancied that his sister would have been as clearly aware of this as he was himself.

"And after that he amused himself by sneering at Dr. Meynal at dinner time—at the man who had saved your life, Clive. I always knew that there was something about Arthur that I did not like; but I never knew till to-day what an unworthy man he is. Clive, I hope you will not let him be your friend any longer, even if he has to be an acquaintance."

"You are excited to-night, little sister," said Clive soothingly; "but, Reinée, you must learn not to judge harsh judgments."

"I will try not," she answered gravely and more gently, "but it is rather difficult not to think hardly of Arthur Trevelyan to-night."

Did Trevelyan himself know how much he had fallen in Reinée's estimation by his conduct that day?

He was a vain, self-satisfied man, whose good opinion of himself was not easily shaken, and Reinée was too courteous and gentle by nature as well as by training to show hostile or contemptuous feeling by any open or outward sign; and yet as that day drew to its close and the next passed swiftly by, and Trevelyan got no speech of her, and failed to increase by any single small degree the intimacy that he was pleased to consider existed between them, an uncomfortable sense arose in his heart, that perhaps all was not well, and he determined to out-manœuvre the queenly maiden who contrived to avoid him without the least appearance of effort.

Of course when his mind was made up, and he was bent upon an interview, she could not hinder it. She had no reason to fear Trevelyan's power over her. She did shrink a little, sometimes, from interviews with her mother, feeling bound by filial obedience to respect her words and wishes to a certain point at least; but with her lover she felt strong—stronger than he knew—stronger than he did himself.

He sought her out in the garden as she was tending her flowers. He began to talk to her in easy, pleasant fashion of one thing and another, bringing the subject round as was his wont to himself and his own adventures and exploits. Trevelyan, as has before been stated, had a clever way of boasting without appearing to do so; but on this occasion Reinée was disposed to be more critical than usual.

She raised herself from her flowers presently and looked him full in the face, her clear eyes expressing a certain fine incredulity not unmixed with scorn.

"If you are so very brave in other places, Arthur, and expose yourself so readily to danger for the sake of strangers, I wonder that you were content to stand by idle and useless when Clive was nearly killed before your eyes two days ago."

The words were quietly and steadily spoken, with the direct simplicity characteristic of Reinée. Trevelyan shrank from the glance of her eyes, and then laughed uneasily.

"I was too late, unfortunately," he said.

"You were not too late," she answered. "You arrived at the critical moment; and you stood by taking care of your own safety, whilst a stranger risked his life to save that of the man you call your friend."

Trevelyan ground his teeth together; but he did not know how to answer the charge. Reinée had actually been upon the spot. It was useless to tell her that facts were otherwise than she had believed. He was intensely annoyed at being taken at a disadvantage and called to account like this; but there was nothing to be done at such a moment but to humble himself and try to make the peace as well as he was able. He must not lose Reinée through a trifling accident like that. How was it she had come to be so clear sighted and penetrating all at once? Why did she not take him on trust and believe in him as she had done years ago?

"Reinée," he said, trying to take her hands, but failing, for she withdrew herself a pace or two from him, "I know that you must despise me for a coward, but can you make no allowance for the freezing sense of horror that comes over a man sometimes in moments of deadly peril? Had it been any one but Clive—my friend—my almost brother, who had been concerned, I could have rushed to his rescue; but it was Clive himself, and the horror of the moment was so great that I was paralysed—I could do nothing. It was weak, it was womanish; but surely you can understand, you can forgive."

Reinée's clear glance expressed a deepening scorn, her delicate lips curled involuntarily.

"I do understand, I am afraid, only too well," she answered quietly. "Do you think I have forgotten how you looked or what you said? There was no trace of agitation about you then. You were cold and calm and master of yourself. I think a man s true nature comes out in moments like those, and I am glad I was there to see for myself. I think I should hardly have believed had I been told afterwards that you had stood idly by whilst Clive had been nearly killed; and the truth should always be known, even though it may be sad or painful."

Trevelyan's face was rather pale—pale with passion and baffled rage.

"And in point of fact you consider the truth to be that I am a coward?"

She looked at him steadily.

"Does it not look like it?"

He bit his lip angrily.

"Or, at least," she added more gently, "I cannot help feeling that a brave, true man, like Clive or—Dr. Meynal, never could have hesitated—as you did."

Trevelyan sneered fiercely.

"Oh, if you are going to set up a beggarly country apothecary as an example to me, I think it is time I was going."

She looked at him quietly for a few seconds, and then turned and walked away. He called her name once or twice; but she did not even turn her head. He felt that, for this time at any rate, he had got the worst of the argument.

"THE FATHER OF LIGHTS."

BY THE REV. J. MONRO GIBSON, D.D.

"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."—*James* i. 17.

IT is well worth our while to give special attention to the different titles of God which we find in different parts of Scripture. These titles are never given at random; they are always suggestive of some important truth about God, which is sure to shed light upon the subject under consideration. These titles, then, should be studied, not only in themselves, but in connection with the passages in which they occur.

This is the only passage in which the title "Father of lights" occurs. It is a striking and suggestive title; and it ought to be both interesting and profitable to enquire into its significance as it is here used.

First, let us endeavour to get a clear idea of its meaning. As to the word "lights" there can be little doubt that the primary reference is to the lights of the natural world, those lights of which we read in the first chapter of Genesis. But this reference, though primary, is only a passing reference. The general subject of the passage is the life of man, and especially of the Christian, with its lights and its shadows. And inasmuch as the lights and shadows of nature are the universally recognised emblems of the lights and shadows of life, the mind readily passes from the one sense of the word to the other. When God is spoken of as the "Father of lights," then, it is intended that the mind, after glancing for a moment at the lights of the natural world, should pass to the other, and rest upon the thought of God as Father of the lights as distinguished from the shadows of the spiritual world: the Author of the good, as distinguished from the evil, in human life and experience.

The word "Father" must not be diverted from its proper meaning. It is sometimes explained as meaning Creator; but if we take this liberty with the word, we are led astray. Properly speaking, God is the Creator of darkness as well as of light, as is expressly stated in Isaiah xlv. 7: "I form the light, and create darkness; I make peace, and create evil: I the Lord do all these things." But while He makes darkness, He cannot be called the Father of it. "God is light, and in Him is no darkness at all." In a certain sense it is true that the sun is the cause of shadows. If there were no light, there would be no shade. But while the shade comes by the sun, it is not of it. Darkness is the shadow of some obstruction to the light. And all the shadows of life come in the same way. They are not of God, but the result of something which comes between us and God. It is by the ordination of God that the darkness results from the obstruction, so in a sense God makes darkness; but it is not of God—it is not according to His nature—He is not the Father of it. God is the Creator of all things; but He is the "Father of lights" and of lights only. Such we take to be the meaning and force of this beautiful title.

Let us now look at the application of it which the context suggests. That which is most obvious and prominent is its reference to good and evil influences, as will be seen by reading verses 13 and 14: "Let no man say when he is tempted, I am tempted of God, for God cannot be tempted with evil (or, 'is untried in evil,' margin R.V.), and He Himself tempteth no man; but each man is tempted when he is drawn away of his own lust, and enticed." The thought then is: God is the Author of all good, and not of any evil influences. "Do not err" in supposing that when you are tempted to evil, the temptation comes from God. On the

contrary, He is the "Father of lights," and only good and perfect gifts come from Him. Nothing of the nature of temptation comes from Him. But do we not pray, "Lead us not into temptation?" Yes; but let us distinguish between those circumstances which form the occasion of the temptation, and the temptation itself. God may lead us into scenes where temptation is presented. But He does not present the temptation. He does not lead us there for the sake of giving the enemy an advantage over us, but for the sake of giving us an advantage over the enemy. He does not suffer us to be tempted above that we are able to bear, but with the temptation makes also a way of escape. Every time, in fact, that in following God's leading we find ourselves in circumstances of temptation, we have the opportunity of gaining a signal victory over the enemy of God and man. Jesus was led of the Spirit into the wilderness to be tempted of the devil. But was it the Spirit that tempted Him? By no means. The Spirit fortified Him against the temptation. It was the sword of the Spirit that He used so triumphantly against the great adversary. It was in the power of the Spirit that He gained His glorious victory. As for the temptation, it came not from the Spirit by whom He was led into the wilderness, but from the devil whom he found there. We may be sure that when by God's appointment (not of our own choice) we find ourselves in circumstances of great temptation and spiritual danger, God is only giving us an opportunity for some great achievement and corresponding advancement in the spiritual life. And instead of presenting the temptation He will surround us with gracious influences to resist the temptation which the enemy presents. He will give us all needful armour, supply us with all needed courage, and bring us off more than conqueror, thus proving Himself to be the "Father of lights" even in that which in itself seemed dark and mysterious. But when of our own choice we go into circumstances of temptation, the case is entirely altered. We have in fact already yielded to temptation when we have consented to expose ourselves to risk; and accordingly we go in a demoralized condition into the contest. Moreover we go into it alone, and therefore cannot have the "Father of lights" with us in the darkness. Having taken the case into our own hands we have to fight the battle in our own strength; and that means defeat. Hence the duty of avoiding circumstances of temptation, of keeping as far from contamination as we can. This undoubtedly is the reason why our Lord teaches us to pray, "Lead us not into temptation." If only we have the continual shrinking from temptation which will result from the sincere offering of this petition, then we are sure never to run into temptation; and not only so, but when in spite of our efforts to avoid it, it is, so to speak, forced upon us, then we may count on the Lord's presence with us; and that means victory. And after victory is ours, we may well praise God that He gave us such an opportunity. The temptation was from below; but the victory was from above, from the "Father of Lights," from whom all good and nothing evil comes.

It is from this particular case of temptation that the inspired writer rises to the magnificent generalization of the text: "every good gift and every perfect gift cometh from above, from the Father of lights, with whom there is no variableness, neither shadow of turning." The idea is that God is pouring out good influences upon men continually, just as the sun is pouring light and heat continually upon the earth. The idea of continuity is rather lost in our version. The word "cometh" in the original is not the present tense alone, but the present tense and the present participle combined, and the meaning is "keeps coming and coming." All good and perfect gifts keep coming and coming in a perpetual stream, just as light and warmth keep coming and coming in a perpetual stream from the sun.

Yet light and heat are very variable on the earth's surface. There is much darkness and much cold. Why? The variability is not in the sun, but always at or near the surface of the earth itself—clouds that have risen up from below and intercepted the light—some vast mountain range which casts a deep shadow and from its icy summit sends down chilly blasts on those who dwell beneath. Or it may be simply the turning away of the earth from the sun which is the cause. Remember it is always the earth that turns away from the sun, never the sun that turns away from the earth. It may be only a partial turning away, as in the winter season here, when the sun is far down from the meridian, and consequently storms and fogs prevail, and the verdure of summer disappears. Or it may be a turning away altogether, such as results in the darkness of night, or such as is found in those high latitudes where the night lasts on and on, until the whole land is locked in the icy embrace of death.

In the same way we may trace all the darker experiences of life to influences which originate in and around ourselves: clouds of unbelief, mountain ranges of sin. Or we are in darkness simply because we have turned away from the "Father of lights,"—turned away, it may be in part, so that He is no longer in the meridian, and winter influences are about us; or it may be altogether, so that, like the people in the Arctic regions, who during their winter are left entirely without the sun, we do not see His face at all, and are left under the power of darkness. But our variableness and the shadows which are the result of our turning away from Him, do not affect the great and blessed truth that He is the "Father of lights with whom there is no variableness, nor shadow of turning," and that all good and perfect gifts keep coming and coming from Him, flowing out in a perpetual stream from His great heart of love, and from the infinite treasury of His grace. Such is the thought which flashes like a sudden inspiration into the mind of the author of this epistle. You see at once that it has a very much wider application than to the subject of temptation out of which it has risen.

It is from God that all the light of natural religion has come. From Him comes the light of reason and the light of conscience in the heart of man. From Him has come all that is good and true in all the religions of heathenism, while all that is false and untrue has sprung from below. And the differences between different nations are not due to any variableness or partiality in God, not at all. "God is no respecter of persons;" and, accordingly "in every nation he that feareth God and worketh righteousness is accepted of Him." It was the nations that turned away from God, never God that turned away from the nations. When God chose the Jewish people, we are not to suppose He cut off all rays of light from the other nations and restricted them to this one race. There was no cutting off from any. Only, men everywhere were raising up barriers, interposing obstructions, turning farther and farther away from the Source of light, and going deeper and deeper into the shadow of darkness and death. Then it was that, if one might be allowed the expression, He took special pains with one nation to remove the obstacles and keep them out of the way, so that there should be at least one spot where the rays of truth were not hindered from giving life. Israel was indeed an oasis in the desert. But the sun shines on oasis and desert alike. The rain-cloud that passes over does not single out the one and pass by the other. "God makes His sun to shine on the evil and the good, and sendeth rain on the just and on the unjust." The variableness and shadows of turning have never been with Him. He is the Father of lights always, everywhere, to all: the Father of darkness never, nowhere, to none. Is it not a blessed thing, amid all the darkness that surrounds us here, to know that though it cannot exist without His permission, it is not of Him, it is not congenial to to Him, it does not represent His purpose concerning us His children. It is with no "prince of darkness," but with the "Father of lights" that we have to do. And does not all this lend additional emphasis to the urgent entreaties which are addressed to us throughout the word of God, to separate ourselves from the kingdom of darkness and come to the Father of lights—to cease following our own natural inclinations which are too apt to lead us away from God and from His light, and to follow Him who came in the name of the Father of lights to save us, and who proclaims aloud in our hearing: "I am the light of the world; he that followeth Me shall not walk in darkness, but have the light of life."

We must now glance at another application which seems to be in view in this passage. We have been dwelling on the thought of God as "the Father of lights" in its reference to good and evil influences. Let us now think of its application to pleasant and painful experiences. If we go a little further back we shall see that these also are in the inspired writer's mind. See verses 9 and 10: "Let the brother of low degree rejoice in that he is exalted: but the rich, in that he is made low: because as the flower of the grass he shall pass away." It is true in the region of joy and sorrow as well as that of temptation that God is the Father of lights, of lights only. We cannot deny indeed, that it is He who sends us our sorrows as well as our joys. But in a very different way. He sends us our blessings with all His heart. He keeps sending blessings direct from His gracious hand, which is always open liberally to supply His creatures' wants. On the other hand "He doth not afflict willingly nor grieve the children of men." Many of our afflictions can be seen to come, not directly from God, but indirectly because of our sins, which intercept the light that otherwise would always stream upon us. Often too we may look upon God's dealing with us as a shading of the light from our weak eyes; and surely He is none the less the Father of lights, that He sometimes tempers His rays to our weakness. Then it very frequently happens that what seems to us darkness is not really dark. We see as it were the under side of the cloud which is turned towards earth and away from the sun, and it seems very dark. But if we could look upon the upper side of it, and we do sometimes discover a little fringe of it—the silver or the gold lining as we call it—we should see it all radiant with heavenly glory. Some time ago I had the opportunity of seeing a very splendid sight. It was what the Swiss call the Nebel Meer, or cloud sea. I was on the top of the Faulhorn, and while it was perfectly clear towards the high mountains, on the side of the plains there was one continuous sea of cloud beneath, stretching away to the farthest verge of the horizon. But seen from a height above, and out of a heaven that was dazzling in its brightness, that sea of cloud was a sea of glory! So would it be on the very darkest dreariest day if only we could rise high enough to look down on the clouds from above. So will it be with us on earth, in proportion as we rise together with Christ and sit with Him in heavenly places.

"The Lord struck the child that Uriah's wife bare unto David, and it was very sick," so sick that in a little while the little darling died. Does that look like the Father of lights? Was it not a dark deed? It seemed so at first to David, and the same sad thought has come to many, many sorrowful fathers and mothers who have passed through the same experience in every generation. But look back to it now. Was it not in mercy to the child? Was it not in mercy to the father? And was there not mercy in it to an innumerable company of fathers and mothers who should afterwards be enlightened and comforted by the believing words of the stricken parent? After the dark cloud, which seemed so black at the time, had just passed over his head far enough to let him catch a little of the glory of its upper edge, listen to him: "While the child was yet alive, I fasted and wept; for I said, Who can tell whether God will be gracious to me, that the child may live? But now he is dead, wherefore should I fast? Can I bring him back again? I shall go to him, but he shall not return to me." (2 Sam. xii. 22, 23.) Ah yes: if we could read God's dealing with us in the light of eternity we should see what now we can only believe, that "all the paths of the Lord are

A SUNSET. *Eglon Van der Neer.*

mercy and truth," that in all He does it still remains true that He is "the Father of lights with whom is no variableness, nor shadow of turning." The time is coming when we shall see the truth as well as the beauty of what the late Horace Bushnell said a short time before his death: "I cannot think that God has let any shadow fall on us but the shadow of a great rock in a weary land."

It may help us here to distinguish between the good and the perfect gifts. All God's gifts are good. Affliction itself, in so far as it comes from the hand of God, is good. But afflictions, though they may be good gifts, are never perfect gifts. They come as good gifts, to prepare us for the perfect gifts God has in store. They are sent from heaven as heavenly messengers, angels of light from the Father of lights, to prepare us for the time "when that which is perfect is come." Then all God's gifts will not be only good but perfect. Then there will be nothing whatever to interrupt the ceaseless flow of His infinite love and liberality. "There shall be no night there; for the glory of God shall lighten it, and the Lamb (God's unspeakable gift) shall be the light thereof."

Let us close with a word to those who are disposed to turn away from God. Why do you wish to turn away? It must be because you do not understand Him. You do not know how good and kind He is, how He longs to pour out His treasures upon you, to bestow good and perfect gifts upon you, even as the sun pours out his rays at noontide. And all that hinders your receiving His blessings is that you turn away from Him or keep mountains of sin and clouds of unbelief between you and Him. Will you not look at Him as He is presented to you here, as the Father of lights with whom there is no variableness nor shadow of turning, and who keeps sending forth good and perfect gifts to all who will receive them? Only give Him your confidence: open your heart to Him, and He will shine in it. The heavenly light will no doubt reveal some black spots there, of which you were not aware, or at all events you did not know how black they were; but surely it is better to know the worst, if by knowing the worst perfect recovery may be assured. Surely you are not of those who love the darkness rather than the light because their deeds are evil. Open up everything to God, and He will show Himself the "Father of lights" by taking all the darkness away. Then will the Holy Spirit take possession of your heart, and make it bright and joyful.

May God, who commanded the light to shine out of darkness, shine in all our hearts, to give us the light of the knowledge of the glory of God in the face of Jesus Christ!

THE HYMN-WRITERS OF WALES AND THEIR HYMNS.

III.

WE are still in the eighteenth century; and we must linger in the romantic though little known Vale of Towy to make the acquaintance of one more sacred poet of Wales. This is MORGAN RHYS, the story of whose life is almost entirely lost. We have, however, the memoir of his soul safely kept in his hymns and elegies. Being a contemporary and neighbour of David Jones and William Williams, he seems to have felt the stress and storm of the same religious conflict; and his devotion has very much of the same deep and fervent colour. He was influenced largely by the potent spirit of Griffith Jones of Llanddowror, the morning star of the Great Revival; and for a time undertook the care of one of his Circulating Schools. These schools were instituted to impart the simplest forms of elementary knowledge in country villages. After a school-master had been for a while engaged in removing the dense ignorance of one district, he had to leave it for another; so the "little knowledge" was scattered far and wide, although in very small instalments. In the latter part of his life, Mr. Rhys established a stationary school on his own responsibility: most probably in order that he might have more of personal freedom in his evangelistic work. For he was one of the band of Calvinistic Methodist intinerant preachers that rendered noble service in that age to the renaissance of national piety. His hymns reflect strongly the theological lights and shades of his day; when the human side of Redemption was to a very considerable extent ignored, so as to emphasize the divine side of it. The total depravity of man—the impossibility of salvation by means of legal observations—the need of the atonement and its sufficiency—these are the doctrines which his harp translates into song. When he once went to Williams of Pantycelyn and read out to him one of his hymns, that master of sacred song told him that it contained the experience of a "good Christian and a half." He can see Christ from everywhere. However weak and helpless he may be in himself, he never doubts the grace of God. He has made "a thousand vows to keep the narrow path," and he has failed. What can he do but pray that "the Dweller of the bush" should increase his strength and help him to climb the steep rocks without tiring any more? "Hold me with Thy powerful hand lest I fall here and there; and in the dark day to come, be Thou my God!"

We seem to hear the far-off noise of battle in

these two verses—a dim echo from the theological conflicts of by-gone days,—

All praise to Christ the Righteous
Who for my sin has died,
And from the grave has risen
That I be justified:
Now on His throne of pity
He intercedes for me,
And names His life of sorrow,
His death upon the tree.

I ask no help from Moses,
Christ shall have all my plea;
The Substitute unblemished
Who died for one like me!
In Jordan's swelling torrent,
Or in that "day to come,"
I know His hand will hold me,
And safely bring me home.

"I ask no help from Moses," has in it the martial ring of some famous old battle-cry.

A similar theme is handled in these glowing verses—

Lord, open mine eyes to behold
The worth of Thy wondrous decree;
Far better than silver and gold,
The law of Thy mouth is to me:
The fire shall consume all below,
But Thou art the same, and Thy plan—
'Tis life everlasting to know
My Saviour as God and as man.

O wonder of infinite cost!
The way that He took in His grace,
To rescue a man that was lost,
By dying Himself in his place!
He conquered the serpent's despite,
And stood there alone—O my King!
He leadeth us now in His might—
Let those on the Rock shout and sing.

The Mighty One has overcome,
His foes in confusion retire;
And Zion is on its way home
In terrible chariots of fire:
The saints and the angels unite,
A white-shining numberless throng,
To bear thro' the realms of the light,
To Him the all-conquering song.

Another schoolmaster under Griffith Jones, and a maker of sacred songs also, was DAVID WILLIAMS, of Llandilo-fach, in the county of Glamorgan. Very little is known of him; and it seems probable that still less would be known were it not for the severity of his domestic trials. His wife was an advanced pupil of the school of Xantippe; and her violent temper kept the poet's sensitive spirit in exquisite torment. Among other troubles, he had to change his denomination on her account. But whatever of that, as in the case of another sweet singer who had to practice on "an evil spirit," his harp lost none of its tenderness of devotion. Some of his verses rank among the best in Welsh hymnology; and one especially is known wherever the Welsh tongue is spoken. He has not enclosed so much systematic theology in his hymns as Morgan Rhys: rather is he the minstrel of the mortal strife of men, with their sorrow and joy and divine endeavour. Many a troubled soul can join him in this remonstrance with doubt,—

Unbelief, let me have quiet,
Else my cry of pain shall rise
From this valley of affliction
To the gracious dawning skies:
There for me my Brother pleadeth,
Unforgetting day or night:
He will come and break my fetters,
He will lead me into light.

Little Faith, where art thou hiding?
For thy ministry take heart:
Why, sweet Hope, art thou so timid?
For the feeble do thy part:
Soon the battle will be over—
Unbelief, away! away!
Though I am so faint and helpless,
I am gaining ground each day.

In another hymn we are still touched with the anguish of the strife—

Hear my grief! believe I cannot
That for me there is a hope,
Who, between two weak opinions
Halting, in the darkness grope:
Fearing much and trusting little,
Shall I stand at last or fall?
Fearing evil hosts of darkness,
But myself much more than all!

Sometimes in the gloomy valley,
Sometimes on the sunny height;
Sometimes drinking Marah's waters,
Sometimes wine of pure delight:
Sometimes sighs and bitter moanings,
Sometimes joy on every string;
Sometimes low beneath the billows,
Sometimes sunward on my wing.

It must have been during one of his sunward flights that he saw this radiant vision of Eternal Love standing in the midst of all change without a cloud on its brow, without a fear in its soul:—

Oh! the grace no will can conquer!
The omnipotence of love!
Changeless is my Father's promise,
It will never, never move:
In the storm this is my anchor—
God can never change His mind;
In the wounds of Christ He promised
Life to me: and He is kind.

But the verse that has undoubtedly travelled wherever the Welsh language has, is the one of which I give the first line as it stands in the original—

Yn y dyfroedd mawr a'r tonnau.

It is the popular tradition that one stormy night on reaching home after having been away preaching, he was hailed with all the bitterness the practised tongue of his wife could command. It was more than he could bear: he preferred the company of the storm without to the mad rhetoric within, so away he went and stood on the banks of the river Llwchwr. The rush of the raging torrent and the noise of the wild night brought

to his mind another river and another night, when his soul would be overwhelmed by the desolate presence of death. What hope would remain loyal then? What help would be at hand?

In the waves and mighty waters
No one will support my head
But my Saviour, my Beloved,
Who was stricken in my stead:
In the cold and mortal river
He will hold my head above;
I shall thro' the waves go singing
For one look of Him I love!

A touching incident has given to this verse the title of "The Miners' Hymn." In the month of April, 1877, a colliery at Cymmer in the Rhondda Valley was flooded, and fourteen miners found themselves in a prison of darkness and terror, waiting helplessly for death. The whole nation seemed to turn its thought towards that coal-pit, and every day made the suspense more painful. The rescue-party toiled manfully day and night; and when seven days had passed without any reward to their labour, the last hope was almost given up. But on the eighth day nine of those imprisoned were found: and they were alive, though exhausted to the verge of death. Without air, without food, despair would have driven them mad, were it not for the above hymn, which they sang over and over again with a terrible reality of feeling. "The waves and mighty waters" were there; so was their Saviour, their Beloved. And they sang for one look of Him!

A change: we come to a lady hymn-writer. This is ANN GRIFFITHS, a farmer's daughter, born in the year 1776, at Dolwar, near Llanfyllin, in the county of Montgomery. As a young woman, she was full of gay spirits, and used to speak very flippantly of the deepened religious earnestness of the age. She used to point to the crowds of people which journeyed from all parts of the country to the "Association" at Bala, and say—"See the pilgrims going to Mecca." She was extremely fond of dance and merry song and rustic gaiety. She had gone to attend one of these merry-making festivals at Llanfyllin, when she was induced by an old servant of her father's to enter the Independent chapel. She did so without any afterthought whatever. But like David Jones of Cayo, she found a message waiting for her there. She did not stay for the festival, but went home forthwith in a storm of troubled thought and dark questionings. She went to her parish clergyman: he met her heart-breaking distress with light jokes and most untimely jests. Taking hold of her hand he said—"Let me see, Ann, if the veins of vanity have all gone out of thy hand." She went away more distracted than ever. Her brother was already one of "the pilgrims of Mecca." She went with him to the chapel he frequented, and the message of dawning hope came to her there. An affinity of religious feelings led her soon afterwards to join the society, and she became a strong and shining influence in the quiet valleys around her home. But her career was cut short: she died when only twenty-nine years of age.

Her religion shared the ecstatic fervour of the age. Once when returning home after an exciting service, full of her own unworthiness and of the glory of Christ, she turned down a narrow, sheltered lane, in order to be alone to pray. There she knelt; and in her communion with God the spirit of sacred song touched her soul; and by the time she reached her home she had composed her first verse—the third in the following hymn.

Great Author of salvation
And providence for man,
Thou rulest earth and heaven
With Thy far-reaching plan:
To-day, or on the morrow,
Whatever woe betide,
Grant us Thy strong assistance
Within Thy hand to hide.

Give us the faith of angels,
That we may look and see
Salvation's depths of radiance
And holy mystery:
Two natures in one person,
Harmonious, part and whole:
The blood divine availing
To ransom every soul.

My soul, behold the fitness
Of this great Son of God;
Trust Him for life eternal,
And cast on Him thy load:
A Man!—touched with the pity
Of every human woe;
A God!—to claim the kingdom,
And vanquish every foe.

She who once laughed at the pilgrims of Bala became now one of the most devout of them. She used to attend there on the Communion Sabbath, although it meant for her, as for hundreds more, a rugged mountainous journey of over twenty miles. Once on her way home she became so absorbed in holy contemplation that she rode many miles out of her way over the Berwyn hills before ever awakening to the fact. The result of those hours of thought is kept in this hymn—

Blessed day of rest eternal
From my labour, in my place!
On a shoreless sea of wonders,
The unfathomed depths of grace:
Finding an abundant entrance
To the Triune God's abode:
Seas to sail and never compass;
God as man, and man as God.

Neither shall the sun light on them,
Nor the fear of death give pain;
Tears forgotten in the anthem
Of the Lamb which once was slain:
Sailing on the crystal river
Of the peace of One in Three,
Underneath the cloudless beamings
Of the death of Calvary.

Nothing could mark the intensity of feeling more strikingly than the broken sentences and rapid interchange of thoughts. "The cloudless beamings of the death of Calvary:" the confused

eloquence reveals the divine anguish of imagination.

A noteworthy fact in connection with her hymns is their preservation. A servant in her father's house, named Ruth, possessed a remarkable memory. To her Ann Griffiths used to recite her hymns as they were composed; and then the two would sing them over time after time. After the death of the young authoress, Ruth used to repeat these verses to her husband. He saw their worth and wrote them down from her dictation. To-day they cannot be lost: they have a home in too many hearts.

H. ELVET LEWIS.

Things New and Old.

THE LATE LORD IDDESLEIGH.—The following letter, bearing upon the life and character of the late Earl of Iddesleigh, was addressed by the Hon. and Rev. John Northcote to the editor of the "Baptist," which published a sketch of the Earl as one of a series of religious legislators:—"Dear Sir,—As rector of Upton Pyne and a son of Lord Iddesleigh, I have to thank you for your very kind letter, which is one of the many we have received which prove how truly he was beloved by all classes and shades of opinion. His real goodness and simple faith made him, indeed, the brother of all earnest people. And he felt that all who agreed with him in a hearty desire to serve God and in a true belief in Jesus our Saviour were fellow-labourers with him in God's vineyard. His faith was, indeed, extremely simple and wonderfully strong. I often heard and we have all often been greatly struck by the simple way he would say, 'I must do this because it is right.' And if any course was proposed to him which he thought wrong, he would simply put it aside as impossible. He loved his own church most heartily, but with no bigotry, and was often grieved at errors which he saw in her. He sympathised with the varying modes of belief which he saw in others, but felt that there should never be any feeling but one of brotherly love between true servants of our one Master. The chief thing he detested was hypocrisy wherever he met with it. He was regular in his attendance at public worship, and used to read lessons in church regularly. He was also most regular in reading family prayers at home. I have always thought that his piety was too simple for us to call him either a High, Low, or Broad Churchman, but I suppose he called himself a High Churchman, or rather would have done so if he had not extremely disliked these names. He is now at rest, but the example of his blameless life and gentle, loving spirit will long be one of the strongest motives to goodness among all who knew him well. His power to forgive injuries was greater than any one can believe possible in a mere mortal man. And he never would allow his family to speak in anger of those who had done him wrong. Even at the last he was always trying to invent excuses for those who had so bitterly injured him. His heart was very gentle, and when he was wronged he suffered most terribly, but suffering developed in him the true likeness to his Master, and made him more ready to forgive his enemies. He used not only to attend church, but he always used to enter most heartily into every part of the service. I never saw any man so completely devote himself to prayers and praise during service. He always joined in the responses and the singing, and I am sure that he did it in heart even more than by voice. The sermons he liked the best were always the simplest, and he was never tired of listening to the simple story of the love of God as shown in the life of Christ."

STORY OF A SERAMPOOR TESTAMENT.—In commencing the mission to the Afghans the great desideratum was to get a Bible in the Afghan tongue. It was supposed never to have been translated into Pushtoo, and two or three officers at Peshawur had undertaken to translate some of the Gospels.

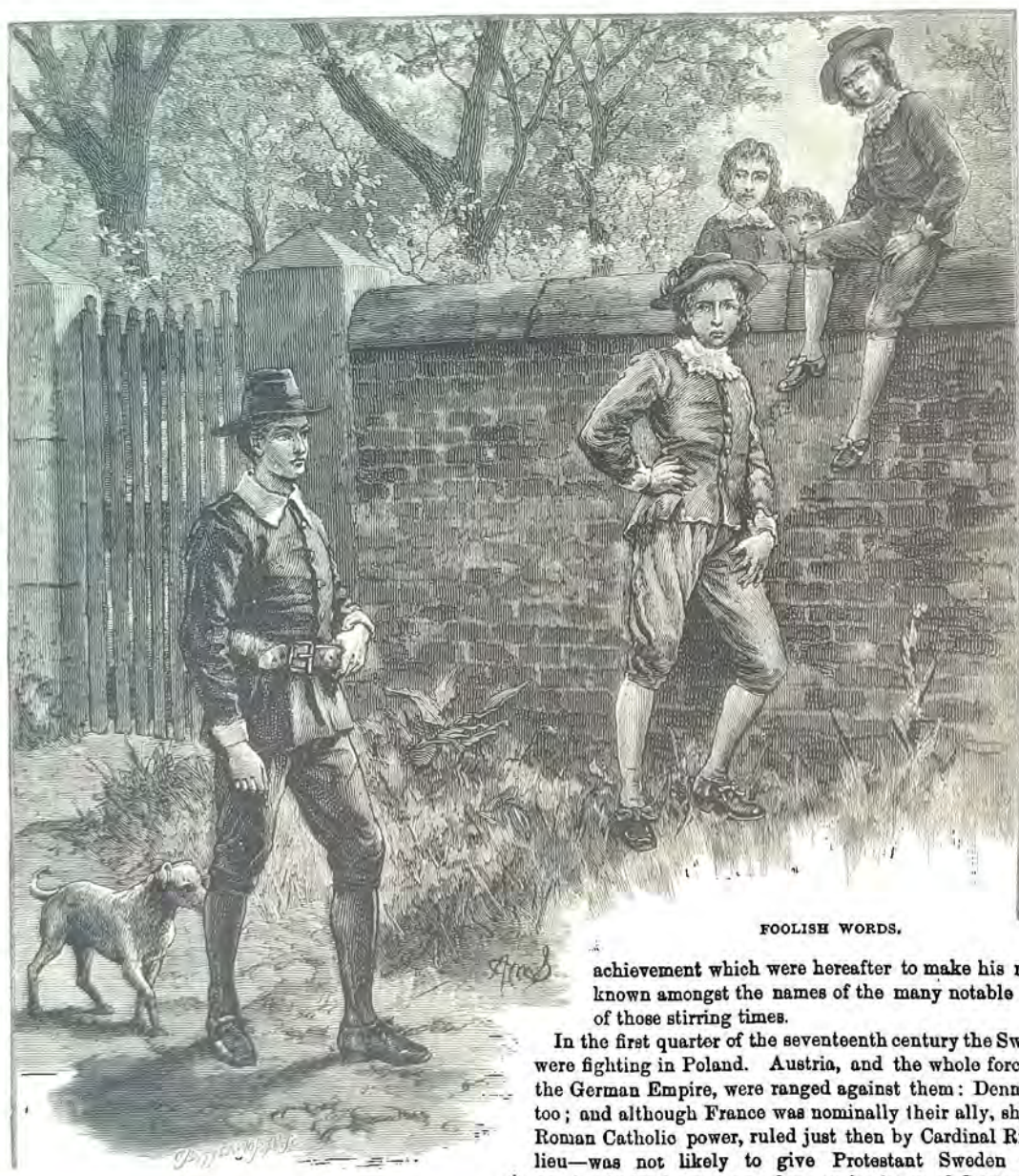
I at once remembered that in the year 1848, while acting for the Government of the Maharajah Dhuleep Singh in the Derajat, I had seen a Pushtoo Testament in the possession of a fine old Pathan chief, who had received it in his youth at the Hudwar Fair, where he had gone to sell horses, from an English missionary, who told him that if he took care of it, and preserved it from fire and water, it would certainly be of use to him some day, when the English should come to his country. "That day," said the old chief, "has now come; and here is the book, uninjured by fire or water." So saying, he unrolled it from many wrappers, and I found it had been printed at the Serampoor mission in 1818. I read a few lines of it and saw that it was Pushtoo, in the Persian character. I asked him if he had ever read it. He said, "Our moollah has read it and says it is a very good book and quite correct, for Father Abraham and Father Moses are mentioned in it." I returned the volume to the old man, and though I fear it was for the noble qualities of himself and his son, and not for the sake of the Bible, yet certain it is that Ali Khan Kolachee never had cause to regret that the English came into his country. Well, this incident flashed across my mind at once, when I heard everybody wondering what was to be done to translate the Scriptures into Pushtoo, and I mentioned it to Colonel Martin. Application was, I believe, made to the mission library at Serampoor; but strange to say, not a copy could then be found. I then wrote to my old friend Ali Khan, and recovered the precious volume; and I think it is impossible to consider this incident without being struck with awe and humbled at the long foresight of that omniscient and constant God who deposits His sealed-up purposes with unconscious man, and tells Futurity the hour to open and to read them. Thus was one mission at Calcutta, to be established in 1818, made to provide a translation of the Scriptures for another mission at Peshawur to be established in 1855; an Afghan chief was made to preserve one copy of this message to his countrymen for twenty years, when all others had either been lost or forgotten. The Pushtoo Testament thus found was placed by Colonel Martin in the hands of the Afghan branch of the Bible Society, and they most generously undertook to reprint and present to this mission three thousand copies of the Gospels of Luke and John, the Acts of the Apostles, and the Epistle to the Ephesians.—*Speech by Sir Herbert Edwardes at Peshawur.*

A CHILD'S LETTER.—When far inland (*i.e.* in Africa) the mail comes in but once a month. Its arrival is heralded by two gun-shots, fired in quick succession. No matter what one may be doing, he leaves his occupation and hurries forward to get a sight of his precious letters. There would be some perhaps from my brothers, some from friends, always one from my wife. But once there was one which, when I saw the handwriting, I opened first. It was on a bare half-sheet of paper, the lines running this way and that way, tumbled and soiled, but that one letter I read first, and treasured above all the others. It was from my dear little son, and contained but two lines: "My dear father—God bless you." These few words received by me in the wilds of Africa were more precious than many a longer letter.—*Bishop Hannington's Life.*

THE SWEDISH KING'S PAGE.

BY CRONA TEMPLE.

CHAPTER I.



FOOLISH WORDS.

"LEONARD the son of Torsten." That was the name of the first page of King Gustavus. He had no surname. He came of a Gothland family, whose pride it was to retain the ancient fashion of distinguishing a man only by his Christian name and his father's Christian name. Leonard was just "Torstenson," until, years afterwards, the soldiers of the Thirty years' war called him "Blixten"—their Lightning.

He was but a boy when he first rode to the wars in the train of the great Gustavus; but even then he showed the swift judgment, the clear reasoning, and powers of rapid achievement which were hereafter to make his name known amongst the names of the many notable men of those stirring times.

In the first quarter of the seventeenth century the Swedes were fighting in Poland. Austria, and the whole forces of the German Empire, were ranged against them: Denmark, too; and although France was nominally their ally, she—a Roman Catholic power, ruled just then by Cardinal Richelieu—was not likely to give Protestant Sweden very hearty aid in the cause so dear to the heart of Gustavus—the religious liberty of Europe. It was hatred of Austria that brought France into the question at all: Richelieu judged that if Germany were kept constantly weakened by strife the influence of his own country must remain paramount. A poor reason for rendering help!

Towards the end of the year 1624 the battle-tide rolled back into the plains of Livonia. Only a few months since, Sigismund of Poland had desolated that very country. The inhabitants of the towns looked with a strange apathy on the war-worn men that defiled through their gates and crossed their fields where the harvests were trampled in the

dust. King Sigismund of Poland, or King Gustavus of Sweden—it mattered little to the Livonians. The contending armies had marched and countermarched across their lands, had besieged and battered at their towns, until, in their despair, they imagined they had reached the deepest depths of misery. There only remained death to await—and death itself would soon cease to be a dread.

The Swedish army lay in and around Dorpt, a town on the northern shores of the Duna river. Gustavus wished to force the Germans back into Poland, hoping thereby to end the campaign before winter.

He had taken up his headquarters in an old country-house belonging to a certain Baron Goertz, who was a mournful-minded man, even when things went fair, but who was utterly sunk in desolation by this stroke of evil fortune.

And truly great havoc had been wrought.

The largest trees had been hacked away: the pleasure grounds left to desolation. The fountain which was the pride of the Baron's heart would never throw water into the air again, for not only was the basin broken, but the supply which fed it had been diverted to water the Swedish horses; it was a wreck, like most other things about the grounds! Yet there was still some beauty left to the place. Still some quiet corners where the shrubs had been spared, still a few roses left in the wilderness to show where the garden had been: still a few trailing convolvulus-blooms, creeping amongst the weeds!

The Baron's four sons were too young to go soldiering: too young to be of any use at all, their father thought impatiently.

They were handsome lads, well grown and high-spirited. Karl and Alexis, Martin, and little Ernst. They heard plenty of their father's fretful fury at the change in their fortunes, and they believed everything that was evil of the "thieves and robbers" that had invaded their home.

"Yet he is a king," said Martin one day, as Karl was scoffing at the great Gustavus.

"Oh, yes. Truly he is. But his grandfather was just a private gentleman, with rank no higher than ours," was the scornful response.

"If he is our enemy, why don't the Livonians fight him?" demanded Martin, who was of an inquiring turn.

"For the same reason that you and I don't fight them, I suppose," answered Karl, bitterly; "because we can't."

There was a step on the road, and the boys looked round to see who might be approaching. Little Ernst peered over the park wall, and Karl drew himself up with added haughtiness. Few people found their way to the solitary haunt where the boys loitered away their spare time. The unusual sound of a footstep there startled them.

"It is one of those canting Swedes!" said Alexis, who was perched on the top of the wall.

The intruder, a lad but a year or two older than Alexis himself, came quickly on, a dog pacing soberly at his heels. It was Torstenson, carrying despatches for the king.

He did not at first perceive the boys; his thoughtful eyes were looking straight before him; his plain, belted dress showed in dark contrast to the glow of the autumnal foliage, and the rich colouring of the mosses on the high brick wall.

"He has just the sneaking air of a thief, has he not?" went on Alexis, safe, as he supposed, in a language which the new-comer was not expected to understand. "They are all heathens and heretics, these Swedes; so our father says."

Torstenson's glance flashed suddenly round on the speaker, and he halted, looking sharply at the four. Their clothes were far finer than his own, their whole air and bearing proved them to be of gentle birth and breeding; but be they who they might, they could not be permitted to call Swedes thieves, heretics and heathens in his hearing!

"By your own showing, your father knows little of the matter," said he, in excellent German. "Pray, my young cockrel, why is it, do you imagine, that the Swedes are here?"

Karl answered, pushing Alexis behind him: "They are here by the right of the strongest," he said. "The Poles and they have ruined us. It is very like thieving to take the roof from my father's head, and the food from my mother's lips. It is very like heresy to flout our holy religion, and revile——"

"Stay," interrupted Torstenson; "words are easy to say, but let deeds speak. The Swedes have come to assert the right of all men to serve God in freedom. Our King Gustavus wishes to open to Germany the gates of light and liberty; he is no robber; his people pay with broad florins for all we need——"

It was Karl's turn to interrupt.

"Let deeds speak," he echoed, with a short laugh. "We are homeless, we are poor, while the northern invaders drink our wine, and eat our bread in our own halls. Your talk of light and liberty is small comfort for such wrongs."

This view of the question was new to Torstenson. He had never heard the Livonian side; he had yet to learn that conflicting interests surround truth with envelopments which alter and hide it until it almost ceases to be recognisable as "truth" at all. He was staggered, but his faith in his king was unshaken; Gustavus, he felt, could not be unjust.

"I am on duty; I have despatches," he said hurriedly; "but I will come some day and prove to you that if there is injustice it is not with the king's knowledge."

The boys looked after him as he strode away. There was some admiration on the face of Alexis, at least. This Swede seemed a fine fellow—not a nobleman, perhaps; his clothing was too straight and plain for that—so Alexis judged; but he probably was the squire of some great lord.

"Don't you wish, Karl, that we also could go to the wars?" said youug Alexis, wistfully; and Karl's eyes flashed, although he made no answer.

Torstenson had but repeated what he had often heard his royal master declare. The fighting was not to acquire fresh territory, nor was it for the sake of the honour and fame of Gustavus. All Europe had lately been stirred by Luther's powerful voice; all Europe had perceived the links of the chain which bound her. This new-born effort after liberty of conscience should not be strangled if Gustavus could prevent it! Dark days would come for Europe if the Emperor Ferdinand succeeded in forcing the people back to their bondage to the papal throne. It was to secure their holiest liberties that the Swedes had marched there to the shores of the Duna river.

This Torstenson fully understood. That the lads he had left by the garden wall should not comprehend it, surprised and troubled him.

He carried his despatches to his master. Gustavus was busy with his officers planning an attack on the enemy, whose army, under his cousin and rival, Sigismund, held a strong position on the opposite bank of the stream. The king was sitting at a table covered with maps and plans, talking eagerly. Torstenson waited and listened.

There was a second bridge, possession of which the king was bent on gaining. "We could turn their flank, if our cavalry were thrown across there," he said, with his finger on the map indicating the spot.

"It is not impossible," said Tamelstiern, a captain of dragoons.

"It shall be done," cried De la Gardie, the general of the cavalry brigade.

Gustavus shook his head. "It will be no child's play,"

he said. "Sigismund knows well the value of that bridge. It will not drop into our hands for the mere asking."

One or two of the generals were almost twice the age of their king; veterans who had fought when he was in his cradle: but they served him with a rapturous loyalty. Their obedience never flagged: perhaps it was because he also had learned to obey. They listened to him now as to an oracle.

The next morning Torstenson followed the king in his daily round of inspection. When the camp had been visited and the daily duties done Gustavus rode onwards to a gentle hill overlooking the river. He rode slowly, for the day was hot: one of those scorching days which come sometimes after a summer's drought and calms. He drew rein for a while, and looked over the valley where the Duna river flowed sluggishly in the sunlight; and beyond one might see the tents of the Imperial army showing in tiny spots of white against the blue distance.

"Leonard," said the king, "do you see columns of men moving out there?"

"Yes, sire," answered Torstenson, "they are moving towards the western bridge."

The page spoke modestly, but with a certain swift decision that would alone mark him out as a lad of no ordinary promise. The king had found out his worth long ago.

Gustavus sighed. The enemy, too, had discovered the importance of the western bridge!

They lingered on the hill while the sun rose higher in the quiet sky, and the wild doves flew in whirling flocks to the fields of trampled corn.

"Greeting to you!" called out a shrill young voice, and two boys ran up to Torstenson's horse. "You did not return, Sir Swede, to prove Karl in the wrong, when he called your king and your army thieves and heretics!"

It was Alexis and his brother Martin.

Torstenson flushed scarlet. He pointed to the king with a warning gesture—could it be that these dolts of Livonian boys did not recognise his majesty?

But before he could speak Gustavus turned.

"Who is Karl?" he demanded, a covert smile lifting the ends of his huge moustache: the boy's beauty and energy pleased him, and the audacious words amused him. "Who is Karl?"

"My brother; the heir of the Baron Goertz," was the answer. "And you? You are a Swede?"

"Yes, a Swede: but neither thief nor heretic. I am here trying to do my Lord's work. You might help me, if you would. We fight for liberty and freedom."

Alexis opened his blue eyes. "Your Lord is King Gustavus, I suppose. That was just what he said," pointing to Torstenson; "he said that Gustavus was fighting for Germany's freedom: but I wish that he had not turned us out of our house, and taken our wine and our horses."

"No," put in Martin, the just-minded. "It was the Poles who took our horses. But, tell us, sir, how we could help. We are too young to go to the wars."

The king turned his horse, and paced slowly towards his quarters. "My Lord accepts the help of all," he said, answering Martin. "There are those in the south, at Rome, who have usurped His kingdom, beguiled His subjects, suppressed His orders and His letters. I am here to try and break their hostile power. And any one, be he old or young, who helps the cause of liberty, helps me."

Gustavus spoke to himself more than to the boy. He knew that he uttered enigmas which Martin could not understand.

"Your king must be a good man!" said Alexis impetuously." Karl declares he is no better born than ourselves; that he is an upstart. But if he is what you and he (pointing to Torstenson) declare, he must be worth fighting for."

Again Gustavus smiled. He relished the boy's fresh, bold ways. Was it of stuff such as this that Rome sought to make votaries and slaves?

"Leonard, here, shall explain one day," he said. "Just now we cannot further delay." And he urged his horse forward, nodding over his shoulder to the lads, as, followed by Torstenson, he cantered away.

The boys gazed after them. "I'd like to help the Swedes," said Alexis. "I wish Karl did not hate them so."

"How silent the young one was," meditated Martin. "I suppose that man was his master."

SCRIPTURE ENIGMA.

NO. V.

Who first to earth a helpless infant came,
And closed his life in punishment and shame?
What king, intent on killing Christ the Lord,
Slew Bethlehem's children with the cruel sword?
A Hebrew's child whose unexpected birth
Three angels promised, sent from heaven to earth?
What was her name whose grandchild loved the truth,
And learned the Scriptures in his early youth?
What sorrowing king in meek submission said,
"Why should I fast now that my child is dead,
For I shall go to him his face to see,
But he shall never more return to me"?
A favourite child who rose to wealth and fame,
Though born in exile: tell his mother's name?
A little child complains "My head! my head!"
Then dies: what prophet raised him from the dead?
City to which the Saviour's parents went,
And where their Son His holy childhood spent?

Initial letters now will plainly show,
Who came to Jesus when he dwelt below,
Received His tender words, His kind caress,
And felt His holy hands enfold and bless,
And when had nearly closed His earthly days,
Sang sweet hosannas and proclaimed His praise. L. T.

ANSWER TO HIDDEN TEXT.

NO. II.—p. 78.

Teach me Thy way, O Lord, and lead me in a plain path. —*Psa.* xvii. 11.

ANSWER TO SCRIPTURE ENIGMA.

NO. II.—p. 96.—BARTHOLOMEW.—Matt. x. 3.

Moab	Num. xxii. 4.
Terah	Gen. xi. 27.
Hor	Num. xx. 25.
Ham	Gen. vi. 9. 10.
Tabor	1 Sam. x. 3.
Oboth	Num. xxi. 6-10.
Ramoth	Deut. iv. 43.
Abel	Gen. iv. 8.
Oreb	Jud. vii. 24, 25.
Habor	2 Kings xvii. 6.
Rehoboam	1 Kings xii. 12, 13.
Beor	Num. xxii. 5.
Moreh	Gen. xii. 6, 9.
Horeb	Exod. iii. 1.
Rome	Acts xxviii. 16, 20.
Lot	Gen. xiii. 10.
Ebal	Deut. xi. 29; Jud. viii. 34.
Merab	1 Sam. xviii. 17.
Eloth	1 Kings ix. 26.
Mahol	1 Kings iv. 31.
Leah	Gen. xxxiii. 1.
Hamor	Gen. xxxiii. 19.
Maroth	Micah i. 12.
Ar	Deut. ii. 9.

THE SUNDAY AT HOME

O DAY MOST CALM, MOST BRIGHT! . . .
THE WEEK WERE DARK BUT FOR THY LIGHT.—*Herbert.*

BARBARA'S BROTHERS.

CHAPTER XII.—SPEAKING OUT.

NEW PROJECTS.

JULIET GRANBY was walking home from a visit to Reinée Dumaresq in a peculiarly dissatisfied frame of mind.

She had begun to find that her new friend was not at all inclined to enter into her lofty ideals and high-flown aspirations. Reinée seemed to enjoy pottering about dirty cottages and visiting uninteresting poor people as much as Mrs. Granby enjoyed training her young maids and looking after every detail of the spotless home that Juliet was growing to despise and dislike. Perhaps old women always did grow more or less childish, but what could have made the beautiful high-born Reinée so tiresome and tame? Juliet rebelled sorely against her lot. Everybody seemed to fail her. Was she never to get beyond the narrow limitations of this little neat house and garden, or the control of a grandmother, who appeared to her to have no thoughts beyond her pigs and poultry, and a low poor people.

A mind that could be so engrossed in matters of this kind could never aspire to any higher flights—so Juliet told herself again and again and with increasing emphasis. She herself had a nature that soared far above the region of such trivialities, and yet she was not happy; and on this particular afternoon she was more than usually dissatisfied.

When she reached home, she hurried for consolation to her books, and was deep in the biographies of notable women, when the bell summoned her to the substantial eight o'clock supper-tea, a meal to which she had a great aversion, always wishing Mrs. Granby to substitute for it a late dinner.

She did not hurry down, and when she reached the dining-room, she found her tea

poured out, her plate supplied, and Mrs. Granby already engaged with her meal.

"I knew that you were in, my dear, so I did not wait. Can you not try to be a little more punctual? I hope you have had a pleasant afternoon?"

"Pretty well," was the not very gracious answer, and Juliet began to eat in silence, the shade upon her face deepening each moment.

"I had a visit from Mr. Leslie this afternoon," said Mrs. Granby. "He gives but a poor account of Mr. Sargent; but I was pleased with the young man himself. He spoke with a great deal of proper feeling. I was pleased, too, by what he told me of Wulfric Meynal. He seems to be making himself an invaluable friend amongst the poor. Barbara, too, is helping him. I had heard something of her work from herself; but Mr. Leslie's independent testimony was of still greater interest. I have always felt that Barbara Meynal had in her the making of a very fine character."

But Juliet hardly listened. She had more important concerns on her mind than anything her grandmother could find to discuss. After a long silence she laid down her knife and fork, pushed away her plate, and burst out with great vehemence: "Grandmother, I can stand it no longer. This place is killing me!"

It was by no means the first time Mrs. Granby had heard such an assertion, and she answered quietly: "Well, my dear, where do you wish to go?"

"To London!" cried the girl excitedly. "To some great city where life is life—not a miserable stagnant vegetation that stifles the soul, and crushes the mind. I am being starved here—absolutely starved! I will go to London, if it is only as a governess!"

"My love, you are not suited to be a governess," said Mrs. Granby gently.

Juliet tossed her head with some indignation.

"You think I do not know enough?"

"I was not thinking of your book-knowledge. You may be qualified there, although you must remember that a wide range of desultory reading does not necessarily make an educated woman, and the rudiments of learning you always despised, wishing to run before you could walk, as seems to be the fashion of the age. But the intellectual difficulty is not the one of which I was thinking."

Juliet had flushed a little under the criticism her grandmother had just uttered; but it was too true to be denied. Rather hastily she asked: "What other difficulty can there be?"

"One or two rather serious ones, as it appears to me, my dear. Those who are entrusted with the care of the young, and undertake their management, require to have a steady control over their own tempers, or they will never control their pupils. Very great patience and self-possession are absolutely essential in the management of children. I doubt if you are sufficiently qualified on either of these points."

Juliet was silent. A good deal of irritation was stirring within her, but she did not wish to lose control of herself at such a moment.

"Then," continued Mrs. Granby, after a short pause, "there are habits of order and punctuality, of ready obedience and steady application to distasteful duties, to be instilled into the minds of children; and it is useless to preach unless we have learned to practise. I have never forgotten one saying that was well drilled into me in my young days—'Those who have not learned to obey are not fit to command.'"

Juliet's face looked rather dark, but all she said was, "Of course I could be tidy if I chose."

"Then is it not rather a pity you do not choose?"

"Oh, there is no motive here to make me."

"No—only the motive of pleasing me, which is not at all sufficient."

Mrs. Granby spoke quite gently. Since Juliet had grown up to womanhood, she had wisely allowed her a good deal of personal liberty, and hardly ever reproved her seriously for faults that she evidently declined to mend; yet her very forbearance sometimes caused Juliet a good deal of discomfort, and she would rather have endured a good scolding, against which she could have rebelled as tyrannous and harsh. After the last words spoken there followed a long silence.

"Well, I must do something!" exclaimed Juliet, breaking out again, stifling her momentary feeling of compunction and shame. "I don't care much what it is, so long as it takes me away from this place."

Mrs. Granby looked pained.

"I am sorry you are so discontented, Juliet. I know your life is quiet and monotonous. I cannot help that; but I have done my best to make it happy."

"Oh, it is not your fault, grandmother," answered Juliet, struck by a little contrition. "You have always been kind. It is the place that is in fault—the whole atmosphere of it. I must live a wider life; I must have a larger sphere. Some strangers were at Mrs. Dumaresq's at tea-time this afternoon. They were saying that there must be a European war before long. I wish it might break out soon. I would go directly then."

"What to do?"

"Why, to nurse the sick and wounded, of course—like Florence Nightingale."

Mrs. Granby smiled a little.

"And what do you know of nursing, to start with?"

"Oh, I should learn directly I got there. One can do almost anything under the pressure of necessity and excitement, you know."

"Those can do a great deal who know what should be done and how to do it," answered the old lady quietly. "But the battle-field is not generally considered the place to learn the rudiments of nursing, nor do they fill the ambulances with untrained and enthusiastic girls."

"Oh, I could soon get a little training. I should learn anything of that sort very quickly. There need be no great difficulty there, if that is all."

Mrs. Granby sat silent for a few minutes, and then said, "If you are really in earnest in your

wish to learn something of nursing, I will certainly do what I can to forward the plan."

This was not perhaps the scheme that appealed the most to Juliet; but then if there should be war, she would love to go to the front, and the only chance of getting leave to do this would be by training herself beforehand. Juliet was convinced that she had it in her to be a second Florence Nightingale, and the prospect of any change was pleasant to her.

"What could I do to learn?" she asked. "Where could I go?"

"I am not sure that you need go anywhere. I could teach you a good deal myself, if you really wished to learn; and Barbara Meynal and her brother, I do not doubt, could find you work and give you instruction."

Juliet's face fell instantly.

"No, thank you, grandmother, that is not the sort of thing I want. If I go in for nursing, I shall do so in a thorough practical fashion. I shall either let it alone altogether, or go into a hospital and learn it there."

Mrs. Granby sat silent for some time wrapped in thought.

"Hospital life is very hard, Juliet. The hours are long, early rising and punctuality are essential, as well as prompt obedience and strict attention to orders. I am not at all sure that you would like it."

Juliet looked roused and eager.

"Do you really mean that you would let me try it, grandmother?"

"I must think it over; but if your heart is set on it, if you really feel wishful for a proper medical and surgical training, I am disposed to give you your own way. I am not indifferent to your happiness, my dear; it troubles me that you cannot be content with your life. When you have suggested plans before, they have been too wild and impossible to entertain seriously for a moment; but this idea of entering a hospital is less chimerical."

"Where do you think I could go?" asked Juliet eagerly, "to London?"

"No, London is too far away. I could not have you at such a distance, where I could hardly ever see you or satisfy myself as to your well-being. Besides, I believe it is rather an expensive thing entering as a lady probationer at a London hospital. If you are really in earnest over your wish, I suppose you will not mind 'roughing it' a little?"

"Not at all," answered Juliet quickly; "I would rather go on my own merits as it were, and work my way up from the bottom."

She felt a little contempt for the very expression "lady probationer," and was by no means disposed to swell that band.

Juliet had, as has been implied before, a very great opinion of her own powers. She felt certain that if she once had full scope, her talents, her energies, together with her gentle birth, would soon make her a power and an influence in whatever kind of work she took up.

She did not want to go to a hospital where there were a number of ladies—girls of her own station—at work already. She much preferred the idea of entering as an ordinary untrained nurse, and of shining above all her companions by her capacity, her skill and her general quickness and force of character. Mrs. Granby did not know what thoughts were fermenting in her brain; but she was relieved to find that her granddaughter was not as resolutely set upon going to London as she fancied she might be.

"There is the County Infirmary," remarked Mrs. Granby. "I believe the nursing there is very good: and it is not more than twenty miles away. I could come and see you occasionally. I will speak to Wulfric Meynal about it. He knows the place. I believe he goes there occasionally in some capacity or other. I fancy he lectures from time to time to the medical school. He will be the best person to consult."

So for the present the conversation dropped, and Juliet, feeling that a crisis in her life was at hand, went away to dream of her unexpected success and of an ideal hospital life that was to transform her at once into a sort of full-blown heroine.

Wulfric Meynal when consulted told Juliet plainly that the work would be hard and monotonous; but he relaxed a little when he saw that her mind was made up, and undertook to make arrangements for her to enter the County Infirmary (where he gave lectures every month), at the earliest opportunity. He gave her a few words of excellent counsel, to which she paid but little heed, as was her way, and he left her in a state of triumphant exultation that was rather intoxicating.

Barbara was her main confidante during the next days. The girls had not seen so much as usual of each other since the time of one had been so much more occupied, but the sympathy of a common purpose drew them together now, and led to the interchange of many thoughts.

That is to say, Juliet talked away more eloquently than ever—more than ever certain that a great future lay before her. Her companion had much less to say on her side, and though she gave sympathy and encouragement to Juliet, and tried to avoid forming a hasty judgment, she did wonder a little if a plan whose soul and centre seemed to be self would be likely to turn out very happily or well.

Barbara was silent about her own theories of life, because she felt that they wanted enlarging and modifying. Her old ideas were not sufficient for her. She felt the need of something deeper and wider. She often wished to talk to Wulfric about it, but a sort of shyness held her silent. She had grown more intimate with her brother since she had become his assistant and fellow worker, but there were some subjects that she still hesitated to broach.

But an evening came when a favourable chance seemed to present itself.

It was the day following the narrow escape that Clive Dumaresq had had of a serious accident—perhaps of death itself. He had called to ask after Wulfric, and had seen Barbara, who heard from his lips the story about which her brother had been quite silent.

The tale did not lose in effect by Clive's telling

of it, and all that day Barbara went about with a sense of deep thankfulness at her brother's narrow escape, and with an admiration of his coolness and bravery, that wrought her up to an enthusiasm about him which she knew she must not let him see.

She had, however, the unusual pleasure that day of having more of his company than usual, for he came home about six o'clock with a racking headache, due to the effects of the blow on his head, and was altogether so stiff and bruised that he was glad to lie down upon the sofa in his study, and let Barbara wait upon him with that quiet trained skill that she had lately learned.

Rest and quiet, and strong tea, soon produced a beneficial effect upon him. He enjoyed a couple of hours' sound sleep, and awoke to pronounce himself quite recovered, save from a little stiffness that a hot bath would remove.

Barbara, however, would not hear of his rising or attempting any work that night, and he submitted to her dictum, and indulged himself with a long rest, a thing he had not done for months, and she sat beside him and told of Clive's visit, and the story he had related, and asked for her brother's account of the adventure.

Wulfric's story was very slight; he had caught hold of a horse and stopped it, and got a bruise or two; but he had nothing to say of his own prowess. It might have been the most ordinary affair in the world from his account. Barbara felt all the prouder of him for his unconsciousness of any heroism; but she could not refrain from saying: "You must have known that you might have been killed."

"Well, we may all be killed every time we walk out or do anything. There is more or less of danger all round us; it is only a question of degree."

"And the degree there was imminent."

"I don't know. I am very strong, and there was another man close by, ready to lend a hand. I dare say, if the truth were known, he did as much as I; but I couldn't see really what happened."

"Mr. Dumaresq said nothing about anybody else. He only spoke of you."

"There was another fellow though—a friend of young Dumaresq's. He was certain to have lent a hand too. Any way, it's all right. I kept out of harm's way, and the less fuss you make about it the better."

Barbara knew what this hint meant.

"Wulf," she said, after a long pause, "does death seem to you a very dreadful thing?"

It was easier to ask this question in the twilight dimness of the room than it would have been at any other time. She could not see her brother's face clearly, only the outline of his tall figure as he lay upon the couch with his hands clasped behind his head.

"Do you wish for a personal answer to that question, Barbara? Do you want to know my own feelings about it?"

"Yes, Wulf."

There was a short silence, and then the young man answered quietly and composedly, "Personally, there is nothing dreadful to me in the idea of death."

"You mean you would not be afraid of it?"

"That is my meaning."

"But you have seen many people who are?"

"Undoubtedly. You know there are two causes for the fear of death, one much commoner than the other."

"What do you mean?"

"I am speaking of the natural physical shrinking from death and clinging to life, which we all share to a greater or less extent. In some cases it amounts almost to a horror of dying, yet in nearly every case in the actual approach and presence of death it passes entirely away. The sense of spiritual fear is a very different thing. We do not see it very often. Generally the senses are hardened or deadened at the last and physical exhaustion saps away all sense of mental terror; but from time to time it is there, and teaches us its own lesson."

Barbara was silent for a while, and then she said, "Wulf, I believe I should be afraid to die."

"Why?"

"I hardly know how to say it; I am not good enough; I am not ready."

"And how much goodness do you think you need to make you ready?"

Barbara was silent, twisting her hands together; she was uncertain how to make her meaning clear.

"You know what people say, Wulf, 'that they are not fit to die.' That is just what I feel."

"And how do you propose to make yourself fit?"

Barbara was silent.

"Wulf," she said, after a pause, "you are not afraid; why is it that you feel different from me?"

"Perhaps if I were relying on my own fitness and goodness or readiness I might feel as you do, Barbara."

She sat very still in the gathering darkness, and then asked softly, "What is it you trust in, Wulf?"

"Have you been reading your Bible, Barbara?"

"Yes, a little; a good deal sometimes; but I don't think I know how to find the places I want—I don't seem to learn what other people do."

"No? Then you must look again for the answer to your own question."

"Won't you tell me, Wulf?"

"What am I to tell you? I think you know it all as well as I—that there is One upon Whom has been laid the iniquity of us all; One Who has borne our griefs and carried our sorrows, by Whose stripes we are healed. He was good—fit and ready to die; but He does not expect it of us."

"But He expects something, Wulf?"

"Yes, our faithful and loving service. He expects that, and that we must give—all the rest may safely be left to Him."

Wulfric spoke very quietly and coolly, not in the least as if he were dealing with sacred subjects. There was no hesitation or shamefacedness in his manner, no bated breath or

slurring over the words he uttered. What he said he evidently spoke from settled conviction and was not ashamed to express. He never introduced such subjects into conversation, but when pressed by his sister, he gave her his opinions without hesitation.

"And it is all real to you, Wulf? Of course, I have heard it all again and again, but somehow it has never come home to me. Is it all real to you?"

"Yes, Barbara. I advise you to have done with all those shilly-shally ways of taking things on trust because you are afraid to doubt, yet are not prepared to investigate their truth and find out what you really do believe. Nothing good can ever come of that sort of thing. If you believe, believe with your whole understanding and mind and spirit: if you do not—at least, know yourself for a doubter, and do not hug yourself upon sharing a creed that is in reality nothing to you. Some day or other you will have to face the question seriously, and if you take the advice of one who, with a good deal of your nature and temperament, has gone through a struggle he would be glad to see you spared, the sooner this matter is settled one way or the other, the better. Half-hearted soldiers in the ranks are next door to traitors. There are some words in that Bible of which we were talking that would make the text for a sermon I often feel I should like to preach—'How long halt ye between two opinions? if the Lord be God, follow Him; but if Baal, then follow him.' Elijah in his time uttered many wise sayings; but I don't know that he ever said anything more strikingly practical and wise than that. The world would be all the better if we had a few more teachers now of his type, not afraid to face the question and drive it home upon the hearts of their hearers."

Wulfric had said his say and now lapsed into silence.

Barbara sat still for some time in deep thought, and then bid him good-night and went quietly away. He lay quietly where he was, revolving many things in his mind, and he must have fallen asleep unawares, for when he awoke the moon was waning and the chill of the early morning had stolen through the open window.

The sound that had aroused him was the opening of the front door, and as he rose and struck a light he saw that it was two hours past midnight. His limbs were cramped and stiff, and he felt desperately tired. He made his way to the door, expecting to meet Gerald on his way upstairs, for it was evidently he who was coming in so late.

But when he reached the hall, there was his brother leaning against the door, rather as if somebody had propped him up against it and he had remained where he was placed because he had not power to move. One glance was enough to tell Wulfric what was the matter—his brother was partially intoxicated.

Weary and unfit as he was for the exertion, there was nothing to be done but for him to get Gerald to bed as quickly and quietly as possible, and it was with a very heavy heart that Wulfric laid himself down at length for the few hours' rest that remained to him.

He began to feel that the burden he had taken upon himself was almost more heavy than he could well bear; and the question for which he could find no answer haunted him throughout the night.

"What was to be done about Gerald?"

HOSPITALS AND HOSPITAL WORK.

BY MRS. BREWER.

CHAPTER I.—MY FIRST PATIENT.

"The end and object of the medical art is health."

TO enter fully into the wide domain of Hospitals and Hospital Work would open up matter sufficient to fill volumes. This would be a giant work indeed, but it is one which already occupies the brains of giant thinkers.

Still, comprehensive though their studies may be, little holes and corners are sure to be passed over and afford gleanings for the searchers who follow after, and thus it is I am able to offer my contributions, few indeed, but collected with my own hands, and sufficient, may be, to test the quality of the general work.

It is the ambition of all civilized countries to have good hospitals established in their midst for the amelioration of pain and sickness among their people; and perhaps there is no feature of this nineteenth century which affords more unmixed pleasure and satisfaction than the rapid growth of these institutions, and the manner in which they perform their Christ-like work.

In our own country, the fifty years' reign of our dear Queen has seen the rise and fall of many a venture; but we dare to think that the increase of hospitals, the improvement in their working power, and the number of her subjects, men and women, who have devoted their lives to labour in them, will throw a bright lustre upon her reign when looked back upon by those of the next generation; nor will the deep interest Her Majesty and the Royal Family have always taken in the work be forgotten.

Originally, Hospitals were buildings erected and endowed for the relief and reception of the

poor, the aged and infirm, or they were places of shelter and entertainment for travellers and pilgrims. In early times one fourth of the Church's revenue was appropriated to the relief of the poor, and with some of this money several houses of charity were built and called Hospitals. Others were erected and endowed by private persons from motives of charity or piety, and these persons made it clear beyond doubt that sickness allied to poverty was to be an all sufficient qualification for entrance.

This probably is the reason why so strong a feeling exists against turning endowed hospitals such as Guy's, St. Thomas's, and St. Bartholomew's into paying hospitals, not because paying hospitals are not needed, but that it is clean contrary to the wishes of the founders.

Hospitals are of many kinds: some are general hospitals, in which all kinds of accidents and sickness are dealt with; while others are for the treatment of special diseases of mind and body; but of whatever class or kind they may be they are a wonderful power for good in the land, especially among the sick poor who seem to be ever on the increase.

The improvement too which has taken place in the system of nursing is not less to be welcomed than the increase of the hospitals themselves. Formerly the class of nurses employed, mostly old women, without any training, made the poor patients regard the hospitals as torture chambers. Alas! the picture of Sairah Gamp and Betsey Prig, so well portrayed in "Martin Chuzzlewit," was no fancy picture, but a description of things as they really were; while now the gentle, refined, well-trained women, who devote themselves to the work, so soothe the mind and body of the sick and suffering that they never cease to think of their compulsory rest in the hospital as of a pleasant temporary home. Their nurses they remember as friends with gratitude ever after, as testified by the little bunches of flowers, the loaf of home-made bread or roll of fresh butter which find their way to matrons, sisters, and nurses from old patients—gifts of the poor which are most touching.

Perhaps there is no work in the world so full of comfort to the doer, and so little open to harassing doubts as hospital work. In almost every other kind of labour undertaken for the relief of want and distress a certain amount of doubt as to method and results is mixed up with it; whether, for example, by indiscreet giving we may not be fostering pauperism, or by unsympathetic giving we may not be developing the evil rather than the good in the heart of the receiver. Not so in hospital work. There is a certain thing to be done at the moment, in obedience to wise directions and urgent necessities, work in which a clear head, a loving heart, and educated hand all find full occupation, and a result to be hoped for without any drawback.

Still, when you think of it, is it not something for a country to be proud of that this work, which demands the best years of useful lives, is always well supplied with workers? And surely it speaks highly for the courage of these women that they are neither appalled by the magnitude of the task nor daunted by the labour and risks which attend their ceaseless occupation among disease and suffering. It is a glorious work, and one which demands great skill and constant untiring vigilance; and, thank God! in every civilized country of the world there are such workers to be found fully ready to undertake it.

While one knows that all this is exactly as I have stated, there is yet another side to be regarded, namely, that the work is so arduous, often so offensive, that fifty per cent. of those who start as nurses break down under the burden, even in the first year.

We, who are mere visitors at the hospitals, seeing all things so neat, clean, and orderly, and the sisters looking so charming in their soft pretty dresses, and the wards decorated with fresh flowers, have little idea of the amount and character of the morning's work ere all is brought to such a condition of order and beauty.

I was very young when I gained my first experience of hospital work. It was in a celebrated hospital of a county town, and between that time and this year of 1887 I can scarcely find words to express the change that has come over the whole tone and manner of hospital work and hospital nurses. The repulsiveness of some of the old nurses was beyond description. Of course there were here and there good women, kind, motherly, gentle, but these were rare exceptions.

It was not the fashion then for gentlewomen to put themselves under training for hospital work, and it would have required more courage than I then possessed to have proposed myself for such a post. I was only a girl, without any knowledge of nursing, except what I had gained in my own home, which, alas! was very extensive. I was in sorrow, and wanted to spend some of my time in ministering to the sick and suffering, if only for an hour or two in the course of the twenty-four.

This I was permitted to do through the kindness of the physician and house surgeon, who, as a preliminary step, took me with them through the wards. They had an idea that what I should see would take away my courage, but they were mistaken.

My first sensations on entering the abode of suffering I well remember. The feeling of wonder at the composure of the porter—the apparent indifference of the young medical students. My introduction to the dispensing laboratory, familiarly termed the shop, I pass over, together with the arrangement of the wards, the nature of the cases, or the remarks they elicited, till we came to Ward No. 4.

Before entering I was informed that it was the apartment to which male patients were carried after serious operations, and, as I entered, I saw at once that it was neater and better supplied with appliances for ease and comfort than any I had as yet passed through.

I should like to tell you what I saw, for the picture has never left my mind. I have never mentioned my experience in this hospital; and if I do so now it is more to show the kind of

nurses and matrons who occupied these posts nearly forty years ago than to speak of myself.

The first object I encountered in Ward 4 at once riveted my attention and exercised over me a kind of fascination, so that look which way I would it was always before me. This object was a strange, wild-looking being at the corner of the ward nearly opposite the door. He was leaning upon his elbow, reading with gesticulation out of a well-thumbed discoloured hymn book. By his side lay a few religious tracts, and a well-worn Bible, with several strips of yarn, and here and there a piece of coarse paper put between the leaves to direct him to some favourite passages.

He held his hymn book much in the style of a man about to deliver from it a verse or text for public exhortation; his thumb was placed between the open pages and his fingers supported it at the back.

It was impossible not to notice his hand. It was more like the claw of a famished bird than a human hand, so hard, so thin, so yellow, so horny was it.

The man was a weaver, and had evidently been a great sufferer in the sudden and extreme distress which had of late fallen upon his trade. Three days previously he had undergone amputation for white swelling of the knee. He was a poor emaciated creature, with eyes wild and glistening like those of a wild beast; his lank, grizzled hair fell straight down his cheeks, which were so lean and hollow that between them and the hair you could have put a couple of fingers.

As I stood gazing at him, he lifted up his eyes from the book, and with a peculiar twang he said, or rather chanted:

> "To regal honours raised our heads
> And made us priests to God."

Shutting the book with both hands and pressing them on its cover he looked up into my eyes with an expression that I was too inexperienced to interpret. There was something of pride or triumph in his face, a something which was so at variance with the forlorn condition of his starved and mutilated frame, that it struck me with awe; the desire to smile or to pity seemed to have been stepped over and left far behind.

His condition was evidently unsatisfactory, and from some expression on the face of the house surgeon, the weaver gathered as much, for he said as we were leaving his bed, "I know what you see, sir, and you are right; my web is wove, my thread is spun," and touching his hymn book, he added in an emphatic whisper, "The combat's o'er, the prize is won."

"Don't alarm yourself, my good fellow, many's the web you'll weave yet," was the doctor's answer, as he turned to quit the ward.

I lingered a moment to see what effect these words would have upon the weaver, and was not altogether surprised to see a scornful smile playing about his mouth, but catching my glance, he calmly resumed his book.

The remembrance of this man haunted me, and I wanted so much to help and comfort him, though in what way I could do so I did not know. I did not like the look of the nurses in this ward. They were fat, heavy, sleepy, self-indulgent looking women, and I asked if I might take an hour or two of the night watch. Having gained permission, I returned to the hospital about ten o'clock, and was waiting for the doctor to take me to the ward, when we heard the hurried footfall of a nurse pattering along the corridor—she entered out of breath, as much from fright as haste, I thought.

"How now, nurse?" said the doctor.

"If you please, sir, would you come to the crippled weaver, he's bin a wanderin' off and on all day enough to scare a body, but he's a goin' now, sir, he's quite insensible."

"I will go with you instantly," was the rejoinder.

"Could you, sir, just give me a drop o' the tincter of rhubub and a little sperrit in it to comfort me, for I am that faint and frightened I'm ready to sink, I am?" This was evidently no unusual request from these women, at all events hers was complied with.

We all three went to the ward, where we found the man sitting up and singing in a sing-song tone a hymn of which I caught two lines only:

> "This heavenly calm within the breast
> Is the dear pledge of glorious rest."

The old nurse was evidently afraid of the poor man, strange as it may appear; and certainly she was superstitiously alarmed at the sudden improvement.

After a very short interval he sank back into a state of torpor. I gave him, by the doctor's orders, a few drops of wine, and, as he swallowed them with effort, he exclaimed feebly, "Warmth for a cold heart."

"Ah!" whispered nurse in my ear, "though he is light o' the head he knows what does him good."

And as I gave yet more drops of the wine he added: "Thy love is better than wine."

"Poor man!" said nurse again, "his head's a-wandering after his wife as has been dead nigh two years."

He was evidently coming to himself, and after a few moments sat bolt upright. He took up the book, but I am sure he did not read, although he repeated:

> "Come to thy throne, the Monarch cries;
> I hear, and pleased obey."

As the poor weaver caught sight of the doctor, he looked upon him distressfully, and turning away his glassy eyes he said with a mournfulness most touching:

> "My Saviour doth not yet appear,
> He hides the brightness of His face."

He seemed to find expression for his every thought in snatches of hymns. I heard a clergyman say once that hymns are portable religion, and I could not help thinking it was true, as I listened to this poor dying man.

The doctor felt the pulse, and, giving me some few directions, left the ward.

The position was solemnising and sufficiently sombre to sober any one. Yet was I glad to have been trusted, and specially glad that that rough uneducated woman who sat snoring a short distance off should not wait upon him.

It was very distressing to witness the expression on the weaver's face for some time. To all appearance he was unconscious, and I did not expect to hear him speak articulately again. In less than an hour, however, he turned his face towards the side of the bed at which I was sitting and looked at me with those large, glaring eyes, though I do not think he saw me and in broken but quite audible tones, he repeated :—

"Although the vine its fruit deny,
Although the olive yield no oil,
The withering fig-tree droop and die,
The field elude the tiller's toil . . .
Yet will I triumph in the Lord,
The God of my salvation praise."

After the expression of this holy confidence he seemed to lay perfectly unconscious until the early dawn, when he said faintly and with intense sadness, "'Tis dark, I shall not see Him."

And so ended my watch and first hospital experience, and I could not help saying as I looked at him, "Surely there are first that shall be last, and last that shall be first."

MUNKACSY'S "MILTON."

MICHAEL MUNKACSY is a native of Hungary. His pictures must be regarded with keener sympathy wherever the circumstances of his life are known. When scarcely four years old he lost his father, who had taken part in the Hungarian Revolution of 1848, and died in prison; his mother had not long outlived his birth. An aunt took the boy into her care, but one evening robbers entered the house, killed her and carried off everything of value; the child being left alone with the corpse in the house. Then his uncle, a lawyer, who had been ruined by the revolution, came to his rescue, but being too poor to give him a proper education, apprenticed him to a joiner. In due time the lad set up as independent journeyman, and began to employ all his spare time in the pursuit of knowledge. A violent fever unfitted him for work. His uncle, who was now in better circumstances, took him to his house in Gyula; and while recruiting there, Munkacsy met an artist who had come on a visit to paint portraits. He had always had a strong poetical feeling, and admiration for beauty and truth; but now a new world opened to him. He implored to be allowed to take lessons in painting, and followed his new art with such success that he was at last allowed to devote himself wholly to it. While pursuing his studies, he painted occasionally small pictures which he sold at low prices. His subjects he took from the peasant classes. He visited Pesth, Vienna, and Munich. In 1870 he exhibited in the Paris Salon a picture on which he had bestowed much pains—"The Last Day of a Condemned." It was the first that attracted attention to his name.[1] Other paintings followed. It was the picture of "Milton Dictating 'Paradise Lost' to his Daughters," exhibited at the Paris Exhibition of 1878, which proved the first step on the way to European fame. The picture has thus an interest of its own apart from its subject. He afterwards essayed a loftier range in his painting of "Christ before Pilate," and again in his well-known work of "Calvary," both of which drew sympathetic crowds to see them. In his painting of "The Last Moments of Mozart," the last exhibited, he has returned to earlier themes, and brings us once more into the company of Genius under the eclipsing clouds that so often attend upon it.

The Milton picture with which we are now concerned, represents rather a tradition than a fact. It has a grace and tenderness which did not belong to the poet's home. But it presents an attractive ideal of the kind dear to English hearts; and if not precisely an historical example, still pleasantly illustrates those harmonies of affection in which youth lends to age and helplessness a ready service, and every member of the household brings some element of sympathy to help build up its happy life.

Though the "Paradise Lost" was the production of Milton's later years, it was the fruit of purposes cherished in early manhood. The story of its inception is a familiar passage in English literature, but it is one full of instruction to every generation. No small part of the excellence of the poem is due to the noble purpose of the life by which it was informed. "He who would aspire to write well hereafter," Milton once wrote, "ought himself to be a true poem —that is, a composition and a pattern of the best and honourablest things—not presuming to sing high praises of high men and famous cities, unless he have in himself the experience and the practice of all that is praiseworthy." It may be that Milton's self-discipline would not have sufficed to enable him to realise this high ideal, and that the blindness that fell upon him was necessary to fit him fully for his task. We hear him say—

"So much the rather thou, Celestial Light,
Shine inward, and the mind through all her powers
Irradiate."

But the harshest critic of the blind Titan's

[1] See sketch issued by Mawson, Swan and Morgan, Newcastle-upon-Tyne.

MILTON DICTATING "PARADISE LOST" TO HIS DAUGHTERS. [*Michael Munkacsy.*

infirmities and mistakes cannot deny a certain harmony between the nobleness of the poem and the temper of his life.

The subjects to which he was naturally drawn are indicated in other sentences from one of his controversial works: "These abilities," he says, that is, these poetic powers, "are the inspired gift of God, rarely bestowed, yet to serve in every nation, and are of power, beside the office of a pulpit, to imbreed and cherish in a great people the seeds of virtue and public civility; to allay the perturbations of the mind, and set the affections in right tune; to celebrate in glorious and lofty hymns the throne and equipage of God's almightiness, and what He works, and what He suffers to be wrought, with high Providence in His church; to sing victorious agonies of martyrs and saints, the deeds and triumphs of just and pious nations, doing valiantly through faith, against the enemies of Christ; to deplore the general relapses of kingdoms and states from justice and God's true worship; lastly, whatsoever in religion is holy and sublime, in virtue amiable or grave—whatsoever hath passion or admiration in all the changes of that which is called fortune from without, or the wily subtleties, or refluxes of man's thought from within—all these things, with a solid and treatable smoothness, to paint out and describe; teaching over the whole book of sanctity and virtue, through all the instances of example, with such delight to those especially of soft and delicious temper, who will not so much as look upon Truth herself unless they see her elegantly dressed—that, whereas the paths of honesty and good life now appear rugged and difficult, though they be indeed easy and pleasant, they will then appear to all men both easy and pleasant, though they were rugged and difficult indeed." Such was his glowing conception of the sphere of poetry—a sphere, however, which none but the Hebrew prophets have ever truly filled, and remote from the more mundane aims of even the greatest writers.

This was his view when he wrote in 1641, "The Reason of Church Government." It is there also that he speaks of the hope of even earlier years that he "might perhaps leave something so written to after times, as they would not willingly let it die." And in another passage he pledges himself that the design, though postponed, shall not be abandoned: "Neither do I think it shame to covenant with any knowing reader, that for some few years yet I may go on trust with him towards the payment of that I am now indebted, as being a work not to be raised from the heat of youth or the vapours of wine, like that which flows at waste from the pen of some vulgar amorist, or the trencher fury of a riming parasite, nor to be obtained by the invocation of Dame Memory and her siren daughters, but by devout prayer to that Eternal Spirit who can enrich with all utterance and knowledge, and send out His Seraphim with the hallowed fire of His altar to touch and purify the lips of whom He pleases. To this must be added industrious and select reading, steady observation, insight into all seemly and generous arts and affairs, till which in some measure be compassed, at mine own peril and cost I refuse not to sustain this expectation from as many as are not loth to hazard so much credulity upon the best pledges that I can give them."

Seventeen years elapsed before the work thus foreshadowed began to assume form; but never was more fitting prelude penned to any undertaking. Troubles, personal and public, were yet to temper his experience, but they did not shake his purpose.

There is a list in Milton's own handwriting, made about this time and still remaining, in which he has set down one hundred subjects capable of treatment. "Paradise Lost" is the first. The Arthurian story is another, and it is curious to speculate how different the form its legends might have assumed under his genius to the now familiar "Idylls" of the Poet Laureate, —more sombre and majestic possibly, but it may be more remote from human sympathies.

The greater interest of "Paradise Lost" is evidenced in the fact that four drafts remain of that subject as it then presented itself to him. They are all brief and all point to a drama. The first consists only of *dramatis personæ*, as follows:—

> "*The Persons:* Michael; Heavenly Love; Chorus of Angels; Lucifer; Adam, Eve, with the Serpent; Conscience; Death; Labour, Sickness, Discontent, Ignorance, with others, Mutes; Faith, Hope, Charity."

There is in the other drafts a clear suggestion of the plot finally adopted. It is interesting also to note that those famous lines (ten of them) in which Satan addresses the sun (Paradise Lost, Book iv.)—

> "Oh thou that, with surpassing glory crowned,
> Look'st from thy sole dominion like the God
> Of this new world,"—

were written within a short time of the passages just quoted on the vocation of a poet. They link the troubled years in one great purpose.

It therefore appears that the "Paradise Lost," though composed after Milton was fifty, was planned when he was thirty-two; and it has been said, "the opposite virtues of two distinct periods of mental development were thus combined to produce it; the daring imagination and fresh emotional play of early manhood, with the exercised judgment and chastened taste of ripened years."[1] It was commenced when Milton was still in official attendance on Cromwell as his Latin Secretary. When the Restoration of 1660 compelled him to hide, he was already in continuous work upon it. Five or six years were occupied in the composition and revision of the poem. The places in which he lived during this period have been traced by his assiduous biographer, Dr. David Masson, who has left no detail of the poet's life without investigation. They were, "first, Petty France (now York Street) Westminster, till within a few weeks of the Restoration; then, a house in Holborn, near Red Lion Fields, whither he removed as soon as

[1] Men of Letters—Milton. By Mark Pattison. (Longmans.)

it was safe for him to do so; and, finally from 1661 onwards, in Jewin Street, close to that part of Aldersgate Street where he had had his house some eighteen or nineteen years before, when 'Paradise Lost' first occurred to his thoughts." It is probable, however, that though Milton may have had the poem in some sense complete before he left Jewin Street, the revision was undertaken after he had removed to the house in Artillery Walk, Bunhill Fields, which was the last of his many London residences, and the place where he died. During the Great Plague, he took refuge in a cottage at Chalfont, St. Giles, in Buckinghamshire, and we find him while there showing the finished manuscript to Ellwood, the young Quaker who used to read Latin to him in London, asking him to take it home, read it at leisure, and then give his judgment upon it. The poem was not published till 1667, when Milton was in the fifty-ninth year of his age, and in the fifteenth or sixteenth of his total blindness.[1]

The circumstances under which he lost his sight are an illustration of the patriotic spirit too rare, which places public duty before personal considerations. Charles II., who was then residing at the Hague, had commissioned Salmasius, a professor at the neighbouring university of Leyden, reputed the first scholar in Europe, to prepare a defence of the royal cause. The *Defensio Regia pro Carolo I.* which he produced was an attack on the Commonwealth which attracted universal attention. The Council of State requested Milton to reply. He had already lost one eye, and was warned by his physician that if he attempted this task, he must lose the other, but he sat down to it. And he achieved it—*Pro Populo Anglicano Defensio*—though the result was this total blindness.

The controversy was one which did not reflect great honour on either side; fierce and cumbrous personalities obscured the real issues. Milton himself was at fault in his weapons, but his devotion to what he deemed his country's cause was beyond question. This milder age—measuring the man by the poems afterwards written—can scarcely read without a shudder the brutal words with which his enemies assailed him. They boasted now that his affliction was a retribution for the transgressions of his pen. There is a passage in the preface to his "Second Defence of the People of England," in which he tells us that he would not have listened to the physician, not if Esculapius himself had spoken from his sanctuary; that so far from being depressed by the sense of the divine displeasure, he realises solace and strength from above in doing the will of God. Then, turning on his antagonist—falsely assumed to be one Morus—with true Miltonic dignity, he says: "But, if the choice were necessary, sir, I would prefer my blindness to yours. Yours is a cloud spread over the mind, which darkens both the light of reason and of conscience; mine keeps from my view only the coloured surfaces of things, while it leaves me at liberty to contemplate the beauty and stability of virtue and of truth . . . There is, as the Apostle has remarked, a way to strength through weakness. Let me then be the most feeble creature alive, as long as that feebleness serves to invigorate the energies of my rational and immortal spirit—as long as, in that obscurity in which I am enveloped, the light of the divine presence more clearly shines—then, in proportion as I am weak, I shall be invincibly strong; and in proportion as I am blind, I shall more clearly see. Oh that I may thus be perfected by feebleness, and irradiated by obscurity!" Beautiful is the thought which gleams in another clause, that blindness may be but "the overshadowing of heavenly wings." It is lamentable that words like these should be lost in the harsh discords of a hateful controversy.

Nowhere in the world's literature has blindness been pictured with such pathetic power as by Milton in that Invocation to Holy Light ("Paradise Lost," Book iii.), from which we have already quoted.

> "Thus with the year
> Seasons return; but not to me returns
> Day, or the sweet approach of even or morn,
> Or sight of vernal bloom, or summer's rose,
> Or flocks, or herds, or human face divine;
> But cloud instead and ever-during dark
> Surrounds me, from the cheerful ways of men
> Cut off, and, for the book of knowledge fair,
> Presented with a universal blank
> Of Nature's works, to me expunged and rased,
> And wisdom at one entrance quite shut out."

Gray ranks Milton with Shakespeare in his Ode on "The Progress of Poesy," but by the side of this Invocation, his glowing fancy is a tame conceit:

> "Nor second he, that rode sublime
> Upon the seraph-wings of Ecstasy
> The secrets of the abyss to spy.
> He pass'd the flaming bounds of Place and Time;
> The living Throne, the sapphire-blaze,
> Where angels tremble while they gaze,
> He saw; but blasted with excess of light
> Closed his eyes in endless Night."

And yet it is true that there was an intimate connection between the poem and the blindness. Certainly there are few more conspicuous instances of a great calamity being overruled to richer fruitfulness of mind and life.

During the years occupied in the composition of "Paradise Lost," Milton was a widower. Three daughters were left him from his first marriage, the rash alliance with Mary Powell which brought so much unhappiness. At the time when the poem was begun, as Professor Masson points out, "the eldest daughter Anne was but twelve years of age; the second, Mary, but ten; and the youngest, Deborah, but six; and as when the poem was finished their ages were about eighteen, sixteen, and twelve, respectively, their services as readers during its composition could have been but partial." Moreover the eldest could not write, and she had an impediment in her speech. As they grew older the other two might have become as right and left hand to him, but they appear to have had no sympathy in his

[1] A facsimile of this first edition of much interest has been published by Mr. Elliot Stock.

pursuits, and no great affection for one who lived in a world so remote from theirs—no such reverence, alas, as Munkacsy suggests. These girls, it should be remembered, like their father, "had fallen on evil times." It should be borne in mind, also, that there were other formidable works beside the "Paradise Lost" in progress, and presently other poems to be dictated. He trained them to read aloud in five or six languages, of which they understood not a word; and though at length they rebelled against so uninteresting an occupation, the fact that they did so is proof that to some extent he depended on their help. But there were grave disagreements in the home, and grave complaints, ending after the lapse of years in the daughters being sent out to learn embroidery in gold or silver, as a means of obtaining their livelihood. Milton's second wife, to whom he was wedded in 1656, had survived her marriage little more than a year. He married once more about the time when he was finishing the first draft of the great poem. Professor Masson's conclusion, from a survey of all the facts, is that Milton "dictated the poem in small portions at a time, chiefly within doors, and more in winter than in summer, to any one that chanced to be about him. Sometimes it may have been one of his daughters; sometimes, latterly, when the poem was nearly complete, it may have been his third wife; frequently it may have been one of the friends or youths who statedly read to him." We fear, therefore, that the pleasant ideal of the Hungarian painter has but a slender basis in actual fact.

Some glimpses of the poet's methods of composition are afforded by contemporaries. In early years he had known the inspiration that comes with the spring, when the pulse of life beats quicker; but when engaged in "Paradise Lost," he told a friend that "his vein never flowed happily but from the autumnal equinox to the vernal." Sometimes he would compose or prune his verses in the garden, where he would walk for three or four hours at a time. Night was a favourite time for meditation. His verse came then in swift and marshalled numbers; yet at other times he would lie awake the whole night without achieving a single line. What he composed in these silent hours he dictated in the day, "sitting obliquely in an elbow chair, with his leg thrown over the arm."

His mode of life after he became blind has been minutely described. In summer he rose at four, in winter at five; and began the day with having the Hebrew Scriptures read to him. "Then he contemplated." The morning was given to studies, with the aid of reader or amanuensis. Afterwards he took exercise, "either walking in the garden or swinging in a machine." His only recreation, besides conversation, was music. Then he went up to his study to be read to till six. After that his friends visited him, and at nine he retired to rest.

The house in Bunhill Row where he lived for nearly twelve years, and where he died, has disappeared. It was at the door of this house, sitting in the sun, looking out upon the Artillery-ground, that he would receive visitors—as Mr. Boughton has pictured him in the painting he exhibited at the Royal Academy. One admirer tells how he found him there, sitting "before his door in a grey coat of coarse cloth, in warm, sultry weather, to enjoy the fresh air." Thither doubtless came Andrew Marvell and Cyriac Skinner, and the young Ellwood, and those foreigners unknown to English fame who sought him out; but it is a remarkable fact that both circumstances and sympathies separated him from many of the greater minds of that age. How different, for example, the circle of his friendships from that of Samuel Johnson, who a century later filled the place of honour as "man of letters" in London. There is pathos as well as nobility in Wordsworth's line—

"His soul was like a star, and dwelt apart."

It is, indeed, a pathetic picture of old age which the "ancient clergyman of Dorsetshire" paints, who describes John Milton as he found him—"in a small chamber (of this same house), hung with rusty green, sitting in an elbow chair, and dressed neatly in black, pale, but not cadaverous, his hands and fingers gouty and with chalk-stones."

The "Paradise Lost" is not only one of the beacon-marks of English genius, it is a monument of human faculty as put forth in adversity. Milton himself did not forget Blind Homer:—

"Those other two equalled with me in fate,
So were I equalled with them in renown,
Blind Thamyris, and blind Mæonides,
And Tiresias and Phineus, prophets old."

Every such achievement teaches courage and endurance to lesser men. The "Paradise Regained," and "Samson Agonistes" were also products of these darkened years. Nor must we overlook the Sonnet on his Blindness, which points the moral with immortal words:—

"God doth not need
Either man's work or his own gifts. Who best
Bear his mild yoke, they serve him best. His state
Is kingly: thousands at his bidding speed,
And post o'er land and ocean without rest;
They also serve who only stand and wait."

"My Bonnie Mother."

I STOOD before my shabby looking-glass
Brushing my hair—'twas growing thin and grey—
When in there bounced my rosy little lass—
"My bonnie mother!" Loyal lips were they
And truthful, though the words were most untrue;
For not a single beauty-curve or line
Is mine, alas! But Love, Heaven's artist, drew
My portrait, and his colours made it shine.

Then thought I—Oh, how often of my neighbours
Do I speak harshly!—"This one is unjust,
And that one crafty: this one only labours
For selfish ends, that one no man can trust."

If I could only look through Love's warm eyes,
All might be fair and dear; and I—*not quite so wise.*

M. B.

By permission, from the Picture exhibited in the Royal Academy.]

MILTON VISITED BY HIS FRIENDS.

[G. H. Boughton, A.R.A.

BIBLE NOTES AND QUERIES.

DIFFICULT OR MISUNDERSTOOD TEXTS.

The Hours of the Day, as reckoned in St. John's Gospel.

Question (page 63).—"It was about the tenth hour." *John* i. 39. How are the hours computed in St. John's Gospel? See iv. 6; xix. 14.

THE question on this subject derives its importance from a seeming discrepancy between the Fourth Gospel and the rest, in the narrative of our Lord's trial and condemnation before Pilate (ch. xix. 13). After conference with Jesus, we read, Pilate "sat down in the judgment-seat; and it was the preparation of the passover, and about the sixth hour." But in the Synoptic Gospels we find that, at "the sixth hour" of the same day Jesus was hanging on the cross (Matt. xxvii. 45; Mark xv. 33; Luke xxiii. 44). There can be no doubt that in the three last-mentioned passages the sixth hour was the hour of noon, particular attention being drawn to it on account of the miraculous darkness. From St. Mark, again, we learn that the time of the actual crucifixion was "the third hour" (xv. 25). At noon, therefore, our Lord had been three hours upon the cross.

Various suppositions have been offered with a view to relieve the difficulty. The readiest, and at the same time the boldest, is to suppose that "sixth" in St. John is a transcriber's mistake. It can hardly be for "third," as some ancient writers suggest, as some time must have elapsed between Pilate's ascending the judgment-seat and the nailing of Jesus to the cross. But no other various reading has ever been proposed; and the immense and decisive preponderance of evidence is for "sixth."

An ingenious solution has been offered by Professor J. H. Godwin, in the 'Contemporary Review,' vol. xix. p. 374. From the phrase "about[1] the sixth hour," which might also be rendered "*as it were* the sixth hour," the Professor remarks that the note of time is not absolute, but simply marks the termination of the court's sitting. In general the courts sat from the third hour (9 A.M.) until noon, and "the sixth hour" thus became a technical phrase to denote the conclusion of proceedings. On this particular day—"the Preparation of the Passover"—the proceedings were hastened, the court sitting three hours earlier than usual; the dawn had been taken as the third hour, and therefore the third hour was as the sixth. This is ingenious, but supposes both a usage of the courts and a form of speech of which there is elsewhere no evidence. Certainly no reader of St. John alone could possibly have supposed that "sixth" was an enigmatic expression for "third." Even then, as we have shown, the third would not meet the conditions of the case.

[1] The Greek is ὡς or ὡσεί; according to the reading adopted.

We fall back, then, on an old explanation, which has been indeed discredited by many recent critics, but which, we are glad to see, has now the high authority of Dr. Westcott in its favour, that St. John adopted a different computation of time from that of the other evangelists. In the Synoptics, we all know, the hours were reckoned from sunrise to sunset; but the Romans reckoned their civil day as we do, from midnight to noon and from noon to midnight. If St. John at Ephesus followed this method, all is clear. The sixth hour, then, when Pilate "sat down in the judgment-seat," was the sixth after midnight, or the hour of sunrise. The enemies of Jesus had occupied the whole of the previous night in their eager proceedings before Annas, Caiaphas, and Pilate. "It was early" (John xviii. 28)—in fact, (as we say), "the small hours of the night," when the Roman governor first went out to parley with them. Then "he entered into the judgment-hall again," and examined Jesus in the absence of the Jews, who had not yet eaten the passover.[1] Again he went out to the Jews for a second ineffectual conference. Returning, almost desperate in his bewilderment, with the popular mandate to release Barabbas, he ordered Jesus to be scourged, and gave Him up to the insults of the soldiers. Then again he went out to the Jews, leading forth Jesus, and uttering his pathetic and memorable *Ecce Homo*. Another scene followed, of miserable indecision on the judge's part, of sublime endurance on that of the Son of Man. Meantime the dawn was breaking over Jerusalem; and, as the sun rose, Pilate ended all by ascending the tribunal, and, after yet another fruitless appeal to the multitude, pronouncing sentence and delivering Jesus to their will. Three hours after Pilate had finally taken his seat as judge, the preparations for the sacrifice were complete, and Jesus was crucified.

This brief outline of events harmonises all four evangelists, and without any hypothesis of corrupt text or abnormal mode of expression, requires only the supposition that with St. John, as with the Romans and with ourselves, the sixth hour was the hour of sunrise—at that period of the year about six o'clock in the morning.

But what of the other passages in which notes of time are given in the Fourth Gospel? These are three in all, and the explanation we have given will be seen to suit them well.

1. The two disciples (Andrew, and probably John), pointed by John the Baptist to the "Lamb of God," followed Him with eager interest, and received from Him a welcome to His abode. It is added, they "abode with Him that day; it was about the tenth hour" (i. 39).

[1] This clause may be thought to require explanation. At present we are content to refer again to xviii. 28. However this may be understood, the main point here is unaffected.

The passage seems at least to indicate a day spent with Jesus, rather than an hour or two in the evening. True, the margin of the Authorised Version says, "this was two hours before night"; but this of course is not decisive. Ten hours after midnight, or, as we should say, 10 A.M., would, to say the least, suit the narrative quite as well.

2. Jesus being wearied with His journey from Judæa into Samaria "sat thus on the well: it was about the sixth hour" (iv. 6). This has generally been supposed without question to have been the hour of noon.[1] But quite apart from our preceding remarks, it will be seen, we think, that another explanation is more reasonable. "His disciples were gone away into the city to buy food"—which they were certainly more likely to do at the end of the day's journey than at midday. And more especially; "there cometh a woman of Samaria to draw water," pre-eminently the housewife's evening task (see Genesis xxiv. 11). With some confidence, then, we interpret the sixth hour here again as meaning six o'clock—only in this case 6 P.M. as in the other it was 6 A.M. The time of sunset and that of sunrise are in fact expressed in St. John by the same phrase.

3. The third instance is that of the nobleman of Capernaum. He appealed to Jesus, who was then at Cana, "at the seventh hour;" and at the same hour, as he was told on the morrow, his son was cured. Was this hour 1 P.M., according to the ordinary view, or 7 P.M., as we would suggest? Assuredly the latter would best suit some of the conditions of the case. For Jesus was barely twenty miles from the nobleman's house; the man was anxious and distressed: had the interview with Christ taken place but an hour after noon there would have been ample time for the father to return before evening. It is almost inconceivable that he should have waited until the next day. Alford, who adopts the ordinary view, confesses that the nobleman was "leisurely." Archdeacon Farrar sees in his remaining till the morrow "the calmness of faith." We submit that at any rate it is more natural to suppose that the father returned as soon as he could, it having been already an hour after sunset when he met with Jesus at Cana, so that he had to wait until the next morning before starting for Capernaum.

The conclusions here maintained are supported not only by Canon Westcott ('Speaker's Commentary,' St. John, p. 282), but by Meyer, Wieseler, and Tischendorf. Among older writers they are held by Le Clerc and Townson. Mr. Mc Lellan, in his elaborate work 'On the Four Gospels' shows with great success, as against Archdeacon Farrar and others, that the computation of time from midnight and noon was according to Roman usage, and was moreover known in Asia Minor.

[1] So Keble, 'Christian Year':

"Thou, who didst sit on Jacob's well
The languid hour of noon."

THE SWEDISH KING'S PAGE.

CHAPTER II.

THINGS came to a crisis in the town of Derpt before either Sigismund or Gustavus had expected. News came that an army from the Danube was advancing to the help of the Poles. Gustavus knew that he must strike his blow at once; the enemy was already nearly double his strength: the coming reinforcements would render an attack hopeless.

So again the generals met in the old house which the Baron Goertz had relinquished with so ill a grace: again maps and plans were spread, and the details of the advance planned out.

"If only we were sure of forcing the western bridge," said the king earnestly. "But they will be as anxious to keep it as we are to gain it. De la Gardie, is it worth the price which we must pay?"

"Sire, it is the key of the position."

"Then, if my Swedes can do it, it will be ours," Gustavus said.

The next day's sun had scarcely broken the mists of the dawning when the sombre wreaths of cannon-smoke rose in thick clouds into the air. The hoarse voice of the demon of war echoed around and throughout Derpt; that terrible voice which once heard is never to be forgotten.

Karl and his brothers had watched the troops getting under arms; they had run up to the old chateau to see the officers of the staff mount their chargers. And there, first and foremost in the gay glittering crowd, they saw the king.

Martin recognised him at once. His face flushed scarlet as he seized his brother's arm.

"Alexis! look, the man we talked to! See, it is the king!"

Yes, it was the king, and, as he rode by, followed by his generals in their brave array, he, too, recognised the lads.

"Aha!" he called out to them, "you will help the cause of liberty one day, will you not?"

The boys stood as if spell-bound, as the train swept by.

"Oh, Karl," sighed Alexis, "how can we help? I wish we were ten years older!" and the lad struck his empty hands together with a gesture of eagerness. The gallant sight had set his young blood tingling in his veins.

But sights of horror unutterable succeeded this brief show. As the day wore on, the battle had grown fierce in the fields down there by the Dana river. Presently they began to bring the wounded back into the town.

Everybody did what they could. Even little Ernst could help the women carry cups of cold water to the lips parched with the fever-thirst of pain.

Alexis was silent now. He was thinking about King Gustavus.

Presently a youth on a powerful horse dashed up the road. A sword-cut on his arm was bleeding profusely.

"Bind this up for me!" The words came in breathless gasps. Alexis sprang forward to render what help he could.

"Quick! anything will do!" cried Torstenson, for it was he. "I shall have worse wounds than this before the day is done. We are going to force the west bridge."

He spoke under strong excitement, hurriedly attempting to knot the bandage with his teeth. Alexis tore a handkerchief across to serve as a sling for the injured arm. He stopped in his task and looked eagerly at Torstenson.

"Why the west bridge? Cross the river here: why not? The drought has lowered the water so that Karl and I waded across only yesterday; down there, below our garden wall."

"You waded? You are sure?"

"I am sure."

The page looked keenly at him.

"I will trust you!" he said. "You shall show us this fording-place."

He spurred on to De la Gardie who was holding his cavalry in reserve behind the hill. "I bring orders," he said.

The order he gave was to advance instantly: not on the bridge, but to cross the river at the shallows and throw the cavalry immediately on Sigismund's right. "We gain miles of distance, and the place is wholly undefended," added Torstenson.

Little did De la Gardie imagine as he dashed with his men into the Duna water that the ford had been pointed out by the small lad who rode behind the king's page, that Gustavus himself knew nothing of the possibility of crossing the river here; that young Torstenson had taken on his own shoulders the responsibility of the whole change of plan. It was well he did not guess it: it was well that he obeyed unquestioningly.

There was not a moment to be lost.

The Swedes were losing heavily. The king himself had led the royal guard to the front. Sigismund with his superior numbers was pressing on them fiercely.

De la Gardie's fresh troops, dripping with the water that had reached their saddle girths, swept up the bank like a whirlwind, swept up through the gory corn-fields, and over the low range of hills straight to the succour of their king.

And far out to the westward Sigismund's veterans were guarding the bridge, the further bridge—whereby not one single Swede sought to cross the river that day.

That cavalry charge decided the fate of the battle. The Imperial army, beaten and disheartened, fell back. The "Cause" was yet again successful.

Late that night Gustavus sat down to the hard fare that he shared with his soldiers. Torstenson, though wounded, and weary almost to the death, stood as his duty was behind his chair.

Suddenly the king turned.

"Leonard!" he cried, "who gave orders to the dragoons to ford the river?"

"I did, sire." His pale cheek could grow no paler, but his voice sank and quavered in the access of his fear. "The bridge would have been a hard struggle: the shallows were undefended, unsuspected, and so—and so I ventured."

He tottered as he stood, and reached blindly out as if for support.

Gustavus sprang to his feet: with his own hands he seated him at the table and brought him food and wine.

"You saved the army," he said. "You have saved the Cause. I am not sure about the strict discipline. But how came you to know of the shallows?"

Then Torstenson told how Alexis had guided him; Alexis, the boy to whom the king had spoken on the hill-slopes beyond the chateau grounds.

"I know! I know!" Gustavus cried. "A bold, fine lad, he and his brother. Bring them here that they may see that the Swedes can be grateful."

The fire of heaped pine-boughs cast strong red lights across the great hall as the Baron Goertz walked slowly up the floor. He had chosen to come himself with his sons in obedience to the king's message. He doffed his cap and bowed low, but his heart was full of bitterness. It was the first time he had entered his own house for weeks.

Behind him came the boys. Karl with the shadow of his father's gloom on his brow; Alexis all quivering with excitement: Martin quiet and calm as ever, and baby Ernst bringing up the rear.

Gustavus beckoned to Alexis. "Come hither," he said, "you have done us good service to-day."

Then he looked at the Baron.

"We are worn out, my men and I," he went on, "and there are gaps in our ranks, and death and suffering are busy amongst us—ah, yes. But I would not let the day wear by without thanking this lad of yours. My page, Leonard Torstenson is promoted. Will this lad come to take his place?"

Bewildered, Alexis sank on his knee. "Oh father, let me!" he cried, "Do let me serve the king!"

Even the hard face of the Baron Goertz melted and softened. "Sire," he said, "the Poles have used me ill; the Swedes have wronged me. But this moment repays for all. The lad is but a child. Train him to be generous and good—he will be safe under the charge of Gustavus."

"I will train him to serve my Master," was the king's reply. "I will teach him, as far as in me lies, that to do God's work is the highest work; that we are all but simple instruments in His hands, and that great is our honour when He uses us in the cause of the liberty of His truth."

Years afterwards, when Alexis had become a man, and Torstenson, no more a youth, led the Swedes to battle, those words were well remembered. The soldier-king fell on the field of Lutzen, called away from the cruelty and horror of earthly warfare to the home of the peace of God. The cause he had fought for was won. And the open Bible was left a legacy from the stormy times through which he toiled.

"He bade us do his Master's will," Torstenson repeated in a voice broken with his grief. "Alexis, he puzzled you that day, long ago, on the Duna river when he spoke about serving his Lord. He knew then, what you and I are only finding out by slow degrees, that God's work is done in fighting against other than earthly armies. Gustavus won greater battles by Christ's grace than any of those of which the fame rings throughout the kingdoms."

Alexis smiled. "I'm only a soldier young and rough," he said, "but *that* I have learned; and it is not the things which we reckon the best which really are worthiest. I have never served the king so well again as I did when I, a heedless boy unwitting what I did, led you down to the shallows beyond our garden wall: We are just 'instruments,' as he said. But I am right glad that you turned that day to prove to my brothers and to me that the Swedes were not all 'thieves and heretics!'"

Torstenson did not answer. He was thinking of some words written in a Book which was being read throughout the length and breadth of the land—some words which he afterwards found and showed to Alexis: "Ye have been called unto liberty; only use not liberty for an occasion to the flesh, but by love serve one another."

SCRIPTURE ENIGMA.

NO. VI.

Where did a king beside an altar stand
And God dried up his sacrilegious hand?
Where did the cedars grow that Hiram sent?
Village to which two sad disciples went?
The mount where Moses fasted forty days?
Who in the night with Paul sang songs of praise?
Father of one who did two strangers bring
Home to his house, anointing one as king?
Where was a prophet with his servant found
With heavenly steeds of fire encompassed round?
What son of David said "I will be king"?
Who in a window tied a scarlet string?
Whose sons both fell on one disastrous day
When heathen warriors took the ark away?
Where was he born whom Ananias healed?
Where first to Moses was the Lord revealed?
Where did Diana's heathen temple stand?
Who from mount Pisgah viewed the promised land?
Who for his master's son obtained a wife?
Who asked the Lord to take away his life?
Father of one whom music soothed to rest
And charmed the evil spirit from his breast?

Set down initial letters now and read
Of humble souls who shall be blessed indeed.

L. T.

THE SUNDAY ALBUM.

NO. II.—NEST.—p. 142.

THE wonderful nests of birds, so secure, so warm, so beautifully made, have often been figuratively referred to in God's word as well as literally made mention of.

Balaam said of the Kenites, as he "looked on" their city, "thou puttest thy nest in a rock." Numb. xxiv. 21. Jeremiah says: "O inhabitant of Lebanon, that makest thy nest in the cedars." Jer. xxii. 23. And again, speaking of Edom: "Though thou shouldest make thy nest as high as the eagle, I will bring thee down from thence, saith the Lord." Jer. xlix. 16. See also Obadiah 4. The warning given to proud Edom is more widely extended in the words of Habakkuk ii. 9: "Woe to him that coveteth an evil covetousness to his house, that he may set his nest on high." Job said: "I shall die in my nest, and I shall multiply my days as the sand" (Job xxix. 18), little knowing how soon he was to be brought low. Sometimes God in mercy prevents His people from settling too confidently in any earthly portion; "as an eagle stirreth up her nest," the Lord stirs them up and keeps them from loving this world so much as to forget their heavenly home. Deut. xxxii. 11.

When David longed for the house of God, he envied the very birds that dwelt there: "Yea, the sparrow hath found an house, and the swallow a nest for herself, where she may lay her young, even thine altars, O Lord of hosts, my King, and my God." Psalm lxxxiv. 3.

When Moab was threatened with punishment, Isaiah warned them that "it shall be that as a wandering bird cast out of the nest, so the daughters of Moab shall be at the fords of Arnon" (Isa. xvi. 2), their homes destroyed, and themselves exposed to all kinds of danger. Sometimes men do not enough value the safety and peace of their nests. Solomon says: "as a bird that wandereth from her nest, so is a man that wandereth from his place." Prov. xxvii. 8. No greater proof of the utter ruin of a city can be given than that mentioned by Isaiah in describing the wild and savage creatures which shall possess it; the cormorant and bittern, the owl, raven, and vulture, "there shall the great owl make her nest, and lay, and hatch, and gather under her shadow." Isa. xxxiv. 15. The security of these wild and timid creatures shows how utterly the place is deserted by man. This is quite different from the security of the forests intended for the homes of the birds. "The trees of the Lord are full of sap; the cedars of Lebanon, which He hath planted; where the birds make their nests: as for the stork the fir trees are her house." Psalm civ. 16, 17.

Now I have just two more verses to give you, or rather one more, for the words are the same though given by two of the New Testament writers: Matt. viii. 20; Luke ix. 58, as if both Matthew and Luke wished to impress on us all a striking fact and solemn thought. We think of our homes, dear children, as of nests which we love, and where we feel ourselves more or less secure and happy; but, ah! there was One who left His house above for your sake and mine! He came to His own and His own received Him not! "Foxes have holes, and the birds of the air have nests; but the Son of man had not where to lay His head!"

Let our young readers now copy this RAVEN into their "Sunday Album," and find as many texts as they can relating to the bird.

NOTES ON NATURAL HISTORY.

NO. I.—p. 112.—THE WILD OX.

1. Num. xxiii. 22.
2. Ps. xxix. 6.
3. Deut. xxxiii. 17.
4. Isa. xxxiv. 7.
5. Job xxxix. 9-12.
6. Ps. xcii. 10.

ANSWERS TO HIDDEN TEXTS.

NO. III.—p. 112.

My son, give Me thine heart.—*Prov.* xxiii. 26.

NO. IV.—p. 112.

The Lord is my shepherd; I shall not want.—*Ps.* xxiii. 1.

NO. V.—p. 142.

Those that seek Me early shall find Me.—*Prov.* viii. 17.

THE SUNDAY AT HOME

O DAY MOST CALM, MOST BRIGHT! . . .
THE WEEK WERE DARK BUT FOR THY LIGHT.—*Herbert.*

A DAY OF REST AND GLADNESS.

"O day of rest and gladness,
O day of joy and light,
O balm of care and sadness,
Most beautiful, most bright."

No. 1717.—MARCH 26, 1887.

BARBARA'S BROTHERS.

CHAPTER XIII.—MRS. MEYNAL TAKES ALARM.

"ALL I know is that this sort of thing never happened in your dear father's life-time. If he could keep Gerald straight, why cannot Wulfric?"

Mrs. Meynal was the speaker, and she uttered these words in that tone of plaintive irritability that was growing more and more common with her. Wulfric was seated opposite to her, his face grave and set, and a look of care and weariness in his eyes that there had not wont to be, even during the hardest days of his student life.

Barbara and Celia were also present, the latter calmly indifferent as it seemed to what was going on, the former keenly alive to every word that passed, her flushed face and the nervous movements of her hands betraying a subdued tumult of feeling within her.

She had been silent for a good while; but now at these last words she seemed constrained to speak. She did so however with much more of gentleness and less of impetuosity than would have been possible to the Barbara of three months back.

"Mother," she said quickly, rather in the tone one would assume towards a fretful, wayward child, "how can Wulf help what Gerald does? You know he will never listen to advice from any one. He only laughs at it and does just as he chooses."

"I am not talking about advice," answered Mrs. Meynal peevishly. "I am speaking of influence. Why has not Wulfric a proper influence over his brother?"

"Now, mother," cried Barbara, unable to keep quite as calm as she wished, "do you not see how unreasonable you are? Why should Wulf be expected to have all the influence when we have none?"

"You talk like a child, Barbara, and you worry me by your folly. You ought to know that it is men who are able to influence men. Mothers and sisters never count for anything with young men."

"I am afraid Gerald is not very easy to influence," remarked Wulfric, speaking for the first time since his mother had begun upbraiding him.

"Then you are quite wrong," answered Mrs. Meynal with some sharpness, "and it shows how little you care for or understand your brother. Your dear father was always saying how easily Gerald was led. He used to be quite anxious about him, because he was so susceptible to influence."

Barbara was about to speak with something of triumphant vehemence; but a glance from Wulfric checked her, together with a sense of the utter impossibility of ever making her mother understand the real drift of such a remark.

"I must do what I can about it," said her brother. "I will do my best to influence him; but you see I do not know Gerald very well. I have been little at home, and we have grown apart."

"Yes, that is just what I always said would happen, if you were indulged in your headstrong fancies. If you had been a dutiful son, Wulfric, you would have come back years ago as your father's assistant, and then perhaps he would not have had to work himself to death as he did at the last. I always said no good would come of your setting up to be a greater man than your dear father; but he would indulge you in every possible way—and that was the result—and this."

And Mrs. Meynal put her handkerchief to her eyes and wiped away some tears.

Wulfric, worn out in body and mind with hard work, lack of sleep, and anxiety, was little fit to bear the additional burden of reproaches like these. He shrank even now from mention of his father's death: he had loved his father with the strong, tenacious fidelity of his nature, had strained every nerve in his upward progress to please and satisfy the parent who was watching his career with a proud appreciation and satisfaction, and the thought that his father had died whilst he was away in a distant land, always filled him with a keen sense of pain that had never left him ever since he had heard the news. Therefore reproaches such as these were peculiarly painful, and not the less so on account of their irrational injustice.

Barbara, who had an instinctive insight into some of his feelings, quickly interposed.

"Mother, dear, do not speak so. It is not just, and it is very unkind. Father was never overworked at all, and he died from the effect of a chill—it was not even in visiting a patient that he took it, you know; but with driving over to dine at the Croft. It was his doing more than any one's that Wulf always stayed away. He was so proud of his success in London."

"Well, I'm sure I never said he was not, though I never saw anything to be so very proud of; but I'm only a woman, and of course nobody cares what I feel. I always did say that a son's place was at home, and I kept Gerald here; I would have my way about him—and any one can see what a dear, clever boy he is. But Wulfric never cared for any of us, and always would go his own way, and now, when his influence might have been some use with his brother, it turns out that he has none, all because he would be so headstrong and undutiful and neglect everything but his own ambitious projects that I know will never come to anything."

Barbara bit her lips. Wulfric sat quite still for a while, and presently looked up to say, "The trouble with Gerald is not simply that I

have too little influence, although that is true enough; but that other people have too much."

Celia looked up at that, appearing for the first time to be roused to interest.

"Who do you mean by 'other people?'" she asked with some sharpness.

Her brother looked rather keenly at her as he answered, "Well, Hector Thompson for one."

Celia tossed her head and a flush mantled her cheek.

"Our father was very intimate with the Thompsons. He did not mind how much Gerald went there: but you are much too grand, it seems, to recognise any merit in our friends."

Wulfric ignored the taunt.

"By what I understand, this Hector has been away from St. Hilda for many years. When my father sanctioned Gerald's going there, he was not at home."

"Much you know!" cried Celia, with some contempt, but Barbara answered quietly, "Hector had not been settled a month at home before father died."

"Just so," returned Wulfric coolly, "and there would be nothing to find fault with in Fergus or his associates. The thing is explained at once."

Mrs. Meynal was looking from one speaker to the other in a sort of bewilderment.

"I don't know what you are all talking about. The Thompsons are very nice people, I am sure."

"Wulf does not think them good enough for him," answered Celia scornfully.

"Wulf knows that Hector is leading Gerald into mischief," retorted Barbara with indignation.

"Dear, dear, dear," said poor Mrs. Meynal, with a weary sigh, "I cannot understand why all these troubles come. They never used to do before Wulfric came home. I'm sure Hector always seems a very nice young man, so attentive and polished. What is it you see to dislike in him? I suppose you are jealous of him at the bottom?"

"I am afraid his tastes are fast, and that he is leading Gerald into mischief."

"Why do you think that?"

"Because he is out so much at night, and is so late home; because I know they play at cards or billiards constantly, and because of the condition in which Gerald came home last night."

The quietness and firmness with which Wulfric spoke seemed to alarm his mother.

"And if you know of all this, why don't you interfere to stop it?"

"It is not very easy to stop Gerald when his mind is set upon a thing."

Mrs. Meynal began to wring her hands.

"Oh, what will become of us? I am the most miserable woman on earth! Wulfric, you must speak to Gerald. You must tell him that such things cannot be allowed. You must be severe with him—severity is necessary sometimes, your dear father used to say so. You must put a stop to it once for all. I cannot have it, and I look to you to stop it."

"I will do all I can," answered Wulfric. "Whether Gerald will heed me is another matter."

"You must make him heed," cried poor Mrs. Meynal, whose sensitive nervous system was thoroughly on edge now. "Why, he may ruin us all in a night if he takes to gambling like those people we hear of at Monte Carlo. I shall never rest in my bed till it is stopped. Wulfric, you must be firm; you must be very firm. If one thing doesn't do, you must try another. You must make him promise never to do so again, even if you have to threaten to turn him out of the house."

"I am not sure that threats will do much good," remarked Wulfric.

"Oh, yes they will!" cried Mrs. Meynal. "Do you think I do not know Gerald's character after all these years? You must threaten, if other means fail. You must tell him that I cannot have him in the house any more. That will bring him to his senses, if nothing else will. Mind you don't forget, Wulfric; you must tell him that I cannot have him in the house—or rather that you cannot—I desire it shall be said, if necessary."

There was no time for a reply, for the door was suddenly opened, and the servant announced "Mr. Leslie."

The young clergyman was tolerably well-known to the Meynals by this time. There was some very distant kinship between them, and he had taken from the first a great liking for Wulfric, and had watched him with increasing admiration and respect. He often dropped in for half-an-hour when his day's work was done, and he was always kindly welcomed by Mrs. Meynal, who liked to see people about her, and was gentle in her manner towards almost every one save her eldest son; but to-night as he appeared she looked up almost fretfully and said: "Oh, how do you do, Mr. Leslie? I am pleased to see you, of course; but I did hope that it was my son Gerald coming in."

"I have brought you a message from him instead," answered the young man, as he shook hands all round and sat down beside Celia. "I have just met him. He was on his way to the railway station."

"To the railway station?"

"Yes; he was with young Mr. Thompson and another gentleman I did not know. They seemed in a great hurry. Your son stopped to ask me to tell you that he was off for a few days—possibly for a week. They had just made up their minds to go for a little outing, and he had not time to come back and tell you. He asked me to leave the message. I suppose he will write and tell you more himself."

Mrs. Meynal looked helpless and distressed. Wulfric drew his brows together, and leaned his head upon his hand as he stood with his elbow on the carved mantelpiece and his head slightly turned away. He knew quite well that there was to be some horse-racing in a town about twenty miles off, and he had little doubt but that his brother had gone there. He had been half afraid before that he would do so; but as days had passed by and nothing had been said, he had begun to hope that all was well, until this message reached them. Nobody else present

was aware of the racing, but after the foregoing conversation, Mr. Leslie's communication was anything but welcome.

"Oh, dear, dear!" sighed Mrs. Meynal, "whatever shall we do? I do hope he will not go and get into mischief. I have just been made so miserable about him. They tell me he is getting into bad company; yet not one of them raises a hand to keep him back."

And Mrs. Meynal, in her rambling, discursive, incoherent way, began telling the young clergyman of her troubles. Wulfric took this opportunity to make his escape to the work that was waiting for him in his study; but Barbara stayed, anxious to explain away any incautious statements her mother might make, and Mr. Leslie listened with great attention and sympathy. He expressed himself with great good feeling on the subject of Gerald's delinquencies, and so soothed Mrs. Meynal that the painful impression made upon her began to subside, and she was able to compose herself to her usual evening nap.

Then Frank Leslie turned towards Celia and said gently, "I should think that your influence with your brother might be the strongest power that could be brought to bear upon him. He surely would not willingly lend himself to a course of action that must lower him in your sight."

Celia looked very lovely that night, as indeed she generally did, and her beauty was heightened by the slight colour that flushed her cheeks in the consciousness that she was being admired. Barbara sometimes wondered whether her sister was really as apathetic and vacant as she sometimes appeared to be, or whether, perhaps her soul was only slumbering and would some day be roused into a life it had not known before. To look lovely and to win admiration had so far appeared to be the aim and object of her life; but surely there were possibilities of greater things beneath so fair an exterior.

At any rate Frank Leslie thought so—that was plain enough for all to see.

Celia made no answer to his proposition save by a little smile, and her companion turned the conversation.

"Have you thought over what I spoke about to you the other day?" he asked.

"Oh, I told you at the time, didn't I, that I did not care about that sort of thing?"

"Yes; but I hardly took that for an answer."

"Why not?"

"Because we all of us have to do what we do not like at some time in our lives."

"Oh yes, of course; but that is different from doing it with our eyes open when we need not trouble ourselves about it. I hate trouble."

Mr. Leslie smiled, but did not appear disconcerted.

"But you like giving pleasure to others?"

"I don't think I care about it unless it gives pleasure to me at the same time."

"And I am certain that if you were once to try, you would find that in the giving of pleasure to others you would gain it for yourself."

Celia shrugged her shoulders a little, but she was not altogether displeased at being regarded as so amiable a being.

"People always say that of course; but nobody else believes them."

"They believe it themselves—and possibly they know best, as you may find if you will only try."

Celia made a little *moue*.

"Well, what is it you want me to do? In what way must I victimise myself for your precious parish and people?"

"They are not mine, Miss Meynal, they are God's people, and in a certain sense they belong to you as well as to me."

The sudden gravity and earnestness with which these words were spoken checked the levity with which Celia had felt inclined to treat the whole subject.

"Well, tell me what you want then. Perhaps I will think about it."

"I only want you to visit every week that home for the indigent blind on the other side of the town, and read to them for an hour or so. Poor things, they have had hardly anything done for them ever since their patron Mr. Stuart died and his family removed, and their lives are so sadly monotonous. I want to get a lady visitor for every day of the week to go and see them and read to them and cheer them up a little. You do not know what it would be to them. Will you take one day, Miss Meynal? I know your sister's time is taken up, but you say yourself that you have no occupations. Will you not help the poor and needy by one little act of self-sacrifice?"

"Oh dear, Mr. Leslie, what a sermon to preach about such a little thing! Will you promise me if I say 'yes' about this not to worry me about anything else?"

He smiled a little and was silent.

"You won't? Well, I call that too bad. It would serve you right if I said 'no' straight off. Have you got any other people for the other days?"

"Yes, Mrs. Granby has promised to take one day. I went to ask her granddaughter; but found she proposed going into a hospital to learn nursing, and the old lady said she would go until I got so many younger volunteers that I could afford to dispense with her services. Then Mrs. Dart, the solicitor's wife, will take one day, and Miss Dumaresq, from the Hall, another. I hope soon to get every day supplied."

"Reinée Dumaresq seems very fond of good works," remarked Celia. "I can't understand it in any one brought up as she has been."

Frank Leslie smiled a little.

"I think bringing up has less to do with it than disposition and heart; but you have not given me your answer, Miss Meynal."

"Oh, I suppose I shall have to go; but what I shall say when I get there I cannot imagine. You will soon be begging me to discontinue my visits."

Mr. Leslie looked at her again with a smile that was not exactly one of assent.

Celia did go—why she could hardly have told, unless because it was easier to do so than to be always saying "no" to the young clergyman. She

did not expect to be at all interested in the people, and she was not very much, still their patient helplessness did touch her somewhat, and her visits to them led to other encounters that interested her more than the people themselves.

She came across Reinée Dumaresq on several occasions, and as she was an intimate friend of Barbara's, it seemed natural that a certain amount of intimacy should be taken for granted between these two. Reinée would sometimes call for Celia in her pretty pony carriage and drive her to the home upon her visiting days, and would talk to her of the blind people and what might be done for them in a way that showed how personal was the interest she took in each one, and how fully she believed that her companion did the same.

Celia felt it impossible, somehow, to tell Reinée of her indifference upon such subjects, and from appearing interested in these plans she began to feel a faint stirring of genuine compassion and willingness to second them.

Mr. Leslie would sometimes be appealed to for advice by Reinée, who generally included Celia in her projects, and the young clergyman's face would light up with pleasure as his eyes rested upon the two girls, and something in his manner or in the look of his face betrayed a good deal of his mind to the quick perceptions of Miss Dumaresq.

"I think Mr. Leslie is a very good man," she once said to Celia.

"Yes, I suppose so. Clergymen ought to be."

"There is a difference in them," answered Reinée, smiling. "I like Mr. Leslie very much."

Celia coloured slightly.

"Do you?" she said indifferently. "I suppose he means well. He is a little oppressive sometimes, I think. It seems to me it is the fashion just now to be like that. I do not fancy it is a fashion I shall ever follow. I like to take my ease."

Reinée looked thoughtful for a moment and then said: "You may get tired of that some day."

"Perhaps; I doubt it though. I know you were tired of gaiety when you came here and took up country life with great zest; but I expect when you are married and plunge back into the vortex again, you will enjoy it all the more, and wonder how you could have left it."

It was Reinée's turn to colour now.

"I am not likely to be married," she said quietly.

"Oh, I beg your pardon," answered Celia quickly, "but everybody said you were engaged to that handsome Mr. Trevelyan who stays with you so much."

"I am not engaged to him," answered Reinée, "and I do not think I ever shall be."

Celia looked perplexed and almost incredulous, and Reinée added after a short pause, speaking rather fast: "When I was much younger my parents entered into a sort of provisional engagement on my behalf; but now that the time has come for me to judge for myself, I cannot ratify it."

"I suppose I must not ask why not?"

Reinée glanced at Celia, and saw that the question was not put in mere idle curiosity, she therefore answered with frank simplicity and truthfulness.

"I will tell you—I know you will not talk about it. Arthur Trevelyan is a man who—who has different ideas of life, of right and wrong, of almost everything from mine. I want to try and follow—however far behind it must be—in Christ's footsteps upon earth. He would not help me in that. He might even—no—I will not say that; it is not for me to judge him. But I could never, never marry a man whose inner life I could not share. You understand me, Celia, do you not?"

Celia answered "Yes," but the answer was low and uncertain. Did she understand she asked herself as she walked in the garden that evening? Did she know what it was to put considerations of that kind above everything else? She knew, as every girl in her place would have done, that she was admired and courted—loved perhaps by two men at this time; the wealthy, gay, extravagant Hector Thompson and the earnest, unselfish Frank Leslie. In a different way she liked them both. She respected and reverenced the latter infinitely more; but the former was the "better match." Hector could give her those things that she esteemed most highly in this life, ease, luxury, and everything she could want. Frank would be for years nothing better than a struggling curate—Celia's lips curved with sudden scorn. She be nothing better than a poor clergyman's wife? Never! She would manage to do better for herself than that?

THOMAS ELLWOOD.

"THOU hast said much here of Paradise lost, but what hast thou to say of Paradise found?" So spake gentle Thomas Ellwood on returning to John Milton the manuscript of "Paradise Lost" which had been given him to read.

Milton's "Paradise Regained" was the direct result of this remark; but how few know anything of the pure and simple life of Ellwood, the contemporary also of George Fox and William Penn, and a member of no mean note in the Society of Friends. A recent republication of his Autobiography affords a favourable opportunity for recalling the facts of his life.

Born in 1639, at Crowell in Oxfordshire, he was taken when only two years of age to London, where, as he tells us, "I was bred up, though not without much difficulty, the city air not agreeing with my tender constitution." His father, Walter Ellwood, a country gentleman and well to do, had espoused the cause of the Parliament against the king, and, deeming the country unsafe, brought his family up to town.

At a very early age Thomas was sent to the

free school at Thame, where, being too full of spirit to submit easily to the rules of the school, he came in for a large share of the rod of correction, sometimes as often as twice in the forenoon. But he was not there long, for, his elder brother being entered at Merton College, Oxford, where the living was found to be very costly, young Thomas was taken from school by his father, who, although now a justice of the peace, declared he could not afford the double expense.

Then followed a period of idling at home, which, had it not been for an innate dislike to anything approaching dissoluteness either in word or manner, would have gone far towards undermining the young man's character. About this time he had an adventure which throws some light on his disposition. Two men seized the heads of his father's horses, as he was driving home one night, for the purpose of compelling him to take another route, falsely declaring that he was driving over a private road. Thomas, who was with his father, at his command advanced to disarm the men, who, taking fright at his drawn sword, dropped their bludgeons and fled, closely pursued for some distance by him. His success had the effect of making him a sort of braggart; and he went about for some time wearing pistols as well as sword. But very shortly afterwards he was seized with horror when he reflected how near he had been to shedding the blood of his fellow-creatures, and he never again passed the same way without returning thanks to God for withholding him from that sin.

The death of his brother in Ireland, where he had been playing the part of the prodigal son, was shortly followed by that of his mother, "who was indeed a woman of singular worth and virtue." Of this mother we know nothing more, but are left to guess that her death was accelerated by the conduct of her eldest son.

Ellwood's introduction to the Quakers he tells in his own pleasing way. "I mentioned before that during my father's abode in London, in the time of the civil wars, he contracted a friendship with the Lady Springett, then a widow, and afterwards married to Isaac Pennington, Esq., to continue which he sometimes visited them at their country lodgings; and, having heard that they were come to live upon their own estate at Chalfont, about fifteen miles from Crowell, he went one day to visit them there, and to return at night, taking me with him. But very much surprised were we when, being come thither, we first heard, then found, they were become Quakers: a people we had no knowledge of, and a name we had till then scarce heard of."[1] Presently he meets the daughter of the house—"Whom I found gathering some flowers in the garden, attended by her maid, who was also a Quaker. But when I addressed myself to her after my accustomed manner, with intention to engage her in some discourse which might introduce conversation on the footing of our former acquaintance, though she treated me with a courteous mien, yet, as young as she was, the gravity of her look and behaviour struck such an awe upon me that I found myself not so much master of myself as to pursue any further discourse with her. Wherefore, asking pardon for my boldness in having intruded myself into her private walks, I withdrew, not without some disorder of mind." This modest young lady, Guli Pennington, afterwards became the wife of the celebrated William Penn.

Ellwood was deeply impressed with what he saw and heard while at the Penningtons', and we next find him making inquiries as to where Quaker meetings were to be held. Hearing that there was to be one at High Wycombe, he proceeded thither, but accompanied by his greyhound as if he were going coursing, for he was ashamed to have the real purpose of his journey known.

The first result of his attendance at this meeting we find in a few of his own words: "The general trouble and confusion of mind which had for some days lain heavy upon me, and pressed me down, began now to wear off, and some glimmering of light began to break forth in me, which let me see my inward state and condition towards God." He describes how all his former life was laid out before him, as it were; and he then first realised that all sin brought a sense of guilt, and, finally, condemnation on the soul that sinned. Happily he did not stop here, but continued his inward searchings until it pleased God in His great goodness to give him a new law—"the law of the spirit of life in Christ Jesus, which wrought in me against all evil, not only in deed or word, but even in thought also."

The serious-minded men and women with whom he had become associated, laid special stress on abandoning the symbols of that worldliness which they had abjured. Conforming to their practice, he immediately divested his clothing of all lace, ribbons, and useless buttons, nor did he even leave a ring upon his finger. Neither would he any longer address people by the usual titles of sir and madam, or say "Your servant," to those to whom he did not stand in that relation in the literal meaning of the term. Bowing and raising the hat in salutation had also to be dropped, as well as speaking in the plural to a single person—*you* to one, instead of *thou*.

Yet, while Ellwood was enabled to conform to this rule before the rest of the world, he found that it was impossible, at first, to alter his ordinary demeanour before his father. Painful scenes ensued when at last he attempted to put his new ideas into practice in the family. Then began another inward struggle. He insisted on wearing his hat in the presence of his father, and in addressing him after the fashion of the Quakers. The father not unnaturally was angry. When remonstrance failed, he stormed and gave reins to his passion, resorting to violence. For some months young Ellwood, though remaining in the house, had to live an almost solitary life.

One day, to his great delight, he heard that the Penningtons were come to pay his father a visit. Before they left they had persuaded the old man to allow his son to accompany them to their own home. Ellwood then had not a penny of money,

[1] So named by Justice Bennet in derision of George Fox who had admonished the judge and those around him "to *quake* at the word of the Lord."

and even the riding-coat he wore was lent him by his friend Isaac Pennington, as was also the horse he rode.

The seven weeks he spent with the Penningtons were employed very profitably and pleasantly. He records the visit with feelings of great gratitude, and says that his hosts were affectionate as parents and tender as nurses. The spiritual benefits he received were of the greatest value to him in after life.

On his return home the quarrel about wearing the hat indoors was renewed, his father finally dismissing the subject by remarking: "If you cannot content yourself to come to dinner without your hive on your head, pray rise, and go take your dinner somewhere else." Ellwood did rise; and then, and as long as he lived with his father, he took his meals in the kitchen with the servants.

About this time, 1660, he wrote his first article for the press, and called it "An Alarm to the Priests; or, a Message from Heaven to Forewarn them."

We soon find Ellwood arranging for Quaker meetings to be held in his own town, but the mad rising of the Fifth Monarchy men caused the government, which believed that these meetings of dissenters were used for like seditious purposes, to take measures for their suppression. A letter of Ellwood's to one Thomas Low, entreating him to attend a meeting, was intercepted, and he was arrested and taken before two justices of the peace for examination. Failing in their endeavours to get him to take the oath of allegiance, they sent him under guard to Oxford, there to be imprisoned. On the way thither Ellwood was joined by one of his father's servants, who, perceiving a favourable opportunity, entreated him to escape; but Ellwood reproved the fellow, and rode rapidly forward to overtake his guard, who, relying on his prisoner's strong sense of honour, kept but a careless watch over him and had got some distance ahead.

Arrived at Oxford, Ellwood was placed in the care of a linen-draper who was also City Marshal. He was greatly cheered during his imprisonment by the receipt of an encouraging letter from Thomas Low, who, together with forty of the "Friends," had been arrested on the same charge, and was confined in the castle at Oxford. Ellwood himself was fortunately released before being brought to trial, mainly through the exertions of his father. Mr. Ellwood afterwards in vain endeavoured to keep his son from the meetings of the Quakers; but at last, finding it impossible, he gave up the attempt, exclaiming—"Nay, if he will take so much pains to go, let him go, if he will."

The country still being in a ferment over the Fifth Monarchy men, Ellwood was again arrested, this time with Isaac Pennington, at whose house a meeting was being held when some troopers broke in upon them, and seized several of the participants. The magistrate before whom they were brought was inclined to treat them with leniency, until—finding that one was from Westmoreland, another from Essex, and two others from Oxfordshire and London—he told them their case looked very grave indeed, for it was hardly likely that people could meet from such distant parts of the country without previous arrangement. Finally, however, and after doing his best to induce them to give bail, he dismissed them on their promising to appear before him whenever they should be called upon to do so.

Feeling keenly his need of a better education, Ellwood now set himself to study, that he might make up his deficiency in this respect. He soon found that without a guide he could do but little; and one day happening to complain of this to his friend and adviser, Isaac Pennington, the latter resolved to do what he could to help him. He was as good as his word, and Ellwood soon found himself permitted to visit John Milton, and to read to him such books as the blind poet directed. First settling his affairs at Crowell, Ellwood went up to London and took lodgings near Milton's house, which was in Jewin Street, now a place of large warehouses and manufactories. In return for these services Milton instructed Ellwood in Latin, and also directed his other studies.

But London fog proved too much for his lungs, and within two months Ellwood was compelled to retire to Wycombe in such bad health that his life was despaired of. No sooner, however, was he recovered than he was back in London, hard at work both with his studies and his reading. But a sudden stop was put to this pleasant and instructive intercourse with Milton. The interruption came about in a way with which Ellwood must have been by this time pretty familiar,—by arrest and imprisonment for being found at a meeting of the Quakers. The meeting was being held at the "Bull and Mouth" inn in Aldersgate Street, when the house was suddenly entered by a party of soldiers, and thirty-two of the men carried away to Old Bridewell.

When arrested Ellwood had but tenpence (about equal to half-a-crown of our money) and this amount he made to last him for several days, refusing to partake of some food provided by friends for those who had no money, because, as he had *some* money, he did not consider himself entitled to participate; yet he was pleased when two halfpenny loaves were brought him, instead of one penny one, because it would last the longer. Once more the Penningtons came to his relief.

While in prison Ellwood occupied himself in making "red and yellow night-waistcoats," though he received next to nothing for his work. Prison discipline in the reign of Charles II. was a strange mixture of laxity and severity. Long and indefinite terms of imprisonment were frequently awarded for trifling offences; on the other hand, a prisoner's friends had usually ready access to him; sometimes even the prisoner himself, in some cases, being permitted to go in and out occasionally. Little or no provision was made for the feeding or sleeping arrangements of the prisoners, who, if they had no friends or no money, were thrown upon the mercy of their jailers.

Brought before the magistrate and refusing to swear, Ellwood and those arrested with him were committed to Newgate, and compelled to

herd with common malefactors. In consequence of one of the prisoners dying through the overcrowding, those of them who had come from Bridewell were sent back there, walking through the streets in a body with all their belongings in a bundle on their backs. No stronger testimony to the worth of a Quaker's "word of honour" can be given than the fact that, in these changes from one prison to another, the authorities permitted them to move without a guard of any sort except their word.

Once more in Bridewell, we find Ellwood expressing his thoughts in verse:—

Thee, Thee alone, O God, I fear—
In Thee do I confide;
Thy presence is to me more dear
Than all things else beside.
Thy virtue, power, life and light,
Which in my heart do shine,
Above all things are my delight:
O make them always mine!

At the next sitting of the court most of the imprisoned Quakers were called to the bar and immediately discharged; upon which they held a solemn meeting, "to return our thankful acknowledgment to the Lord."

The next seven years Ellwood lived with the Penningtons, teaching Latin to the younger members of the family, while diligently continuing his own studies. It was, however, by no means a period of uninterrupted quietness, but was chequered by various arrests and imprisonments. One day while in prison Ellwood amused himself by composing the following riddle:—

THE RIDDLE.

Some men are free while they in prison lie;
Others, who ne'er saw prison, captive die.

Caution.

He who can receive it may;
He that cannot, let him stay,
And not be hasty, but suspend
His judgment till he see the end.

Solution.

He's only free indeed that's free from sin;
And he is safest bound that's bound therein.

Conclusion.

This is the liberty I chiefly prize:
The other, without this, I can despise.

It was about this time that he paid the memorable visit to Milton to which we owe "Paradise Regained," as already described.

Thomas Ellwood's quaint courtship and subsequent marriage with Mary Ellis was undertaken by him in the same spirit that characterised his whole life. Having asked the advice and obtained the approbation of the Penningtons to the match, and being still doubtful as to the advisability of the step, he says: "Yet took I further deliberation, often retiring in spirit to the Lord, and crying to Him for direction, before I addressed myself to her. At length, as I was sitting all alone waiting upon the Lord for counsel and guidance in this—in itself and to me—so important affair, I felt a word sweetly arise in me, as if I had heard a voice which said—'Go, and prevail.' And, faith springing up in my heart with the word, I immediately arose and went, nothing doubting.... I used not many words to her, but I felt a Divine power went along with the words, and fixed the matter expressed by them so fast in her breast that, as she afterwards acknowledged to me, she could not shut it out." The two were married in October, 1669.

Presently we find Ellwood successfully advocating the cause of a friend who had, on the testimony of two informers, been falsely imprisoned and fined. Owing mainly to the exertions of Ellwood, the trade of the informers was put a stop to in Buckinghamshire, but it flourished elsewhere—"the worst of men for the most part being set up for informers; the worst of magistrates encouraging and abetting them." His indignation broke forth into an expostulatory poem, under the title of "Gigantomachia" (the war of the giants against heaven), "not without some allusion to the second psalm."

Ellwood also wrote "A Song of the Mercies and Deliverances of the Lord." But the age was one of controversy, into which he plunged with the eagerness natural to him when he conceived truth to be endangered, and it would be a profitless task to pursue the various pamphlets which he issued. Amongst the mass of books and papers written by him we note one especially, "A Seasonable Dissuasive from Persecution, &c.," because there are few who have had such an experience as to entitle them to speak with equal authority on the subject. In 1688 he began a metrical life of David, which he called "Davidus." It was finished twenty years afterwards. He also wrote a Sacred History of the Old Testament, and another of the New Testament.

The greater part of Ellwood's married life was passed at Hunger Hill, Bucks. His wife died five years before him. In 1713 he was stricken with paralysis, which he bore with resignation. The same year he died, smiling as he uttered his last words: "I am full of joy and peace; my spirit is filled with joy."

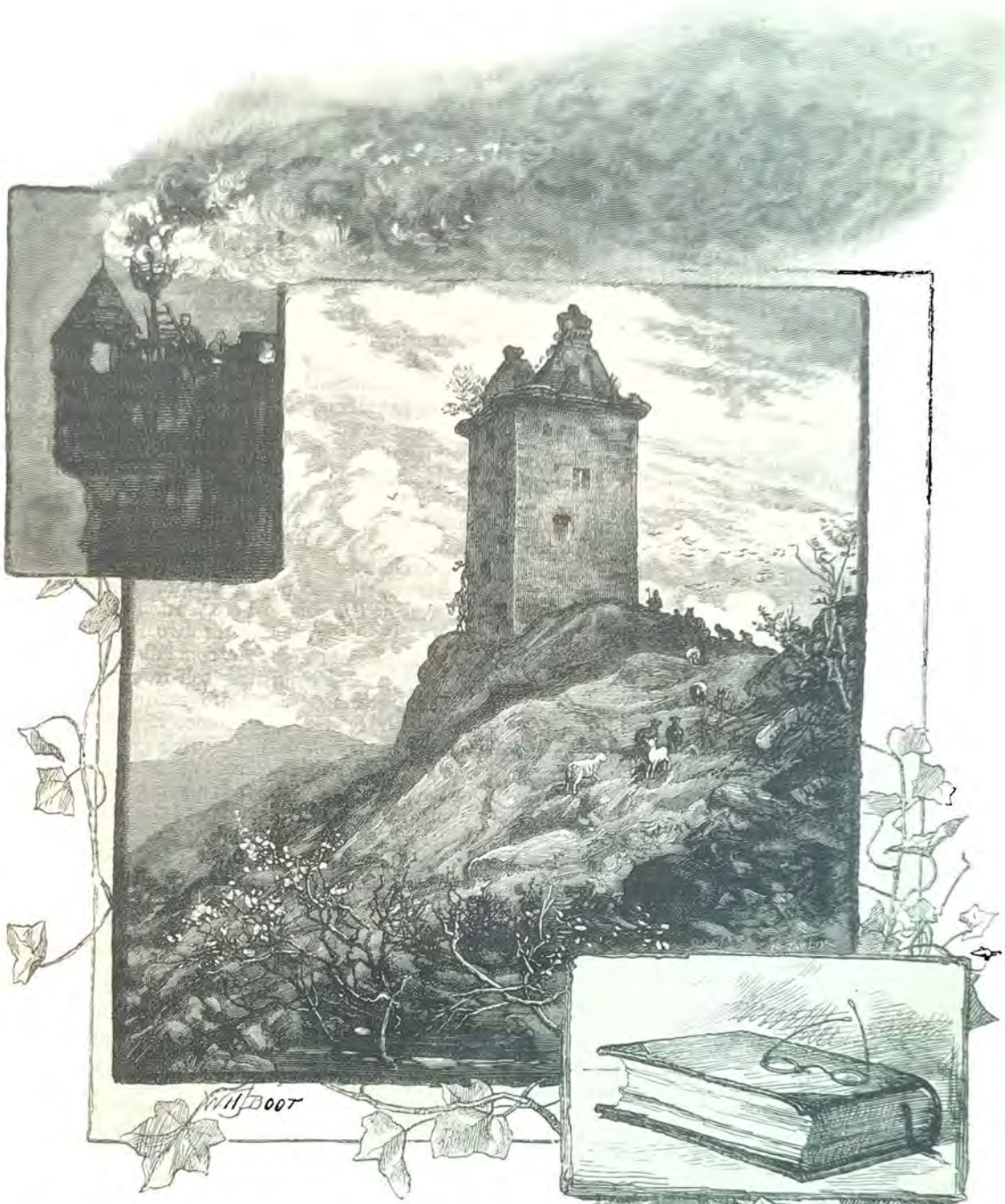
The following characteristic lines have more than a personal interest:—

A PRAYER.

Oh, that my eyes might closèd be
To what becomes me not to see!
That deafness might possess my ear
To what concerns me not to hear!
That truth my tongue might always tie
From ever speaking foolishly!
That no vain thought might ever rest
Or be conceivèd in my breast!
That by each word, each deed, each thought,
Glory may to my God be brought!
But what are wishes? Lord, my eye
On Thee is fixed—to Thee I cry:
Oh, purge out all my dross, my sin;
Make me more white than snow within!
Wash, Lord, and purify my heart,
And make it clean in every part;
And when 'tis clean, Lord, keep it so,
For that is more than I can do.

H. W.

The Beacon Tower.



O WORD of God Incarnate,
O Wisdom from on high,
O Truth unchanged, unchanging,
O Light of our dark sky;
We praise Thee for the radiance
That for the hallowed page,
A lantern to our footsteps,
Shines on from age to age.

It floateth like a banner
Before God's host unfurled;
It shineth like a beacon
Above the darkling world;
It is the chart and compass,
That o'er life's surging sea,
'Mid mists and rocks and quicksands,
Still guides, O Christ, to Thee.

W. W. How.

WHAT "THE LIFE THAT NOW IS" OWES TO MISSIONS.

PART II.

THE influence of Christianity upon the character and duration of human life is no less remarkable than its influence on human features. During that dark period in English history that preceded the great Methodist revival, life was rapidly diminishing. The increase of the population of England from 1651 to 1751 was only one million; whereas, in the succeeding century, the era of a quickened religious faith, the increase was fourteen millions. Whatever causes may have combined in this result, it is a fact to be noted. Heathenism in many of its practices is, on the contrary, directly hostile to life. During his absence of twenty years, Moffat found that death had been so busy among the warriors of Moselekatse that on his return not one was left to recognise him. What war did not devour, plague and famine claimed. "Where," exclaimed Saker, "should we all have been if still confined to the frail, sickly huts of the heathen? Deaths among us have diminished in proportion to a better housing." Slavery among savage nations has been, and still is, a main cause of diminished population. Christianity sees in human life something which is unspeakably precious and holy.

I have already touched upon the influence of Christianity upon woman. For her the apostles of the highest modern civilisation, even though they profess no faith in the gospel, must acknowledge that here, as in the old world of Jew and Greek and Roman, the coming of Christ heralded a new and nobler era. A distinguished Chinaman not long since published a volume, entitled 'The Chinese, Painted by Themselves.' In this he defends the neglect of female education on an entirely new ground. He declares that women, having being born perfect, science and letters cannot add to their charms. This argument reads strangely enough as a comment upon those pictures in Cook's Voyages, or even upon the life of the harem and the zenana. But it is Christianity which has cheered the insipid dulness of the life where woman is held only as a toy, as much as it has brightened the life where woman is treated only as a beast of burden. A few years ago no native woman in India was allowed to learn to sew; now not only are the Zenanas opening their secluded doors to missionary ladies, but the girl schools are attended by large numbers of children. The 'Athenæum' lately recorded the fact that a Zenana library was about to be established in Calcutta.

Side by side with increasing honour paid to woman, comes increasing attention given to the woman's true kingdom—the home. Christianity does not pause to argue the question, "Is life worth living?" It is content to point to the homes radiant with the joy of religion. With such homes, missions, within the last century, have plentifully adorned the dark places of the earth. A traveller in Africa, who pretends to no sympathy for mission work, and no personal regard for Christianity, speaks thus in 1880: "I do not at all understand how the changes at Camerons and Victoria have been brought about. Old sanguinary customs have, to a large extent, been abolished; witchcraft hides itself in the forest; the fetich superstition of the people is derided by old and young: and well-built houses are springing up on every hand. It is really marvellous to mark the change that has taken place in the natives in a few years only. From actual cannibals, many have become honest, intelligent, well-skilled artisans. An elementary literature has been established, and the whole Bible translated into their own tongue, hitherto an unwritten one. There must surely be something 'abnormal' in this."

New views of life bring new ideas of personal responsibility. The things which accompany salvation, the decency of apparel, the decorum in behaviour, the changed conception of the sanctity of life, the deference paid to woman, the comfort of the home, those cannot come alone. The daily life is guarded by a new self-respect, the license which welcomed the white man to its orgies is no longer tolerated, and once a week the air is full of the sound of the church-going bell. Mr. Moncure Conway declares that never, in Scotland or Connecticut, has he seen a paralysis such as fell upon Honolulu the first day of the week. But the paralysis, which would have fallen on Mr. Conway himself from the club of a savage, might have been more remarkable still; and this would have been his fate in that same place but for the very Gospel which once a week hushes the sounds of commerce and raises, instead, the songs of the Redeemer.

More worthy to be remembered, is the answer given by Mr. Darwin to some shallow critic of missions. I quote his words all the more readily because no one will charge the philosopher with partiality for the Christian religion. Yet it is he who, speaking of the opponents of missions, says: "They forget, or will not remember that human sacrifices and the power of an idolatrous priesthood; a system of profligacy unparalleled in any other part of the world; infanticide, a consequence of that system; bloody wars, where the conquerors spared neither women nor children—that all these have been abolished, and that dishonesty, intemperance and licentiousness have been greatly reduced by the introduction of Christianity. In a voyager to forget these things is a base ingratitude, for, should he chance to be at the point of shipwreck on some unknown coast, he will most devoutly pray that the lesson of the missionary may have extended thus far."

Beside this frank and manly statement we may place the equally honourable testimony of Sir Bartle Frere, as Governor of Bombay: "I speak

simply as to matters of experience and observation, and not of opinions, just as a Roman prefect might have reported to Trajan or the Antonines; and I assure you that, whatever you may be told to the contrary, the teaching of Christianity among a hundred and sixty millions of civilized, industrious Hindoos and Mohammedans in India, is effecting changes, moral, social and political, which, for extent and rapidity of effect, are far more extraordinary than anything you or your fathers have witnessed in modern Europe."

To Christianity also science is largely indebted for some of her most splendid conquests in this last century. To compare the philological researches of to-day with the haphazard speculations of a hundred years since, is as absurd as to constitute a parallel between the latest work of Mr. Max Muller and the New England Primer. But we may first challenge the world to name any one body of men to whom philology owes so much to-day as it does to the missionaries. In all cases where the missionary goes to a barbarous and wholly unlettered people, it needs to be remembered that the language itself must first be rescued from its vagabond existence—a mere "wandering voice,"—and reduced to a grammatical system, before it can be taught to the tribes who have been speaking it in ignorance perhaps for centuries.

Education, in so far as it has spread to heathen lands, has done so, in a majority of instances, in the wake of the Gospel. The life of Dr. Duff is to this hour the best, as it is also the most vivid, chronicle of the battles in India between ignorance and knowledge. The revolution in Hindu education was carried through by missionary persistency, in the teeth as much of the bitter prejudice of the governing powers as of the superstition and apathy of the people. Carey, the pioneer of Indian missions, was gifted as few men are in the acquisition of languages. Within twenty-one years he and his companions translated the Scriptures into twenty-one Indian tongues. A language once acquired is as open to secular as to sacred usage; and while it is true that during the last twenty years three million copies of the Bible have poured from the printing presses of Indian missionaries, it is equally true that twenty millions of school books, and other works, have come from the same tireless source in the same period of time.

We live in an age whose special glory it is that it has transformed "the fairy tales of science" into the toiling servants of our multiplying necessities. Christianity has done much, by its indirect influence, to foster the inquiring spirit of science. "As long," says one writer, "as men were taught by polytheism that the phenomena of the material world were referable to the discordant action of many gods; or by pantheism, that an explanation of Nature's laws was to be sought, not by patient observation of Nature's action outside us, but by reflective examination of the mind within, as exhibiting in consciousness those necessary laws, according to which the world has been evolved—so long, their knowledge of Nature made but little progress." Christianity quickens research, and honours the spirit of true scientific inquiry. The missionary has added some of the rarest specimens to our cabinets; his travels have opened up to us new fields for investigation; the world is larger to-day because of his heroic daring in pushing into the pathless wilderness, and whitening with his sail seas hitherto silent to the keel of a civilized mariner. The Travels of Livingstone are as valuable a contribution to science as are the Voyages of Darwin.

We will advance one step further. Patriotism is in debt of the missionary. "See how calm and quiet England has remained throughout the storm," some one remarked to M. Guizot, during the great revolutionary hurricane of 1848. "Yes," was the reply of the French statesman, "and England owes it to her religion." When England herself was plunged into war by the Indian mutiny, "soldiers and statesmen did not shrink from saying that the province which saved the empire was conspicuous for two things: a most successful government, and the most open acknowledgment of Christianity." "I believe," said Lord Lawrence, the Governor-General of India, "notwithstanding all that the English people have done to benefit that country, the missionaries have done more than all other agencies combined."

Not less honourable was the testimony of Sir Bartle Frere. "The missionaries," he said, "are infusing new vigour into the stereotyped life of the great populations placed under English rule, and are preparing them to be in every way better men and citizens of the great empire in which they dwell."

During the excited time when slavery was abolished in Jamaica, the Governor, speaking to the planters in the House of Assembly, testified to the same effect. "The first object," he said, "is to instil the doctrines of Christianity. Give every facility you can to the missionaries' labours. Banish from your minds the idea that they are your enemies. I will answer with my head for their loyalty and fidelity."

Such testimonies from men in power as to the effect of missions may easily be multiplied.

Take another aspect of missionary work. From the beginning Protestant missionaries have declared war against the system of caste in India. They have based their opposition to it upon the assertion that any system must be prejudicial which prohibited the free intermingling of men, and filled their minds with unreasonable prejudices and antipathies. The Gospel asserts this truth in the face of various foes, of socialism as much as of imperialism; of the tyranny of the many over the few, equally with the tyranny of the few over many. "Foreign missions affirm, with the force of an eternal sanction, the brotherhood of men. They help us to rise to a worthier apprehension of the truth which we hold so simple that it comes home to the rudest savage, so vast that it requires the experience of every race to unfold its mysteries in the language of men. With a faith which goes beyond the ties of kindred and the bounds of empire, they see in all for whom Christ died, the heirs of a common salvation."

Commerce, Civilisation, Culture, Scholarship, Patriotism, and that wider and nobler passion which sees in all men "children of the same dear God," what these are to-day in once heathen lands they are largely because of Christian missions. Surely this constitutes a debt which, to say the least, deserves recognition from the world. But climb higher yet. The life that now is, by common acknowledgment, is more than all of them combined. It has its moral aspect also. My enumeration, therefore, would be incomplete, if I did not crown my appeal by adding this further consideration. The moral life of to-day is indebted to modern Christian missions.

The present changed condition in China, in India, in the South Seas, in Africa, although, as yet, only the healing shadow of the gospel can be said to have fallen there, is positive proof that the Cross of Christ has in it a new and nobler potency. The Gospel has proved itself to be more than a system of morals. It has vindicated its claim to be a life. It has thrilled with fresh meaning the music of the ancient prophecy: "Everything shall live whither the river cometh."[1]

BIBLE NOTES AND QUERIES.

Two correspondents (M. W. and S. A.) ask for an explanation of Luke xvi. 9: "And I say unto you: Make to yourselves friends of the mammon of unrighteousness; that, when ye fail, they may receive you into everlasting habitations."

TO make this passage clear, little more is requisite than a careful explanation of its several phrases.

1. "The mammon of unrighteousness" is equivalent to "the unrighteous mammon"; just as the unrighteous steward had been called in the preceding verse (in the Greek), "the steward of unrighteousness." Mammon is an Aramaic word (not the name of a deity), meaning simply riches, described as "unrighteous," because of their deceitful and transitory character; with a hint, perhaps, at the false view which men take of worldly wealth, regarding themselves as absolute proprietors rather than as stewards.

2. To "make friends of" is a common English expression, meaning to acquire as friends. Thus "make friends of the wise and good," *i.e.*, gain their friendship. Such, however, is not the phrase here employed. Literally, it is "make friends *out of*," *i.e.* "by means of," as in the Revised Version. The whole command may therefore be paraphrased, "By means of deceitful riches (*i.e.* by their right employment), acquire to yourselves friends."

3. "That when ye fail." Here, again, we must consult the Revised Version, which reads "that when it shall fail." There is no reasonable doubt that this represents the correct text. "When ye fail" would mean "when ye die," which also would give a good sense. But our Lord's words, as rightly reported, refer to the riches themselves. When they are gone—for "as we brought nothing into this world, we can carry nothing out"—something yet remains! There is "a treasure in the heavens that faileth not." Luke xii. 33.

4. This treasure is realized, in part, in the form of a welcome to heaven. "Friends" acquired through the just and charitable use of "deceitful riches" will "receive" their benefactors "into the eternal tabernacles" (Rev. Ver.) The reference is not to the title to heaven: this is not secured by any deeds of ours. Yet a part of the "abundant entrance" into the future blessedness shall be the result of earthly self-denial and charity. Their works do follow them: their friends await them: two related aspects of one inspiring hope.

5. Finally, the words stand connected with the preceding parable. A becoming regard to the future is our duty. The unrighteous steward is commended by his master, not indeed for his dishonest dealing, but "because he had done wisely," according to the wisdom of "the children of this age." How much more should the "children of the light" employ their gifts and possessions here so as to secure imperishable treasure! The motive may not be the highest, but it has its place; and it will at least quicken our sympathy and brotherly kindness to be assured that those to whom we have been benefactors here will be our friends for ever.

An explanation is also requested by M. W. of Matthew xxi. 44: "Whosoever shall fall upon this stone shall be broken: but on whomsoever it shall fall, it will grind him to powder."

The terrible consequences of rejecting Christ are here set forth by a twofold emblem, taken from Old Testament Scripture. To the unbelieving and disobedient He is "a stone of stumbling and a rock of offence." (Isaiah viii. 14). Their unbelief, by natural and inevitable consequence, entails moral and spiritual injury. The Pharisees and Sadducees brought ruin upon themselves by refusing to listen to Him; so with every doctrine and system which sets itself against His truth. In vain do they batter the Rock of Ages, they are broken in pieces, they come to naught. But in the end a more fearful consequence remains. Like the stone "cut out without hands" (Daniel ii. 34) which "smote and broke to pieces" the image, and made its fragments "like the chaff of the summer threshing-floors," so Christ, when He comes forth to judgment, shall utterly destroy His adversaries. The stone quiescent, over which men stumble and fall, represent what Christ is to the rebellious here; the stone in movement, crushing them utterly, what He will be to them hereafter. (A most impressive elucidation of the passage will be found in Dr. McLaren's "Manchester Sermons," vol. i.)

[1] Abridged from an Address read at a Convention of the American Inter-seminary Alliance—a summary of facts which may be regarded as a contribution to a great subject not easily exhausted.—ED. S. H.

WINKLES!

"PLEASE, missis, have you got a pin?"

The question was addressed to me, in a childish voice, which had, however, a merry ring with it. I had paused for a moment to gather up my skirts a little, so as to keep them clear from the mud on the pavement. As it chanced, the stop took place in front of a shop where oysters, cockles, muscles, and periwinkles were displayed in tempting profusion.

I looked to see whence the voice came, and found that the owner of it was a little fellow, whose head was so overshaded by an old, wide-brimmed straw hat that he seemed to be standing under a small umbrella. I had quite to look beneath this shade to discern a pale face and a pair of merry, black eyes, fringed with long lashes. He might be a small-sized five-year-old, for he was only in pinafores. Beside him was another youngster, evidently under the protection of little Black-Eyes, who waited with a look of intense anxiety for my answer.

"Supposing I have got a pin," said I, "what then?"

"Oh, please, would you give it us?"

"What for? Why do you want a pin?" I asked.

"Winkles!" was the prompt reply, with a glance towards the open window of the fish shop.

I understood the position. Black-Eyes and his friend wanted the pin in order to extract the little sea snails from their shells with it.

But I could see they had no winkles in actual possession, so, whilst extracting a spare pin from the edge of my cloak, I said, "I can give you a good strong pin, but where are the winkles?"

"In there," indicating the pile with his thumb. "We've had some. Only two or three though, yet——"

The thought flashed across my mind, "Why the little rogues have been stealing. They watch their opportunity and snatch at odd ones that drop on to the slab within their reach. I put on a severe look and said, "but you ought not to take even one winkle that is not your own."

"Oh, missis, we didn't!" returned Black-Eyes, with a troubled face. "When the woman measures 'em she 'most always spills one or two, and they roll out o' window, and we pick 'em up. She don't want 'em back. She says so."

The child looked so straight at me out of those wonderful eyes, and gave such a prompt response, that I felt quite ashamed of myself for having suspected him. Poor little chap! He had stood there on the chance of picking up a stray winkle, and even when the first fell into his possession, groped for on the greasy-feeling pavement, he had bravely checked the impulse to make it his own, and had asked the shop-keeper if she wanted it back.

From instant observation, I concluded that the question had gone to her heart, for one or two winkles rolled off into the street just then, in what seemed a preventible way, as she served a juvenile customer.

I wondered how the youngsters had got at their winkles at first, or whether the pin had been too weak and had become hopelessly crooked.

"Here is a good strong pin for you," I said, handing the article which was received by Black-Eyes with rapturous thanks and an attempt at a bow, which had the effect of jerking off the big hat on to the pavement, whence it was speedily recovered.

"How about the winkles?" said I. "I suppose a penny would buy you quite a lot."

"Oh, wouldn't it?" returned Black-Eyes, and then stood as if absorbed in contemplating a vision of bliss that he could never hope to realise.

"Here, take this penny and buy some then," said I. "I'm sorry, I have not another pin for you. Good-bye, children."

"Oh, thank you, missis." Say "thank you and take your cap off," this to his wee companion. Then "you shall have the pin first Johnny, or may be the shop lady will give us another."

Black-Eyes put his arm lovingly round the less child's neck, and led him into the fish shop in a state of delight which it was worth a good many pennies only to witness. And I could not help lingering, even though time was precious, to see the children with the materials for what would be to them a feast.

Beside, when one thought over this little scene, there were a good many lessons to be learned from it. Little as the elder child was, he was guarding a brother or companion weaker, younger, more helpless still.

There was the patience with which he waited for a windfall, and the sturdy honesty which made him unwilling to use it until he was quite sure it would be right to do so. There were good manners and gratitude for a small kindness, which the natural longing for a banquet of winkles would not let him forget.

There was not only this example to the less child, but the lesson in civility which made Black-Eyes wait for his companion's thanks to be added to his own. And there was the delightful unselfishness that resolved to give the younger the first turn in using the pin, and the love which threw the guiding arm round his neck.

How easy it would have been for Black-Eyes to appropriate the penny, or absorb the lion's share of the little coming treat. To dole Johnny out a winkle now and then, and to reserve to himself the exclusive use of the pin, so that the other could never have the supreme felicity of extracting his own dainty morsel.

But, in turning my back upon this little picture, I felt satisfied that, if anything, the younger would have most and best of what had to be shared, and that his interests were safe in the hands of his companion. I left the well-lighted thoroughfare and turned into a dim side street, but, as I passed on, I seemed still to see the faces of my little friends, and often since I have recalled with pleasure, that scene to memory.

I witnessed another picture not far from the spot where Black-Eyes and I became acquainted. I saw it in the broad daylight, and the actors were two boys, each about a year apart, and as much older than the former two. This is a world of contrasts and these street pictures proved it.

One little fellow—his face streaming with tears and all besmeared through his frantic efforts to wipe them away with one hand, whilst, with the other, he tugged at a bit of a handkerchief entangled amid the varying contents of a small boy's pocket, was running after his elder companion. What with crying, running, and sobbing out at intervals—"Willie. Do stop. Do stop!" the child became quite exhausted, and finally coming to a stand-still, he leaned against the wall and wept bitterly.

He had no real trouble, but it was evident that he had a tender, loving disposition, a clinging nature that yearned for kindness and companionship. The two children had come out together, and the elder, a hard-faced malicious-looking boy, but sturdy and self-reliant as one could see, was tormenting the other by racing off a-head, hiding round corners, dodging in and out, and keeping him at a continual strain, in order that he might not lose sight of him altogether.

Perhaps it was very weak and foolish of the child to cry as if his young heart would break about a mere nothing. Far better to have strolled leisurely on, and told the other to go on his way and he would follow. But it is just the tender, loving natures that can bear anything better than unkindness, and it is such natures that are tortured and played upon, by those who find pleasure in witnessing the pain they have caused.

A glance at the mocking, evil face of the elder lad, sufficed to discern foreshadowings of a tyrannical manhood in years to come.

When I parted from Black-Eyes, I had thought to myself at what a trifling cost happiness had been purchased for him and his friend. Just a penny expended and two young hearts were gladdened and a happy memory left to me of two bright faces. "Now," I thought, "I will try the worth of a penny in drying tears."

So I had a talk with the weeping little man, and did my best to cheer him, with such effect that the handkerchief having been extracted from his pocket, he soon effaced the traces of tears and smears from his rosy cheeks. An occasional sob testified to recent trouble, but a very genuine smile appeared when I produced the penny and bade him put it in his pocket and take it home. Down it went under his knickerbocker museum of treasures, and he kept his hand in too, as he lifted his rosy face to kiss his thanks.

Next came what made the contrast between the elder boy and Black-Eyes. Our petty tyrant who had watched the transfer of the coin from round the corner, began to sidle up to the little one, with pretended friendship and hypocritical words. That penny had made all the difference, and the selfish rogue was plotting either to share it, or get the whole from his neighbour.

I turned back, though I could ill spare the time, and sent Master Willie to the right about, then cautioned the little one against his wiles. I did not want to make a tender confiding child into a suspicious one, so I had to give him quite a small lecture, and make him promise faithfully not to give the penny, or any portion of what he might buy with it, to Willie. He might share it with another friend if he liked, for little boys should be generous, only this boy ought not to be rewarded for naughtiness, I said.

I really believe the tender heart had forgiven its tormentor already, and that the penny was losing much of its value because it was not to be shared with Willie, for the child's eyes followed him with a sort of yearning look.

Maybe on some past occasion, the bigger boy had put forth his strength on behalf of the little one, and the remembrance of a single benefit could never be forgotten.

The two reminded me of a boy and his dog. The lad may plague the beast as much as he chooses, but if the creature loves him, he only rushes to his side with vociferous welcome, to be teazed again and again.

Generally speaking the young master, though a petty tyrant himself, protects his dog from other boy tyrants, and the animal knows it, and looks up to him accordingly.

There might be some such bond between Willie and the sorrowful wee man whose tears I had succeeded in drying.

I had to leave him; but as I went my way I drew fancy pictures of the homes and mothers of these my street acquaintances.

I pictured Black-Eyes, for instance, in a poor home with a hard-working, widowed mother. His clothes bespoke the poverty, for I was quite sure they had known other wearers—notably the wide hat—before they were worn by him. Their cleanliness, and that of both the children, told of a mother who did her best for the bodies of her little ones. They were kept warm and tidy to look at.

Then the way in which Black-Eyes protected Johnny seemed to say, that, mere baby as he was, he had often to take charge of the other baby a size less still, probably the mother went out to work—compelled to do it in order to win bread, and left these two to keep house with many an injunction, and a prayer to God to guard them from harm. Perhaps she had read the words "Leave thy fatherless children, I will preserve them alive," and taken them to herself and found comfort in them, as she went about her daily task.

I am sure she had taught her little ones to be truthful and honest, for they would not appropriate a stray winkle without the leave of her to whom it lawfully belonged.

The conduct of Black-Eyes seemed to brighten, by the thought of it, the dim little side street into which I passed when I bade him good bye, and a prayer went up from my heart to God, that He would bless the children and guide their young feet into the narrow path that leads to everlasting life.

I could not feel the same about Willie's home, for his conduct was tyrannical, selfish and mean. He enjoyed the sight of suffering and, unless he were checked and guided aright, would develop into a cruel and selfish man. Surely he needed to be prayed for most of all my street friends, and I remembered him too. One finds so many to pray for in passing to-and-fro in the world. And are we not all members of the great human family that sprang from the same Creator? Should we not all pray that we may become true children of the same heavenly Father?

As to the troubled little heart, he has a good mother, I am sure, and is loved and cosseted at home. He gets no stinted measure of affection. One could discern a mother's hand and love in every article of his clothing, even to the mite of a pocket-handkerchief which took so much tugging out when most needed.

As a last thought, one is struck with the fact of the small cost at which childish tears may be dried. It seems very easy to bestow a penny, and it is delightful to get such a large return for so small an expenditure.

I know there are wise people who would object to the bestowal of odd pennies on little street children and I own that it would not do to scatter even these broadcast. But when—well I will not argue, but suggest that, if in going along the streets, we can in any little way give a glimpse of happiness or a gleam of sunshine to a child, it is good for ourselves that we do not let slip the opportunity.

RUTH LAMB.

SCRIPTURE CHARACTER.

NO. II.

1. He was the third king of this name mentioned in the Bible.
2. He put one of our Lord's apostles to death.
3. He seized another with the same purpose.
4. When he wished to put him to death the prison was found to be empty.
5. Afterwards he held a great feast for all his nobles and officers.
6. He died a sudden and dreadful death.

Monthly Religious Record.

THE Chinese Government has issued a decree which is virtually one of complete toleration, assuring protection, to all missionaries. It has instructed its high officials in the various provinces to issue proclamations calling upon the people to live at peace with Christian missionaries and their converts. The terms of some of these proclamations are very remarkable. Thus we read in one posted at Ningpo:

"Know therefore, all men of whatsoever sort or condition, that *the sole object of establishing chapels is to exhort men to do right: those who embrace Christianity do not cease to be Chinese*, and both sides should therefore continue to live in peace, and not let mutual jealousies be the cause of strife between them. If cases come before the courts, the local authority should investigate them impartially, having regard only to the merits of the case and not to the religion of the litigants, and should give his decision quickly: thus neither party shall inflict injury on the other, each shall pursue in peace and quietude its various callings, and the desire of the State to include in its kindly benevolence the men from afar equally with its own people shall not be frustrated. From the date of this proclamation any lawless vagabonds who make trouble or stir up strife without a cause shall be punished with the utmost rigour of the law; no mercy will be shown, so beware!"

Another issued in the Shanghai district says:—"Bear in mind, that *when missionaries live in the midst of your villages, you and they are mutually in the relationship of host and guest.* Under ordinary circumstances it is your foremost duty to act towards them with courtesy and forbearance; should there arise any misunderstanding requiring to be set right, let each submit his side of the question to the local authorities for equitable arbitration and decision; your officials have the necessary power and influence. You must be careful on no account to give rein to ill-considered resentment, and fall, owing to the impulse of a moment, into the net of the law."

This view is a startling advance on the once popular cry which has pursued the missionaries as "foreign devils" in so many cities. It must not, however, be assumed that the change is due to growing sympathy with Christianity. The outbreaks at various places within the last few years have not only occasioned much local trouble, but have given rise to questions involving broader issues; and in all probability the edict is due to the controversy which culminated in the proposal to send a Papal Legate to China, and the counter claim of France to protect the Roman Catholic converts. It must be remembered also, that there are missionaries of various creeds and nationalities in China. Still this imperial decree marks an epoch, and must give fresh impulse to Christian effort. The progress making is one of the most remarkable features of our time.

THE London Missionary Society recently said farewell to another batch of medical missionaries appointed to labour in North China. Sir Risdon Bennett presided on the occasion. The Rev. Edward White, who gave the valedictory address, said he believed that the progress of Christianity was greatly hindered amongst Jews and Mohammedans because men did not teach it in the language of the New Testament, but in modern philosophical language.

THE China Inland mission has also been reinforced. Five more young men have gone forth, and several young ladies; twenty-five have already this year volunteered for the field; and it is the earnest desire of those abroad that the number may be increased to one hundred.

THE English Presbyterian mission reports that the unusually large number of thirty-four adults has been received in one month into the church by baptism. From Formosa also we learn that the native church there have resolved to establish a mission in the Pescadore Islands. In the Amoy district, five or six new stations have been opened at the expense of the native church.

MR. STANLEY'S expedition to the relief of Emin Pasha opens another chapter in the African story. There is too much reason to fear a time of disquietude among the tribes as they realise the encroaching presence of European influences. The disaster that has compelled Mr. Wakefield, of the Free Methodist Galla Mission, in East Africa, to retire for a time, is but another illustration of disturbed relations. The fact that Germany and England have each assigned to them a definite sphere of action, over vast territories, while not involving annexation, has yet a significance that will not be overlooked, as the recent treaties become known. This arrangement, we should note, leaves a large part of the field now occupied by the Church Missionary Society entirely to German control, namely, the stations of Mamboia, Mpwapwa, Uyui, and Msalala. The Universities' Mission in Usambara, Mombasa, and Taita, are in the territory reserved for the extension of British influence; Chagga is on the border-line. Bishop Hannington's route, Uganda, is in what may now be called British territory, though not annexed, while the old route is within the German protectorate. It is a question whether the German influence will prove favourable to these missions. The experience of the Baptists on the west coast points the other way. The Sultan of Zanzibar is held responsible for a strip of coast-line, some six hundred miles in length. Meanwhile Mr. Ashe has arrived from Uganda. His account of events to some extent modifies former statements. It appears that the number of Christians in Uganda, and the number massacred, has been under-estimated. More than 200 have been baptized by the missionaries of the Church Missionary Society, and probably a like number by the Roman Catholic priests; but many hundreds besides have learned to read, and the Romanist converts read the papers issued by the Protestant mission. Of the lads burnt to death at the capital, the majority were Romanists. Mr. Ashe thinks that some 200 persons who were more or less adherents of one or other of the missions were put to death altogether, and a large number of these were attached to the mission of the Church Missionary Society; but of its baptized Christians only twelve are certainly known to be dead.

THE outlook on the Congo is much brighter. The letters last received tell of "progress all along the line." Portions of the Scriptures have been printed in the Congo language by the mission press at Underhill Station. A new up-river station has been commenced at Lukolela. Here is a glimpse of the pioneer missionary: "The natives express themselves glad that we have come. One cannot help suspecting that their joy is only occasioned because they think we shall bring them cloth and trade; still, we are thankful to find a people who are glad to welcome us. To start with, we are trying to buy native houses. The forest is very dense, many of the trees being from eighty to one hundred feet high. These were fortunately cleared for us about a year or so ago, but the place has all overgrown since with small but very dense bush. When first we landed on our ground we found it occupied by a troop of monkeys; they did not, however, object to our taking possession, but made off at once, and have not since returned. We hear there are many wild animals in the bush." Then, in a postscript: "We are comfortably housed in a native hut, rather crowded, but happy, in spite of the hardship. We are both in excellent health, and are working hard with shovel, axe, and saw."

THE destruction wrought by the sale of spirits among the native tribes of Africa has not yet received the practical attention which the subject demands. Dr. Sims, who is returning to the Congo, referred to it in a recent speech at a leave-taking meeting held at Harley House, Bow. In illustration, he stated that even at Stanley Pool 25 per cent. of what is brought by the caravans is gin. At one place he visited, around the grave of a lad recently buried, were two rows of gin bottles. Farther on was another grave with four or five rows of gin bottles around it, and a demijohn on the top. In the house of the king he had seen eight or nine gin bottles under the king's bed. And this sort of thing is going on right away far into the interior. It is a common thing, in going from place to place, to find nearly all the people in a state of intoxication quite early in the day. In harmony with this statement is that of Mr. Joseph

Thomson, the well-known traveller, who says that "in many districts the wealth and importance of the various villages are measured by the size of the pyramids of empty gin-bottles which they possess." It is estimated, indeed, that 60,000 hogsheads of fifty gallons each is the annual consumption in the Niger and adjacent districts. Speaking also of slavery as he had seen it, Dr. Sims said that one night when on board the steamer, he was startled by seeing a great light, and then by floating articles bumping against the sides of the vessel. The morning revealed that a native town, containing 6000 inhabitants, had been utterly destroyed by fire, and at first not a native was to be seen. After some time one man told him that the Arabs were there, on the look out for slaves, and this was the result. Farther up the river they passed several villages and towns of 2000 inhabitants, and upwards, which had all been destroyed by fire. Not less than 40,000 people had been rendered homeless by the destruction of towns which he then witnessed.

THERE are now on the mainland of New Guinea about seventy mission stations, extending from near the East Cape to the West. The Rev. James Chalmers, describing his experiences, said they had been told to take civilisation first, and then Christianity; but he had travelled east and west in the South Pacific, and had never seen so-called "civilisation" civilise men: it is Christianity only that can civilise them.

FROM the sacred city of Benares come signs of fresh awakening. "I have had," writes the Rev. G. M. Bulloch, "the unspeakable pleasure of coming across quite a number of young men lately, who seem to be experiencing an awakening, and are passing through terrible spiritual throes. As a sign of the reality of this, I hear that the Brahmos have begun a second church in a thickly-populated part of the city. At first Brahmoism seems a fitting resting-place for some of these anxious spirits. Only yesterday morning I met an old pupil on the platform of the railway station who seemed greatly dejected. On entering into conversation with him I found that for several months he had been enduring what he called inexpressible torments, longing for spiritual rest. During this time he had read the Bible through three times, often sitting up all the night in the exercise."

THE desire for union which has found expression in several quarters of late has received another illustration in a conference of the Congregational Board and the Baptist Board—two bodies which have held their meetings regularly for a century past, but never before, save for some political purpose, have met together for common consultation on other subjects. The Rev. R. A. Redford read a paper on "Denominationalism in the Past and the Future"; and a discussion followed, in the course of which suggestions were made as to the possibilities of common action.

THE Working Men's Lord's Day Rest Association has issued an address in which the chief incidents of the last year bearing upon the Sabbath question are briefly recapitulated. Our readers are familiar with the main facts, but there is enough in various localities to show how rapidly the Sunday might be transformed into a day of trading and amusement, to the detriment of the working classes, were it not for the wholesome expression of public opinion. For example, at Liverpool the *Great Eastern* Steamship was chartered by a local company, and opened as a place of amusement on Sundays. Legal proceedings were commenced, but before the case could be heard the ship passed again to the control of its owners. At the Brighton Palace, near the same city, concerts were opened for money payment, but closed after remonstrance. At Harrogate and Brighton Sunday concerts for money admissions on a large scale were being arranged, but were abandoned on the heavy penalties for so doing being made known to the managers. The Crystal Palace grounds and the refreshment department for six o'clock Sunday dinners were open to season-ticket holders with a view to make money. Both movements have come to an end. These cases show how eager speculators are to appropriate the Sabbath to dividend-making. By 22 votes against 15 the Town Council of Liverpool has abandoned the Sunday organ recitals in St. George's Hall, after an experiment of six months' performances; but at Bradford the Town Council, after contests lasting over several years, has by 31 votes against 24 resolved to open the Museum Reading Room and Reference Library on Sundays for six months.

THE Socialists, or that section of them identified with the unemployed of London, have organised what they call "church parades," much to the discomfort of some congregations. Companies of them, sometimes numbering two or three hundred men, after marching through the streets, have attended service. They have some of them hissed at the prayers for the Queen, and also at the eighth commandment, possibly with some vague recollection of Proudhon's saying, that "all property is theft." At St. Mary, Battersea, the Rev. Canon Erskine Clarke replied with effect from the pulpit to some of their complaints. At Marylebone the rector, the Rev. W. Barker, on one occasion of their presence, addressed himself to them in a manner which won strong approval from some of their number. He took as text two passages—one from the fifth verse of the seventeenth chapter of St. Matthew: "Hear ye Him"; and the other from the thirty-second verse of the eighth chapter of St. John: "The truth shall make you free." De Jacqueville had predicted, he began, that the latter half of the nineteenth century would be signalised by a great social movement—an opening which immediately called forth exclamations of assent. Then he laid it down at the outset that the truth alone could make men free. Social problems could be solved only by understanding them and by the application of right principles. We were always under a temptation to adopt temporary expedients and to take short cuts, but in the long run sound results could be obtained only from sound principles. He recognised the honesty of many of the leaders and teachers of these men, but veracity was one thing and truth was another; and though men's veracity might always be unimpeachable, their conceptions of truth would change from time to time. The relations of truth are not always perceptible, and law and liberty often appear to be opposed. Many of his hearers were slaves to false ideas. The wrong-doing of one class did not justify the wrong-doing of another. No conjuring could make all men equal, and it was never right for a man to try to repress the individuality of his own class. As to what were truths, he would state a few. First, that God is, and that God is our Father. Secondly, that we are His children, and all are brethren. Thirdly, that there is a life beyond this in which every man will be judged by what he really is. Further, so far from God hating us, Christ had given His own blood to prove His love to us. The manner in which this plain speaking—direct, yet sympathetic—was received is an augury for good, to be noted by all who labour among the artisan classes.

MANY English sailors have been this winter in great distress. This is said to be mainly due to foreign seamen coming in to occupy their places. In London, the British and Foreign Sailors' Society has done its utmost, by providing free meals, or finding them friends and situations, to aid those who are unable to pay for accommodation in the Sailors' Home. The Rev. J. P. Millar gives the result of his inquiries on a recent Sunday, when he met ninety-seven of these men in a mission-room near the Thames: "I found that in the matter of food it is a rare thing for the majority of them to pass a week without two or three days' entire want, and such food as they get on other days is little better than scraps or crusts. A bed to lie on at night is a luxury to be enjoyed, once a fortnight or once a week, as the case may be. The usual experience is to walk the streets, or to sleep in vans in open yards, under arches, or anywhere away from the eye of the policeman. One man told me he had slept once in bed during the previous seventeen nights. Such a place as home is unknown to most of them, the nearest approach to it being the lodging-house; but a few of them are married. Yet in most cases, it is not drink that has done these men harm, or bad conduct. Within these three years we have got 2,600 sailors to take the pledge, and more than 2,000 have kept it. I put the question to those present, How many are teetotalers? when a clear majority held up hands. As to conduct, one man, who seemed quite as badly off as the others, gave me his last eight certificates to inspect, when all of them bore the mark V.G. (very good)." We have heard much of the waifs of the streets drifted city-wards from the country fields; and much of the straitened dwellers in overcrowded city courts; this aspect of the riverside is not less painful. Any contributions in aid of these distressed seamen may be sent to Thomas Hankey, Esq., of the Bank of England, the treasurer of the Society.

THE SUNDAY AT HOME

O DAY MOST CALM, MOST BRIGHT! . . .
THE WEEK WERE DARK BUT FOR THY LIGHT.—*Herbert.*

BARBARA'S BROTHERS.

BY EVELYN EVERETT GREEN.

CHAPTER XIV.—CLIVE'S CONQUEST.

A LESSON IN BOAT-BUILDING.

"COME with me this morning, Clive, and see my dear little Jack," said Reinée.

"I shall be jealous of that precious Jack of yours if you persist in using such endearing terms."

"Well, be as jealous as you like, but come with me. It is so nice to have you all by yourself again."

Clive was lolling on a green bank beneath the terrace with a newspaper beside him. Reinée, parasol in hand and basket on arm, had come to seek him before starting on her expedition. Clive was in his white flannels, and evidently proposed some boating or lawn tennis that day. He looked up at his sister as she spoke the last words with a merry twinkle in his eye.

"Is that meant for a compliment to Trevelyan?"

Reinée coloured a little.

"I cannot help being very glad he has gone, although I do not like saying inhospitable things about any guest of ours, especially if it is a friend of yours."

"Well, to tell the truth, Reinée," answered Clive, "I don't regret him much myself. He does not altogether improve as he grows older.

"Can't you sing me a song? It's your turn now."

But Alice shook her head.

"I can't sing when anybody's there to hear."

"Well, you must sing to me some day when we're quite alone," he answered, smiling as he got off the wall. "Are you ready, Reinée? We have stayed an unconscionable time: but you don't seem shy of inflicting yourself upon the community."

They spoke their kindly adieus and brother and sister had almost ascended the steep path to the top of the cliff when the patter of footsteps behind them made Clive turn round.

The lame girl was hurrying after them as quickly as her crutches would allow, and as the young man stepped back a pace or two to meet her, she pulled from her waistband a single, half-blown white moss rose evidently just gathered, and put it into his hand; then turning quickly round, she began descending the rugged path with marvellous agility.

"Why, Clive," said Reinée with a smile, "you have achieved at one stroke what I have failed to accomplish by much pains and patience. Alice will not speak to me or look at me if she can help it."

"I suppose she is a little touched in the head?"

"She is peculiar, but I do not know that it amounts to more than that. You have made a conquest anyhow."

Clive laughed at the idea, and gave little heed to the matter; but he began to take an interest from that day forward in the little bright-eyed Jack and his odd lame sister.

The cliff path was the shortest way down to the beach, where Clive's boat lay moored, and he was in the habit of passing the little thatched cottage two or three times a week. He would never go by without a kind word to Jack, and a promise that when he was well enough he should come with him and steer his boat.

As for Alice, she watched for him in her odd silent fashion day by day, and never let him pass without some simple offering of a flower, or fern, or perhaps a curious shell or pebble. Sometimes he would sit on the wall awhile, and chat to Jack or sing a song, and Alice always hovered around, evidently taking a keen pleasure in these visits.

Clive did not think much of the matter, little knowing what the lame girl's devotion was to cost him, but Reinée was much surprised by what she heard and saw, as were the inmates of the cottage themselves.

But Alice could give no explanation of her odd likes and dislikes. She told Jack that Miss Dumaresq only came to amuse herself, and did not really care for them, and no indignant protestations on her brother's part, could shake her in this conviction. Why she did not resent Clive's visits on the same ground it would be hard to say; but his voice and his whistle and perhaps the very carelessness of his merry ways had quite won her stubborn heart, and he became to her at once a hero and an idol.

Nobody however had the least idea what was to come of Clive's conquest, or to what results it would lead. Certainly there was something very attractive about the two young Dumaresqs, this brother and sister who were so devotedly attached to one another, and who won all hearts by their kindly sympathy and ready interest in the life around them into which they were so willing to enter.

Clive had taken a great liking for Wulfric Meynal, partly perhaps out of gratitude, but more from genuine admiration for the man himself; and the difficulty of improving the acquaintance only seemed to increase the young man's desire for it.

Wulfric was much too busy to pay or receive visits, and it never occurred to him that his society could afford pleasure to others. That the gay and brilliant Clive could really desire his company was an idea that never entered his head, and yet such was undoubtedly the case, and by-and-by even Wulfric became convinced of it, and the consciousness brought with it an odd glow of pleasure and a sense of gratitude and satisfaction.

Clive would often stroll in at the hour when Wulfric was usually at leisure; and as often as he could he would get the young doctor to the Hall, or detain him there after a professional visit and improve the acquaintance by every means in his power.

Mr. Damaresq liked Wulfric exceedingly, and had the utmost confidence in his skill. He was benefited by his treatment, and was more inclined to think favourably of his own case than he had been able to do before.

Mrs. Dumaresq believed in the young doctor's medical skill, although she had no liking for him personally. She would have preferred only to receive him on a strictly professional footing; but then Clive was the very idol of her rather cold heart, and whatever he chose to do she could not oppose. She was so pleased at having him at home that she was glad for him to enliven his time in every possible way, and if Dr. Meynal's society was an attraction, she would make no objection to the friendship. To her Wulfric was so essentially an unpleasing and uninteresting man—rough, heavy, and dull, she mentally called him—that the idea of his attracting the esteem and regard of her daughter never for a moment occurred to her.

Yet Reinée saw a great deal of her brother's friend on the occasions when he came to the Hall, and she shared Clive's admiration and respect for him in no small degree. Since she had begun to help Barbara a little in visiting some of the sick poor, a common bond of sympathy seemed to unite them, and they had many things to discuss together, and Wulfric was often appealed to for advice with regard to some of Reinée's plans and projects.

Of course she was inclined to "spoil the people," as Wulfric often told her, with a smile that robbed the rebuke of anything like ungraciousness. With money at easy command, and warm feelings of sympathy towards all who were suffering from any kind of ill, it was inevitable that Reinée should incline to an over-lavishness of generosity; and many of her pretty little

You were pretty well right, I believe, in your verdict. I do not believe he is a good man. He is not good enough anyway, for my little sister. I am glad he has gone, and I hope he will not come back very quickly."

"Do you think he will?"

"Undoubtedly he will, sooner or later. He will not let go his prize without a struggle; but he evidently saw that he was not favoured by you, and could reckon on no support from me, and he judged it wise to let well alone, and not provoke a refusal by speaking at an inopportune moment. After that narrow escape of mine on the cliff he seemed to know he had lost a point or two by his shirking danger. Your regal scorn was a little too much for him, Reinée—you can be magnificent when you are roused; and now he has taken himself off awhile to 'wait till the clouds roll by.'"

Reinée stood silent for a few minutes wrapt in thought, but then, putting on one side all unpleasant topics, she smiled in the sunny fashion her brother loved to see.

"And meantime we can enjoy ourselves without him; and you are to come with me this morning to see my dear little Jack."

"And where does this infant prodigy reside?"

"In a nice little cottage half-way down the cliff. You will come, won't you, Clive?" for he had made no sign of moving all this time, and was lying back in luxurious ease upon the bank.

"I suppose my life will be made a burden to me until I do," answered Clive, rising leisurely, "and you must play tennis with me this afternoon in return. Now, give me that basket; I suppose I must needs be a beast of burden when we go on these charitable errands. There, which way? All right—phew! How hot it is in the sun!"

And laughing and talking in gay and easy fashion they approached the cliff path and began the descent.

"I hate stuffy cottages!" remarked Clive, who loved to grumble; "especially on a day like this."

"Well you need not go in, Mr. Fastidious. You can stay and talk to little Jack outside. He is sure to be out on a day like this. I must go in and talk to his mother."

"Is it the father of this little chap that works on the farm—a delicate-looking man they call Stone?" asked Clive.

"Yes, do you know anything of him?"

"Only that he seems to understand his business very well, and he's rather knowing with horses too. He suggested something for Gipsy's strained shoulder after her fall that did her more good than anything else. I was telling the governor the other day what a handy, civil-spoken sort of fellow he was."

Reinée looked pleased.

"That is a good boy, Clive. Always stand up for my protégés."

"Of course," answered Clive promptly; and as they were now approaching the cottage, further conversation was suspended.

Little Jack was lying out upon his cushioned couch in the shade, and his face looked brown and healthy. The good nourishing food which the improved circumstances of the family enabled his mother to give him had worked a marked change for the better since Reinée had seen him first. He had a table in front of him on which lay a vast assortment of odds and ends of rubbish, such as boys love to collect about them.

As the visitors approached, he looked up, and his face beamed all over when he saw Reinée.

"Mother, mother!" he cried, "here's my young lady!"

Mrs. Stone, at the sound of the call, appeared at the cottage door, and curtesied to the visitors. Clive lifted his hat and Reinée smiled and touched Jack's curly head with her gloved hand.

"You are very busy this morning, Jack. What are you doing with all that wood?"

"I'm a trying to make a boat, I am," answered the child brightly, "but it ain't so easy as it looks."

"Well, you ask my big brother to tell you how. He was a great hand at it once, He's come here to see you this morning, you see."

"Thank'ee sir," said Jack, pulling his forelock.

Reinée passed into the cottage and Clive seated himself in an easy attitude upon the low stone wall that bounded the little garden on the sea side, and was close to the foot of Jack's couch.

"A nice young man you are to go tumbling down precipices and breaking your bones! I suppose it was an excuse for playing truant all these weeks. You ought to be ashamed of yourself, that you ought."

Jack grinned from ear to ear.

"Well, it weren't my fault, I don't think. It were an accident. Besides you broked your own leg, you did, when you were at school," and he looked up in Clive's face with a little laugh of triumph.

"Who told you that, you impudent young rascal?"

"My young lady did," and Jack glanced towards the cottage where Reinée had disappeared. "She said you wanted a deal of amusing, she did."

Clive laughed mirthfully, and Jack, encouraged by the kindliness of the young gentleman's face and manner, concluded archly: "She didn't tell me as you was ever ashamed of yourself."

"Ah, but I was old enough to do as I pleased, and you're not, which makes all the difference. And how soon are they going to get you on your legs again?"

"In about a week, my doctor says. He's going to let me have a pair of crutches to get about on a little; and then I shall have a stick, and then I shall run about as I did used to do. It were a bad break, it were, but it's doing famous, and I shan't be no worse for it in the long run, that's what he says."

"Dr. Meynal?"

"Yes; he's a good 'un, he is, and so is Miss Barbara. She sent my young lady, and she's the best of them all. I've been in rare luck, I have!"

Jack's whole face glowed, and Clive, glancing at the child with his broken limb, and homely surroundings, fell into a brief reverie, from which he roused himself to observe—

"And so you don't know how to set about making a boat, don't you?—and you, half a sailor too? How comes that?"

"Well, I ain't got much of a knife to start with," answered Jack, holding up a weather-stained haft with about an inch and a half of rusty broken blade.

"Think that's any better?" asked Clive, tossing him the one from his own pocket.

Jack's eyes sparkled with delighted interest as he handled the wonderful implement, and carefully opened one bright sharp blade after another, and tested their edges with his thumbnail.

"That's something like a knife!" he said, with great admiration. "I expects that was made in London, I do."

"Well, I dare say you're not much out. And do you think it would do your business for you better than that treasure?"

Jack looked a little mystified.

"Would you like to keep it altogether to help with your boat-building business?"

Jack's eyes opened wide, and he drew a long breath.

"Be you a joking, sir?" he asked.

"No, old fellow, I mean what I say. You may keep it. I dare say I've another at home. Now let's see how you set to work—I'll show you a dodge or two. I was a dab hand at that sort of thing when I was a shrimp like you."

Reinée sat some twenty minutes in the cottage with Mrs, Stone, hearing about Jack's progress and the other simple joys and sorrows that make up the sum of so many lives. Mrs. Stone was not a woman who could talk of her affairs to many people, but Reinée's gentle ways and sweet smiles had won the way to her heart, whilst the kindness shown to her little boy during this time that would otherwise have been so trying had filled her with a deep and earnest gratitude.

So she could talk to the young lady from the Hall as she had not been able to talk to any one for many a long day, and Reinée listened with an interest that was not in the least feigned, and which, by its sincerity, seemed to invite confidence.

When the girl quitted the cottage and rounded the angle of the house that hid Jack's couch from view she saw something that caused her a sensation of considerable surprise.

During the whole month that she had been visiting at the cliff cottage she had never once succeeded in winning a single word or smile from the crippled girl, Alice. Beloved as she was by all the rest of the family, and particularly by Jack, his sister had never consented to make friends or to relax the hostile attitude she had established from the first. Reinée was sorry and perplexed, but as all her efforts to make friends had proved fruitless, and as the child was said to be a little wrong in the head, she had at last yielded up the attempt and had ceased to pay the attentions that were obviously so much resented.

So that her surprise was now very great at what she now saw.

Clive was seated as before on the low wall and was working away at a miniature boat to which he was putting the finishing touches, whilst Jack watched him with eager eyes.

Clive was whistling as he worked, and his whistle was peculiarly clear and sweet and bird-like, and he could trill and shake and warble like a sky-lark.

Jack was listening with as much pleasure as he watched, and he was not the only auditor, for Alice had drawn near from the other side of the wall and was standing quite close to Clive, her lips parted in a breathless smile, her eyes wide and full of delight, her whole face so wonderfully changed and softened that Reinée hardly knew the girl.

"'Tis the music," said Jack in a low voice, catching Reinée's look of surprise. "Our Alice does so love it."

Clive ceased whistling as his sister approached and looked up with his merry smile.

"Is the charitable mission accomplished?" he asked in French "and have we sufficiently done our duty to our neighbour."

Reinée smiled and sat down for a few minutes to talk to Jack.

"I have heard from the lady to whom I sent your sea-weeds, Jack. She is very much pleased with them and has sent you half a sovereign," and Reinée produced the bright little coin and held it out to Jack.

Jack's eyes sparkled more brightly than the gold. He took it eagerly and looked at it, and then held it out to Reinée.

"Will you take care of it for me, please? And I'll try and save up all I can to get mother a warm gown or shawl against the cold weather comes."

"Yes, Jack, I will do that gladly," answered Reinée, "and if you do some more sea-weed as nicely as the last, I dare say I can find a purchaser again."

"And if you'll make me a fleet of decent boats for my little nephews," added Clive, "I'll give you sixpence a piece for them."

As Clive had no small nephews, Reinée heard this proposition with considerable amusement, and her brother catching the glance in her eye laughed aloud; but Jack was too delighted at his good luck to observe anything of this.

Alice had moved away as soon as the whistling ceased, and was now hidden behind a low bush.

"Sing us a song before we go, Clive," said Reinée. "I want to see how Jack can carve."

So Clive sang a good rollicking sailor song with a swing in it that seemed to speak of beating waves and a rolling ship. His voice was as clear and true and flexible as his whistle had been, and Jack forgot his boat to listen, whilst Alice drew nearer and nearer as if drawn by an invisible power.

When Clive stopped she was close beside him, and he looked down at her with a smile.

"Well, is it so very wonderful?" he asked, catching the wrapt expression in her eyes. "Did you never hear any one sing before?"

"Not like that," she answered without shrinking away as Reinée had expected. "I think the angels must sing like that."

Clive laughed a little at the notion.

plans were negatived with a smile by Wulfric, a smile half sad, half pleased, and he would say with his unconsious air of command: "No, Miss Dumaresq, if you want my sanction I cannot give it. Do not pauperise the people, and teach them to think that they are to have everything they fancy just because you have plenty to give. Keep your money for the really weak and suffering, and those who cannot help themselves; but let those who can work do so, and do not continue doles longer than is absolutely necessary, or let it be thought that you encourage idleness or needless complainings."

And if Reinée sometimes looked a little sad and disappointed at having some pet scheme quietly put asido in this way, she very soon learned how wise and far-seeing Wulfric Meynal's judgments were, and how really tender-hearted he was in any case of genuine distress and suffering. She began to feel that he could never be wrong and to look up to him as to a great and good man who stood on a higher level than that of ordinary mortals.

Her manner towards him, though always sweet and gracious, had just that touch of reserve that is often to be noticed in the young towards those whom they most reverence and respect. Mrs. Dumaresq observed it with satisfaction, and considered that Reinée was acting with becoming dignity. But Clive sometimes smiled to himself as he listened to the discussions between his sister and his friend, and said to himself that she was never so bewitching as when she was talking in that earnest serious way, appealing to him with such perfect confidence in his judgment and such absolute trust in his kindness.

"I don't know how Trevelyan would like it if he were here," he said sometimes to himself, "but I doubt if he will be here just yet. He certainly went away in high dudgeon about something, and when he comes back it seems to me that the chances are it will be—too late."

THE DIVINE SHADE ON THE RIGHT HAND.

BY THE REV. HUGH MACMILLAN, D.D., LL.D.

"The Lord is thy shade upon thy right hand."—*Psa.* cxxi. 5.

WE are accustomed to regard this localising of the divine agency as a mere poetical expression. We see no special reason why the right hand should have been selected in preference to the left. Such a restriction of the Supreme Being who fills all heaven and earth with His presence, seems more consistent with the genius of idolatry than with the lofty monotheism of the Jews. God can defend us equally in all directions, and His overshadowing power is as necessary on the one hand as on the other. The choice of the right hand might indeed have derived a figurative significance from the fact that there seems to be some physiological impulse to use it in preference to the left hand. The right hand is undoubtedly the stronger of the two members, and is universally used as the leading organ in all the arts of life. Mankind have everywhere trained themselves to use the right hand before the left in all work that requires either strength or skill; and to be left-handed is considered to be feeble and awkward. The allusion of the Psalmist therefore appears to us to mean no more than that the Lord is our defence on the side which we ourselves most honour, and where, from a human point of view, His assistance could be given with most advantage.

If we think more deeply upon the subject, however, we should naturally be led to reverse this supposition. We should conclude that the Divine promise of help would be given, not to the strongest but to the weakest point. The right hand is already strong, whereas the left hand is feeble. In that case it is more important that the feeble side should be fortified, than that a comparatively powerful side should have an increase of protection.

This idea leads us to inquire whether the conventional meaning which we attach to the right hand is here the correct one. By the Hebrews the four points of the compass were named after personal terms, determined by the attitude of a spectator towards the rising sun. Looking to the east his front was towards that quarter, and therefore the term "before" stood for that direction, while "behind" stood for the west, and of course the left hand represented the north and the right hand the south. Accordingly, when the Psalmist says that "the Lord is thy shade upon thy right hand," the reference is to the south. All the metaphors of the Psalm, in which the exile is yearning for the hills of his fatherland, speak of the special dangers of the desert—the heat of the burning sun by day, and the perils from lawless tribes by night. On the south the evils were intensified. The north was the region of home, where the cool mountains rose up to the sky, and the rejoicing streams refreshed the air, and the dense foliage of the trees created a delicious shade at noon. It was to the hills of the north on their left hand that they lifted up their eyes for help. In the south, on the other hand, stretched a bare and dreary desert, trackless and shadeless. There the rays of the sun were almost vertical, and no green leaf or cloud or well was present to relieve the intolerable heat. On their right hand therefore would be intensified all the evils of thirst, heat,

and monotony which made the passage of the desert so trying. Consequently the Lord engaged to be their shade in the direction in which they needed it most. Where the heat was greatest there the Lord should give them the deepest shade.

And how grateful such a promise must have been no inhabitant of the cool north can adequately appreciate. Even in our mild summers we are sometimes oppressed with the heat; and from the noonday sun in July we know how delightful is the dim green gloom of umbrageous woods. But our experience falls far short of that of the pilgrim in the glowing Arabian desert, to whom the shadow of a great rock in a weary land is the most delicious of all physical sensations. In the north, we know of the sun only as a benefactor, and we can hardly have too much of him in our long winters and short dim summers; but in the fierce south he is not without his terrors. The ancient poets spoke without exaggeration of the death-dealing arrows of Apollo; and to the unshielded head the blaze of the unclouded noon is full of peril. While the sun stimulated the rich oasis into amazing luxuriance, it burnt up the leafless sandy desert. So too the glory of the Lord, whose brightest material image is the sun, is not unmingled with dread. While therefore He is our sun, He is at the same time our shield. He is never our foe, but our best friend. We need no shelter from Him, but He is our refuge. The Lord is our shade on our right hand where the heat of the desert is greatest. He is our pillar of cloud by day all through the wilderness; and there shall be a tabernacle in the daytime from the heat.

But worse even than physical heat and drought and barrenness were the unknown supernatural terrors on the right hand of the pilgrim travelling in the desert. Among all ancient nations the right hand, or the south, was the God-forsaken direction—the region of special misfortune. Job gives an indication of this superstition when he says: "I go to the left hand, where He doth work, but I cannot behold Him," implying that on the right hand God does not work, but has abandoned that region to the lawless forces of chaos. From the south, or the right hand, therefore, there was a belief that spiritual perils were to be specially dreaded. That quarter was the abode of evil spirits. In Indian thought all deadly influences proceeded from the south, the abode of death. The Talmud says that the most poisonous of all winds is the south wind, which would destroy the world were it not held back by a specially-commissioned angel. The southern desert was supposed to be haunted by vague, mysterious beings from the other world whose airy voices syllabled men's names, whose misty forms appeared before the sun-wearied eye that fashioned the mirage out of the thirsty sand. Satan in Scripture is said to reveal himself on the south or right hand; as in the vision of Zechariah, where he appears on the right hand of the one whom he came to accuse, and in the imprecation of the Psalmist, "Let Satan stand at his right hand."

This idea of special evil belonging to the right hand quarter, gives a striking emphasis to the expressions used in several Psalms, as in the 91st Psalm, where it is said, "a thousand shall fall at thy side, and ten thousand at thy right hand, but it shall not come nigh thee;" and in the 142nd Psalm: "I looked on my right hand, but there was no man that would know me; refuge failed me, no man cared for my soul." Job, searching for God in his trouble, said "He hideth Himself on the right hand that I cannot see Him;" and of those who mocked his sufferings he complained, "Upon my right hand rise the youth; they push away my feet, and they raise up against me the ways of their destruction." Ezekiel, prophesying against Jerusalem, described the appearance of the King of Babylon standing at the parting of the way and using unhallowed arts by means of which he might prevail against the sacred city. "At his right hand was the divination for Jerusalem, to appoint captains, to open the mouth in the slaughter, to lift up the voice with shouting, to appoint battering-rams against the gates, to cast a mount, and to build a fort." This universal idea of the unhallowed nature of the right hand quarter must have arisen from sun-worship, which was the primitive form of idolatry. In the act of solar adoration it was considered among all ancient nations a great offence and punishable by some marks of heavenly displeasure to make the ceremonial turn from right to left, and not from left to right as the sun moves in the heavens.

We must be careful, however, to notice the distinction between the same term when employed to signify the human arm and the cardinal point. When referring to the human member the right hand is always used in Scripture in the best sense—to indicate strength and blessing and favour—because physiologically we use the right hand in preference to the left; but, when employed to indicate one of the points of the compass, the right hand is almost always used in an evil sense, to indicate danger and calamity. And looking at it thus, as the region from which special supernatural terrors were apprehended, in what a new and striking light does the promise of the text stand out, when we bear in mind the strong hold which this superstitious belief obtained among all ancient nations. The Lord accommodated Himself to the weakness and ignorance of man. As the Apostle Paul said about heathen idols that they had no objective existence in the world of reality, so God might have said, regarding these superstitious terrors. He might have tried to reason men out of their foolish beliefs. But superstitious fear is an unreasonable thing; and God therefore treated His people as grown-up children, looking at the matter not from His own point of view, but from theirs. To them the superstitious terrors haunting the lonely southern desert, the land through which their pilgrimage lay, had a very real existence; and therefore God regarding these terrors from their view-point put His promise of safety from them into the very mould of their fears. The Keeper of Israel would be their shade on their right hand. In the quarter from which they dreaded most danger from unseen and imaginary foes, in

that quarter would the Divine protection be most powerfully and graciously afforded. Greater was He that was with them than all that could be against them. "For I the Lord thy God will hold thy right hand, saying unto thee, Fear not; I will help thee."

In these modern scientific days, when in the world we see only a rigid chain of antecedents and consequences, it is difficult for us to realise the terrible bondage to the power of superstition under which the ancient nations lived. Man was oppressed by nature; it lay like a great mysterious shadow over his spirit; its unknown forms and forces were dread personalties connected with his fate and having a strange power over him. Everywhere he expected to encounter the evil eye, and the spells of magic. Every lonely place was haunted by some awful being; and the darkness of night was the suitable opportunity for all the tenants of the invisible world to carry on their unhallowed work. From this terrible bondage of enchantment Christianity has delivered man. It has exorcised the world, and banished by the light of true religion the evil forms that flitted in the twilight of paganism and terrified the imaginations of men. The great god Pan disappeared when Christ appeared, and, according to the beautiful myth, his dying wail was heard over the far-off hills when Jesus died on the cross; and there are no unaccountable panics now to frighten men in lonely places. Christ, by His resurrection and ascension, has annexed the dark realms of death to the kingdom of light, has explored and exposed all the dread mysteries of the seen and the unseen worlds, and brought the whole universe into sight —so that in no dark unknown part may now lurk the foes of man. The world had quailed before a multitude of powers visible and invisible, before shapes that had been created by men's own evil consciences, which they had sought to conciliate by accursed sacrifices; but far above all these spirits of evil to which they had done homage He was exalted who had given His life for man, who had sounded the lowest depths of fear that man might no more fear, who ascended the highest heights of power that man might be raised up together with Him in the heavenly places above all the principalities and powers of evil. Blessed be our Redeemer for disenchanting the world! But though the world of imaginary evil spirits which superstition created has for us ceased to exist, we are still in the midst of real evils of the spiritual world, of which the superstitious terrors of our forefathers were the outward and fantastic setting forth; for behind the fictions of ancient superstition which overshadowed all society with its baneful influence, there was the existence of a spiritual world which is not a falsehood but a solemn and enduring reality. This spiritual world science and philosophy cannot banish; Christianity cannot exorcise. On the contrary, the gospel of Christ gives it a more vivid existence, and makes it stand out in more terrible relief against the background of human life. When, therefore, we are oppressed with its fears, when we feel ourselves compassed about with a great mystery of evil against which we are utterly powerless, we can pray for the purging of our vision with the eye-salve of faith, so that we may see the whole desert filled with horses and chariots of fire, and realize that the barren and lonely place in which we stand is a Mahanaim—God's host—and that like Jacob we are pursuing our way through an avenue of angels to whom God has given charge concerning us. On our right hand where we are most assailed by spiritual fears and terrors He will be our shade; and there can be no more effective shield against all other fears than the fear of the Lord.

But apart from the special interpretation I have given to the text, its simple, obvious meaning, intelligible to the humblest capacity, is sufficiently beautiful. The daisy to the eye of the philosopher reveals unknown beauties of structure and proofs of design, but the eye of the child, who knows nothing of its inner wonders, sees in it enough to attract its admiration and love. And so in my text, though we may be ignorant of its special appropriateness to the ideas of the time and the place in which it originated, we recognise in it a precious significance and adaptation to our own wants and circumstances. It puts the doctrine of the particular providence of God in a most attractive form. By localising the general care of Him who rules in heaven and earth, it shows how He adapts Himself to our personal necessities. He is not merely our shade in general, He is our shade on our right hand. He comes very close to us, walks by our side, is at our right hand, waiting for our need of Him, in the place where He can render help with the greatest rapidity and efficiency. When we look up at the sun in the heavens, and remember that our earth is but a satellite of that sun, which is itself but a unit, and not the grandest among the innumerable myriads of suns with their dependent worlds in space, we are apt to be overwhelmed, and to say with the Psalmist, "What is man, that Thou art mindful of him? and the son of man, that Thou visitest him?" How reassuring then is the thought that He who upholds the sun in its mighty orbit, condescends to be a shade on his right hand from its burning heat to the humblest human being who fears His name! Far higher in the scale of creation than that orb of heaven with all its dazzling glory is a single human soul which has entered into fellowship with God and prays for grace to do His will. Sooner will that sun be extinguished than a hair of his head be injured. God knows him by name, and therefore all providence becomes to him special providence; for all dealings with persons must be special and distinguishing. All things work together for his good. He can say, "Because the Lord is at my right hand, I shall not be moved."

And in thus becoming our shade on our right hand how much is implied! There is first the idea of gentleness. We have in the fierceness of the sun a type of the burning glory of God; and in the grateful coolness of the shadow a type of the tenderness of God's love. The shadow is cast by the sunshine. The same fierce light that dazzles and destroys produces the shadow that

cools and refreshes. And so with God tenderness is the token of strength; gentleness is the manifestation of power. He who is strong to smite is also strong to save; He forms the light and creates darkness; and the darkness and the light are both alike to Him. The shadow is only the subduing of His glory to suit our weakness—the hiding of His power to bring out our own.

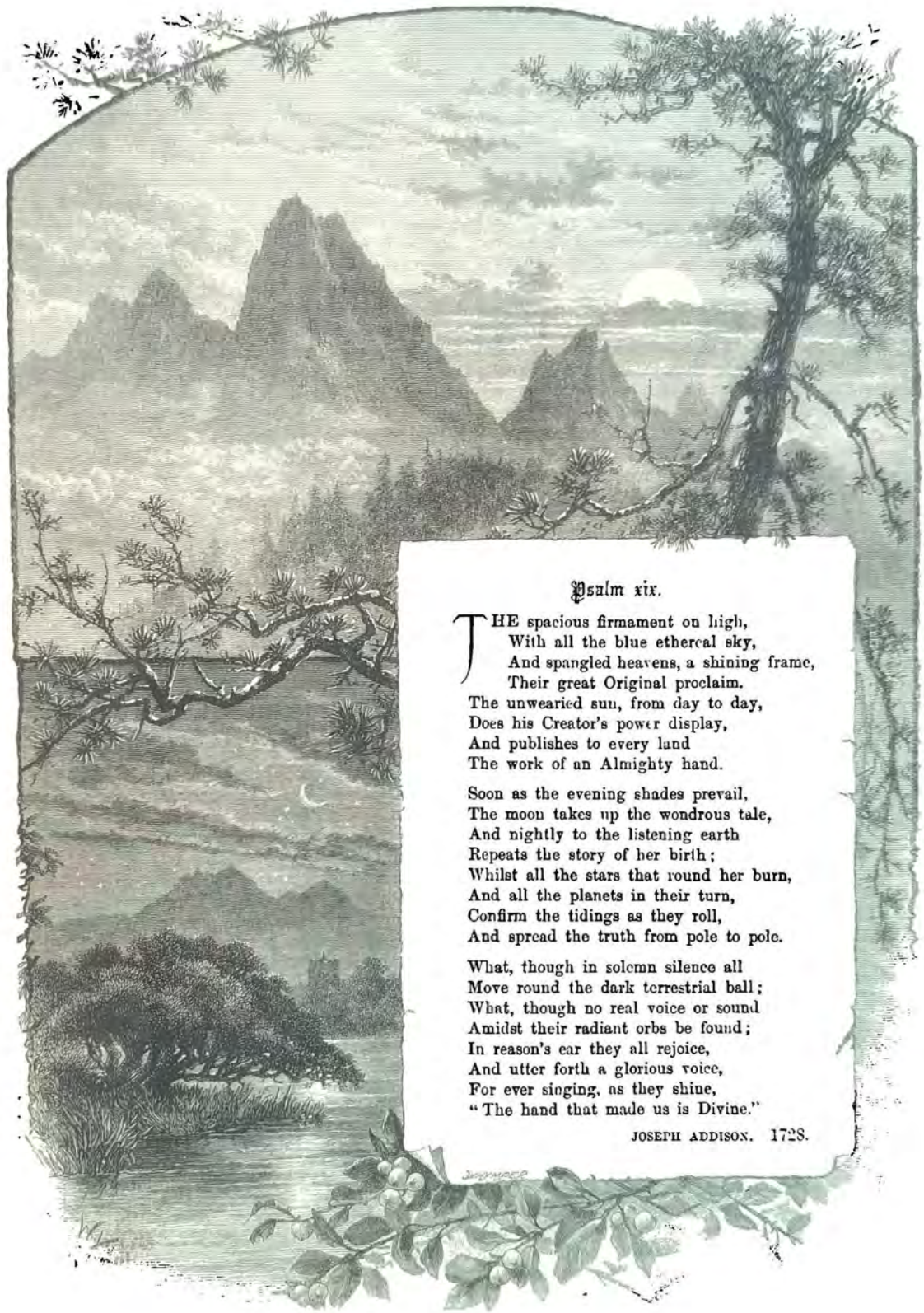
There is next the idea of self-sacrifice. The shadow is the abnegation of light. There can be no shadow without loss of light. And He who is the true Light, He who is our Sun has divested Himself of His uncreated glory, and clothed Himself in the cloud of human nature that He might be our shadow on our right hand. We cannot gaze directly and steadily at the noonday sun without being blinded, and we cannot look upon the face of God and live. Angels veil their faces with their wings in His presence. But the overwhelming brightness of the Godhead is mitigated and softened in the shadow of the Mediator who bears our nature and wears our form. We are no longer lost in the vastness of His infinitude; He is our shadow on our right hand. It requires no painful effort, no straining of our faculties beyond their strength to hold communion with Him. In Christ Jesus we have all the endearing qualities which render God familiar to the heart.

To make that grateful shade for us, the Sun of Righteousness suffered an awful eclipse. The face that was tranfigured brighter than the sun on Hermon, grew cold and dark on Calvary. He who shone a great light in the midst of heaven could say of His life on earth, as it could be said of no other human life, "My days are as a shadow." His life was one long avenue of darkened days, a continuous walk through the valley of the shadow of death. And therefore the shade that He is to His people is a shade made by sorrow and suffering and death. It was by emptying Himself of His glory, casting a shadow where there was light, a vacancy where there was fullness, a poverty where there were riches, death where there was life—that He has become our shade on our right hand. And now to make a grateful shade for His people in the burning and intolerable hours of life, when the whole head is sick and the whole heart is faint, how near does He come!

The sun is far off in the heavens; the shadow is down upon the earth, beside our path, over our head. So near to us does God come in order to be a shade on our right hand, a very present help in our time of need. He is very close to us without and still closer within. It is a nearness which we can most easily bear—a nearness not of majestic power, but of quiet gentleness. The shade that is over us is like the cool touch of a loving hand on a feverish brow. It is the shadow of His sympathy, touched with a fellow-feeling of our infirmities, knowing the frailty of our frames.

Light usually is life and joy, shadow is dreariness and death. But when the Lord becomes our shade on our right hand, there are no elements of death or gloom in the blessed overshadowing. It is grateful unspeakably. It is suggestive of the refreshing dew, and of the balmy odours of the reposeful darkness, and of ennobling visions of the stars. In the shadow of His presence we grow better than in the garish light of the world. His shade is our true light. By His gentleness we become great; our being is enlarged; and by stooping to us and identifying Himself with us, He has enabled us to become more like Himself. There is no terror to paralyse our souls or make us shrink into ourselves, but a Divine lowliness and graciousness, drawing nearer to us in tender sympathy and encouraging us as dear children to do our best for Him.

Perhaps the shade on our right hand in which God manifests Himself may be caused by a sorrow. There may be the withdrawing of some joy that was the light of our life. But the emptiness is the token of His presence; the gloom is the evidence of His overshadowing love, bringing down upon our fevered souls the calming and hallowing powers of the world to come. And it is a blessedness to know that He is near to us, veiling the light with the shadow of His hand that we may see deeper into the mysteries of grace, and higher into the glories of heaven. He has sacrificed Himself for us, passed under the shadow of sin, and sorrow, and death, if by any means He might relate Himself to our need; and under the shadow of the fellowship of His sufferings, which we know when bearing in faith and patience our own, we are made willing to sacrifice ourselves to Him, and thus deeper and more blessed connections are established between Him and us than could be possible in any other way. There is no darkness where God is, but only a cooling and refreshing shade in the midst of too overpowering light, enabling us to see more clearly. We are afraid of nothing with Him. Even in the valley of the shadow of death we fear no evil, because He is with us; and the passage of the Shadow feared by man is only the passage from light to light. He is our shade on our right hand here as we journey, like the Israelites, through the wilderness, singing like them our "Songs of Degrees," and led like them in person to the land of promise, where He that sitteth in the midst of the throne shall dwell among us, or as the word in the original should be translated—shall dwell as in a tent—shall be our tabernacle; and the sun shall not light on us nor any heat. And, oh, what an indescribable shade will that be in which all the promises of the Bible will be fulfilled, and all the memories of the pillar in the wilderness, of the Shechinah in the Holy Place, of the tabernacle of witness with all its symbolism, will be realized and superseded by the overshadowing presence of God Himself!



Psalm xix.

THE spacious firmament on high,
With all the blue ethereal sky,
And spangled heavens, a shining frame,
Their great Original proclaim.
The unwearied sun, from day to day,
Does his Creator's power display,
And publishes to every land
The work of an Almighty hand.

Soon as the evening shades prevail,
The moon takes up the wondrous tale,
And nightly to the listening earth
Repeats the story of her birth;
Whilst all the stars that round her burn,
And all the planets in their turn,
Confirm the tidings as they roll,
And spread the truth from pole to pole.

What, though in solemn silence all
Move round the dark terrestrial ball;
What, though no real voice or sound
Amidst their radiant orbs be found;
In reason's ear they all rejoice,
And utter forth a glorious voice,
For ever singing, as they shine,
"The hand that made us is Divine."

JOSEPH ADDISON. 1728.

EASTERN FASTS AND FESTIVALS.

I.

READING recently an elaborate description of the Hindu Festival in honour of Rama—the hero of the celebrated Sanscrit poem entitled Ramayana, I was set musing on the many festivals which interested me to fascination in the days of "My Boyhood in the East."[1] My recollections are so real, and contain so much that seems to me to deserve record, that I hope others will be interested in a few stories belonging to my personal knowledge and experience of these festivals. Of the Rama festival I have no remembrance—although the romantic history of Prince Rama and his wife Sita, and of the doings of the wicked giant Ravana who stole her from her husband, and of the monkey-general Hanúman and his monkey army and their miraculous bridge, by whose means the giant was defeated and slain, and the virtuous wife restored, were as familiar to me as the fairy tales of the North are familiar to the girls and boys of England. I believe the reason for my never being at this festival is that its celebration is not universal, but limited to certain places and possibly classes in India proper. It is a very remarkable fact that though Rama (an incarnation, like the favourite Krishna, of Vishnu) and Sita (an incarnation of Luchmi) are very popular personages in the Hindu pantheon, neither is represented by an image, and for neither does there, I believe, exist a temple throughout India. The public reading or reciting of the Ramayana is regarded as the worship appropriate to them—accompanied as it is by the rapturous admiration and applause of those who crowd to hear the story. Perhaps because of this extraordinary feature of the Rama worship—its practical spirituality—as compared with the worship offered to other deities, the festival is not celebrated by the castes which migrate to Ultra-Gangetic regions.

The Hindu festival with which I was most familiar is of a very different type. Everybody who knows anything of Hinduism knows of its Divine Triad. *Brahma* is the Creator, whose worship is among the orthodox Hindus practically extinct, but is revived by the Hindu reformers of the Brahmo Somàj. *Vishnu* is the Preserver, whose best known form is that of Juggernath (Lord of the World), with whose worship, as Dr. Hunter has pointed out, because the image is representative of the *Preserver* (who turns with horror from even the death of a fly), the mutilations and suicides, of which exaggerated accounts have been given, are utterly irreconcileable. *Siva* is the Destroyer—with whom, as more intensely possessed of the terrible powers described by the epithet, is associated his wife Kali (also known as Dūrga and Bhowani). It is also well known that speaking broadly Hindus are either worshippers of Vishnu or Siva, and carry respective insignia of each in their ornaments and in coloured lines on their foreheads. It was with the yearly festival—certainly the most important of Hindu celebrations—of Kali, commonly known as the Dūrga Pūja (worship), that I was most familiar. The first notification of its arrival was noise—noise increasing in vehemence as night approached, caused by the beating of drums and metallic plates and by loud and frenzied shouts, especially of the cry Hari bol! Hari bol! I believe very often the sounds are so tumultuous and even alarming that permission has to be previously obtained from the local authorities for license to indulge in the tremendous clamour which characterises the festival. Another feature was the plentiful use of red clay and sand, in the houses, on the roads, on the faces and breasts of the celebrants, and freely cast upon the gathering crowds, whether votaries or not—red I suppose as emblematic of blood, on which Kali feeds! With these general features of the arrival of this celebration there appear images in clay of the goddess, the one particularly in which she figures with snakes coiled about her coal-black body, and a huge necklace of human skulls, with a drawn scimitar in one of her four hands, and the head of a slaughtered giant in another, dancing in exultation because of this slaughter, and with her tongue protruding to denote her surprise at finding herself in her sacred orgy inadvertently stamping on the prostrate form of her husband, Siva. These images are multiplied in all directions, and placed in temporary shrines in or near the houses of the well-to-do votaries of the goddess. Before them festive offerings, sometimes of slain animals, but especially of flowers and butter are made, and at night dances performed amid the blaze of flaming torches and to the sound it may be of European music. At one period it was, alas! common for English officials, civil and military, to be seen at the evening rejoicings. At the end of the festivals the images are carried in procession amid indescribable revelry and uproar to the sea, river-side, or a tank, and submerged in the waters. I remember how I engaged the friendly services of a Brahmin school-fellow to save for me at least a part of one of these images, and that he succeeded in securing the head of the unfortunate giant, which I carefully packed in a box and brought to England as a magnificent trophy!

But to me the great sight of the festival was the Churruck puja, or swinging worship, now, like Suttee,[2] put down by the strong arm of British authority. I had reason for being deeply interested in one of these scenes. Our saice (horse-keeper) when he had his only son, an

[1] See SUNDAY AT HOME for 1881, p. 53, etc.

[2] See article in "Calcutta Review" Jan. 1887, on "Obsolete Crime in Bengal." Eight hundred and thirty-nine cases of Suttee were reported in the year 1818.

infant, dangerously ill, had I know registered a vow that if the child's life were preserved he would do honour to the gods by swinging at the Churruck puja. The child recovered, but I had forgotten the vow. When the Festival arrived, I accompanied my father as usual, when he went to the open fields, on which the swinging poles were erected, to speak and give tracts to the crowds that would be gathered. My readers have probably seen representations of these poles. They are fixed upright in the ground, and are some thirty feet high and across the top of each is a horizontal beam, moving on a swivel, with a rope at one end, to which the devotee is attached, and another at the other end hanging to the ground, by means of which excited groups of men, as they run with the rope in their hands, turn round and round the beam on its pivot. As we approached one of the poles we observed a band of men besmeared with red ochre, with their hands uplifted, and shouting with all their might, dancing together to the sound of a shrill pipe, and a loud tom-tom, and moving towards the foot of the pole. In the midst was our saice with garlands of flowers round his head and neck and body, vociferating and dancing, and evidently in a state of mad excitement, in part owing probably to the free administration of the intoxicating bhang (Indian hemp). Arrived at the foot of the pole the band of men moved away on each side of him, and he stretched himself prostrate with his face to the ground. And what did we then see? A Brahmin gathered with his fingers the muscles which cluster a little below the shoulder-blades, and first on one side and then on the other forced through them iron hooks (with sharp moveable caps) fastened to cords which were tied together at about a foot's distance from the hooks. No cry was heard, nor seemed there to be any shudder or shrinking of the outstretched form. The piercing points removed, the man rose, and amid the bellowing multitude and a storm of discordant sounds from drums and fifes renewed the dance and the shouting till he reached the suspended cord. Then a bag was hung to his side containing flowers, cakes and pigeons, the beam was lowered, and the hooks were attached to the rope. This done, the group of men at the other side moved first with slow step but soon quickly round and round with the other rope in their hands, and the suspended victim swung in mid air, throwing from time to time among the crowds the contents of his bag.

Never can I forget the sensation, when after some minutes of this gyration the men that were running halted, and the beam was lowered, and the infant child was handed to the father. With the child in his arms, thus adding to the cruel strain of the hooks, he again swung round and round, though more gently; over the heads of the applauding crowd. I ought to add that, owing to fatal accidents, it was required by the government authorities that the devotees should be protected by a strong band over the hooks and round the chest, and now happily (as has been stated) this perilous form of fanatical worship has been universally suppressed. But nevertheless it is right that these personal recollections should indicate how "their sorrows are multiplied who hasten after another god." I know that the recollections of these scenes inspired me with passionate desire for missionary service, and this mercifully became the means of my resolving on a Christian life.

BIBLE NOTES AND QUERIES.

DIFFICULT TEXTS.

"For My thoughts are not your thoughts, neither are your ways My ways, saith the Lord."—*Isaiah* lv. 8.

THIS text is commonly used to point a discourse upon the wonderful and unsearchable ways of God's Providence, and to answer murmuring or tried and perplexed inquirers who are tempted to ask "Why?" at many strange and sad events they behold, or to enter into curious and abstruse questions on the dealings of God with man. And no doubt the verse may be very profitably turned and made to apply to such cases. But it is not the primary meaning of the passage, as the context shows us. The prophet was not discoursing of God's providential dealings in the matters of common life, but on His free pardon of sinners. He bids the wicked forsake their ways and turn to the Lord, "for He will abundantly pardon."

Then follows the verse in question, and it seems as if it were meant, as happens in other parts of Isaiah's prophecies, to answer an objection supposed to be made by those invited. The convicted, alarmed sinner might answer, "I have done too much wrong to be pardoned; I must expect punishment rather than acceptance."

The verse answers the objection. The sinner might well fear if God's ways were like theirs. Man often pardons as it were by half, clogging the forgiveness with reproaches for the past, or with conditions which take away all the grace from the pardon. But God's pardon is free and full, like that of the father to the restored prodigal. He does not welcome his penitent son to make him a hired servant, but gives the robe and the ring, and welcomes him to the feast. These are God's ways of pardoning, and they are not like man's. This then would appear to be the right application of the text. God pardons freely, because He is not like man in his dealings.

M. J. WHATELY.

ADDITIONAL NOTE ON PSALM CX. 7. (See p. 138.)

"He shall drink of the brook in the way; therefore shall He lift up the head."

The reference given in the "Oxford" edition in the margin is Judges vii. 5, 6. May not this throw light on the meaning? Just before the great victory of Gideon over the Midianites, he was directed to take his army to "the water," evidently (see 1st verse) the well of Harod: those only were chosen who, without stopping to enjoy the water leisurely by kneeling at the stream's brink, contented themselves with taking up some water in their hands to moisten their lips and hastening on: probably these were the ones who were too eager for the battle to do more than snatch this hasty draught "by the way." The result of the battle was a great slaughter among the Midianites; and the victory of Midian is alluded to in Isaiah ix. 4, apparently as a type—first of the great destruction of Sennacherib's army, which was to follow closely on the prophecy, and then of that higher deliverance of which these earthly ones were only faint shadows—the deliverance from sin and its penalties, to be effected by Him, who was to be called "Wonderful, Counsellor, the Mighty God, the Everlasting Father, the Prince of Peace."

It would not then be surprising, if He, whose victory is compared with that of Gideon in this ninth chapter of Isaiah, should be in this Messianic Psalm likened to Gideon's victorious army, drinking of the brook in haste by the way—("how am I straitened till it is accomplished!" are His own words in Luke xii.), not staying for earthly rest or refreshment till He had gained the victory, and therefore "lifting up the head" over His enemies. "Therefore will I divide Him a portion with the great, and He shall divide the spoil with the strong; because He hath poured out His soul unto death." (Isaiah liii. 12.)

M. J. WHATELY.

"Because of the angels."—1 *Cor.* xi. 10.

A correspondent (W. T. A.), referring to our remarks, p. 47, suggests that "the angels" are "the men assisting in the services of the church;" an interpretation proposed also by Theodore Beza, but unanimously rejected by modern scholars. If the word is to be taken as denoting human messengers, it would be better to understand it of spies, sent to watch the procedure of Christian assemblies. (So Rosenmüller, and several German commentators.) But against this must be set the fact that ἄγγελοι when standing absolutely in the New Testament "always denotes good angels alone" (Meyer); and we have no right to deviate from the constant use of the word on account of an apparent difficulty. A note in the "Speaker's Commentary" explains the apostle's language as denoting "respect or regard for those unseen ministers of God and guardians of His order, who are present in the holy congregation watching the behaviour of their human charge. If a woman be so lost to sense of shame that she shrinks not in church from the public eye, let her fear the mournful gaze of those divine sentinels. Or again, if she be so ambitious of equality with her superior man, as to discard the veil of subordination, let her remember that she is watched by the order-loving angels, who themselves veil their faces before the face of God." (Canon Evans.)

"Baptized for the dead."—1 *Cor.* xv. 29.

Another correspondent (H. B. S.) writes: "It has occurred to me that an explanation may be found in the custom mentioned by Wheatley, cap. vii. 1, common amongst the Greeks, for those who had been reported as dead but reappeared again as alive, to be baptized. May not this have suggested to the Greek converts at Corinth that a vicarious baptism for a Christian at his death was a most striking assertion on the part of Christians that he was only apparently dead, and was in the truest sense still alive? Of course it may be objected that there is no trace of such a custom in after ages; but surely it is quite conceivable that this custom, being without sanction from the rulers of the church, should have been quickly dropped. It was not in itself a superstitious custom, which would account for its being used as an argument with the Corinthians by the apostle and not being in any way condemned by him. It may be that this explanation has been already suggested amongst the many offered by expositors—but I have never seen any which at all events refers it to an analogous custom amongst the heathen innocently adopted by the Christians at Corinth."

C. F. asks: "Why was David, in two instances so sinful, a man 'after God's own heart,' when nothing of the kind is said of Daniel or Joseph?"

The epithet in question is applied to David by Samuel, in announcing Saul's rejection by God. 1 Samuel xiii. 14: "Thy kingdom shall not continue. The LORD hath sought Him a man after His own heart." These words, be it observed, were spoken while David was yet a "ruddy youth," and before Samuel knew him as the predestined king. Plainly, the idea is that of qualification for the kingdom, according to the Divine standard. Saul was emphatically a man after *the people's* own heart—noble-looking, frank and brave—in outward seeming "every inch a king," and God gave him to the people, as if in anticipation of their choice. The successive revelations of his moral and spiritual weakness taught the nation a needful lesson. Then, in the choice of David, the God of Israel showed the qualities which He required in the ruler of His chosen people. These kingly qualities, it is true, were mixed with grievous sins, daringly committed and bitterly repented, but still the true bent of David's nature was noble and good, and especially did he realise the Divine purpose in the constitution of the kingdom—the "Covenant" of which we read so much. (See Psalm lxxxix. throughout.) To this David was ever true. The same thought is expressed in the citation of Samuel's words, Acts xiii. 22: "a man after Mine own heart, which shall fulfil all My

will"; that is, the grand purpose for which Israel was set apart.

This explanation of the words fully meets our correspondent's enquiry why the same epithet is not applied to Joseph, to Daniel, or to others of exalted piety. The mission of David was unique, and the phrase which describes his adaptation to it is unique also.[1]

E. R. R. asks: "Can you supply any explanation of our Lord's parable of the hidden treasure: Matthew xiii. 44? It seems a remarkable circumstance that He should select a dishonest proceeding to illustrate the gaining of the kingdom of heaven. Of course He had some object in doing this, but to our knowledge it is not clear. Trench quotes Olshausen, who puts it upon the same footing as the unjust steward and the unjust judge, but this does not seem a satisfactory arrangement."

The reference to the parable of the unrighteous steward, as made by Olshausen and Trench, suggests, we think, the true solution of this difficulty. Nothing in the application of the parable depends on the *craft* of the purchaser. The points are the unexpectedness of the discovery, the joy of the discoverer, and his readiness to make any sacrifice to win the treasure. That the concealment can have nothing to do with the main lesson of the parable plainly appears from the fact that there can be nothing analogous to such concealment in our method of receiving the heavenly treasure. There is nothing to hide. The finder's silence until the bargain is completed is but an indication of his intense anxiety not to lose the treasure. To secure his end he practises a deceit, just as the steward in the other parable seeks his future interest by arts of fraud. In the latter instance it is wise forethought that is commended, not dishonest scheming; and in the former it is the all-absorbing desire to win "the kingdom of God," and not the adoption of equivocal measures for the purpose. In fact, from the very nature of the case, there would be no room in either for any fraudulent proceeding.

It is not unlikely that the parable was founded on some recent incident, well known to the disciples. If so, the conduct of the finder in concealing his discovery would naturally be a part of the story, quite apart from any special significance.

Things New and Old.

THE EUROPEAN CAMP.—The armaments of Europe, at the beginning of this year, reached the vast proportions of 3¼ million men on a peace footing, and 12½ millions trained in readiness for war. Twelve and a-half million fighting men in Christian Europe in 1887! These figures are eloquent of wide-spread sacrifice and misery. Thus in France military service is compulsory on all men except a few invalids. The time of training extends over five years, and the liability to service over twenty years. The Russians are subjected to a similar liability of twenty years enforced service. The new Military Service Act in Austria sweeps within the meshes of its net all males from nineteen to forty-three years. Even a man who is the sole support of a large family is not exempt. All the men of Germany are liable to military service from twenty to forty-two years of age. They must actually join the army for at least three years to begin with. All personal interests and family-ties must be ruthlessly sacrificed to these demands of the great military States. In addition to these vast burdens, Europe has to bear the increase of costly fortifications. For example, since 1871 France has erected a double line of forts of 140 miles along the length of her frontier line bordering on Germany. There is at least one practical step which can be taken in these circumstances—both at home and abroad—and it is to make increased endeavours to awaken the professing churches and their ministers to a deeper sense of their responsibility in this matter, and to urge them to put up earnest prayers to the Lord in behalf of peace. But prayer is not all that is needed. God measures the sincerity of prayer by the degree of practical effort which accompanies it. If Christians are honest in their prayers, they will seek to devise some means for exerting their personal influence, at home, as abroad, or both, to bring about some diminution of these evils.—*Peace Society Paper.*

A MESSAGE OF PEACE.—The following has been issued as "A Message, in the love of Christ, from the Society of Friends to their fellow Christians, on the threatening aspect of affairs in Europe:"—In view of the events passing around us, and of the vast military preparations made by the nations of Europe—so calculated to bring about a war the consequences of which none can foresee—we have been led seriously to ask: Are the Churches of Christ faithfully using their influence to abate the war spirit at home and abroad? The subject is a very solemn one, and we earnestly commend it to the united prayer of our fellow Christians of all denominations. May it please our Heavenly Father so to influence the hearts of His children throughout Europe, and so to control the passions of men, that peace may be maintained, and the whole spirit and teaching of our blessed Redeemer be fully accepted. His kingdom is one of righteousness and peace; and all who unite in the petition, "Thy kingdom come," at once confess the duty of their own present subjection to it, and pray for its universal establishment.

THE NESTORIAN TABLET IN CHINA.—There is a remarkable memorial, well known to antiquaries, in the province of Shensi, China. It is a tablet erected by the Nestorian Christians in the time of the Emperor Tang, above a thousand years ago. It stands exposed to all weathers, within two miles of the west gate of the city of Singan. One of the American missionaries recently sent to the Editor of the *New York Observer* a rubbing of the inscription, still legible, to be hung on the walls of the library of that journal, at 37 Park Row, New York, there to serve as a memento of early Christianity in China, and a call to prayer for the success of modern missions in "the land of Sinim."

BIBLE REFERENCES BY LITERARY MEN.—The *Times* recently in a leading article alluded to the walls of Jericho as "falling before the noise of empty pitchers." A member of parliament, a professor, in a speech at St. James's Hall, spoke of the army of Sennacherib as destroyed by the soldiers killing one another. And the *Pall Mall Gazette* refers to the man "in the parable" who kept the good wine until last. Had citations of corresponding accuracy been made from Homer or Livy, the literary journals would have joined in a roar of indignation, but it is only the Bible, with which men of letters may not have found time to keep up their acquaintance.

[1] See SUNDAY AT HOME, 1882, p. 42, for a full discussion of the passage in the sense here given.

THE LADY ELFRIDA.

BY ALICE KING.

CHAPTER I.

IT was in the earlier years of Queen Mary's blood-stained reign. In large towns, throughout the length and breadth of England, the flames of the martyrs' pyres were lighting old men and maidens, wrinkled grandmothers and young men in their manhood's noon up to God. Willingly they trod the way through the fire with words of praise and triumph on their lips, words which soon mingled with the song of the redeemed above. The dwellings of every city were ringing with stories of Christian heroism, and even the very persecutors wondered, and almost admired as they heard.

The more remote country districts, however, did not as yet know much of the scourge which was being shaken over the heads of God's people. There came, it is true, from time to time, tales of mingled horror into the villages and the houses of the country gentry; borne on the lips of some travelling pedlar, such as in those days used to supply most of the more costly requirements in dress of dames and damsels who lived far from a town, or left behind in the village inn by the servants of some passing nobleman who was on his way towards London. But in general, the real state of things in the kingdom was vague and indistinct to eyes which looked daily on green fields instead of bricks and mortar.

This was especially the case in North Devon and West Somerset, which in those days were reached by tidings from the capital slower than India is now. The fiery zeal of persecution had hitherto burnt but fitfully in these parts, and many of the reformers still continued there to carry on quietly their worship, and follow their pure creed unmolested. There were many reasons for this. The region was, as has been said, far from the seat of government. It was thinly populated, so that people did not quickly know what was going on among their nearest neighbours. The simple country folk had a kindly feeling for each other, even when there was a difference between them in religious belief, and the trade of an informer was not carried on here as easily and busily as it was in less primitive districts.

Thus it came to pass that the Lady Elfrida Acland was able to gather round her with impunity, Sabbath after Sabbath, a band of Christians who hated, and stood firm against, all popery, and loved to serve God in the spirit and the truth alone. The Lady Elfrida lived in a small ancestral castle belonging to her husband, Captain Edward Acland, who was now absent in the Netherlands, fighting there for the cause of religious freedom. He had formerly been in the English army, but at the accession of Mary to the throne, he had given up his commission in his own country and gone abroad to seek service. He was the younger son of an old West Somerset family, and was not rich, as riches are counted in the world's eyes; and as at that period travelling was an expensive operation, and attended with many inconveniences and hardships for those who could not afford luxuries, he had deemed it best for the present to leave his delicate wife and his little son in their retired home.

Here the Lady Elfrida had spent the last year or more occupied with the education of her son and the care of the tenantry and poor on her estate, and all the sad or sick or sorrowful in her neighbourhood. She and her husband had always been earnest, faithful followers of the reformed doctrines and of the pure gospel truth as it is in Jesus, and though she was well enough aware, ' eing better informed on these points than her simpler neighbours round her, of the dangers which would probably, soon or late, attend such a course, she never failed each Sabbath to have a meeting for the reformers held in her private chapel, and daily herself to follow all the practices of the reformed religion. She was a very gentle, very womanly woman, perfectly absorbed in all her duties as wife and mother and mistress of a family, and yet there was a fund of calm courage in her which made her fit to bear the name of a true soldier of the Heavenly King.

It was a stormy autumn evening towards the end of October, the little band of faithful worshippers were gathered in the chapel of the castle. The reformers, using all prudent and reasonable means of safety by the advice of the lady, never met for their services till after sunset, and then burnt as few lights as possible, that the appearance of the chapel shining through the night might attract as little notice as might be from the passengers along the neighbouring road. The chapel was, therefore, dark with changeful shadows, brightened here and there by a fitful gleam in which faces and figures stood out with more or less distinctness. Now it was the grey head of an old man, bent reverently as he listened to the Word of Life, and the peace that rested on his furrowed weather-beaten features told the tale of deep, great calm within; now it was the lithe, active figure of a youth who had found his way to God, and who stood in an attitude of steadfast waiting, as though he only wanted the battle-cry of his Lord to put his armour on; now it was the countenance of a fair girl, all quivering and stirring with feeling like the waters of a lake when a breeze bounds over it. And here and there, among the men and women, there would stand out a bit of the rude tracery which adorned the chapel, such as a quaint head, or a huge, unshapely leaf.

There was, however, one bright spot in the semi-gloom of the chapel. The spot where stood the Lady Elfrida in the light that fell softly from a crystal lamp brought from the castle, light that hung around her form like a mantle of one of the blessed in the golden city. The minister who usually officiated at these meetings, and who went from village to village leaving the glad tidings to each as he passed along, had happened not to arrive this evening —something had detained him at a distant hamlet of the thinly populated district—but as the little congregation had come together before this fact was known, the lady, rather than let them depart without a few crumbs of the bread of life, had opened her Bible and was now reading a chapter aloud in a clear, sweet voice. At the end of a few verses she would pause and give some brief, simple words of explanation, or dwell with tenderness and power, for a short space, on the good news of pardon through the

precious cleansing blood. Her figure, which was tall and slight, bent forward gently as she read, as though she were ready to hold out a helping hand to the most fallen and sinful there to lift him up and lead him to the Master; her face, which seemed like an embodied dream of gracious, christian motherhood, shone as if it reflected a ray of heavenly light from the page on which her eyes were fixed. At King Edward's court she had been spoken of as a star of beauty; the advancing years had stolen from her face something of its blooming freshness, but had brought a better radiance in its place—the radiance of a soul which is ripening for the land of light.

At a little distance behind the lady stood young Harry Redwood, her best-beloved and most trusted servant. Harry was the son of a yeoman whose ancestors had lived on the Acland property and rented under the family for generations; he had been taken very early into Captain Acland's service to fill the situation of the Lady Elfrida's page, and had grown up in their house, becoming every year dearer to the lady and her husband, until they had learned to regard him as almost a relation. The tie between Redwood and his master and mistress had been not weakened but strengthened when they had discovered his love for Ruth, the young gentlewoman, daughter of a former chaplain of the late earl, who waited on the Lady Elfrida.

Ruth had been left an orphan while yet a child, and the Lady Elfrida had taken charge of her at once and had brought her up with peculiar care and affection. She had looked down blushing, yet with serious sweetness in her eyes when her mistress had first asked her whether she returned young Redwood's love; then tears had stolen softly into view, and the Lady Elfrida had drawn her to her, and the girl had faltered out a low, glad assent on her breast. Soon after that the young people had been married.

In those patriarchal days larger numbers dwelt together in the country houses of the landed gentry and nobility than we see now; so the young husband and wife remained on in their lady's service, even after there was born to them a little daughter.

But to return to that evening in the chapel. As Harry Redwood stood behind his mistress, listening intently to the word of life, he was startled by hearing a light tap at the window near which he was. He looked round quickly, and there, to his surprise, he saw a face gazing in at him—the face of his wife who had been absent from the service that evening on account of some slight indisposition of their child. Yes, it was Ruth's face: but is was as pale as the moonbeams which were beginning to steal out from behind a cloud, and there was an expression of terror and anxiety in her eyes. When she saw that she had attracted his attention, she began to beckon with her hand, rapidly, eagerly, imploringly, for him to come to her; and, alarmed, not knowing what to think or expect, he glided quietly, and unperceived from his place, and slipped out at a little door at the back of the chapel.

NATURAL HISTORY NOTES

ON THE REVISED VERSION OF THE BIBLE.

NO. III.—BEHEMOTH.

IN the 40th chapter of Job is a description of a huge beast, said (v. 19) to be chief of the ways of God. The word *behemoth* sometimes means beasts, that is, it is the plural of the Hebrew for *a large quadruped*, and the explanation used to be that the plural was used to signify an animal as large as many beasts. Learned men, however, had for a long time suspected that this was not the true explanation, and the revisers have put in the margin the word which was expected to appear, viz., *hippopotamus*. Many of you know perhaps that hippopotamus is made up of two Greek words, and means *river horse*. In the same way we now understand that behemoth means *river ox*, and properly it is a native Egyptian word. The Hebrews had not got the word itself, so they took that one in their own language that was nearest to it. The first part of the word means *ox*, and the second part *water*.

THE HIPPOPOTAMUS.

The description occupies ten verses, 15-24; some of these are a good deal altered in the Revised Version, and the alterations make the description come much nearer to what we know of the animal's habits. We know the Nile now as well as we can expect to know any river that we have not seen, and nearly every one can tell whether the description is suitable or not. Now verse 23 in the Revised Version plainly speaks of an animal that is used to the water. He does not mind if the river overflows; he rather delights in the swelling of Jordan. I dare say you have seen pictures of the hippopotamus swimming with only his nose to be seen, and have been very much disappointed at the Zoo, when you found that he would not let you see any more of him. Verses 21, 22 give an exact picture of this huge animal lying in the warm pools of shallow water, half hidden by the tall reeds, with the leaves of the Nile lily floating about him, and overhead the grateful shade of the willows. When you see him come up out of his bath, pushing his monstrous snout along, and urging his way with the force of his great body and strong hind-quarters, you may think of verses 16, 17 and 18: "His strength is in his loins and his force is in the muscles of his belly." This strength of muscle too is based upon bones that are *tubes of brass* and *bars* of iron. "His tail certainly is not to be compared with the cedar for *height*, but it is very firm and well knit." Eastern nations too are more careful to use striking language rather than words that are true to the life. Happily this great strength is accompanied by a quiet temper; unless provoked, the hippopotamus seldom makes an attack upon man, but when angry he has been known to crush a boat with his powerful jaws and teeth. The mention of his food, that he eateth grass like an ox, taken along with his water-loving habits, leaves us no room to doubt what animal is intended. The reference is clenched by the second part of the 19th verse. There it is admitted that no sword of man can penetrate his hide, and none but the Creator Himself can give the animal its death-blow. The power of man is widely extended, but it has its limits, and where man's arm fails, there God makes his power known.

HOMELY LIGHTS ON HALLOWED TEXTS.

NO. III.

"So David took the spear and the cruse of water from Saul's bolster; and they gat them away, and no man saw it, nor knew it, neither awaked; for they were all asleep; because a deep sleep from the Lord had fallen upon them."—1 *Samuel* xxvi. 12.

THE story of the shepherd boy, who rose to be king of Israel, is made up of many striking pictures, of which this is one of the brightest.

Here was a sleeping enemy, whom God had delivered into his hand, by the strangest possible means, and yet, although his chosen friend begged of him to kill King Saul he would not.

"The Lord forbid that I should stretch forth mine hand against the Lord's anointed," he replied, to the pressing request of Abishai; and that noble spirit of forgiveness, worthy of a great king, must be cultivated by all who desire to live rightly, even though they may not have great enemies to forgive, or great places to occupy in the world.

It is told of one of the kings of France, called Philip the Good, for his nobility of nature, that when his countrymen endeavoured to induce him to punish one who had used him ill, he answered, "I know that I can revenge myself, but it is a fine thing to have revenge in one's power and not use it!"

This shows a forgiving spirit, but there is something more required of us.

"I say unto you, Love your enemies; bless them that curse you, do good to them that hate you, and pray for them that despitefully use you, and persecute you."

There was once upon a time a rich merchant, who had risen to wealth from being a poor boy, and he was told that another rich merchant had published a very wicked and foolish pamphlet about him, holding him up to ridicule, and calling him names.

"He will live to repent of it," said the good man, and took no further notice of the insult.

Years passed, and one day, the man who had written the pamphlet stood in the good man's office, ruined, begging for assistance.

"You wrote a pamphlet against me, once" the rich man asked; and with shame the suppliant had to confess that such was the case.

After such a confession, he expected to be thrust from the presence of the man he had wronged, but, with a smile of generous pity the rich man said, "You see, my saying was true, that you would live to repent writing that pamphlet."

"I do, I do indeed repent it," said the other with tears, and then the forgiving merchant loaded him with kindness, gave him money for his immediate wants, and helped him to make a fresh start in life, thus turning a bitter foe into an ever grateful friend.

Thus we see that the noble deeds of a great man like King David may be imitated by us all in our daily lives. Let us never be afraid of being nobly forgiving in little things, because we shall thus be helped to be forgiving in great things. It is the forgiving spirit that God regards, and not the occasion. A penny given to the poor may be of greater worth in the eyes of God than many pounds given for mere display. A kind word, in answer to an unkind one, even from the youngest lips, may be as great an act of forgiveness in its way as that of David's in our text. To refrain from wounding, either by word or blow, and to give kindness instead of injury, is the duty of every true disciple of our dear Lord and Saviour.

"I never forgive!" exclaimed a British general, once in the presence of a great preacher.

"Then I hope, sir," said Wesley, "you never sin."

The reproof went home, and the general, who was about to punish his servant for some great offence, suddenly relented, and pardoned the offender.

A heathen tyrant, it is said, was once scourging a Christian slave, and he had well-nigh beaten him to death. He paused in his cruel torture to ask, scornfully, "What great matter did Christ ever do for you?"

"Even this," answered the Christian, "that I can forgive you, though you use me so cruelly."

How can any of us dare to pray—"Forgive us our trespasses—as we forgive them that trespass against us"—if we do not also cultivate a forgiving temper. May we all carry into our daily lives the exhortation of St. Paul, in his letter to the Ephesians: "Be ye kind one to another, tenderhearted, forgiving one another, even as God for Christ's sake hath forgiven you."

SCRIPTURE ENIGMA.

NO. VII.

What king was troubled by a shining star
Seen by some Eastern sages from afar?
Assyria's king saw all his army slain,
Then fell himself—who was the next to reign?
Gideon's brave band, though fainting, still pursue,
Name one of Midian's kings they chased and slew?
What Jewish maid, her kindred yet unknown,
Married a Persian king, and shared his throne?
"A choice young man" who rose to power and fame
As Israel's king—now tell his father's name?
Name of the King who rules o'er all the earth,
Isaiah gives it and foretells His birth?
What king of Judah served the Lord at first,
But with the leper's awful doom was cursed?
One who King David loved, a king of Tyre,
Sent firs and cedars at his son's desire?

Take now these eight initials, one by one,
They spell the honoured name of Abi's son.
For nine and twenty years he ruled aright,
Approved, like David, in Jehovah's sight;
And when from God a favoured sign he sought,
The shadow on the dial was backward brought.

L. T.

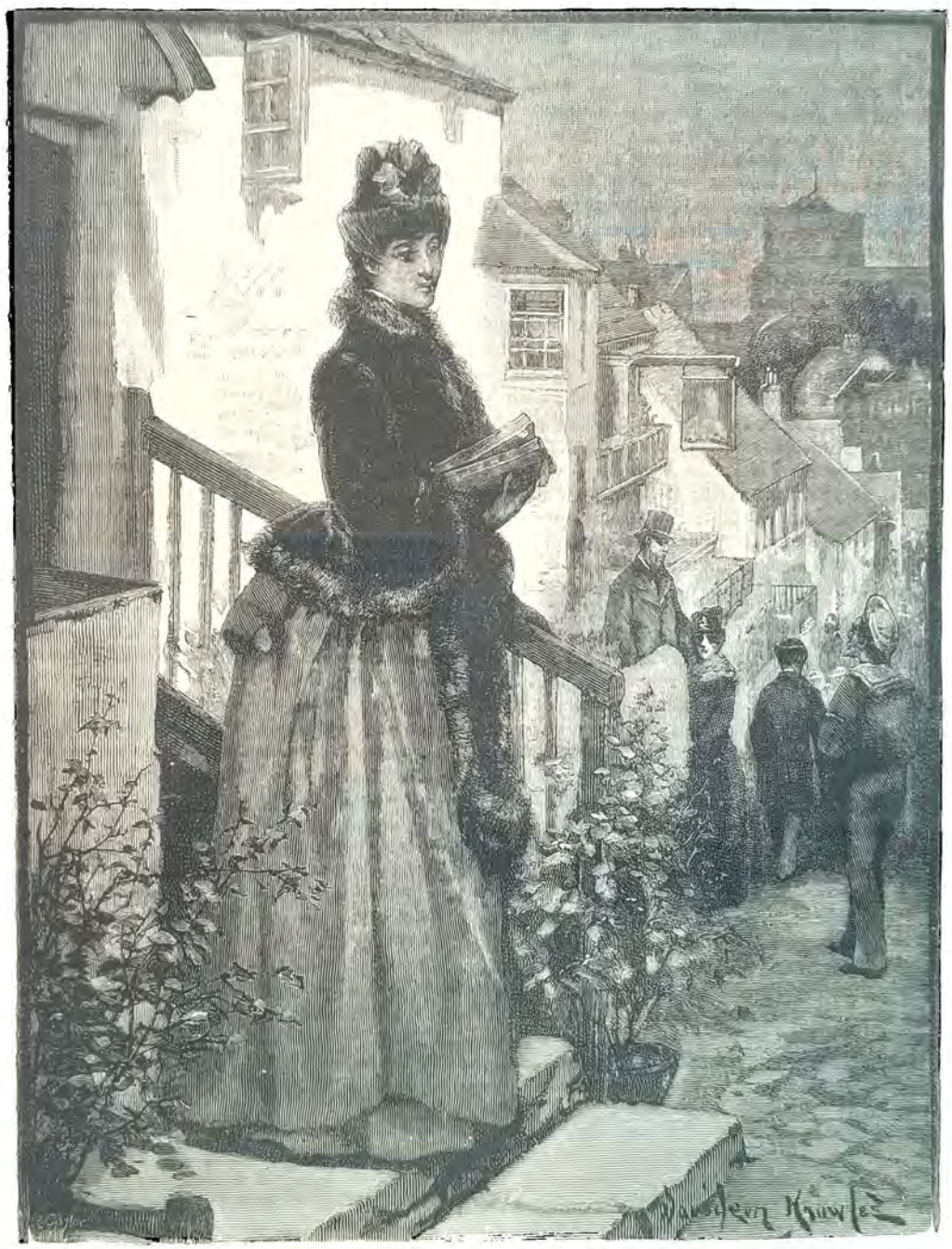
ANSWER TO SCRIPTURE ENIGMA.

NO. III.—p. 128.—BLESSED ARE THE MERCIFUL.—Matt. v. 7.

B-ildad	Job. xviii. 11, 14.
L-emuel	Prov. xxxi. 1, 10–31.
E-lijah	1 Kings xix. 1–3.
S-hammah	1 Sam. xvi. 9, 11, 13
S-eth	Gen. iv. 25.
E-zekiel	Ezek. i. 1.
D-avid	1 Sam. xx. 41, 42.
A-aron	Exod. vii. 1.
R-ebekah	Gen. xxiv. 61.
E-ndor	1 Sam. xxviii. 7, 8.
T-imothy	1 Tim. i. 1; 2 Tim. i 1.
H-aman	Esther vii. 10.
E-unice	2 Tim. i. 5; iii. 15.
M-ara	Ruth i. 20.
E-benezer	1 Sam. vii. 12.
R-euben	Gen. xxxvii. 21.
C-hedorlaomer	Gen. xiv. 1, 17.
I-shbosheth	2 Sam. iv. 12.
F-estus	Acts xxiv. 27.
U-pharsin	Dan. v. 25.
L-azarus	John xi. 5, 43, 44.

THE SUNDAY AT HOME

O DAY MOST CALM, MOST BRIGHT! . . .
THE WEEK WERE DARK BUT FOR THY LIGHT.—*Herbert.*



THE CHURCH-GOING BELL.

"When morning gilds the skies,
My heart awaking cries,
May Jesus Christ be praised!"

No. 1719.—APRIL 9, 1887.

BARBARA'S BROTHERS.

CHAPTER XV.—JULIET'S EXPERIENCES.

"WELL, Miss Granby, so it is hard work that you want to find, is it? So you say in your letter, and so Dr. Meynal gave me to understand. If that is the case there will be no difficulty in obliging you; but you must be prepared for disagreeables. Hospital life is not a bed of roses."

So said Mrs. Martin, the matron of the Aylcester County Infirmary, as she surveyed with a keen, yet not unfriendly glance, the girl who had been waiting for nearly half an hour for an interview with her.

Juliet with her modest luggage had arrived at the hospital about an hour before, according to previous arrangement, and now she was confronted for the first time with the head of the department to which she was to belong.

Mrs. Martin was a large active woman, with a capable air and a manner that plainly bespoke her in a position of command. Although not perhaps a lady by birth she was by no means lacking in native refinement and good feeling; but the busy and responsible life she led had left its stamp upon her in a certain quickness of speech and abruptness of manner that led at once to the conclusion that she was not to be trifled with.

Juliet, though little in the way of feeling overawed, had an instinctive conviction that Mrs. Martin was a woman to be respected, and one into whose disfavour it would not be pleasant to fall. So she felt that the best thing to be done was to try and make a good impression at starting.

"I do not expect things to be easy or pleasant," she answered. "It is because I am tired of ease and idleness that I have come here. I want hard work, and to see something of life."

Mrs. Martin glanced at her a little keenly.

"Well, some people never know when they are well off. I always say every life has its own work and its own lessons if people will but look for them. However, you have chosen for yourself, and you ought to know your own business best. You will see something of life here, undoubtedly, but whether your experiences will please you or not remains to be proved."

Juliet made no reply, and after a short pause the matron continued to speak:

"You understand that we have no special arrangements here for lady nurses?"

"Yes."

"You will have to take your place as an ordinary working probationer, under the orders of the head nurse of the ward in which you are placed, and to a certain extent under the assistant nurses also. If you are not prepared to obey promptly and unquestioningly those who are placed above you, it is useless your coming here at all."

But Juliet was in one of her heroic moods, and she was not at all daunted by this prospect, though obedience was not exactly her strong point.

"I am quite prepared to do my duty, whatever it may be."

"Very good. Your duty is to learn your own work, which can only be done in the first place by close attention to orders, and by diffidence in acting, even in the smallest matters, upon your own responsibility, which is a thing that only really experienced nurses should do. Your ward work you will learn of course in the wards—I need not attempt to define it here. There will be a good deal of drudgery that does not come under the head of nursing proper, and yet which must be done, and a large share of that always falls upon the probationer. Are you prepared for that?"

"Yes," answered Juliet, "quite."

She was thinking in her own mind that it would not be long before she should work her way up by her talents and force of character to a less subordinate position, and meantime she must make the best of matters as they were. But she said nothing of this to Mrs. Martin, as she felt that it would not be understood.

"Very good, I am glad to hear it. I hope you may have a less rough time of it than some of my ladies have had."

"You have had ladies here before?"

"Yes, occasionally; but with one or two exceptions they have not stayed long, and, to tell the truth, they have been but little liked."

"Why?"

"Because they have not entered upon their duties in a proper or practical spirit. They have come here, not because they loved the sick, or felt any talent for nursing, but because they were dull at home, or thought that nursing would be an easy way of making a living. They held themselves above the other nurses, were intolerant and careless, and often idle; and generally after making themselves thoroughly unpopular throughout the building, they have gone away angry and hurt with everybody and everything."

Juliet was silent.

"Now those I call my real ladies, have acted very differently," continued Mrs. Martin. "They never made any fuss about themselves and their position; but did their work with readiness and good humour, and by the self-command and gentleness and quickness that belongs, in a greater degree, to the upper than the lower classes, made themselves generally beloved, and showed a capacity that quickly made them of value wherever they went. One of these ladies is now superintendent of a large London hospital, and another comes to me every year to take head duty in the different wards while my head nurses

go away for their holidays. If you can emulate them, Miss Granby, you will do well, and will have a chance of rising in the profession, if that is your wish."

"I should like very well to have the management of a large hospital," answered Juliet.

Mrs. Martin smiled.

"You will require a good deal of training before you will be fit for such a post."

"I suppose so; but I generally learn quickly. I suppose there is promotion even here when the rudiments are mastered?"

"Promotion cannot be very quick, for learning takes time. A probationer must serve her year to become an assistant nurse, and as a nurse she may probably go on some years before she would receive an appointment as head nurse here. Vacancies are not very frequent, and we do not always find it advisable to promote our own nurses. A stranger from another hospital often does better, and has more influence over her under nurses than one taken from their own ranks. However, Miss Granby, you had better give up all thoughts of coming promotion for the present, and content yourself with trying to make a good and docile probationer. As I have hinted before, there is a certain amount of prejudice against ladies among the nurses; it will depend upon yourself whether you conquer it in your case or add to it."

Juliet hardly knew what she was expected to say, so she asked a question instead:

"Am I to begin work to-morrow morning?"

"Yes, in a men's medical ward. Your head nurse will be a Mrs. Beasley, an elderly woman and an excellent nurse, with whom you ought to have no difficulty in getting on. She is rather short-handed, as her probationer has to take 'special' duty in watching a delirious patient. She will be glad of your assistance."

"I suppose I shall have surgical work to do by-and-by?"

"Certainly; but I generally put new nurses into medical wards. There is less that is unpleasant to unseasoned nerves, and none of the hurry and bustle that is bewildering at first in the accident wards. We must all walk before we can run; and you will learn your routine better under Mrs. Beasley than under any other head nurse."

Juliet would have preferred the activity and bustle of the accident wards, had the choice been given her, but it was not; and there was something final in Mrs. Martin's manner that hindered her from objecting to her decision.

"I will have you shown up to your room now," she said, ringing a bell. "You will find it small and bare, but you did not come here expecting luxuries. Supper for the day nurses is at nine o'clock, and prayers follow immediately after. At ten all lights are put out, and at six a bell will awaken you each morning. Breakfast is at half-past six, ward work begins at seven. From twelve to half-past the probationers dine; from half-past twelve to one the assistant nurses. Tea goes on from five to six, and you go down as you can best arrange amongst yourselves, each nurse being absent half an hour. On alternate afternoons the probationer has two hours for air and exercise, which on fine days is to be spent out of doors. The assistant nurses have their time off in the evening, and each nurse in the hospital, of whatever standing, has one day's holiday in the month. Now I think I have explained everything, and I dare say you will like to go upstairs and unpack. I will send you up some tea after your journey, and if you prefer to remain upstairs in the nurses' parlour, or your own room and go to bed early, you are at liberty to do so. You will not be bound by the ordinary rules before to-morrow morning."

A servant had now made her appearance.

"Take Nurse Granby up to her room—No. 16 in the top gallery."

Juliet followed her guide through long lofty echoing corridors, and up many, many flights of wide stone steps. She passed many ward doors in her ascent, some of which were closed and some open, giving glimpses of the busy life within.

She saw several nurses going up or down the stairs, on various errands, all seeming too busy and intent to give her more than a passing glance; and a strange feeling of loneliness and isolation came over her as she realised what a mere atom she was in this vast hive of human toil and industry.

When the three tiers of wards had been passed, the stairs still led upwards to a long, long gallery, that contained rows of doors with numbers upon them, rather, as Juliet fancied, like prison cells. The gallery was divided into sections as it were, the larger rooms being given to the assistant nurses, two of whom shared one together, whilst the night nurses were lodged at the extreme end, so as to be as quiet as possible by day, and the probationers had a series of little cells, only divided one from the other by wooden partitions, rather like stalls or loose boxes in a stable.

"This is your room," said the maid, opening the door of one marked 16 and handing Juliet the key. "Your boxes are up already, so you can unpack and get all put to rights. You've got to keep everything very tidy, you know."

Juliet was rather offended at the freedom of the tone, but the girl, a clumsy, good-humoured provincial lass, had not the least idea of such a thing.

"Have you ever done any nursing before?" she asked.

"No," answered Juliet briefly, as she began examining the narrow limits of her room, which contained only the plainest of furniture—a low, narrow bedstead, a washing-stand, a chest of drawers, which served also for a toilet table, and beneath the little window a small cupboard, for boots and other odds and ends. All the hanging space was a few pegs on the door, and Juliet, who had been used to plenty of accommodation and dainty fittings about her, felt an odd sense of dismay and disgust.

"Well, I almost wonders you took to it then. I often say to cook as I'd ten times rather be a scullery-maid than one of them nusses. We don't have such a bad time of it downstairs, though to be sure there's plenty to do of a

morning with all the dinners to do—patients' and nusses' and doctors' lunches and all. But we do slack off a bit towards evening, and can have a bit of a gossip round; but them poor nusses is always at it hard, and is that druv sometimes as they don't know how to get along. If I was you I'd change my mind and come on as a servant, I would."

Juliet was not given to see the humorous side of a situation, and she got rid of the well-meaning Nancy in so summary a fashion as to give a good deal of offence to that damsel, in revenge for which affront the promised tea was brought up cold and sloppy, whilst the accompanying food was anything but appetising.

Juliet was growing depressed by her surroundings, and she had little inclination to eat, but as she shrank from facing the strange nurses in the supper room she took the refreshment provided for her, and spent the rest of the evening in unpacking and arranging her things in her drawers and about her room. She had brought a few pictures and favourite books and contrived to give a little homeliness and finish to the sordid surroundings which had shocked her at first; and then feeling very tired and not a little dispirited, she went early to bed, and as she was a good sleeper, she fell fast asleep, and knew nothing till aroused by the bell in the morning.

Juliet was not fond of early rising, and at home she had seldom been down to a half-past eight o'clock breakfast, but she had no choice in the matter now, and signs of life around her warned her that there was no time to be lost. Her hospital uniform with regulation cap and apron was all ready for use, and by seven o'clock she was ready to go down.

She heard the other doors open and the sound of voices in conversation as the occupants of the adjoining rooms streamed past, and she followed at a short distance the other nurses, who were descending to the dining-room. This room was in the basement, and was dreary and dark even on a bright summer's morning. Long tables were there, spread with coarse cloths, and the fare, though plentiful enough and good, was exceedingly plain and to one of Juliet's tastes and habits coarse also. A housekeeper presided over the meal, told Juliet where to sit, and saw that she got plenty to eat and drink. There was a great deal of quick talking and rather loud laughing amongst many of the nurses, but Juliet's neighbours happened to be silent, and she was too much bewildered to notice what passed farther away.

"Can you tell me where I shall find Mrs. Beasley's ward?" asked Juliet, as there was a general rise from the table.

The housekeeper looked round her quickly.

"Nurse Ray," she called out, "you're in York just now, aren't you? Well, here's your new probationer—Nurse Granby isn't your name?—Just show her the way and set her to work. She's new to everything you know."

"Come on, then," answered the dark-eyed woman who had answered to the name of Nurse Ray. "I hope you mean to work, for we're run off our legs in York just now. Mrs. Beasley wants two probationers I always do say, but one is supposed to be enough."

Talking thus she led the way up several flights of stairs to the wards in the long wing on the first floor, and Juliet found that she had at last reached her goal and was in the midst of hospital work.

At seven o'clock in the morning a hospital ward is a dreary place; all the work has still to be done; beds are to be made, patients attended to, and all the dusting and sweeping and scrubbing must be got through that makes the place so neat and spotless later on.

Charwomen and nurses were hard at work as soon as ever they set foot in their domain; but Juliet stood in helpless uncertainty, not knowing what to do or how to do it.

"Here, you may as well help me with my cases," said the night-nurse, a bustling old body, who was busy with a man who looked terribly ill. "I'll put you in the way of making beds and all that sort of thing. These young nurses have no patience with beginners—you'll not learn anything from them. New hands are always more trouble than they're worth; but there, you'll learn it all in time. Don't you be discouraged at starting."

For the next two hours, so long as the night-nurse remained on duty, Juliet had plenty to do in helping her, and she picked up a good deal of desultory instruction from her new friend. She learned which were her own special "beds"—those that the probationer was expected to make and attend to, and the night-nurse helped her with them in return for the assistance she had received; and if the work was not very pleasant, at least it was work, and kept her fully occupied all the time.

But as the day passed on, Juliet began to doubt very much the wisdom of her choice. She resented being sharply spoken to by the other nurses, and they were offended at her holding aloof from them. It was as much strangeness as pride, as it happened: but Juliet had never tried to be pleasant and courteous to those beneath her, and she could not in a moment change the habits of a lifetime.

Then, of course, as in actual nursing she was entirely untrained, the work that fell to her share was more entirely of the menial kind than would be the case a little later on, had she only realised it. There was plenty of true nursing to be done by all those who knew how to do it, but until she had obtained sufficient experience to see what was wanted, and how it was to be accomplished, she was powerless to set to any task upon her own account. Mrs. Beasley was too busy at this particular juncture to give the time she sometimes bestowed on a new probationer, and Juliet was too proud to ask for information, or to appear anxious to learn, in case by so doing she should further reveal her ignorance.

And so, as it seemed to her, the first week of this hospital life, to which she had looked forward as something so grand and beautiful, was spent in washing up medicine cups and administering doses, in carrying bottles and jars backwards and forwards from the wards to the dispensary, and

in going on errands that any child could have done just as well, whilst her feet ached with the perpetual tramp up and down the hard stairs, and her mind revolted against the menial drudgery forced upon her.

It was only pride, and a sort of instinct of the way in which people would talk of her "fiasco," that prevented Juliet from giving up at the end of a week and going back to St. Hilda; but pride came to her aid, and she made no sign that could be construed into repentance for the step she had taken. She had more to learn yet of the sweets of her own way.

After the first ten days matters seemed to mend somewhat. Juliet was not stupid—by nature she was quick, capable and observant—and she soon began to pick up knowledge, and to apply herself with zeal and energy to her work. Had she taken pains to be pleasant and courteous to the other nurses, she might have been very happy in her new life; but she had resented their sharp speeches and scant courtesy at the outset, and did not try to be agreeable herself when they would have met her halfway. As soon as she proved herself capable of skilled work, and showed that she could be both industrious and capable, she might have made many friends; but somehow she just failed in doing this, held herself aloof, and kept to the wards as much as ever she could, only going out when absolutely ordered. She was several times reproved by Mrs. Martin for shirking her proper exercise and recreation, and she fancied herself ill-used on these occasions, feeling that her devotion to her work merited praise rather than blame, and not understanding the wisdom that laid as much stress on the needful hours of rest for the nurses as on those for work.

She began to get the reputation of a clever and hard-working, but an obstinate girl, and Mrs. Beasley, who in a quiet way exacted absolute obedience from her nurses, often had a good deal of trouble with her new probationer.

When, however, Mrs. Beasley went away for a fortnight's holiday, and a stranger came for a time in her place, Juliet had a very happy time of it and was for a time in all her glory.

Miss Conway, although a capable nurse, who often came in as a *locum tenens* to the infirmary, had no knowledge of the individual cases of which she had to take sudden charge, and she naturally turned to the most capable of the under nurses for help and information. Juliet had by that time been two months in the wards, and the intelligent interest she took in her work made her invaluable to the new head nurse, who consulted her about everything, placed her tacitly almost upon a level with herself, and treated her with marked favour and consideration.

Juliet was capable enough to be exceedingly useful, and it was so pleasant to her to feel herself practically at the head of affairs that she began to consider the position as her own by right, and to forget that she was only a subordinate and probationer.

So long as Miss Conway remained nothing disagreeable occurred. Juliet gave orders, rebuked the under nurses, and kept a firm hand over the patients, and nothing was said or done to show her that her conduct was resented. Neither would it have been of necessity resented had the girl been pleasant and friendly during her temporary elevation, but unluckily, old habits of imperiousness and impatience awoke with the exercise of authority, and she made herself exceedingly unpopular without intending to be offensive.

When Miss Conway went away and Mrs. Beasley returned, Juliet found the tables turned upon her in a way that was totally unexpected. At first she fancied she would be allowed to retain a portion of the authority she had been enjoying, and Mrs. Beasley's quiet remark that "she was able to manage her wards without instructions from her probationer" had to be repeated many times before it did its work.

The assistant nurses were less judicious and openly made game of her, and Juliet's haughty displeasure was foolishly displayed, and only won for her more ridicule.

She became decidedly insubordinate; was in disgrace many times for breach of rule, and finally was removed from Mrs. Beasley's wards at the head nurse's special request. She was learning her life's lesson in a hard school, and was learning it all the more slowly and hardly from the self-will in which she had so long encouraged herself. She had won for herself a bad name already, despite her undoubted capacity and industry, and she was finding how hard it was to get on with any sense of pleasure when she failed to win the liking or confidence of those about her.

Yet perhaps this training was what she most needed and would teach her the lesson that it was most necessary she should learn—distrust of herself and a less eager desire after her own way.

Memorials.

UPON the small fresh-mounded grave
She laid her wreath, forlornly turning
To toils of life, which could not save
Her eyes from tears, her heart from yearning.

When next she sought that tiny mound,
Her place of weeping and of praying,
She, sobbing, kissed the hard cold ground;
But her frail wreath was all decaying.

Fond tokens which her hands renew—
They fade, 'tis only sorrow lingers!
But soon she finds memorial true,
Set there, as if by angel-fingers.

Where sunlight shows through leafy trees
The tiny grave her place of weeping,
Fresh greenness of young grass she sees,
And little wild-flower buds new peeping.

Through summer's warmth or winter's frost
Heaven's love remains though years are flowing,
Nor can she deem her own flower lost
Since God keeps earthly flowerets growing.

FREDERICK MANN.

THE HYMN-WRITERS OF WALES AND THEIR HYMNS.

IV.

WITH the close of the eighteenth century the Golden Age of Welsh hymnody began to decline. There has been a succession of great national poets since; but they are bards of the Eisteddfod rather than singers of the sanctuary. At the same time it deserves to be noted that the chief Eisteddfod poems of the present century have nearly all some sacred subject. The great poets have failed, as usual, to write great hymns. Still the period is not void of interesting illustrations of the songs of the church.

THOMAS WILLIAMS, of Bethesda, in the vale of Glamorgan, was originally a well-to-do farmer; but owing to a bitter controversy concerning the alleged heresy of an eminent Methodist divine of the time—the Rev. Peter Williams—he, with a number of sympathisers, organised an Independent church, of which he afterwards became minister. Religiously, he was a child of the eighteenth century; and his hymns have a close spiritual affinity to the hymns of David Jones and Morgan Rhys and William Williams. But here and there we find traces of the natural reaction which followed the fervour of the Great Revival. A chill melancholy steals sometimes over his faith—like the sound of an autumn breeze shuddering among the brown leaves after sunset. But it passes, and he rejoices again. His volume of hymns, entitled "Waters of Bethesda," was published in 1823. It takes its name from its first, and one of his best-known hymns.

I also, like so many more,
Am here beside the pool;
Waiting the Holy Ghost to stir
These waters deep and cool.

And shall it be that I must die
Who have remained so long?
Before me others always go
And wash, and they are strong.

I was the first of all to come,
But they were first made whole!
When shall the day of healing dawn
On *my* unhappy soul?

Here I shall tarry, come what may,
For who is there can tell
But the Physician will Himself
Come soon and make me well?

This other little hymn speaks with less hesitancy:

The Tree of Life in barren soil
At length has taken root,
And bends its branches to the ground
That all may taste its fruit.

Through wintry months of dark and cold,
The fruit is on it still;
Its leaves bring healing to the wounds
Of mind and heart and will.

If on this side the stream we find
The fruit of Christ so good,
It will be better, better far,
The other side the flood.

When strength has failed within my heart,
When human help is past,
In Thine own bosom, Jesu, Lord,
Grant me to rest at last.

In the good Providence of God the national revival of the eighteenth century was followed by a period of wise constructive energy. After the solemn awakening came the broad and sober reign of education. Catechisms were used largely and with much profit: theology was organised, and church polity was defined. Among those approved workmen in constructive religion, no name is more honoured than that of "Charles o'r Bala." The memorable little incident of "Mary Jones and her Bible," has made him known everywhere as the pioneer and one of the founders of the British and Foreign Bible Society. He edited the hymns of Ann Griffiths, and inserted one hymn of his own of great merit. His younger brother—DAVID CHARLES, of Caermarthen—has the Christ-given honour of having written one of the first hymns in the language. The biography of *O fryniau Caersalem ceir gweled*, like that of the "Miners' Hymn," can only be written in heaven. The poet had heard "the shout of them that triumph," and he was no longer afraid of the weariness and perplexity of his pilgrimage in the desert. Some day he would reach the cloudless hills of Zion, and look back on the meanderings of the journey to find that it was the nearest way home.

To us from the desert ascending
God giveth in Paradise rest;
Our soul after weary contending
Shall peacefully lean on His breast:
There we shall escape from affliction,
From sin with its shame and its pain;
Enjoying the full benediction,
The love of the Lamb that was slain.

From the hills of the Beautiful City
The way of the desert is clear:
What joy will be there in reviewing
The journey's meanderings here!
To look on the storms as they gather,
On terrible death and the grave;
While we shall be safe with the Father,
In peace on love's shadowless wave.

While dying lips have murmured in anticipation this joy of the heavenly retrospect from the hills of the City, the gate of pearl has opened to many a soul; and the faltering strain of earth has glided imperceptibly into the choral song of seraphim and saints redeemed.

The REV. DANIEL EVANS (*Daniel Ddu*) was

born at Llanfihangel-Ystrad, in the county of Cardigan, in the year 1792. He studied at Oxford, and afterwards became a Fellow of Jesus College. He used to spend much of his time between the terms in the neighbourhood of his birth, where he was half-worshipped by the peasantry. They held some strange notions with regard to Oxford; and nothing could put out of their heads the belief that its ancient colleges were the favourite haunts of a motley crew of ghosts of very doubtful character. He himself was considered an expert in "raising spirits;" and as to his familiarity with the "black art"—how could there be a doubt of it, when he could speak Latin as well as Mephistopheles himself? If he never abused his power to do them ill, it was only another proof of his good nature. In the latter part of his life he was much troubled with melancholy, and died when he was fifty-four years of age. He wrote some very successful Eisteddfodic poetry; but nothing that he has written is so well known as the following hymn-poem on "The Prodigal Son," with its effective arrangement of light and shade. Its dramatic cast stands in the way of its being used as a whole; but some of the verses are extensively known.

Who is yonder weary pilgrim
From the desert now appears,
Coming home with cheerless footsteps,
And his cheek bedewed with tears?
Worn and tattered is his garment,
There is famine in his face:
Peace has made a vain endeavour
In his heart to find a place.

Hear him to himself bemoaning—
"Father! in thy house make me
But a servant!—me, unworthy
Any more thy son to be!"
What is this—this strain celestial
Now I hear above the sky?
Harps ten thousand times ten thousand
In sweet harmony on high?

Oh! the softly flowing echo
From the instruments of gold:
"Journey on, thou weary pilgrim,
Welcome home from deserts cold!
The inhabitants of Light-land
Now with joy thy spirit greet:
See, the robe is ready for thee—
Soon shalt thou the Father meet.

"Journey on, thou weary pilgrim,
Through the desert journey on;
Though thy face is marked with sorrow,
Song for weeping cometh soon:
Heaven's eyes watch every footstep,
Haste thee on, O sorely tried!
Flow, ye tears, a little longer,
Till at home ye shall be dried."

Who is He that brings the garment
Beautiful as light of dawn?
Kisses him, the weary lost one,
To His bosom closely drawn?
Loud and louder swells the music
Of each glowing golden string:
Little soul, art thou so precious
In the palace of the King?

Yes, there will be joy in heaven,
If from evil ways thou flee;
There is always, always welcome
In the Father's house for thee:
Leave the husks and vanished shadows,
And a world of falsehood spurn:
Thine the fulness and affection,
Thine the home: return! return!

Two other clergymen of the Established Church in Wales have rendered valued service to the national psalmody. One of these is the Rev. Morris Williams (*Nicander*), who, in the spirit of the High Church revival, published "The Church's Year." He also undertook a new version of the Psalms; but he did not succeed in supplanting the old Psalter of Edmund Prys. While his services were largely confined to the psalmody of his own church, another clergyman—the Rev. Evan Evans (*Ieuan Glan Geirionydd*)—has given some choice hymns to the nation at large. He was born at Trefriw, and had his early imagination charmed by the picturesque surroundings of his home. His parents were renowned for their piety, and were the pioneers of Calvinistic Methodism in the neighbourhood. Like most great men, he owed his greatness largely to his mother. He started life as a schoolmaster; but a marked success at an Eisteddfod having brought him into public notice, he was induced to devote himself to the ministry of the church. He held successively the curacies of Christleton and Ince, in Cheshire. Ill-health compelled him to leave Ince, and he spent some time in retirement among the beloved hills of Trefriw. When he had partially recovered, he was appointed to the curacy of Rhyl. This took place in the month of July, 1854. On the 21st day of the following January death came and led him into rest.

Nearly all his hymns are prayers—prayers full of the tenderest appeals, as if his faith trembled in approaching the Golden Gate. The following is given as an instance:

To Him, who bends to hear the weak,
I bring my simple plea:
In every pain and sore distress,
Turn not away from me!

Although unworthy to enjoy
Thy presence full and free,
Deserving but to be cast out—
Turn not away from me!

When my acquaintance, one by one,
Leave me in misery;
And friend and comrade stand afar,
Turn not away from me!

For Thy dear cross and precious death
On lonely Calvary,
And for Thine intercession now,
Turn not away from me!

When I must face the stormy flood,
Where many sorrows be;
And through the valley walk alone,
Turn not away from me!

When Thou shalt come the second time,
With awful majesty,
To judge the living and the dead,
Turn not away from me!

The technical intricacies of these two verses have not debarred them from the attainment of wide popularity:

My race beneath the sun
Is very nearly run;
Life fades away in sad decay,
Soon shall my day be done:
My fragile tent is sorely rent,
My strength is spent well-nigh;
The hour is near—I must appear
In doubt and fear within the clear
Immortal sphere on high.

Grant, Lord, Thy peace to me,
And Thy dear face to see;
Before my day has passed away,
All sinless may I be!
Thy gracious light in death's dark night
Shall soon my fright dispel:
In Thy right hand on yonder strand
Where fears disband my soul shall stand—
Sweet land! where all is well!

While for years the thought of death was so present to his mind, it was natural for him to sing this wistful:

I linger sadly near
The stormy river;
And long to cross, but fear
Lest none deliver:
Oh! that I might but soar
Above its rush and roar,
And on the other shore
Be safe for ever!

From every dismal wave
Come dark foretellings;
I think of all the brave
Lost in its swellings:
O soul of mine, so frail!
What if the flood prevail,
And thou at last shouldst fail
To reach those dwellings!

But see! from yonder shore
On high ascended,
My comrades in the war,
Their sorrow ended:
Why should I feel alarm?
They crossed on Jesu's arm,
And I shall know no harm,
By Him befriended.

A version of this hymn, changed so as to be an address to the poet, and beginning

Thou, often wandering near
The stormy river,—

is inscribed over his grave in Trefriw churchyard, where he lies beside his parents and his wife, under the sombre shadow of "the twin yew-trees."

H. ELVET LEWIS.

THE ANNOUNCEMENT OF THE BETRAYAL.

"And as they sat and did eat, Jesus said, Verily I say unto you, One of you which eateth with Me shall betray Me. And they began to be sorrowful, and to say unto Him one by one, Is it I? and another said, Is it I? And He answered and said unto them, It is one of the twelve, that dippeth with Me in the dish."—*Mark* xiv. 18–20.

THIS little group of men had not been with our Lord for those years in vain. They had learnt at least to trust His word and to distrust their own nature. When, at supper together for the last time, He out of His profound prescience brought forward this tremendous charge, "One of you shall betray Me," they all felt that it might be true of any one of them. And so their light talk and laughter were stayed. The current of their emotions was changed. "They began to be sorrowful." And, after the first stun of perplexity and hesitation was passed, they began to speak. Each one asked for himself, could the dark and dreadful charge be true of him? They said unto Him, one by one, "Is it I?" and another said, "Is it I?"

This is indeed a state of mind which it is helpful for us to welcome and utilise. Even those who are really scholars of Christ, those who have personally learnt some of His truths, and have personally experienced some of His goodness, those who have many a time joined in the Communion, and have received the spiritual strength and cheer appropriate to the sacred act; it is to such as those that this charge may carry a piercing strength of significance.

When we think of the betrayal of Christ, we may well withdraw our eyes from one another, for we read on each countenance a similar expression of alarm.

Looking into ourselves, knowing, ah, so well, the moral weakness and wickedness of our own nature, we may indeed re-echo the question, saying, one by one, "Is it I?" And then, after a pause, even the most mature and experienced of us all may give up our self-confidence, and add, "Is it I?"

Such introspection will do us good. The best watch needs sometimes to have its outer cases opened, and the delicate, intricate mechanism laid bare to sight. It is so with the human heart. Otherwise the microscopic dust of worldliness and the adulterated oil of human wisdom will clog its action, hinder its keeping right time, and presently even stop it altogether. Only for such search we need the illumination of the Holy Spirit as the watch examiner needs the magnifying glass, and the fine skilful touch of the

From a Terra-cotta by George Tinworth. [*By permission of Messrs. Doulton.*

THE ANNOUNCEMENT OF THE BETRAYAL.

Saviour's counsels and comforts, as the watchmaker needs his instruments for cleaning and rectifying.

But some may say, "Is the danger a real one? Is it possible that the betrayal of Christ can be repeated? Was it not Judas who betrayed Him? Was He not crucified as the result of the betrayal? Has He not now ascended into the heavens, far above the reach of all human malignity and treachery?" That indeed is so. It is true that the act of betrayal, as perpetrated by Judas, is done and cannot be repeated. But it is also true that the spirit of betrayal may, and does find a place in the bosom of Christ's scholars. As a spirit—like that of envy, or pride, or jealousy—it abides in human nature independently of time, or distance or nationality. As a spirit, it may exert its baleful influence upon our acts and deeds.

And Christ and His character are still the same; Christ and His cause are still the same; Christ and His kingdom are still identified. For us then to injure His character, or His cause, or His kingdom is for us to injure Him. For us to betray either of these into the hands of His enemies is for us to betray Him. Thus the spirit of Judas still lives, and the act of Judas may be still repeated, and the guilt of Judas, may, at least, to some real degree, come upon those who repeat the act.

1. *The spirit of the betrayal of Christ may show itself in a deliberate preference of our own thoughts to His teachings.*

This is where Judas began. Our Lord once spoke a hard saying about the necessity of eating His flesh, and drinking His blood in order to possess eternal life. Many of His followers left Him then. Turning to the twelve, He said, "Will ye also go away?" Then said Peter, "Lord, to whom shall we go? Thou hast the words of eternal life, and we believe and are sure that Thou art the Christ, the Son of the living God." Then it was apparently that Judas first hardened himself and resisted such teaching. And our Lord with His omniscient eye searched him and said: "Have I not chosen you twelve, and one of you is a devil," an adversary, a slanderer of the truth?

It is possible for us to prefer our own light thoughts and superficial opinions to His weighty teachings and lofty truths. We may permit ourselves to cultivate disinclination, dislike, and even disgust at His severer claims. We may play fast and loose with His commandments. We may treat His grand, far-sounding eternal words as ringers treat church bells when they assemble in the belfry to ring. After pulling the ropes down they let them slip up again through their hands, otherwise the rebound of the ponderous metal to which they are attached would drag them up and dash their brains out against the roof. But in dealing with Christ's words of eternal life, there is no roof against which we can hurt ourselves. We must hold on. Drawing them towards us with clasped hands of prayer, we should soar up with them in strong faith in their mighty recoil heavenward. And our lives would fill and thrill with sweet, solemn, sonorous music as the words of eternal life peal out and make us blest. But to draw off from the Master's teaching about Himself, His sacrifice, His dominion, and to prefer our own poor thoughts about what is right and good before God, is to pronounce ourselves treacherous and traitorous. The Judas spirit of betrayal has its home in our heart.

2. *It is possible for us still to betray Christ if we prefer parsimony to generosity in His service.*

Once, towards the end of His life on earth, Mary of Bethany took her alabaster vase of very precious ointment, and broke it, and poured the fragrant, cooling contents over His head and feet. Murmurs were heard, headed by Judas: "Why was not this ointment sold for three hundred pence, and given to the poor? This he said, not that he cared for the poor, but because he was a thief, and had the bag and bore what was put therein." Our Lord, however, defended the lavishness of her generosity, and declared it a fit memorial of His burying. "For ye have the poor always with you, but Me ye have not always."

It is possible for us to give to the poor—not from care or love for the poor—but just for the distinction it brings and the influence it gains. It is possible for us to urge gifts to the poor at times of famine or depression, not for care of the poor, but because we can secure some portion of it for ourselves. It is possible for us to distribute our three hundred pence in feeding and clothing the poor; but even when that is done, the best is still undone. What about the spiritual life and its nourishment? What about spacious and even stately buildings in which religion may be taught and worship carried on? What about ways and means of various kinds by which the day of Christ's living (for His burying is over for ever) might be kept prominent before the people? We should give our best and most for these purposes. At seasons of great demands our ornaments and luxuries might well be all lavished forth and heaped up for His personal honouring. It is by generosity, and not parsimony in His service, that we keep our hearts warm and elastic with divine love. If we aim only at the supply of the lesser needs of the poor, and become satisfied in giving them food and raiment, and eager also, perhaps, for the praise and distinction that such things bestow upon us—then we may well beware lest the Judas spirit of the betrayal of Christ has not, unconsciously to ourselves, made its home deeply down in our hearts.

3. *We may betray Christ by giving more esteem to the possession of money as a form of wealth rather than to the possession of moral and spiritual qualities.*

Judas sold Him at last for thirty pieces of silver—which is about £4 in our English currency. He calmly and deliberately put the Son of God into the hands of His foes for money's sake. It was a fatal bargain; and he soon changed his mind about it. But it was too late—and there was no rectification. If we care for Christ, then what He loved most we shall seek to love most; and what He possessed most we shall also seek to possess as of most value. He was a poor man all His earthly days: but how rich in good works! how rich in noble and generous qualities!

The estimate of the value of money is far too

high. The search and struggle for money are far too absorbing. When we permit it to swallow up the time we should give to prayer and worship, we are betraying Christ. When we permit it to exhaust or destroy our strength so that we have no energy or enthusiasm left for good work, we are betraying Christ. When we begin to love it more than we love honesty and honour and benevolence, we have betrayed Christ. In these and things like to these were His life. Those only are rich who having faith do make it their chief aim on that basis to accumulate moral and spiritual qualities; adding to the "faith virtue, and to virtue knowledge, and to knowledge temperance, and to temperance patience, and to patience godliness, and to godliness brotherly kindness, and to brotherly kindness love." Thus we at once follow the Master and become rich towards God.

Our only safety as the scholars of Christ is to yield ourselves wholly to the teachings of Christ as regnant and supreme. To come into His presence self-suspicious and self-distrustful; and so far as possible, empty of self, except as the longing to be filled with Him is present with us.

It was once thought no great disgrace if men or women were unable to sign their names to any important document, but had instead to make a cross as their mark. That was in the days of low education and is not tolerated now. But in the case of Christ and the soul, matters are quite reversed. When we would avail ourselves of the fulness of His salvation and secure to ourselves the title deeds of eternal life, there is no need or room for our name. The effect of our best education in self-knowledge is just to accept for ourselves and verify before God the mark and claim of His Cross. All belonging to self we must ignore and leave unwritten. We are nothing in that great enterprise, and His cross is everything. And under its bitter, yet benign influences we shall be preserved from repeating the crime of Judas, and betraying that great Saviour to be crucified afresh thereon.[1]

ALFRED NORRIS.

EASTERN FASTS AND FESTIVALS.

II.

I PASS now to Mohammedan festivals. The population amid which I lived had a mixed character; and both because the mass of the people were Moslem, and also because of their intrinsic elements, *these* festivals were to me of far deeper interest than any other. It is not my province to describe all the festivals, nor indeed to present the particulars belonging to any one except so far as is necessary to the understanding of my personal connection with it. Two of them stand out very prominently—the *Ramadan* and the *Mohurrum*. The first belongs to all Islam, and the second *specially* to the Shiahs ("Adherents"), the smaller of the two chief of the Mohammedan sects—the other being the Sunnies ("Traditionists"). Of the *Ramadan* my recollections relate chiefly to the self-righteous vainglory of our zealous Moslem servants, who would boastfully open their mouths for inspection (!) in proof of complete abstinence from food and water; and the vociferous rejoicings which welcomed the termination of the days of fasting. But the Shiah festival of the *Mohurrum* is suggestive to me of the most vivid pictures.

I will try to give a clear notion (which is not easy to get) of the subject of this celebration. At the time of the death of the prophet of Islam there were four "companions" of the prophet eligible to be Caliph ("Successor"). Two of them were his fathers-in-law, and the other two sons-in-law. But only one of the latter had children, and he moreover was cousin-german to the prophet—Ali—a man of universal genius as well as of extraordinary courage from his boyhood—and this one therefore, more especially as representing grandsons of the prophet (Hassan and Housein), is declared by the Shiahs to have been the only rightful heir to the prophet's place and authority; and is indeed regarded as actually equal to the prophet himself. It is a fundamental rule that the Caliph must belong to the prophet's tribe—the Koreish. (Undoubtedly, therefore, the Shereef of Mecca is the legitimate Caliph, and not the Sultan of Turkey.) All four belonged to this tribe, and moreover were connected with the prophet by marriage (*Mohammed* had seventeen wives), but Ali, as relation by blood, and as the father of the sons of Mohammed's daughter Fatima—the mother and sons being the only surviving lineal descendants of the prophet—fully represented *blood relationship* with the prophet, and thus certainly had, with his other qualifications, supreme claims to be Caliph and also Iman (semi-inspired teacher) or rather Iman-ul-Mussilmin (chief prophetic Teacher of all Moslems)—(Mohammedanism is without a priesthood). But the other three, through the struggles of faction, preceded Ali as Caliphs and Imans; and Ali, after his accession, was assassinated in a mosque (A.D. 661), and subsequently his two sons Hassan and Housein, the grandsons of the prophet, were treacherously slain. The Shiahs accordingly (including the whole of the Persians) reject the authority of

[1] Our readers may be interested in tracing the various characters in this memorable scene of The Betrayal, as rendered by Mr. Tinworth in terra-cotta. The name of each disciple will, on closer scrutiny, be seen attached.—ED. S. H.

the three predecessors of Ali as that of usurpers, and also all the traditions (Sunna) belonging to their several Caliphates, consisting of expositions, comments, and additions to the Kuran. The *Mohurrum* is the annual celebration *in Memoriam* of the violent death of Ali and his two sons—but more particularly of the two sons, Hassan and Housein, as the canonized martyrs of Islam.

When it is remembered that now nearly 1200 years have passed away since the tragic events occurred which are thus commemorated, it is something astonishing to see the powerful emotions still excited by the recollections of them. Often these emotions are roused to a pitch which amount to frenzy, and find vent in furious fights with the Moslem dissentients and their supposed sympathisers. I often wonder how my father and I, absolutely defenceless as we were, escaped violent handling or vehement execration from the crowds, in turns raging and wailing over the various scenes belonging to the commemoration.[1] I can vividly recall that sometimes I shuddered and sought flight as I looked upon the representation of the murderers of the martyrs as demons from hell—men whose naked bodies were made densely black by charcoal and oil, with streaks of red paint on their faces, dancing in circles, howling, and yelling, and beating time, each with two short and stout sticks in his hands. I remember too, on the other hand, rows of young men, solemn and tearful, draped in white muslin, arranged in successive files, walking in slow procession, one apart, moving backwards, with his face towards the others, plaintively reciting verses descriptive of

MOHAMMEDAN FANATICS AT THE MOHURRUM FESTIVAL.

[1] It is well known too that no Musalmans are more intensely zealous than those of the Malayan race. A large proportion is supplied by it of the Hadjis or pilgrims to Mecca. Some Malays (men and women) perform the pilgrimage twice and even oftener in their lives.

the martyrdom, and his monotone broken at intervals with refrains (chiefly consisting simply of the two names Hassan! Houscin!) from the rest in sounds of wailing, accompanied by the simultaneous rising and falling of their arms, and the rattling of metallic castanets. I know it was sometimes hard ourselves to keep from tears as we saw and heard them.

Then there were here and there the gorgeous but ephemeral *tabūts*, structures of bamboo-paper and tinsel, representing the tombs of the martyrs —carried about the streets each evening, and at the end of the festival publicly destroyed. Near to the mosque would be ornamented sheds open to the streets with white-robed and turbaned *moollahs* (mosque officials), seated under canopies, reciting narratives and eulogies of the martyred dead. Passing from these to the spacious open court of the chief mosque—we became witnesses of scenes which have filled my mind with weird memories, in which astonishment, horror, and admiration are mingled. What I saw, and saw frequently, I should hardly venture to put upon record, lest I should be charged, to use part of the famous antithesis of Sheridan, with going to my "imagination for facts," were there not already published a complete confirmation by the high authority of Mr. Laurence Oliphant in "The Land of Gilead" (p. 426).[1] My only doubt is as to whether the scenes belong to the *Mohurrum* or *Ramadan;* their fanaticism savours of the first, but the orthodoxy of the sect to which the performers belong (described by Oliphant) points to the second.

Turning to our left as we passed through the entrance gate of the yard, we came to a small charcoal fire with five or six large tambourines lying near to it, and a number of roughly made iron daggers, skewers and swords. Soon after our arrival a man appeared, somewhat advanced in life, stirred the burning embers, and put the ends and edges of the implements into the fire, and then taking up a tambourine placed himself opposite the fire in a kneeling posture, swaying himself to and from his heels, beating his drum, and vociferating "La Illah Illallah." He was followed, one by one, by six or seven men (whose Sheikh he was), in the prime of life, sparingly clad, of strong build, and resolute look. Each as he arrived took up a tambourine, and placed himself at the side of the Sheikh, so as eventually to form a half-circle, with the fire before them, in the same attitude as the leader, striking his drum and shouting in concert with him. The beating becomes more and more violent, and the shouts (Ya Allah!) quicker and louder, till the sweat falls heavily from each to the ground, and the whole soul of each is evidently absorbed in passionate and well-nigh maddened enthusiasm. The few sight-seeing stragglers who come after us soon grow into a crowd of eager spectators, arranging themselves around, and as the performers increase in their excitement, become themselves so intensely moved as to echo back their shouts. Suddenly one of the band throws down his drum, rushes to the other side of the fire, seizes one of the daggers, towards one end of which is a circular hollow ball, formed of rings, and whirling himself round and round, he plunges it to the ball into his abdomen! Soon after another follows him into the open space between the fire and the crowd, and seizing the skewers, runs one through his throat from the front, a second through his mouth from cheek to cheek, and a third through the fleshy part of one arm, and a fourth through the other arm. The drums, if possible, beat louder, and the cries yet become quicker and stronger, as the men run from side to side, and show themselves and their wounds to the people. This is followed by the rising of three men, one

[1] See also article in the "Daily News" of Dec. 28, 1883, entitled "A Visit to the Holy City of Kairwan." The writer, an English lady, says:—

"By degrees the devotees rose from the carpet, and stood along the wall of the room opposite to us. They then began to sway from side to side, keeping time to the music; then as the music became louder they swayed more and more, sideway and forwards, at last bending down on one knee and rapidly rising again.

"At last one of them began to roll his head round and round on his breast. Upon this the lesser priests brought him forward on to the matting, and removed the fez, turban and white cap, leaving his head bare. The head was shaved, with the exception of a long, thick bunch of hair in the centre, which sometimes hung down to the waist. With this the Prophet will lift them up into Paradise. The music played louder and louder, and they all began to groan—or rather, I should say, to howl—until the noise was almost insupportable. Then one after the other became seized with the delirium, rolling their heads and eyes in a manner that almost frightened me. Then the assistant priests removed the garments from their shoulders, and the brazier was handed from one to another, over which they held their heads to inhale its fumes. Each man then knelt before the high priest, who prayed into each ear in succession. A number of swords were then brought forward. They consist of broad blades of steel; instead of handles these swords were fitted into round blocks of wood, about six inches in diameter and two inches thick. The devotees seized them with both hands at the handle and point, and began to raise them over their heads and bring them down with all their force against their waists. Several then knelt down, and placed the points of the swords against the muscles of the shoulder near the neck. The priests then drove the points into the flesh with small wooden mallets, so as to project through the skin on the other side. They then walked about with the swords hanging down from their skin. Very little blood flowed from these wounds, which were not inflicted in dangerous places. A quantity of pieces of sharp broken glass and crockery were then produced, and the devotees commenced to eat them. These pieces of glass were about the size of an ordinary hen's eggs, and consisted of broken lamps or vessels of any description. These they crushed up with their teeth and swallowed them, sometimes lying and rolling over on the floor in agonies of pain. A French officer handed me one of these pieces of glass, which resembled a piece of a broken wine glass. The noise and confusion became deafening, and the worshippers had evidently lost all control over themselves. I then saw a man appear at the door with a large branch of prickly pear. He was carrying it on his shoulders. It was at once torn in pieces, and the large oval leaves covered with thorns an inch long thrown on the ground. The priests then pressed the backs of the devotees down upon the leaves with some force, and in this manner their backs were covered with spines, which were picked out by the high priest. Some commenced to eat the leaves, with the thorns upon them. The pain these men suffered must have been intense, the perspiration stood on their foreheads, and tears streamed down their faces, but they never ceased to shout and call upon the name of Allah. So occupied were they that they did not seem to notice us, though as they strode about the room I had to shrink back to the wall to keep from contact with them."

of whom seizes the sword from the fire. This is held by two of them, with the edge uppermost, at one end by the hilt, and at the other the point, with a bundle of rags, while the third man raises himself, stands with bare feet on the edge of the sword, sometimes lifting them alternately up and down, keeping his balance by touching the heads of those who carry him on the sword. When this is over, the sheikh or head dervish follows, and seizing a piece of red-hot flaming charcoal, throws it into his mouth, and crunches it into powder, and, if I am not mistaken, swallows the whole.

Mr. Oliphant appears to have seen more of a like kind, but I only describe what I can remember. The most extraordinary part of the facts is that not only were the men apparently uninjured, but not a drop of blood was to be seen either on their flesh or on the implements used, nor any sign of swelling or inflammation about the wounds inflicted. Each, however, had the marks upon him of former inflictions, appearing like indurated or cicatrised flesh. Mr. Oliphant quotes a surgeon who went with him to the sight at Damascus, and who had for some years examined the men during their performances, as declaring that he was utterly at a loss for any explanation, and never ceased to wonder that there was neither death nor permanent injury, and never even an effusion of blood. It should be borne in mind that tenacity of life is often found to exist in special proportion to the perils which threaten it. This is often noticed in reference to infant life; so of savages. A case is given in Oates' "Matabele Land," p. 209, of a man who had been "hacked with axes and left for dead." When Dr. Oates (now deceased) went with a lantern to look at him, he found "a hole at the base of the skull, perhaps two inches long, and an inch-and-a-half wide," and it "penetrated into the substance of the brain, so that a mouse could have sat in it." "I poured," he says, "some arnica and water into the hole, and when he lifted up his head, a perfect stream of it ran down his back." The man "enjoyed his supper," started in the morning on a long journey, and was seen again the following year, "apparently in perfect health." As to the absence of blood, may this not be traceable to the weapons being heated, and therefore singeing the wounds as they are made? Mr. Oliphant does not, however, refer to the implements seen by him as heated. I am quite sure on this point, as it respects the scenes belonging to my experience.

I have spoken of the feelings induced as comprising admiration in them. I knew even then this much, that all this was done in the name of Allah, and as the outcome of consecration (however fanatical) to Him and His service. Mr. Oliphant gives details on this aspect of the subject of deep interest. The men I saw doubtless were dervishes of the order he describes—numbering some ten thousand—found in all parts of the Moslem world, and gathering disciples from every class and sect. The founder, Sheikh Said Ahmed el Bedaur, lived two hundred years ago, and lies buried in Egypt; but though he organised the order, the power ascribed to the miraculous interpositions of God existed, it is affirmed, for ages before him, but is only bestowed where there is intense consecration of the will in the exercises of prayer, the practice of virtue, and the cultivation of spiritual purity. There is also in use an elixir, which is said to give healing properties to saliva, so that when applied to wounds which bleed, it stops the flow of blood, and also in other ways prevents ill effects. The power, it is declared, is given for the glory of God and His prophet, and unless there be the consecration required, any attempt to perform "the miracles" must prove fatal. No one can be surprised that scenes of the kind described are among the most vivid of my recollections, and I hope I can add that there has come from them something of moral influence on my life. What means of good and evil lie in the living pictures retained by memory of the scenes and events of youth!

"I find no fault in Him."

"Pilate saith unto them, Take ye Him, and crucify Him: for I find no fault in Him."—*John* xix. 6.

WHAT evil hath He done?"
He made the blind to see,
The famish'd crowds He filled,
He set the captive free,
The raging storm He still'd:
This did He, God's dear Son.

"What evil hath He done?"
He gave the weary rest,
He cleansed the sin-defiled,
And to His loving breast
He took the little child:
This did He, God's dear Son.

"What evil hath He done?"
He saved from suffering dread
Who touched His garment's hem;
He raised to life the dead,
To die Himself for them:
This did He, God's dear Son.

"What evil hath He done?"
As man *our* griefs He bare:
He strove *our* peace to win,
Till anguish and despair
O'ertook Him—for *our* sin:
This did He, God's dear Son.

"What evil hath He done?"
The oracles are dumb;
But hark! through ages past
A voice sounds: "Lo, I come:
Death shall be slain at last
In God's immortal Son."

Ah, Lord, what hast Thou done,
Thus stooping life to give
For us who lay in death,
That we through Thee might live,
New-quickened by Thy breath?—
Praise we the Eternal Son!

F. W. ROOSE.

THE LADY ELFRIDA.

CHAPTER II.

"RUTH, what is it?" asked young Redwood, in a low, hurried tone, for he feared to disturb the worshippers in the chapel, as soon as he had reached his wife's side, "is anything the matter with the child, our little Kate?"

"I left the child smiling in sleep as if an angel sent by the dear Master was whispering to her," answered the young mother, a gleam of light passing for a moment over her troubled face as she spoke of her little one; then, before she said more, she took her husband's hand, and drew him hastily behind a little thicket of trees which grew near the chapel.

"Harry," she said, when at length they paused, "my lady is in sore peril."

"What do you mean?" he asked uneasily.

"When I had put the child to sleep," Ruth went on, in quick, yet distinct tones, which told of a mind that can keep its balance, even in an hour of sudden danger and alarm, "I wandered out to catch a few echoes of the hymns you might be singing in the chapel; I know how sweet they are, when they come floating on the evening breeze. When I neared the southern entrance of the sacred building, the entrance on the side towards the castle which is always used by us, I saw several figures lurking behind the wall of the park enclosure."

It should be mentioned here, that the little chapel stood in the castle domains in the park.

"But were they not most likely some of our congregation who came too late for the service?"

"Men who come on the holy, peaceful errand of offering up prayer and praise to God do not bring arms with them, such as I saw gleaming in the hands of those who are watching and waiting yonder. The moon shone out for a few minutes from behind a cloud just then, and I could see the glitter and flash of steel, Harry."

"Are you sure of this, Ruth, sure that no woman's fancy has deceived you?" he cried, beginning, in his turn, to show anxiety in his face and manner.

"As sure as I am of the love and care of Him who reigns above," she answered firmly.

"How many of them are there? Did you notice, can you tell, Ruth? You have in general a quick eye."

His questions hurried rapidly on one another, for his perception of the danger of the situation was growing apace.

"I think there were about ten."

"Then may God help my sweet mistress!" exclaimed he, in a burst of agitation.

"And He will," said the woman's voice, softly, yet steadfastly.

"The men in the chapel are all unarmed; I and her two serving men are ready to die in her defence. I can speak for my two comrades as for myself; but what are three against such odds?"

The young man's eyes flashed as he spoke, yet there was a sad, despairing cadence in his voice.

"It would be but a vain waste of God's good gift of life; you must not be sacrificed like this, my own true love and husband, the father of my child," said Ruth, her sweet mouth trembling as she spoke.

"Yet so it must be, Ruth. My trusty comrades and I have not even our swords at our sides to-night to make an effort to protect her; yet still we will rally round her, our noble, generous mistress, and make our bodies, for a brief space, her shield, while we commend her and ourselves to the great Captain of our Salvation."

"The blood-hounds of the queen and her priests must have scented out the high work for God and man my lady is doing, even in these retired west country solitudes, and have come to catch her just as she passes out of the chapel," said Ruth, her eyes glowing with indignation. "Oh! surely, Harry, the Master will show us some way in which we can prevent this great, cruel wrong being done to His faithful servant, just when she is working for Him."

"Ruth, unless your woman's wit can strike out a fresh, unexpected spark of light, I have not the faintest glimmer of thought which shows me even a hope of saving her."

"Wait for a few minutes before we quite despair, Harry; the meeting in the chapel will not be over for another half-hour or more, and till then all is safe. Wait for a few minutes, Harry, we have not prayed over the matter yet."

"Well said, my own true handmaid of the King."

Then the young man bared his head reverently, and they knelt down side by side, there with the night wind sighing round them, and the leaves whispering hard by, and the faint light of the watery moon over head, knelt while they poured out their whole hearts in a strong earnest prayer for guidance and protection.

When they rose, they both stood silent for a while. Ruth leant against a tree with her cheek resting on her hand. Her husband watched her rather curiously, wondering what was going on in her mind, and what could bring that intent expression into her face; it seemed strange to him that, at such a moment as this, she could concentrate her mind, so entirely and fixedly as she appeared to be doing, on any subject.

"I will save her, God helping me;" she said at length, speaking out in a clear decisive tone, like one who knows something which cannot be doubted.

As the words left her lips, her figure, which was as full of active grace as if the moorland breezes had rejoiced to brace each limb and muscle, was drawn up to its utmost height as though moved by a sudden, resolute impulse that put power into her whole frame. An earnestness of purpose, that might have suited the countenance of a grave man, who has ripened some well-considered design, stamped itself upon her sweet young face; the eyes lately veiled with sadness, sparkled with keen intelligence, and the cheeks, just now so pale, glowed like the morning.

"What do you mean? What do you intend?" asked her companion, starting as he heard the unexpected words.

"I mean that a way has been shown me, coming into my mind like a flash of light from on high, as surely it is."

"Aye, my girl, I can well believe that it is such," he answered, with simple, manly faith in his tones, "and I think, too, that the mind of a good woman is like a clear mirror which can reflect the promptings that come from

above quicker than the minds of us men that come in closer contact with the evil of the world."

"Harry," she went on, hardly seeming to heed his words, so full was she of what was in her heart and brain, "you must go back into the chapel at once, and warn the lady and all there of the danger which is at hand. You must bid them all leave the chapel as quietly and noiselessly as they can, by the door through which you just now came out, the door on this side, of the existence of which the queen's men have, as yet, apparently no idea, as they leave this part of the building unwatched. They must go to their own homes as rapidly as they are able, so as to excite no suspicion by being abroad at this late hour; but my lady must follow yonder track up across the heather on to the moor attended by you."

The castle stood in a sheltered hollow close to Exmoor, which rose up close at hand in an indistinct dim outline.

"The other two serving men," continued Ruth, going straight on with what she had to say, in a calm, yet rapid fashion, which gave her half bewildered husband no time for words:—"the other two serving men must speed, taking a round-about road, to the castle stables; there let them saddle my lady's palfrey and three horses besides. A short cut through the pleasure-grounds will lead them up to the great bog on the moor, the one they call the punchbowl, where you and my lady will meet them. Then you will ride, guarding my lady like a precious jewel, to our nearest sea-port, where we chance to have sure knowledge that a ship is just about to set sail for the Netherlands."

Harry Redwood drew a long breath when she at length ceased to speak. She stood there with the night breeze playing softly with her dress and hair, looking as composed and resolved as if she were in the castle laundry, making up her mind which frill of her lady's should be starched first.

"It looks a somewhat doubtful plan, if truth must be told, to my man's eyes," he said slowly, after a minute's thought in which he had gathered up and put together all she had proposed, "and yet I cannot but deem that God's hand is with you in the matter."

"Harry, do not delay, hasten back to the chapel, or the hymn, with which the meeting will end, will arouse the attention of the watchers and make them more on the alert."

"But how about the boy? My lady will never go to the Netherlands leaving him in England."

"She will; for as God's mercy has been pleased to appoint, he is just now on a visit with his tutor at the house of my lady's kinsman, Lord Courtney; he, as you know, is the most powerful Protestant noble in the west, and he will easily manage to send the child to his parents."

"But they will so soon follow in pursuit of us," said Redwood still hesitating.

"I will answer for it that you shall have at least a considerable start of them," replied Ruth, with a strange assurance of tone and manner which surprised him.

"And you yourself, Ruth, how will you escape?" he asked, repressing his wonder as graver cares gathered round him; "you have not said anything about that."

"My Father above will hold me in the hollow of His hand, till the storm has swept over me," she answered, with steadfastness lighting up her brow, and a sweet, serious smile just dawning on her lips.

Then she hastened him to go and do her bidding in the chapel, and he went, feeling that there was, in truth, no time to waste in questions; but before he went she laid her head upon his breast, and whispered softly, "Dear Master, have him in Thine own strong keeping!"

Redwood did not heed much those words then in his haste and trouble of mind; but afterwards they came back to his memory.

SCRIPTURE ENIGMA.

NO. VIII.

To what epistle may we turn and read
God's goodness doth to true repentance lead?
Whose scanty meal a precious birthright cost,
He afterwards a promised blessing lost?
Who, warned to watch and pray, securely slept,
Then sinned three times, but soon repenting, wept?
Mother of one before Messiah sent
To tell His coming and to cry—Repent!
Who preached repentance to the world around
Before the flood by which they all were drowned?
Whose late repentance just before he died
Won sweet forgiveness from the Crucified?
Who to secure a kingdom vainly tried
Grieved David's heart and, unrepenting, died?
What leper from his healer turned dismayed,
But soon repented, and his word obeyed?
One of the towns to which our Saviour went
And warned of judgment should they not repent?
What scribe, confessing Israel's trespass, said
"Iniquities increase above our head"?
St. Peter tells of God's forgiving love,
Which seeks to gather all with Him above;
He is not willing one should go astray
Or be rejected at the last great day.
Take these initial letters now and read
What those must come to who forgiveness need.

L. T.

HIDDEN TEXT.

NO. VII.

Reject eight of the words in this figure, and so arrange the others as to form a gospel text.

So	Breath	Was	The
Him	The	Men	Life
Yet	And	Of	Light
Life	Was	In	Death
He	Never	On	Living

SCRIPTURE SCENE.

NO. I.

A rich man starts with a king's letter on a long journey into an enemy's country at the direction of his own prisoner. The first person he visits is terrified, the second does not see him. The letter is never answered, and the bearer is basely cheated on his way home, yet the object of his journey is accomplished.

L. T.

ANSWER TO NATURAL HISTORY ILLUSTRATION.

NO. II.—p. 160.

1. Prov. xxx. 26.
2. Prov. xxx. 26; Ps. civ. 18.
3. Lev. xi. 5; Deut. xiv. 7.

ANSWER TO HIDDEN TEXT.

NO. VI.—p 160.

If ye love Me, keep My commandments.—*John* xiv. 15.

THE SUNDAY AT HOME

O DAY MOST CALM, MOST BRIGHT! . . .
THE WEEK WERE DARK BUT FOR THY LIGHT.—*Herbert.*

BARBARA'S BROTHERS.

CHAPTER XVI.—GERALD'S RESOLVE.

REMONSTRANCES.

GERALD stayed away from home a whole week, during which time his family heard nothing whatever of him beyond the message that Mr. Leslie had brought.

His mother, now that her anxieties were once aroused upon the subject, worried herself almost into a fever over this protracted absence, picturing her son led away into every kind of mischievous dissipation—learning all manner of evil ways that he had never known before.

Wulfric was so closely cross-questioned as to his own opinion, that he was obliged at length to admit his suspicions as to the probability of Gerald's having gone to the races, and the bare idea of such a thing threw his mother into a fever of anxiety and distress.

"Why didn't you stop him? Why didn't you tell me, that I might have stopped him?" she would moan, rocking herself to and fro in a half distracted way. "What a cruel son and neglectful brother you are, Wulfric! You knew all about these races and suspected that Gerald would wish to go, and yet you never lifted a finger to stop him. I cannot understand it—I cannot, indeed. Well, well, I suppose some people have no natural affection. I always told your dear father that you had none. Oh! if only he had lived I should have been spared all this!"

Wulfric took all these reproaches very patiently and quietly. He knew that they were the outcome of his mother's morbid condition of health, and accepted them without any chafing or murmuring; but it made his position at home a trying one, and he dreaded when the time came that he must face the invalid and hear all the restless outpourings of her anxiety and trouble. She always expected that he would bring home news of Gerald, as though his time had been spent in hunting up news of his brother, and his ignorance upon the point that so engrossed her thoughts was always the signal for the commencement of a fresh attack.

As days passed by, Mrs. Meynal became quite feverish and overwrought.

"Wulfric," she would say, "I cannot stand this. Gerald must be told that it cannot be allowed. When he comes home you must be severe with him—you must tell him plainly that you cannot and will not have it—nor I either. A little more of such anxiety would fairly kill me. If he wishes to live here, he must have more consideration. Tell him so very plainly, as I have said before. Do not forget. Let him know that if he cannot behave better, and if he will not give up his bad associates, he cannot go on living here. Frighten him and threaten him. Don't let him turn you round his fingers as he always turns me. Mind you make him understand."

"I will do so, if you wish, mother," answered Wulfric, "but I am very doubtful whether threatening Gerald will be a very wise or successful measure."

"Of course you will oppose anything I wish. It has always been so all along; but I do know Gerald a little better than you do, I know what will be likely to take effect upon him."

"But will it be the effect you really wish to produce?"

Mrs. Meynal, however, would hear no reason. She had taken an idea into her head and she clung to it tenaciously. She was sufficiently frightened to feel that strong measures must be used, and she was unable to see any point of view but her own. Victory was secure she thought, if only matters were managed in her own way.

Wulfric was in his study one night, when he heard the sound of a latch key being fitted into the front door. The door was locked for the night, as Gerald had ceased to be expected at late hours, but Wulfric stepped out of the room and quietly unfastened the bolts and locks. Next moment the brothers were face to face.

"Ah, thanks, old fellow," said Gerald easily and unconcernedly. "How are you all? All in bed but you? I want something to eat. Are the servants gone too? Well, I'll go to the larder and forage for myself."

"There is cold meat in the dining-room," answered Wulfric, as he turned to refasten the door. "I was late in myself to-night."

Gerald turned accordingly into the dining-room, whither Wulfric followed him almost at once and stood leaning his broad shoulders against the high mantelshelf, whilst his brother attacked the viands on the table. His face was very grave and sombre and he seemed in no hurry to speak. Gerald, on the contrary, was in excellent spirits, and apparently had not the least suspicion of being in any way in disgrace.

"How has the world been wagging with you?" he asked, looking up when the keen edge of his hunger was appeased. Then catching sight of the expression of his brother's face he laughed banteringly. "Talk of a skeleton at a feast! Why a death's head would be a cheerful object as compared with you! Anything the matter, old boy?"

"Where have you been all this time, Gerald?"

"Oh, I've been about with Hector Thompson and some chums of his, seeing a little of the world, and getting ideas for my novel."

"You mean, I suppose, that you have been at the Aylcester races?"

"Well, yes, we certainly did spend a few days there. The horses were magnificent. I think I shall take to painting horses. I got several first-rate ideas. It doesn't do to stagnate in a little hole like this all one's life; one must get a change from time to time."

"Why did you not write and let us know your whereabouts?"

"Oh, I am a shocking hand at letters, besides I told young Leslie to let you know."

"You did not tell him where you were going."

"No, I hardly knew myself. I told him to say I might be away a week, and I've only been two days over time. I don't quite know though why you should call me over the coals like this. I'm not responsible to you for my comings and goings."

Gerald spoke with perfect good temper, yet with a sort of assumption of independence that showed the way the current was setting.

"I am quite aware of that, I am not speaking on my own account, but, in the character of a medical man who has to think seriously of his mother's state of health."

Gerald looked up quickly,

"Mother is all right."

"I beg your pardon; she is anything but right: and your absence and silence have had a very injurious effect upon her."

"How so?"

"She has been extremely uneasy about you: in total ignorance of your real proceedings, but imagining everything that was most distressing. In her condition of health a strain of this kind is most injurious. You ought to have more consideration."

Gerald was fond of his mother in his own careless and rather selfish fashion; but Wulfric's

manner was hardly conciliatory, and he did not choose to accept with any degree of humility a rebuke administered by him.

"She might have known I was all right. I can take care of myself."

"Can you?"

Gerald flushed a little at the tone.

"To be sure," he answered easily. "I am quite capable of looking after my own interests."

Wulfric was silent for a moment or two, knitting his brows in lines of deep thought.

"Look here, Gerald, it has come to this, and I am bound to speak out. You must pull up and look round you, and spend your time after a different fashion. You are idling away your life and getting into mischief, and it won't do. You have not got too far already to come back. You can turn over a new leaf and start afresh. But this sort of thing cannot go on. It is worrying our mother into her grave."

Gerald had risen by this time, and now stood facing his brother. He did not appear exactly angry, but there was more of settled, defiant resolution in his face than Wulfric had ever seen there before. The suspicion occurred to him that his brother had been fortunate in his first taste of the turf; and that he had come home with plenty of money in his pockets. Possibly he believed like so many youths who are unlucky enough to win at starting that fortunes could be made without any labour or trouble. Surely had Gerald returned with empty pockets and in debt, he would not be so full of spirits, or confront the world with such an independent and defiant mien.

"My dear fellow," he said, with an air of great assurance, "it is all very fine your talking like this, but what on earth has put it into our mother's head that I am getting into mischief, as you are pleased to call it?"

"I am afraid there can be little doubt upon that point, Gerald."

"In point of fact you have heard rumours, and have stuffed her head full of terrors!"

"You can look at it as you like, and say what you choose, but you will not alter the facts of the case. Our mother is very unhappy about you, and her anxiety once aroused will not be laid to rest unless she has sufficient evidence that you have turned over a new leaf. If you do not care to do it for your own sake, you must do it for hers."

"Must!"

Gerald flushed a little under the steady glance of Wulfric's eye, and his blood began to rise.

"Well, yes, practically you will find that you must, for you will hardly care to accept the alternative."

"What is the alternative?"

Wulfric looked steadily into his brother's face and did not answer at once. He felt that the position was difficult, that he had a part to play that required the greatest skill and care, whilst he was hampered with directions that did not approve themselves to his convictions, and lacking in the power of diplomatic finesse so much needed by one in his position. He could feel much of sympathy with his brother, even whilst he condemned his conduct, and his was a nature that could well discriminate between hating the sin and hating the sinner. He had always been fond of Gerald, and he was fond of him still; yet he was called upon to play a part in which unbending sternness and the exercise of an inflexible authority were indispensable. Wulfric was sufficientiy roused by his brother's selfishness and indifference to feel a good deal of anger, and his stern countenance betrayed this sentiment, whilst concealing the more kindly feelings that lay beneath.

"What is the alternative?" repeated Gerald.

"The alternative is to make an independent home for yourself, where the irregularities of your life will not have an injurious effect upon our mother, as they will do if you persist in them here."

Gerald drew his breath rather hard.

"You threaten me——?" He paused as if uncertain how to conclude his sentence, and the flush deepened in his face. There was no dismay in his expression, rather, as it seemed, a gleam as of triumph; and Wulfric fancied he could not have understood the drift of the conversation.

"I have not the least wish to threaten. All I wish is to obtain your promise to give up your present associates, and to set to work in good earnest to make your own way in life."

"You have said all that before."

"Yes; but I am afraid you have done nothing to bring about the desired result."

"What result?"

"Your own independence."

With a smile of triumph Gerald drew from his pocket a roll of bank notes, and showed them for a moment to his brother. Whatever was the value of those notes they must represent a considerable sum of money.

"That is something like independence, eh? You cannot say I have not fulfilled my share of the compact."

Wulfric's face was stern and set.

"That money was never honestly earned, Gerald."

"It was honestly won, then—which comes much to the same thing," was the careless answer.

Wulfric laid his hand upon his brother's shoulder.

"Gerald, I implore you to restore that money, and have no more to do with gambling in any of its forms. If you had seen as much as I have done of what it leads to, you would never be tempted to bet again. Ah, Gerald! you smile, you think I am a simpleton, but you don't know what you are doing—you don't know and I do!"

A slightly supercilious smile played over Gerald's face. Wulfric's sudden vehemence, born of a real agitation and fear for his brother, seemed ridiculous and childish.

"My good fellow," he answered impatiently "you may be very clever over your medicine bottles and bandages, but you do not know everything, and I will not submit to be lectured by you to this extent. Oh, yes, I understood you perfectly well just now. You were a little ashamed to put it into plain words, but your meaning was clear

enough. You meant to say that, unless I was prepared to be tied to my mother's apron strings, or to do my brother's bidding entirely, let him choose my friends, and regulate my life for me, I was to be turned out of house and home, and made to feel my own dependence and helplessness by having the part of the prodigal son forced upon me. Oh, yes, you meant all that, my good fellow; it's all very well to try and cry off now you see I have my pockets well lined and can afford to laugh at your threats; but you did mean that, and a very noble and brother-like threat it was,—about as just as it was generous. Well, Wulfric, you have had your say, and I have had mine. It is plain we shall never agree; so I take you at your word, and I leave home at once and for ever."

Wulfric had let his hand drop from his brother's shoulder. His face was very grave and anxious. He was increasingly disturbed by each new turn the conversation took. This Gerald was not the Gerald he had known from childhood, but, as it were, a stranger to him: a man intoxicated by the first smile of fortune, who sees wealth and ease and plenty lying before him, and is dazzled by the sight into an utter incapacity for seeing the dangers of his path or the sterner aspects of life.

"Gerald," said Wulfric quietly and very earnestly, "do not take any step rashly. Pause and think well what you do. If I have spoken hastily, I too will reconsider and retract my words, if I have gone beyond what is just and right. We are brothers, Gerald, and I, at least, have every wish that our relations with each other should be friendly and brother-like. For our mother's sake we must avoid any undue heat and rashness. Let this matter be quietly considered, and, above all things, do not act in haste, or take any step that shall grieve or distress her. She is little able to bear any anxiety or pain."

"You talk very like a book, my dear fellow," answered Gerald, with one of his rather magnificent smiles, "but the fact remains that you were pleased to threaten me in a very decided fashion so long as you believed me penniless, and only turned round when you discovered that I could afford to laugh at your threats. Your game is very plain to read. You wish to coerce where you cannot convince, and I object to that line of policy. History has a way of repeating itself, you know, and I would rather meet a threat like that when my pockets are full, than when they are empty. I have long had some thoughts of going away to see life to greater advantage. It seems to me at a crisis such as this, that there is no time like the present."

Wulfric was depressed and weary. He felt he had made a mess of the whole business, and he knew that Gerald's late successes on the racecourse had completely overset both his own plan and that of his mother for gaining an influence over this pleasure-loving youth. In some points Gerald was very like his mother. He never could see any point of view but his own,

"Think it over, Gerald, think it over," said Wulfric again. "Do not act in heat and do not act in haste."

Gerald smiled, but made no reply. Wulfric looked steadily at him for a few seconds, and then laid a hand upon his shoulder once more.

"My dear boy, I know I am not a great deal older than you, but I have had a good deal more experience of life. I don't want to dictate to you, or to make myself in any way offensive; but I do ask you to pause and consider before you take any decided step. We have always been good friends, Gerald; don't let us begin to quarrel now."

Gerald laughed a little, but he shook off the hand from his shoulder with some petulance.

"Who talks of quarrelling?" he answered; and moved away to the door.

Wulfric looked after him almost wistfully. He felt as if a gulf had suddenly opened between him and Gerald. Some instinct warned him that his brother's purpose had not changed, but Gerald left him and went up to his room, and Wulfric knew that no more words would be possible that night.

Next morning the following note, found in Gerald's empty room by a servant, and brought to Mrs. Meynal before she ever knew that he had returned, threw her into a paroxysm of agitation and distress.

"My dearest Mother.—I came home last evening, but was given my congé by Wulfric so emphatically, that I have decided to clear out, bag and baggage, without the fatigue of farther adieus. I am going to London to seek my fortune; when I am a great man you shall hear from me.—Your affectionate son, Gerald Meynal."

Of course this step of Gerald's became at once the talk of the place. St. Hilda was excited over it, and although inclined to prophecy fame and glory for the departed favourite, yet resented the hasty way in which the departure had been made. Friends had been cheated out of the pleasure of saying farewell, and of talking the future over with the young man, and giving him good advice. They did not approve of this, and the story that it was Wulfric's harshness that had driven Gerald away obtained ready credence amongst those who respected Wulfric's talents without understanding his nature.

Poor Mrs. Meynal's distress and despair when she received Gerald's note and learned that her darling boy had again left home for an indefinite period knew no bounds. For some days she was really ill, and even when she recovered her usual health, her distress in no whit abated, and, of course Wulfric was the scape-goat upon whom all her upbraidings and lamentations were lavished.

Wulfric was the only member of the family who had seen Gerald, and he had been so harsh and unkind that he had actually driven his brother out of the house, and turned him adrift upon the world. It was unnatural, inhuman, and shameful. Mrs. Meynal grew daily more excited over the thought of the interview, and ended by an absolute conviction that Gerald had been forcibly ejected from the house by Wulfric's own hands. Celia, who owed her elder brother no

good will for putting a decided check upon her intimacy with the Thompson family, rather encouraged than checked her mother in her diseased imaginings; and as for Barbara, nobody heeded her. She was looked upon as a child and an enthusiast, and her protestations and arguments were passed over and unheeded.

Wulfric had given his own account of the interview between himself and his brother when first questioned, but he made no attempt to repeat the story in extenuation of the charges perpetually brought up against him.

Truth to tell, poor Wulfric was growing sadly wearied by the constant reproaches levelled at him. A species of depression foreign to his real nature was beginning to weigh him down, and he was inclined to believe that he had made a great mess of the whole matter, and was really the chief person in fault.

Life had gone somewhat hardly for Wulfric during the past six months. His father's death had been a shock none the less keenly felt because so quietly borne; then had followed the renunciation of all the cherished hopes and schemes that had made life look so bright to him before, and the settling down to a life of irksome, monotonous toil little to his liking, and in which even the fruits of his labours were not his own, any more than the home that his hands supported.

Not that Wulfric complained even to himself of the necessity of supporting his family. He took upon himself the position he occupied with a quiet readiness that left all but Barbara in ignorance of the sacrifice it really was; and he had never for a moment regretted the step he had taken. And yet looking forward into the future he could not blind himself to the fact that the prospect was but a gloomy one. There seemed no future for him save one of weary toil, no home save this house in which he was no real master, and where his presence seemed more of a source of discord than of pleasure.

Wulfric had no present thoughts of marriage. His mind was engrossed by too many matters to have room left for tenderer and more personal feelings; yet of late there had sometimes stolen over him, in his few leisure moments, sweet soft dreams of what life might be, shared with some gentle, woman, who would share as by living instinct his loftier ideals and yet be a willing helpmeet in the thousand little cares and sorrows that go to make up the run of daily life.

What had first started such a train of thought Wulfric could not have said, but it had haunted him of late at rare moments and had always been followed by the chill sense of conviction that marriage was not for him.

How could he bring a wife into that cheerless, loveless home of his? He breathed no reproach even to himself against his fretful, fault-finding mother; but he suffered too much at her hands himself, to be willing to subject another to the infliction of her querulous tongue. Celia's seemed a nature little likely to add harmony to life, and Barbara's impetuosity did rather harm than good, well-meaning as it always was.

No, to that home Wulfric could never bring a wife, and yet the cost of an independent establishment for himself would be, as he plainly saw, altogether beyond his means. He could not turn his mother away from the house that had been her home ever since she had come to it as a bride thirty years ago, and the costly way in which the household was maintained made saving all but an impossibility. So Wulfric, with a weary sigh, put away from him all the brighter dreams—which after all were only dreams—and took up his daily duties and troubles with a steady courage and resolute acceptance of his lot that, little as he knew it, were transforming him into something of a hero.

Suffering is a great master, if a hard one, and in his school we learn truths that perhaps we might never grasp elsewhere.

Wulfric Meynal was learning lessons now—lessons of patience, fortitude, self-distrust and trust in God—which were slowly fitting him for brighter days in store for him as perhaps nothing else could have done.

A Welcome to Spring.

A TRUCE at last to biting cold,
And cumbering wreaths of drifted snow;
The leaden clouds, asunder rolled,
Allow sweet heaven its face to show:
The happy earth is all aglow
With sunbeams showered on hill and plain;
The lambs are in the fields below,
The lark is in the sky again!

On the treetops, the chiff-chaff bold,
With cheery note, flits to and fro,
Herald of melodies untold
Which April airs o'er ocean blow;
From faithful merle and mavis flow
The long-pent raptures of their strain,
And I too sing, as on I go,
"The lark is in the sky again!"

I dream no more that I am old,
No more I move with footstep slow;
The furrows on my brow unfold,
Am I not younger than I know?
Upon the cloud I see the bow
Which glorifies life's day of rain;
Amid the grass the violets grow;
The lark is in the sky again!

Oh, thank the Love to which we owe
The buoyant throb of heart and brain!
Shall we be sad in spring time? No!—
The lark is in the sky again!

RICHARD WILTON.

LIFE IN NEW GUINEA.

BY THE REV. JAMES CHALMERS.

I.—INTRODUCTORY.

SIXTY miles north of the Australian continent lies the island of Papua, which is about 1400 miles in length, 490 broad in the widest part, and contains an area of over 300,000 square miles. From the shallowness of the water in Torres Straits there is reason to believe that these two lands were once connected. If such were the case it must have been at a remote period in the world's history, as, while in many respects the fauna and flora are similar, in some important species there are marked differences which would take a long time to effect.

It is said to have received the name of New Guinea from the Spaniard Alvaro de Saavadra, in consequence of the resemblance which the inhabitants bore to those of the Guinea Coast of Western Africa.

D'Abreu was the first European to sight the country in 1511, but a landing was first effected by Don Jorge de Meneses in 1526. In 1606 Captain Luig Vaes de Torres, in the Spanish frigate *La Almiranta*, sailed along the southern shore and passed through the straits which have since then born his name.

In 1676, the Dutch Captains Schouten and Le Maire visited New Guinea, and being short of water sent a party ashore to obtain a supply. Unfortunately the natives came upon the party unexpectedly and killed eighteen of their number.

Captain Cook visited the south-west coast in 1770, and in 1775 an English officer named Forrest passed several months on the north-east coast in search of spices. He was followed in 1791 by Edwards, and in 1792, Bligh, of the *Bounty* notoriety, sailed to the south of it. In 1799, Flinders, who has left his name in and around Torres Straits, added a little more to the very scanty knowledge of its coast. In the beginning of the present century, the French ship *Astrolabe*, commanded by De Urville, and accompanied by the distinguished naturalists Quoi and Eagmard visited the island, and did much to add to the information then possessed of the country.

In 1793, two of the East India Company's commanders annexed New Guinea, and for some time their troops held an island in Geelvinik Bay. This portion of the country was subsequently taken possession of by the Dutch. As suzerain nominally under the Sultan of Tidore, they claim possession of the western part of the island as far east as Lat. 141° 47′ E. The trade they carry on is said to be worth £20,000 a year, and their missionaries have been stationed around the coast of Geelvinik Bay for many years.

Partial surveys of the south coast were made in 1845 by Captain Blackwood, who discovered the Fly River; by Lieutenant Yule, who sailed as far east as the island which bears his name; and in 1848 Captain Owen Stanley made a survey of the south-east coast. But the most important survey work along the coast of New Guinea was done in 1873 by H.M. ship *Basilisk*, under the command of Captain Moresby. He discovered the now famous harbour, Port Moresby, laid down the true eastern coast-line of the island, discovering China Straits, and exploring the north-east coast as far west as Hosken Island.

It was however by the missionaries of the London Missionary Society that accurate information was obtained respecting the south-east coast.

Three European powers claim that the island shall be divided between them, although it is rather a fanciful proceeding on their part to announce even a "protectorate" over large portions of country as yet unknown to them, inhabited by tribes supposed to be hostile, and hitherto untrodden by any white man.

Thus we have the Dutch possessing the western part of the island up to Lat. 141° 47′ E. Germany has announced protection over the north-east, and Great Britain, to safeguard her rights to the waters adjacent to Australia, has reluctantly given protection to the south-eastern peninsula.

In German New Guinea explorers have recently been and are now very busy. Captain Dallmann, in April, 1886, ascended a large river named by him after the Empress Augusta. This river was subsequently traced by Captain von Schleinitz for 200 miles. Much is expected from a scientific expedition fitted out by the New Guinea Company which arrived at Fuisch Harbour in April, 1886, under the leadership of Dr. Carl Schrader of Arctic fame.

With regard to the interior, that portion of the island under the care of Great Britain is the best known. Missionaries and naturalists have scaled some of its mountain ranges, and several expeditions, journalistic and otherwise, have gone over the same ground as their predecessors in travel, but have not succeeded in penetrating so far. In its valleys and on its river banks miners have prospected for gold, whilst by others nefarious efforts have been made to entrap the natives into slavery.

The watershed of British New Guinea is formed by an irregular chain of mountains, some peaks of which exceed thirteen thousand feet in height, stretching down the centre of the peninsula from W.N.W. to E.S.E. The chief portions of this chain are known as the Sir Arthur Gordon Range, Albert Mountains, Yule Range, Owen Stanley Range, and Stirling Range. The land between these mountains and the sea contains numerous detached ranges and many high ridges and spurs with deep valleys, whilst stretches of level land occur between. Nowhere does the earth's surface present a country of similar extent with more diversified features, and it is

not surprising that land should be found in all stages of productiveness.

The peninsula is well drained by numerous rivers and streams. Many have been discovered and named, such as the Jones, Hercus, Kemp-Welch, Larogi, Aroa, Coombes, Annie, Wickham, and Aird Rivers, besides others yet unnamed.

West of the mountains the great Fly River debouches into the gulf by many inlets. It has a large delta formed by numerous islands. From its sluggish motion, and the immense volume of water it discharges, it is surmised that it drains a large area of level country. The chief branch of the river, at thirty miles from its mouth, is like an inland sea, another arm to the north-east being about as large. One cannot think of this body of fresh water without feeling that doubtless it is the grand waterway into the interior, and destined to bear upon its bosom no small portion of its future commerce.

Then south-west of the Fly comes the Baxter River, a large stream which was explored last year, by Captain Strachan in the steam launch *Herald*.

The swamps constitute a characteristic feature in New Guinea scenery with their tropical foliage. It can certainly vie with any country in this respect, for every variety is to be found. Upon the coast, a narrow strip of good firm land is usually to be found fronted by a mangrove swamp. In many parts it extends to the base of the mountains.

Where everything is upon such a varied scale it is to be expected that the coast-line and country immediately adjacent should exhibit changeful features. East of the peninsula lies the D'Entrecasteaux Islands and also the enormous coral barrier of the Louisiade Reef, which extends from Teste Island for two hundred miles in an easterly direction, and is beaten on by an everlasting surf, blown on by the south-east monsoon for eight months of the year, and set on by strong currents which make approach dangerous. Along the southern part of the peninsula there is comparatively little level ground, and it diminishes the nearer you approach the east end. Beginning at East Cape and in by the Stirling Range, continuing to the south end of the Owen Stanley Range, or east side of Milne Bay, the greater part of the narrow coast land is a mangrove swamp. The hills are clothed to their summits with a most luxuriant vegetation, and in the valleys, which are well watered, the natives have good plantations with plenty of food of all kinds. Around the other side of Milne Bay to Discovery Bay are extensive swamps on the coast, and inland low ridges lying between the head of Milne Bay and Poroai or Orangerie Bay. On the coast-line from Discovery Bay round the foreland through China Straits as far as Inveraray Bay, the hills come down to the waters' edge, and unless on the sides of the steep ridges of Bohoboho there is no land fit for cultivation. Behind the Leocadie Islands and along Catamaran Bay there is the usual narrow belt of land with its accompanying swamp up to the hills. On the sides of Cloudy Mountain, and on the Lorne Range the hills and valleys are all fertile. There is thick vegetation up the top of Cloudy Mountain. The ridges are very steep and need much watering. In a very dry season—which fortunately seldom occurs—there is great scarcity of food and consequent starvation both to the dwellers on the coast and inland. The best piece of country in the east end of the peninsula is that extending a few miles in width from Cloudy Mountain and Bohoboho to Poroai, but the approach to it is almost inaccessible. The islands of the coast at East Cape are similar to the mainland, and have plantations to the summits of the hills.

The driest time of the year at the east end is from November to January; during the other months there is frequent rain. Although the Eastern portion of the peninsula is more productive, it cannot be compared to districts further west for healthiness, where there is less rain and vegetation, as also a greater scarcity of food. From Tree Point westward the coast continues differing only in the extent of swamp. It is intersected by two fine harbours, Port Glasgow and Port Milport, both discovered by Mr. Goldie, where vessels are safe in any weather.

The Aroma district has some splendid plantation ground but the Animarupu Hills are not very productive, having much the same bare appearance as those around Port Moresby. There is much swamp from the Hood Lagoon to the Macgillivray Range. The valleys are about perfect and will vie with those at the back of the Astrolabe Range in their productiveness. Behind Kalo and along the peninsula to Hula is perhaps the finest piece of country in all known New Guinea; whilst nothing can surpass the well-watered valleys of the Saroa district, including the Ikolu, Palauai and Geregese hills. From the summits of these hills most enchanting views can be obtained of this great country. From Kapakapa to Port Moresby the range of coast hills are not productive, but on the coast side of the Astrolabe to the Epakari hills, the soil is very rich. As the natives here, and on the hills to the west, plant only on the coast ridges and valleys, they suffer much in the dry seasons.

Port Moresby, situated where coral and white sand has succeeded the low mangrove covered coast, lies in latitude 9° 30′ south, and longitude 147° 10′ east. The entrance is good and the land rises gently on either side to a considerable height.

The inner portion called Fairfax Harbour, is an irregular basin surrounded by low-topped grassy hills with rich valleys between. The depth of water is from four to seven fathoms to within a few yards of the beach. Outside the port two passages have been discovered in the coral reef, the nearest, which is due south of the entrance, is called Basilisk Passage, while the other exit is by an inshore route between the mainland and Barrier Reef and leads into Redscar Bay. A singular feature in the surrounding hills is the almost total absence of running water. The soil is very porous and the streams probably take an underground course until they reach the swamps in which the valleys, abutting on Fairfax Harbour terminate.

REMAINS OF HEATHEN TEMPLE, TUPESELEI.

Beyond the Port Moresby Hills and up the Laroki there are extensive swamps. When the river is in flood the country looks like one vast lake. Westward of Port Moresby up to Manumanu the swamps continue, varied by salt water creeks, but the country behind is very different to that eastward. One of these creeks which runs from Kido to Lealea forms a large island, and west from Manumanu to the mouth of the Aroa River, there is a fine tract of level country extending back to Rabadi eight miles inland. The level land from Hall Sound to Cape Possession, forming the Lolo, Mekeo, Maiva, and Kevori districts is a really splendid country in which every description of food known in the tropics would grow. The country beyond is swampy, with here and there an oasis of good land. The size of the sago swamps is truly astonishing. Behind Vailala, up to the Searle Hills, are patches of fine planting ground. Nowhere in New Guinea has been seen such a profusion of tropical plants, food bearers and others, as in this district.

The country west of the Annie River becomes more open, and everywhere food seems to be abundant.

The temperature both on the coast and inland varies greatly. On the ridges it is very chilly in the night and usually a keen wind blows. The thermometer on the high land at sunrise stands at 70° and at mid-day it is 84° in the shade. Lying in the torrid zone there is not much variation in the length of days and nights.

New Guinea is a truly wonderful country, but travelling in it is not an easy matter. Besides the dangers arising from the suspicions and jealousy of the natives the physical difficulties presented are enormous. To attempt exploration by ascending rivers only, is a very unsatisfactory method to pursue, and the information thus gained is of little real value.

ON SENSITIVENESS.

IN the "mystic unfathomable Song" that was the voice of ten silent centuries—the Divine Comedy of Dante—are many wise utterances that may be taken from out their lurid setting, and applied to the experience of modern life. The wondrous mediæval poem tells how Dante, with Virgil for his guide, entered the despair-emblazoned portal of the Inferno, and penetrated down through circle after circle of ever-increasing woe. As the two were witnessing the rain,

> Eternal, maledict, and cold, and heavy,
> Athwart the tenebrous air pour down amain,

Dante asked a question as to degrees of suffering, answered thus by Virgil:

> Ritorna a tua scienza,
> Che vuol, quanto la cosa è più perfetta,
> Più senta 'l bene, e così la doglienza.
>
> Return unto thy science
> Which wills, that as the thing more perfect is
> The more it feels of pleasure and of pain.

In other words, sensibility becomes more acute in proportion as the nature is highly-wrought and richly-endowed. Not the least of those "who learn in suffering what they teach in song," was Dante himself. Look upon his portrait—the laurel encircling his brow, but the stamp of sorrow on his stern, worn features, the contraction of pain upon his lips. His story was not one of unparalleled misery, as human lives go. He loved Beatrice Portinari from boyhood; she wedded another, and died soon afterwards. His merits raised him to the position of chief magistrate of Florence, but in the disturbances of the time he was banished from his native city. Sad indeed is the record, but many a man would have sought and found consolation. Dante was wounded beyond healing. His gloom and taciturnity brought reproof and dislike upon him at the courts where he found a temporary shelter; and in his heart-soreness he brooded ever more and more upon the Eternity to come, until, with pain, and toil, and exhausting effort, he wrote the book that will not die; wrote, as though with his very heart's blood. And his face of tenderness frozen by isolation, of hope repressed into despair, looks out, after all these centuries, on the modern reader, as a commentary upon his own words:

> Quanto la cosa è più perfetta,
> Più senta 'l bene, e così la doglienza.

Not without equal capacity of appreciating pleasure was he, for there are are many passages in his poem that show him to have been keenly alive to the beauty of the world; and as his story proves, he was of a nature most susceptible to tenderness. But it is Dante who is quoted when Tennyson says,

> This is truth the poet sings,
> That a sorrow's crown of sorrow is remembering happier things.
>
> Nessun maggior dolore
> Che ricordarsi del tempo felice
> Nella miseria.—*Inferno*, v. 121.

Do we need other examples of keen sensibility in the great and gifted? Look, two centuries after Dante, at the young Savonarola, pacing with sad and downcast face along the streets of Florence, eschewing all youthful diversion and the company of his fellows, because of the degradation of the Catholic Church, and the oppression and suffering of his countrymen. Never would he, even as a child, approach the doors of the ducal palace, because he knew that wretched prisoners were confined in its dungeons.

The first power in Italy—the Pope—connived at crime, and injustice of all kinds was a twice-told tale to his youthful ears. So the lad went on his way, ever bearing about with him the burden of the woes of others, until he sprang into the reformer's career that ended in the martyr's death:—

"In the sad eyes of those who stand in the foremost ranks of great men" writes Ellen Watson, "we read the height of pain, the height of unconquerable resolve."

This very keenness of feeling helped to make Savonarola what he was. It inspired him with a horror of cruelty and wrong that flashed forth in words of fire. It added magnetism to his glance, power to his impassioned and tender address, and gave him an easy conquest over the hearts of the young. True it is that this very intensity of feeling wore upon him till he was emaciated and exhausted, but the soul within the frail tabernacle triumphed over weakness. His sensibility, though it involved untold suffering, was half the secret of his power.

Yes—the capacity for keen feeling, both of sorrow and of joy, is a characteristic of most who strive to lead the higher life. And it is the fault of the present imperfect state that sadness, rather than joyousness, sets its mark upon them. For sympathy with the world's woes must come before the effort to cure them, and in this sense it is true that

> Spirits are not finely touched
> But to fine issues.

The world has learnt the lesson, taught by Dante six centuries ago, that the highly gifted are also the keenly susceptible; but in some respects it has learnt it amiss. For there is a tendency to suppose that because sensibility characterises the noble nature, sensibility in itself, apart from nobility, is good.

Nothing can be a greater error; for the worth of this keen susceptibility altogether depends on the other elements of the character wherein it finds a place. "Fine sensibilities" says John Foster, "are like woodbines, delightful luxuries of beauty to twine round a solid upright stem of understanding, but a very poor thing if, unsustained by strength, they are left to creep along the ground."

Much might be said concerning the spurious sensibility that hates to see or to hear of suffering, but so long as it is not obtruded, cares nothing for the bare knowledge that it exists, and does nothing to relieve it; nay, is even willing that it should exist, as a means of rearing luxuries for the owner of these same sensibilities! When the youthful Marie Antoinette was on her way from Strasburg to Paris, the regulation was issued that no deformed persons, cripples, or invalids were to show themselves upon her route. No fault it was of hers, for the spirit that issued such a decree was the spirit of the age. So the young and lovely girl entered her dominions with nothing but that which was fair and sightly to meet her gaze. Bands of maidens dressed in white flung the sweetest flowers of spring before her; crowds of peasants with smiling faces lined the roadside, forgetting for the moment that they had left the suffering, the aged, the half-starved at home. And behind the bride's chariot hovered the awful shadow of the French Revolution; the inevitable outcome of a state of society where the "sensibilities" of the nobles were held of more account than the griefs of their fellow-men. Marie Antoinette herself possessed genuine tenderness, and never shunned the wretched, but she had, poor child, to bear the penalty of the false standard of her time.

Much might be said of the spurious sensibility of those days:

> . . . pampering the coward heart
> With feelings all too delicate for use.

and characterising

> The sluggard pity's vision-weaving tribe,
> Who sigh for wretchedness, yet shun the wretched,
> Nursing in some delicious solitude
> Their slothful loves and dainty sympathies.

It was current in England at the beginning of the present century, and Coleridge, in his 'Aids to Reflection," found it necessary to denounce it with vehemence. The very word "nervous," as he points out, had had its meaning reversed. Formerly it meant strong and vigorous; but the prominent idea suggested by the word "nerves" had come to be that of exaggerated, unhealthy feeling, rather than natural energy.

Fortunately there are signs of a healthier tone of public opinion at the present day, and mere sentimentality is recognised as an evil rather than an amiable weakness.

But there is another type of sensibility misdirected, which as yet is less generally condemned, and which is nevertheless a most objectionable foe to character. It is known by the name "sensitiveness."

There is a plant familiar to botanists as the *Mimosa pudica*, and to the general public as the "sensitive plant;" a native of Brazil, but frequently to be found in English hot-houses. At a touch upon the apex of any leaflet it moves quickly upwards and the opposite one does the like, till the leaves meet. Each pair below follows the same example, until all the leaflets are shut, when the stem on which they grow suddenly collapses downwards in a hopeless manner. This action is an illustration of Dr. Johnson's definition of "sensitive." "Having sense of perception, but not reason." Now the word "sensitive," as frequently applied to human beings, might very well bear the same definition, for *they* appear to have "sense of perception, but not reason!"

The poet Cowper is not a favourite in the present day, and yet one may find many gems of sound sense, as well as of fine poetry, in his neglected works. In a fable, not remarkable, it must be confessed, for poetic beauty, called "The Poet, the Oyster, and Sensitive Plant," he has well explained the difference between sensitiveness of a certain type, and true sensibility.

An oyster cast upon the shore, laments that he had better have been born a stone,

> Than with a tenderness like mine
> And sensibilities so fine.

He envies the "sensitive plant" fast rooted in the soil hard by. The plant indignantly retorts that she is exposed to the investigations of many an observer, who—

> With curious touch examines me,
> If I can feel as well as he;
> And when I bend, retire, and shrink,
> Says, well—'tis more than one would think:
> Thus life is spent, oh, fie upon 't!
> In being touched and crying, "Don't."

The poet, who overhears this colloquy, puts the matter on its right footing.

> And your fine sense, he said, and yours,
> Whatever evil it endures,
> Deserves not, if so soon offended,
> Much to be pitied or commended
> Your feelings in their full amount
> Are all upon your own account.

The oyster's rough shell protects him from all excepting direct injury; and, as to the sensitive plant, the poet thus apostrophises her:

> If all the plants that can be found
> Embellishing the scene around,
> Should droop and wither where they grow,
> You would not feel at all, not you.
> The noblest minds their virtue prove
> By pity, sympathy and love,
> These, these are feelings truly fine
> And prove their owner half divine.

Although the poetry is homely, the lesson is one that needs more than ever to be studied in the present day. For this "sensitiveness" is a growing evil. Its likeness to something fine, misleads its possessors to fancy it a becoming and a desirable quality—something that distinguishes them from the common herd. Cowper puts it in plain unvarnished language. Sensitiveness of this order is "all upon one's own account." The difference between that and the sensibility of a noble soul lies in the fact that the former feels on behalf of itself, the latter on behalf of others as well. Sensibility is ever ready to rejoice in kindness; sensitiveness receives it as a due, and will even try to pick out flaws in the fabric.

A favourite type of character for story-tellers and biographers is that of the delicately-wrought highly-strung nature, thrown by circumstances among the rough and unappreciative. The misery of such a lot is no light matter, and frequently receives delineation. But there is another kind of suffering not so often brought forward, and yet equally worthy of compassion; that of the tender-hearted honest man, of generous though not superfine feelings, anxious to do a kindness but repelled by ultra-sensitiveness, and made to feel that he has mysteriously acted amiss just where he most intended to give pleasure. The bewildered distress of such a man is a piteous thing to see.

"Sensitiveness" is frequently only another name for a diseased egotism. Selfishness and vanity enter largely into its composition, and many a man or woman who would be ashamed to say, "I own I am selfish;" "I own I am vain," will observe with complacency, "I own I am very sensitive."

Who does not know these "sensitive" people? Victims perhaps of an unwise education, or of too much introspection and self-regard, the misery they suffer themselves is scarcely greater than that they inflict upon their friends. Life for them is spent

> In being touched and crying "Don't."

Inmates of a wisely-ordered family are scarcely likely to suffer from "sensitiveness," but if it does enter a home it is a mortal foe to happiness and content. The grown-up daughter who is "too sensitive" to bear a word of suggestion as to her conduct; the governess who is unexpectedly found weeping in secret at altogether imaginary slights; the invalid who takes the sacrifice of the health and blitheness of others as a due, and "is hurt" if any chance allusion betrays their deprivation of cheerfulness and change—these, in spite of the far greater proportion of heroic women among the solitary and suffering—these are types not quite unknown. And the "sensitive" relation who arrives on a visit, and, on suspecting (quite gratuitously) a little less than the accustomed warmth in her greeting, is discovered weeping in her bedroom—how hard is the task of consoling her! Reasoning is all in vain, for sensitiveness is "perception without reason." One can but lavish caresses and assurances until the tears are slowly dried, with the whimpering remark, "I wish I were not so sensitive."

"We wish you were not," is on the tip of our tongue to reply; but, as this would inevitably bring on a deluge greater than the first, we content ourselves with the mental determination to be "very careful all the while poor dear So-and-so is with us." She deserves our pity; sensitive people generally do, but none the less their woes are of their own creation.

Surely this "sensitiveness" is found more than it ought to be in the sphere where men and women are bound, if anywhere, to strive to live on a high level—in the Christian Church. The present writer believes it to be a serious evil, not the less dangerous because it masquerades, almost as a virtue, or at least as a specially interesting weakness, professing to be one, if not

> The last infirmity of noble minds.

It is difficult to enter what may be termed the social religious life of churches and chapels without finding that it is necessary to walk most carefully for fear of treading on somebody's toes. If there is an amateur choir, woe betide the wretched individual who dares to suggest to its leader or members that any improvement is possible! In organising religious work, the first lesson to be learnt in many communities by the organiser is, not to wound the sensitive soul of such-and-such persons, who will be "hurt" if they are asked to do this, or not asked to do the other, till the Christian who has the Master's cause at heart is ready to exclaim in grief and indignation at the paltriness of such miserable personalities.

A Sunday school teacher, for instance, "hurt" because he conceived his superintendent overlooked him in some trifling matter, resigned.

After a year's absence, he returned to the school. "It is a pity you left us," observed a colleague. "Well, I am too sensitive, I know," returned the other with an air of pride in the distinction. "Too egotistic, you mean," was on the lips of his friend. "Too ready to fling away the chance of doing good for twelve long months because your vanity was hurt."

Absurd as it seems, this is not an exceptional case; and though the partially-educated are the most prone to be affected by this vice, instances can be found among the cultured and intelligent.

If the Christian minister allows himself to be "sensitive," after this fashion, to watch for admiration or disapproval, to let his glance sink from the cross of his Master to the praise of men, his life will be robbed of peace and of half its cheerfulness. Woe to the man who lets the fine word, "Sensitiveness," blind him to the wretched reality, "Egotism!" The weakness will grow with frightful rapidity, till he comes to be "hurt," at unnumbered points, and to regard every trifling difference of opinion between himself and any member of his flock as tantamount to persecution. The hapless layman who dares to exercise the right of private judgment is likened to a High Priest of yore, the minister himself to a suffering Apostle, and things grow from bad to worse. For egotism, especially if cultivated under the shelter of religion, is a plant of deadly poison.

Love of self—that is the enemy against which to fight. "The excessive love of self is in reality the source to each man of all offences," said Plato, three and a half centuries before the Christian era. When Sir Percivale was unsuccessfully wandering on the Quest of the Holy Grail, he was told by the hermit that he had not beheld the perfect vision because his self-abnegation was not yet complete:

> Thou hast not lost thyself to save thyself.

And herein lies an allegory.

"A great idealist never can be egotistic," says Ruskin. "The whole of his power depends on his losing sight and feeling of his own existence, and becoming a mere witness and mirror of truth." The words may seem overstrained, but there is a deep meaning in them. For the very significance of morality is "the renunciation of the private or exclusive self, and the identification of our life with an ever-widening sphere of spiritual life beyond us." No soul can be truly great that does not escape from the limits of its own particular sorrows and joys, to enter into the sorrows and joys of others, to make them its own. Sensibilities—yes, the keenest—are compatible with such moral excellence, but sensitiveness of the kind described?—never!

For we follow One who holds up before us a lofty standard of goodness, and even the minor moralities of life should conform to His excellent way. In His scheme of duty there is no room for the nursing of selfish idiosyncrasies. "Forget thyself for the sake of others," is His teaching. "He that loveth his life shall lose it." "It is more blessed to give than to receive." In the face of such directions as these, who can tend his own petty grievances, or look out for stabs at his vanity? The aim of the Christian is to forsake himself and to find God. And daily duties, looked at in the broad clear light of a noble purpose, may be made a means of casting away the poor and contemptible fragments of human weakness, and entering more and more into the life that is Divine.

LILY WATSON.

EASTERN FASTS AND FESTIVALS.

III.

I HAVE often thought that of all pagans the Chinese stand in the front rank as to the realisation of the immortality of man. The majority of them are Buddhists, and of course Buddhism acknowledges this great truth, but it so teaches it as certainly to obscure the idea of conscious personal immortality. There is considerable confusion and even contradiction in its various theories about the state of *Nirvana*; but it appears to me that among the Chinese the universal prevalence of ancestral worship corrects the notion of *Nirvana* as a condition in which personality and identity are lost. Although every other sign of religious faith may be wanting, I presume there is no Chinese family that has not somewhere in its possession one or more sacred tablets on which are inscribed the names of its ancestors, and to this tablet occasionally if not habitually, offerings of a religious kind are made.

It is not perhaps so well known that the Chinese government not only zealously encourages the worship of the individual spirits of deceased men and women who have won distinction by public character or service, but actually, by formal decree, deifies them, and ordains temples to be erected, and offerings to be presented to them. In fact Dr. Edkins' "Religion in China," 1878,[1] states that it is a common belief that the emperor has power to appoint to posts of authority in the unseen world the spirits of the dead, just as he thus honours living men in his earthly empire. No doubt the future life is to the Chinese made a realm of dark and shifting shadows by the heterogeneous teachings and customs which prevail; but I cannot but believe that notwithstanding there is among them something that may be regarded as a positive belief in the existence of the soul after its separation

[1] Lyall's "Asiatic Studies," p. 110.

from the body, and that this belief is more distinct and practical than is to be found anywhere else in heathendom.

Freely admitted because of my presumed innocent youthfulness, among all classes of the native communities found at Penang, I well remember the ancestral tablets, and the candles and sticks of incense which burnt before them, and the cups of rice and of spirit presented by the head of the family on his knees. Once I was present at a very remarkable funeral scene. The father of the household had died; and dressed in his best clothes, the body was placed in its huge coffin. No doubt the form of the Chinese coffin is familiar to most of my readers. Sometimes two or three of them are piled one above the other outside a Chinaman's house, on the right or left to the entrance of the house. I recollect my father saying that at first he often thought this circumstance a remarkable indication of the Chinaman's desire to have his mortality always before him as a motive to prompt action and a virtuous life. Each coffin thus located, was, he thought, a solemn memento mori, to the various members of the family for whom the coffins were intended. But inquiry divulged the characteristic, but very mundane fact—that coffins being expensive articles—being from four to six inches in thickness—were bought when it happened from various circumstances that they could be got at a cheap rate. These coffins, therefore, instead of being means of moral teaching were simply the signs of clever bargaining! I saw the dead man, at last, in the coffin he had long before bought. On his left side stood a relative who seemed to be master of the ceremonies. On the right, arrayed in grey sackcloth, were the widow and fatherless children standing in a row with the mother at one end and the youngest child at the other. There was no loud and boisterous lamentation, but quiet weeping with an occasional moan from the widow. As they thus stood at the bier, the man on the left placed on each side and at the head and feet of the deceased father, copper coins, his long pipe and its pouch filled with tobacco, and packets of uncooked rice and other food. He then took up from the floor—where lay a bundle of canes of different lengths—the longest, and, addressing the dead man, said, as he put this cane on one side of the body, "Here (naming the deceased) is your wife (naming her) who has loved you so long and will be with you wherever you may go." The poor widow I remember uttered her name aloud as the man put the cane in the coffin. He then took a shorter cane, and repeating the name of the eldest child, as the mother mentioned it, said, as he put the cane at his side, "Here is your eldest child." Then came a son, and he was spoken of as his constant companion and comfort, and so on with the third and fourth to the last. The heavy lid was then placed on the coffin, and the bearers came in, fastened their stout cords around it, and by poles under them and across the top, lifted the bier and bore it away. The coffin was preceded by a tiny gilded pavilion, in which was carried the ancestral tablet, and by some men beating gongs, and others firing crackers, and others again, dropping square pieces of paper with strips of silver or gold leaf pasted upon them—the latter to be turned into coin in the world of spirits, and thus made available for the deceased man's service, and the gong and cracker sounds to alarm and drive away the demons that hover about the dead, that they may catch the spirit, which is near, or at least disturb its peace. The procession moved rapidly, all seemingly going at a trot, the bearers being relieved from time to time. I did not go with them to the Chinese burying-place, but I knew it well,—spread on the hillside, and its tombs shaped like the last letter of the Greek alphabet, Ω, and had often seen there the relatives of the buried with candles and incense, and flowers, and rice, as gifts to their dead. These visits were periodical—but twice, I think, every year there was a general visit for the benefit and honour of the dead. The tombs are then swept and repaired, and streamers of white and red paper affixed to show that this duty has been fulfilled. Returning to the scene in the house, I ought to remark that I have never heard from any one else of a like ceremony among the Chinese, and I imagine that perhaps an explanation for it may be found in the circumstance—that the widow was a Malay woman (Chinese women do not leave their country), and the language spoken throughout was Malay. Possibly the ceremony was the outcome of the combination of the Mohammedan teaching on immortality with the Chinese rite of ancestral worship. It is to me a pleasant memory—a relief as I think of death among the heathen in its hopelessness.

Once a year, I believe in the month of August, there was a Chinese "All Saints' Day." I can recall the proceedings at these times to the very faces of the priests, and the look of the dishes set on the tables. First came dramatic performances, which usually take place on a stage erected in front of a temple, and are designed for the amusement of the gods, who are roused to attention by gongs and crackers preceding the play. The gorgeous dresses, and decorated swinging girdles, the fiercely-painted faces of the warriors, the clashing of arms in mimic fright, the imbecile look of lads as make-believe maidens, the marching round and round of regal processions, together with the piercing pipes, squeaking fiddles (of three strings), and clinking bells, and booming gongs which did duty as music—I can see or hear again at any moment, night or day. Chinese music has often been likened to that of Scottish bagpipe minus the droning bass. Thence we proceeded to the temple, and heard the chanting of the shaven priests in their masses for the dead, accompanied by beatings on a hollow wooden block, and looked on the long tables groaning beneath mountains of rice, slaughtered outstretched swine, and of multitudinous sweetmeats. Large quantities of silver paper (to represent money), and others of many diverse colours (to represent clothes), were burnt for the benefit of the dead. Besides these in various parts of the Chinese quarter were large huts of mat, ornamented with lanterns within and without, in which were placed images of the Chinese

Pluto, and his grim assistants. Large pictures too were exhibited, depicting the joys of Paradise, but particularly the terrible punishments of hell, which were forcibly recalled to me as I looked on the well-known block representations at Antwerp of the tortures of Purgatory.

But numerous though the lanterns were on these occasions, it was at the beginning of the Chinese year that they reached their culminating glories. There were then lighted lanterns here, there and everywhere. Lanterns of paper, and silk, and horn, and mica, and glass. Lanterns square, round, oblong, lozenge shape, octagonal. Lanterns in the form of birds, horses, tigers, fishes, snakes and crocodiles. Lanterns white, blue, green, red, and yellow. Lanterns in the fashion of jewels of gold, and vessels of silver. Huge solitary lanterns and strings of tiny and many coloured lanterns. Lanterns stationery, and lanterns peripatetic. Lanterns of wheels circling within wheels, and lanterns of men galloping on horses, and lanterns of men fighting with spears and swords. The musical clamour was at this season accompanied by the firing of blunderbusses.

But still more fascinating was a like celebration at another season of the year, in a festival designed, I believe, to pay honour to the arts of husbandry, but how, I cannot conceive, except by the appearance of the buffaloes. (I believe in China proper the festival is called "meeting the spring.") Look! here it comes—a huge cart, dragged by buffaloes, bearing erect within it a lofty tree. From its branches hang lanterns, and here and there among the clustering leaves, as if borne on "the circumambient air" itself, are little maidens, draped in green and gold, with necklaces and girdles of flowers, standing in shoes of spotless white, with mimic jewels sparkling in their plaited hair, their figures motionless, and faces placid, so as to be without sign of fear, and scarcely of life. It is impossible to exaggerate the captivating effect of the sight—a scene, it seemed, not belonging to earth, but a sudden unveiling of a part of a new and spirit world. Then would come musicians with gongs, bells, lutes and pipes,—and after an interval of glittering lanterns, another umbrageous tree, thus peopled as it were by pure and beautiful creations with nothing of vulgar earth or ignoble flesh about them. How I can yet dream all these bright scenes over and over again!

I must not conclude without recording that if we Christians were interested in the native festivals of the East, we were not without the sympathy of natives in the observance of our own. My recollection of Christmastide in those regions is still vivid. The first signs of its approach are not now as common as they were then. Perhaps we thought the gospel narratives to be committed to memory rather long, the collects monotonous, the hymns didactive—but then the subject was exhilarating! And there was moreover the stimulus of expected recompense. I remember well a library of little books bound in red calf and inscribed "Rewards," fresh imported from our never-failing benefactors, the "Religious Tract Society," containing a collection of all the juvenile stories which that society in those days seemed to stand alone in providing, and how these were divided among us, eager children, after the recitations of Christmas morning! Then there was the going to church in our gayest attire and the public singing of our practised carols and of the immortal Adeste Fideles. After this the Malay service in the Mission Chapel, where gathered the teachers and pupils from all the district day schools, clad in their best apparel, to hear the story of the incarnation, and be examined on its details and lessons, and to sing in their own musical tongue our "Hark! the herald angels sing." And after this the Christmas dinner! There was not always the orthodox roast beef (for it could be only occasionally obtained and then not of the primest order), but never was the plum pudding omitted, nor the mince pies! In the evening came a children's party, beginning uniformly with blind man's buff, and ending with snap dragon in the darkest room. All took part from the oldest patriarch to the youngest baby. And so it went on, night after night in various homes, till the finis came on New Year's evening in the feast of Bruder cake at the hospitable house of our oldest and dearest friends who hailed from Holland. Nor were our Malay and Hindu servants unconcerned. As soon as there was light to see we found on Christmas morning our gateway gaily decorated. A plantain tree with its spreading leaves was fixed to each of the two pillars, and stretching from tree to tree, was an arch of reeds profusely covered with the brightest flowers. No sooner was breakfast over, than servant after servant appeared, and made his humble salaam, and laid on the table his present of flowers, or fruits, or sweetmeats, and bade us each in his own way "A merry Christmas and a happy New Year!" There are now but two left of all who gathered in that house in those by-gone days of sacred joy.

JOHN T. BEIGHTON.

"The Trees of the Lord are full of Sap."

IF the trees of the Lord are full of sap,
Then whose, ah, whose are we
That stand so silently,
Where the forest of God has hands to clap?

Ay, hands to clap; green leaves that are born
Of the gushing stream within,
Which now doth thus begin
Its higher life in the spring's sweet morn;

While we, with our spreading branches bare,
Mournful and barren cry,
"O spring-time, pass not by
Ere we are meet for thy season fair!"

Take hold, O roots, of the precious things!
Incorporate with you
The priceless rain and dew
That nature's God from His treasures brings:

And then, we too, as trees of the Lord
Shall grow so full of Him,
That ere life's days are dim,
The wealth of our leaves shall be spread abroad.

M. E. R.

THE fields for April flowers make room,
The cuckoo—blithe new comer—
Outpours his song where woodstars bloom,
The snowflakes of the summer;

Joy rings through Nature's evening voice,
And bids the world good morning;
And we, too, glad at heart rejoice
In hope of our adorning,

When He who decks the grass with flowers,
No blade or bloom denying,
Shall clothe these longing souls of ours
In loveliness undying!

MARY ROWLES.

THE LADY ELFRIDA.

CHAPTER III.

THE plan of escape made by Ruth had succeeded so far, and the Lady Elfrida stood with Harry Redwood just preparing to mount her horse, and ride through the night from her persecutors. Everything had fallen out just as Ruth had intended, with God's blessing, it should do. The congregation had dispersed noiselessly and swiftly, leaving the chapel by the little back entrance. The two serving men sent for the horses had brought them by the way pointed out by Ruth, to the place of meeting with their mistress. Unperceived by the watching soldiers of the queen, the Lady Elfrida and her faithful attendant, young Redwood, had arrived in safety at the spot where they were to take horse.

"But where is Ruth?" asked the lady, glancing round, just as Redwood was about to help her into the saddle.

That was a question which had been occupying uneasily the young husband's mind for the last few minutes while he had been standing there with his mistress waiting for the horses. In the hurry and anxiety of dispersing the congregation in the chapel, and conducting the lady through the night up the rugged path on to the moor, he had let his wife slip, for a while, out of his mind; he knew that she was better aware than any of them of the danger which threatened them, and had therefore concluded that she would, in some way, provide for her own safety.

Now, however, that he had a little time for thought, he began to be somewhat troubled about her. He tried to remember whether he had seen her in the haste and confusion of the sudden departure from the chapel, and the unexpected breaking up of the little meeting; but he could not recall anything concerning her, since the moment when he turned hurriedly away from her to go and perform the task on which she had sent him. No, he certainly could not recollect having caught so much as a glimpse of her figure among those of the other women whom he had seen speeding away through the dim light. Thus it came to pass that he answered his mistress's question falteringly.

"Oh, my lady! my lady! I cannot tell, I do not know where she is; I have not seen her lately."

"You have not seen her lately," repeated the lady. "Redwood, you must hasten back at once to look for her, and at least see that she is safe."

Harry Redwood hesitated. He saw that his generous mistress was quite ready, for his wife's sake, to endanger her own chance of escape.

But should he be justified in allowing her to do so? Every minute to-night was as gold for the Lady Elfrida and in returning to the neighbourhood of the chapel how many of these precious minutes must be lost; very probably such a delay would frustrate their whole plan of escape for the lady. In short, to linger even a little under the present circumstances, was almost sure to result in fatal consequences for the Lady Elfrida.

On the other hand it did not seem that Ruth, though left behind by her husband and her mistress, could be exposed to any great peril. The object of the men-at-arms was most certainly the arrest of the Lady Elfrida Acland; reformers of a lower rank, who were not brought especially under their notice, would most likely in this retired district remain unmolested by them. Ruth Redwood, though a staunch Protestant, had hitherto done nothing remarkable on the side of the good cause that could bring down upon her the special vengeance of the Romish persecutors. Ruth, with the presence of mind which had characterised all her actions and words and thoughts that evening, had, no doubt, taken all this into consideration, and had also reflected, that, as there were but four horses in the castle stable, her joining the lady and her attendants, must have retarded their flight: for she could only have gone with them on a pillion behind her husband or one of the other men, and this double burden must, of necessity, have lessened the speed of one of the horses, and so most probably of the whole party. Their kind mistress would have been sure not to allow one of her little train to be abandoned on the road. The more young Redwood thought over the matter, the stronger grew his conviction that such had been the course of reflection followed by his wife; and that, therefore, she had purposely glided quietly away through the night, and had joined herself to one of her humbler friends who was leaving the chapel, and in whose house she would be sure to find a safe asylum for a while. Ruth was a great favourite in the neighbourhood of the castle, and any of the peasantry or farmers would regard her as a welcome guest in their homes. There she would, doubtless, remain till the earliest opportunity which should offer itself for her following her husband and her mistress to the Netherlands. Another cause, which most certainly would prevent Ruth from undertaking the long hurried night journey, was her young child, who would have been an impediment to the party in their rapid escape, and whose health, moreover, at such a tender age, would most likely have suffered in such an adventurous enterprise as this hurried travelling to the sea coast was sure to prove.

As all these thoughts passed swiftly through Redwood's mind, he grew more easy with regard to his wife's situation; yes, she was most certainly now by this time in a place of safety with her child. He therefore communicated in short but explicit words his conviction on this point, and his reasons for forming it; adding that under the circumstances it would be a vain, and foolish sacrifice of her ladyship's own safety to return and seek for Ruth.

At first the Lady Elfrida was difficult to persuade on the subject; but as she listened to him she saw that all he said was but reasonable; it seemed certain that Ruth and her child was safe, and as for herself, it was her duty, for her husband's and son's sake, to save her life if possible. She therefore shed a few tears over the parting from her loved friend and attendant, for Ruth Redwood was both to her at the same time, and then mounted into the saddle, with a prayer for the young mother and child on her lips.

"Keep them, dear Lord, under the shadow of Thy wings, till we meet again, and shape and guide all for them with Thy mighty hand."

Such were the words she spoke, and the husband and father, standing by, added a strong, earnest "Amen."

Then the little band rode away into the night.

Meanwhile the men at arms, sent by the queen and her government to arrest the Lady Elfrida, and bring her to London to answer for her so-called heretical practices, watched on, outside the wall just where Ruth had seen them standing, waiting for the congregation to leave the chapel, when it was their intention to lay hands on their prisoner. From where they stood, they could command a full view of the principal entrance into the sacred building, and they believed it to be the only way of egress from it. The labouring man from whom they had extracted their information about the meetings of the reformers held under the Lady Elfrida's protection and sanction, had spoken very unwillingly, and with scant words under the pressure of force, for the lady was beloved in the whole neighbourhood for her deeds of christian charity and mercy, and nothing but the threat of instant death would have made the man tell even as much as he had told. He had kept silence with regard to much concerning the castle and the locality around, and, among other things, had made no mention of the little door on the north side of the chapel. Thus the men at arms and their leader were quite unaware of its existence, and deemed it certain that, in process of time, they would see the congregation pass out.

"The heretic minister must be feeding his flock with such a superabundance of rank grass to-night, that her ladyship, to whose share a good portion of it no doubt falls, will carry with her enough to last her till the fire at the stake burns up, at once both her and the foul, false doctrine on which her soul pastures," said one of the men at length, yawning and stretching himself, as he lent upon his halberd.

"And how silent they are," rejoined another; "not even a torn scrap of psalmody comes floating towards us upon the breeze; we might be watching near a churchyard."

"I shall e'en fall asleep here at our post," chimed in a third, "if we have to wait much longer. It is a dull, dreary work this constant errand on which we are being sent to arrest women and children. I would that Her Majesty would take pleasure in some foreign war instead. That would give her soldiers more honourable service to do for her."

The monotony, however, of which the last speaker had just been complaining, was now most suddenly broken in upon by a loud, startled exclamation from the leader of the band. Hitherto his eyes, in common with those of his men, had been exclusively fixed on the chapel. But just then, tired perhaps like his comrades of the long delay, he chanced to glance round in the opposite direction, where the Castle stood behind a low belt of trees, which, however, as it was built on somewhat rising ground at the other side of the hollow, left its front distinctly visible.

"St. Peter!" he cried, "look yonder!"

In a moment all were gazing at the object upon which their leader's eyes were riveted, and this object was the whole front of the old house brilliantly illuminated with lights that shone in every window.

"That vile knave on whom we relied for all our information must have been deceiving us," cried the captain of the band. "He was mocking us when he told us that there was a meeting of the heretics here to-night. The lady must be having a grand revel in her castle, instead of being here listening to a sermon."

"Let us go and search the chapel," exclaimed one of the men, hurrying towards it.

But the examination of the building only showed them emptiness and silence.

"Well, if we can't catch our fair madam with her psalm book in her hand, we will catch her at the banquet," cried one of the men with a brutal oath.

"Aye, that we will," rejoined the captain.

SCRIPTURE ENIGMA.

NO. IX.

1. Find the name of a prince whom his father sentenced to death.
2. Cut off the first two letters, and there remains the name of a prophet who gave sentence of a child's death.
3. Cut off the two last letters, and leave out the fifth, then see the name of a preacher who asked for his own death.
4. Place the second letter before the last instead of after the first; then begin at the end and with four letters spell the name of another preacher who survived a large congregation whom he had warned of death.
5. Take the first three letters and place the sixth between the second and third: the four spell the name of one of whom it was said that he should not die.

L. T.

SCRIPTURE CHARACTER.

NO. III.

1. He belonged to a nation outside Canaan.
2. He was uncle to an ancestor of the Jews.
3. He took his nephew into his service.
4. He proved a very crotchety master.
5. His nephew prospered in spite of him.
6. One of his daughters robbed him.
7. He raised a pile of stones to mark the boundary between his own ground and his nephew's.

SCRIPTURE SCENE.

NO. II.

Two young men meet for the first time face to face. The one is known by fame to the other. One asks a question, the other gives a command which is not obeyed. They part with mutual sorrow.

L. T.

ANSWER TO SCRIPTURE ENIGMA.

NO. IV.—p. 160.—ASK, AND IT SHALL BE GIVEN YOU.

A-braham	Gen. xviii. 24–32.
S-tephen	Acts vii. 59, 60.
K-idron	2 Sam. xv. 23.
A-malek	Ex. xvii. 11, 12.
N-chemiah	Neh. iv. 4–6.
D-avid	Psa. li. 14.
I-ncense	Rev. viii. 3.
T-abitha	Acts ix. 40.
S-amson	Judges xvi. 28.
H-ezekiah	2 Kings xix. 1, 14.
A-sa	2 Chron. xiv. 9, 11.
L-ocusts	Ex. x. 18, 19.
L-ydia	Acts xvi. 13, 14.
B-ethel	Gen. xxviii. 19–22.
E-lijah	1 Kings xviii. 36–38, 42, 45.
G-abriel	Dan. ix. 21.
I-saac	Gen. xxii. 9.
V-ision	Acts xi. 5.
E-zra	Ezra x. 1.
N-ineveh	Jonah iii. 7, 8.
Y-oung ravens	Psa. cxlvii. 9.
O-lives	Luke xxii. 39, 41.
U-nbelief	Mark ix. 24.

THE SUNDAY AT HOME

O DAY MOST CALM, MOST BRIGHT! . . .
THE WEEK WERE DARK BUT FOR THY LIGHT.—*Herbert.*

CHRYSOSTOM.

BY THE REV. JOHN GIBB, D.D.

A CALL TO THE IMPERIAL CITY.

IN the fourth century a change took place in the outward circumstances of the Christian church as marvellous as any transformation ever imagined by romance. At the beginning of the century the church seemed threatened with utter destruction. Its ministers were driven into exile; its sacred books burned; and the humble edifices in which Christian flocks worshipped were destroyed by imperial authority; for a great emperor was resolute to make an end of the sect which threatened the unity of the empire. Before the century was half over, Christian congregations were worshipping in stately basilicas erected by imperial munificence; emperors and high officers of state were to be seen kneeling before bishops to receive from their hands the sacraments of religion; and the bishops in the great cities were the chief

counsellors of the civil authorities. The change brought many new duties to the Christian clergy. Formerly persecution stood at the door of the church as an angel of discipline; and few cared to enter who had no longings after the religious life. But when the empire became Christian, and the name of Christian brought honour rather than disgrace, careless crowds poured into the churches to witness ceremonies, or to listen to sermons; and the crowds with light hearts called themselves Christians. The clergy were confronted with the task of teaching a corresponding practice to the mixed frivolous mob that had assumed a Christian name. They had also to instruct the despotic rulers of the empire, and to make them understand that having taken the yoke of Christ, their position in the church was that of discipleship and not of lordship. The task was all the more difficult, because they had to contend with friends. The people were friendly, the emperors were munificent to the church, and it seemed plausible to say that the true policy of the church was one of great indulgence, especially toward sinners in high positions. The clergy—at all events the higher clergy—did not bear the ordeal of sudden prosperity as well as they had borne persecution. Fawning bishops, indulgent and self-indulgent clergy spread themselves over the empire, and brought down the standard of Christian morality by their own lives, and by their lax administration of discipline. Some, however, manifested Christian fidelity, and steadfastly refused to lower the demands of Christian law, even in the supposed interests of the church; but waged unceasing war against the evils they found in their half-heathen flocks, and against the arrogance of the civil rulers. In the West, Ambrose of Milan, and in the East, John, or Chrysostom, as he was named in later times, the golden-mouthed preacher, were eminent examples of fidelity and courage.

Chrysostom was made archbishop of the residential city against his will. His predecessor Nectarius, died in the autumn of the year A.D. 397, and as soon as it was known that the see was vacant, bishops flocked into Constantinople from all quarters, and commenced an active canvass for a post which, next to the Roman chair, was the most splendid ecclesiastical position in the empire. The candidates were all disappointed; for the electors, probably at the suggestion of Eutropius, the Imperial Minister, resolved to call a simple presbyter of Antioch to their cathedral church. Eutropius had before paid a visit to Antioch, and had heard much of the eloquence of John, a preacher of whom Antioch was proud. Eutropius was neither a good man nor a just minister; but he was naturally anxious to add to the attractions of the capital by bringing the greatest orator of the age to its cathedral pulpit. He was also doubtless of opinion that by gifts and graciousness it would be easy to enlist in the service of the court the golden oratory of the new archbishop. The mode of John's translation was characteristic of the times. It was not probable that he would accept the call to Constantinople, and it was certain that the turbulent populace of Antioch would employ force to retain their favourite preacher. Eutropius solved the difficulty by instructing Asterius, the Count of the East, to employ a stratagem. He invited John to visit in his company one of the churches outside the city walls. The good man gladly went on the pious pilgrimage. An imperial chamberlain with an escort of soldiers met him, placed him in a carriage, and conveyed him to Constantinople. He was consecrated with great pomp by a number of bishops on February 26th, A.D. 398; and on the same day he delivered his first discourse to the people of Constantinople, in which he likened himself to David coming up against Goliath with sling and stone. In Constantinople, as in Antioch, the oratory of Chrysostom acted like a potent spell. He had not the physical gifts which the orator usually possesses. He was of small stature; his voice was not powerful, and he cannot have used much action, for he commonly sat while he preached. But he was master of rhetoric, and he used in due subordination to his main purpose, the arts which he had learned in his youth in the school of the most famous rhetorician of the age. He was profoundly versed in the Holy Scriptures, and expounded them with rare lucidity, and with a good sense not common at the time. He had great command over the noble language which he spoke, and a boundless store of illustrations were at his command. Above all he possessed the supreme gift of the preacher, a joyful confidence in the message of peace and good-will of which he was the herald. He did not refrain from very plain speaking, and reproved with impartial severity the vices and follies of the rich and of the poor, sometimes with the seriousness of a Hebrew prophet, and sometimes with the liveliness of a Greek satirist. Congregations were not decorous in the fourth century, and Chrysostom's congregations testified their admiration for his eloquence by loud and rapturous applause, and by shouting disapprobation and leaving the church in large numbers, when a stranger took his place.

Had Chrysostom been content to be a mere preacher, he would never have suffered persecution; and he would have enjoyed to the end universal popularity. Some preachers are like musicians; they leave their words to take care of themselves, and do not ask themselves or others whether they have become deeds. But Chrysostom had the apostolic spirit, and could not satisfy himself with the *rôle* of a religious performer. He was resolute in endeavours to translate his words into action in his own life and in the lives of his flock. He denounced the luxury of the rich, and called upon them to give their superfluities to the poor who were starving at their gates. He applied the doctrine to himself; and refused to attend the splendid entertainments to which he was invited; and, unlike his predecessor, he never entertained in his own palace. The rich furniture and costly ornaments of his palace he sold, and gave the proceeds to the poor. He preached pastoral fidelity, and

virtuous living to his clergy; and he repelled from the communion and deposed presbyters and even bishops who neglected their duties, or were false to their vows. The strictness of his administration raised up against him a host of enemies; but his ecclesiastical opponents would not have been able to injure one so highly-placed, had he not incurred the displeasure of the Court. Arcadius, the son of the great Theodosius, was a weak man, and was governed by his minister, and by his wife Eudoxia. Chrysostom offended Eutropius by rebuking him for his oppressive government, but when the minister fell, Chrysostom generously afforded him the sanctuary of the church and saved his life. The empress was at the beginning an ardent admirer of the sermons of Chrysostom, whom she named the "thirteenth apostle." She took part in processions to the tombs of the martyrs, and gave liberal donations for charitable and ecclesiastical purposes. Chrysostom, who was the most generous and confiding of men, exhausted the vocabulary of his grand rhetoric in praising the piety of the empress. The friendship did not last. The young Frankish empress was fond of ostentatious luxury, and her private life was not beyond suspicion. Chrysostom boldly rebuked vices and frivolities which the empress encouraged, and sometimes, it is said, aimed his words at herself; and this gave deep offence to Eudoxia. The court party united with the ecclesiastical malcontents to rid the city of an archbishop who would sign no truce with evil. In the year 403 the ecclesiastical enemies of Chrysostom met in Synod at a suburb of Chalcedon named "The Oak." The president was Theophilus, the Patriarch of Alexandria, an enemy of Chrysostom's, and the Synod was largely composed of Egyptian bishops who were brought to Constantinople for the purpose. A number of trivial charges were preferred against Chrysostom, but the chief charge, and that on which his accusers relied, was that he had called the empress Jezebel in one of his sermons. He refused to appear before the Synod, which had indeed no rightful authority over him; and he was deposed from his office by the assembled bishops. The deposition was ratified with indecent haste by the emperor, and sentence of banishment pronounced. The archbishop went into exile, but was quickly recalled; for an earthquake awakened the superstitious fears of the empress, and she sent him a penitent letter begging him to return to the city. There was a temporary reconcilement, but about a year later Chrysostom was sent into a second and final exile. The people were deeply attached to him, and he had a large circle of devoted friends in every rank. When it was known that he was to be sent into exile, the people watched night and day before his palace to prevent the execution of the sentence. But Chrysostom refused to be the cause of a popular tumult. He left his palace, and entered the church which had been so often the scene of his oratorical triumphs. To those who accompanied him, he said: "Let us pray and say farewell to the Angel of the Church. At my own fate I can rejoice; I only sorrow for the sorrow of the people." He then left the cathedral by a side door to avoid the notice of the people, and quietly surrendered himself to the imperial officers.

He was sent to Cucusus, a mountain village on the eastern range of Taurus, on the confines of lesser Armenia; and his enemies hoped that he would be soon forgotten in Constantinople. A new bishop was appointed, and this time the authorities did not make the mistake of appointing a man of genius. He was eighty years of age, and, according to the biographer of Chrysostom, "muter than a fish and more incapable than a frog." The fame of the exiled archbishop increased rather than diminished, although the magnetism of his personal presence was removed. "Every tongue," writes Gibbon, "repeated the praise of his genius and his virtue; and the respectful attention of the Christian world was fixed upon a desert spot among the mountains of Taurus." The exile kept up a constant correspondence with his friends in the city. These letters give a beautiful picture of his spirit and temper. He suffered cruelly from the climate; but the general tone of his letters is one of hopeful courage. It is he, rather than his correspondents, who acts the part of comforter. He recalls to their recollection the sufferings of Christ, and of the many saintly men who have suffered for the sake of righteousness. The only real evil, he wrote, is sin, and misfortunes such as his are rather to be gloried in than bemoaned. When in Constantinople he took a great interest in the conversion of the heathen. He established a service for the Goths, and excited the ridicule of many by having a service in his own cathedral in the rough Teutonic tongue. He sent missionaries to the Goths to Phœnicia, and to other heathen lands. He continued to superintend these missions from Cucusus, to procure money for them from his friends in Constantinople. Nor were the spiritual wants of the villagers of Cucusus neglected by the illustrious exile.

Chrysostom spent three years in Cucusus. At the close of that time, an order was sent by the Imperial Court for his removal to Pityus a savage and desolate spot on the eastern coast of the Euxine. He was entrusted to the care of two Prætorian soldiers, who compelled the delicate fragile man to perform the journey in great haste. It was said that they were encouraged to hope for rewards if their prisoner died on the way. He reached Comana in Pontus but could proceed no further. He was taken to the precincts of a church which had been erected in honour of a martyr, Basiliscus. According to a legend narrated by his biographer, the martyr appeared to him by night and said: "Be of good cheer, for by to-morrow we shall be together." Next day he received the Eucharist, bade farewell to some ecclesiastics who were present, and expired. His last words were: "Glory be to God for all things." He was buried in the same grave as the martyr.

About thirty years later his remains were removed to the city from which he had been expelled. A disciple of his own was elevated to the see, and he sought and obtained the consent of the emperor to bring the remains of the great

archbishop to his cathedral church. They were brought in great pomp to the shores of the Bosphorus, and the people with torches and acclamations received the remains of the persecuted prelate. The young emperor, laying face upon the reliquary, asked pardon for the wrongs which his parents had inflicted upon the saint; and the reliquary was deposited near the altar of the church.

Chrysostom is one of the greatest names among the fathers of the church. He was not a profound thinker like Augustine, and his writings have not influenced the theology of later times as those of the African father. He never descends to the abysmal depths of speculation; and he was not versed in the profounder struggles of the inner life which Augustine describes with so much power, having himself passed through them. Chrysostom in his youth experienced certain mental struggles, and he received ordination with reluctance: and it is remarkable, considering his subsequent career, that he seemed chiefly to fear that he would be found wanting in the skill and courage necessary for the discharge of an office which placed him in the position of a guide and ruler. In excuse for his reluctance to be ordained he said: "If any one brought to me a great ship full of rowers and laden with a precious cargo, and then stationed me at the helm and bade me cross to the Ægean or Tyrrhene sea, I should recoil at the first word, and if any one asked me, Why? I should reply, 'Lest I should sink the ship.'" The manner in which Chrysostom discharged the duties of his high position showed that his fears were groundless. He served his own generation and the generations that came after by setting a luminous example of pastoral fidelity, and by following up eloquent and persuasive words by deeds which proved that he had faith in his own exhortations. Like all men, he was a son of his own age and shared in its errors and foibles. Although of an eminently cheerful and rational disposition, he was sometimes unduly influenced by the prejudices of the monastic piety in which he had been reared. He patronised customs which were superstitious; and he sometimes inveighed not only against vices and luxuries, but against the comforts and decencies of life. He had a genuine zeal for the conversion of the heathen, but he persuaded the civil authorities to adopt means against heathen worship—painfully suggestive of the persecutions which the church had endured at the hands of heathen authorities. To judge men justly, we must take into account the times in which they lived and the condition of contemporary opinion; and, if judged by this standard, few men who have lived in the fierce light of public life deserve more honour than the Archbishop of Constantinople, who died in exile for the sake of righteousness. His faults were the faults of his age; his virtues were his own; and he owed them to that firm and joyful faith in God which was the animating principle of his brave and saintly life.

MISS CRANKSHAW'S MOTTO

"BELIEVE EVERYBODY HONEST, BUT TRUST NOBODY."

BY RUTH LAMB.

"I HAVE made that my motto through life, and acted upon it, and I can assure you, my dear Lilian, that it ought to be printed in letters of gold, and hung up in every house. I give it to you, because you are, in a manner, making a fresh start in life—taking a step that I never could make up my mind to risk. Not for want of opportunities; I have had plenty of them. But I have a firm conviction that really disinterested affection is a thing almost unknown in these days. To my mind, men are the incarnation of selfishness. They generally choose their wives, not for what they are, but for what they have.

"I suppose I ought not to say this to you, when you are on the eve of marriage. Your case may be an exception, indeed, I hope it is, and I wish you every possible happiness. But do not forget my motto. Experience will prove its value."

Miss Rebekah Crankshaw, a maiden lady of forty or upwards, was the speaker. Most likely her age was upwards, but in regard to dates that had reference to herself, Miss Crankshaw trusted nobody, so her actual age remained a subject of speculation to her neighbours. Most of these gave her credit for having seen more winters than the registrar's certificate would have done. Moreover, whilst those who knew Lilian Hepsworth would have counted her years by so many summers, Miss Crankshaw's neighbours would have used the opposite season to reckon hers by.

Lilian was paying a round of farewell calls before her marriage, and knew better than to omit Miss Crankshaw, even though she rejoiced that her new home would be too far away to allow of frequent visits from that lady, when she had become Mrs. Frank Bright.

Perhaps Miss Crankshaw felt as kindly to her young visitor as she did to anybody, and thought she was doing her a real service, by striving to impress on her mind the value of her own favourite motto, "Believe everybody honest, but trust nobody."

To Lilian with her frank, loving, trustful

nature, it seemed like imbibing poison, as she listened perforce to Miss Crankshaw's words, and she answered warmly, "I know my case is an exception. Frank could not seek me for what I have, because, with our large family and modest income, my father can give no fortune with his daughters."

Miss Crankshaw gave a pitying smile as if she felt sorry for the girl's credulity, whilst triumphing in her own superior sagacity.

"Ah, my dear," she replied, "there are other relatives beside fathers and mothers. There are rich uncles, and godmothers who have neither chick nor child of their own, but with plenty to leave. I know, my dear, I know."

Miss Crankshaw nodded sagaciously, thereby irritating Lilian almost beyond endurance, and provoking her to answer: "I never reckoned on having money left to me by anybody, and I am certain Frank could not. I do not believe he knows anything about my godmother, and, as to my uncles, they have swarms of nephews and nieces beside myself, and no special favourites."

Lilian rose to go as she finished speaking, feeling that a speedy retreat would be the safest course for her to adopt. She pleaded that she had many other calls to make and very little time, and begged to be excused.

But Miss Crankshaw was not to be hindered from replying.

"Well, Lilian," she said, "you are young, and youth is naturally credulous and ready to believe the best and even expect it. It would not do for everybody to be so—what shall I call it?—prudent as myself in spite of temptations to the contrary. If there were not plenty like you, ready to believe and to trust in lover's professions, I suppose the world would come to an end. I hear such tales often, my dear. I do not offend those who come to tell them by any rudeness. I simply say that I quite believe they are in earnest, thank them, and so on, but trust them, never! As to your running away in such a hurry, of course I cannot expect you to stay long when there are so many others who will look for and get more than a formal call. Friends nearer than myself, but none who more sincerely desires your happiness."

If Miss Crankshaw thought that Lilian would deny this statement she was mistaken. The girl was far too honest. She had friends whose love was precious, whose loving counsel, far removed from Miss Crankshaw's style, had sunk deep into her heart, and would, she trusted, abide in her memory and influence her life. As to what she had just heard, she would have liked to forget it, but that was not easy. To make it less so, Miss Crankshaw held her hand tightly and repeated as her last farewell—

"Don't forget my motto, Lilian, 'Believe everybody honest, but trust nobody.'"

We will not accompany Lilian to other homes, for our business is to look yet more closely into Miss Crankshaw's manner of life. Happily the girl's surroundings were of a different character. She had been brought up in a home where love reigned, and truth's harvest sprang from the seeds of trust. Where the charity that "thinketh no evil" was in constant exercise. So Miss Crankshaw's sinister advice did less harm than it might otherwise have done. It was, however, like the page of a bad book glanced at unawares, and because of its badness impossible to forget; or the dose of poison inadvertently swallowed, which leaves its traces in the system, in spite of antidotes, to the end of life.

Lilian could not get wholly rid of Miss Crankshaw's motto, though she would have hated wilfully to act upon it, and in after days, when the little worries inseparable from human life, came upon her as wife and mother, the words would also come to mind again, and suggest mistrust.

Miss Crankshaw had much mischief of the kind to answer for, but if she succeeded in rendering others unhappy, she did not secure their share of happiness for herself. She could speak with pride of what she called "temptations," and liked to count her "offers," albeit she had refused them all.

"In earnest! Of course they are in earnest," she would say to herself. "But they cannot get over me. It is the money they want, only they dare not say so."

"Declined with thanks," might have been Miss Crankshaw's formula, only in her own mind she would probably have added, "Thank you for nothing. I will take care you have just as much to be obliged to me for and no more."

Miss Crankshaw was not a delicate person, but she was subject to occasional attacks of an ailment which confined her to her room while it lasted. At such times she liked to be the object of many inquiries and attentions.

True—it was not agreeable to be disturbed by the frequent ringing of the door-bell, but it would have been a greater trial not to hear it. The inquiries were a comment upon her favourite motto. She knew what they were worth, but would have been sorry to miss them.

There were really kind, disinterested people who pitied Miss Crankshaw, feeling that a woman who had no real faith in humanity could only be a miserable person. They felt for her in her isolation, voluntary though it might be, and would fain have broken down the wall of mistrust within which she had imprisoned herself. They were, however, afraid of saying kind words, or doing kind acts, lest their motives should be misjudged. They were thus denied the larger blessing of giving—not money, but what money alone cannot buy—Christian sympathy, and Miss Crankshaw shut herself in from the lesser one—but still a blessing—of receiving.

A good neighbour who was justly proud of his fine hothouse fruit, determined to send Miss Crankshaw a large bunch of grapes during one of her attacks of illness.

"She will think you want to get something in return for them," said his wife, as he deposited the rich cluster on a bed of vine leaves. "I have often heard her remark that the sending of gifts to rich neighbours, was only 'throwing a sprat to catch a mackerel.'"

"She cannot say it in our case, my dear," was the answer. "You and I must be above

suspicion. We have all that reasonable—I had nearly said unreasonable people can possibly want, and can gain nothing by propitiating Miss Crankshaw. She can buy grapes for herself, though there are not many equal to these." And the speaker covered them slowly, as if it were a pity to hide such a picture. "I am sending them as a proof positive that people do such things unselfishly, and out of goodwill and a desire to give pleasure. I hope our neighbour will take this lesson along with the grapes, and benefit by both."

The wife looked incredulous. She and Miss Crankshaw had been school-girls together, and neighbours ever since her own marriage, and she doubted whether that lady could understand the motives which prompted the offering.

Miss Crankshaw received the grapes, and sent back a polite message of thanks. But she said to herself—

"I can buy grapes for myself. If these were sent because I am not well just now, why did not Mr. Willerton pass on a bunch to that old bedridden woman in Fog Lane? She never sees or tastes any, I warrant. There is something at the bottom of their coming here, though perhaps it is only to let me see what fine fruit Clara can have on her table every day, and grown on the spot, too. She was poor enough when she was a girl; taken on lower terms at school on condition that she helped to teach the little ones. She would not like to speak of those days now."

Miss Crankshaw finally decided that the grapes sent by Mr. Willerton were propitiatory in this sense, and meant to bribe her to say nothing about his wife's girlish days when she had to earn her own education by imparting the elements of it to pupils younger still.

She was mistaken. Mrs. Willerton was perhaps more humble in her prosperous wedded life, than she had been when young, and early struggles had taught her to feel for the sorrows of others. The bedridden woman in Fog Lane could have told Miss Crankshaw of many a visit from Mrs. Willerton, whose bright face had always been like sunshine in that poor little room—the whole world of her who was never able to leave it.

"If I had no money, I should have no visitors," said Miss Crankshaw.

"What a blessed thing it is that I, who have next to nothing else, have so many kind friends, who give their time to make what would be such long days, pass more pleasantly and quickly," said the woman in Fog Lane.

One lived in continual mistrust, and turned her back upon the light of human love, while professing to believe in the Divine love.

The other received the kindness, basked in the warm rays of human sympathy, and thanked God for having alike inspired the loving thought, and word and work which had made her happy, in spite of weakness, pain and poverty.

Poor Miss Crankshaw made her sick bed harder to lie upon, lost the flavour of the grapes, and the enjoyment from the very visits she would not have liked to miss, by her determination to "trust nobody."

"I have not lived so many years in the world without knowing what men and women are. People are all alike in one thing, and that is in looking after themselves. They may have money, but nobody has so much as not to wish for more. There is no little attention shown me, but there is something below it that will not bear daylight. Plenty of them pretend to be anxious about my health, when they are only making my illness an excuse for calling and putting in a word about something which concerns their own interest.

"There is Mrs. Hesketh. She has called every day. I can see through her easily enough. She wants that post for her son, and knows that if I spoke on his behalf, I should be listened to. But I shall do nothing of the kind. The youth has been steady so far, and is better than most; but young men are never to be trusted. I am glad the mother has not asked me to speak for him, though in any case I should have declined the responsibility."

Thus mused Miss Crankshaw, and in her thoughts did a grievous injustice to a worthy woman. Mrs. Hesketh had known all that Miss Crankshaw might do if she would, but she had never dreamed of asking her help, and just at this moment she paid her daily call on the invalid. Her face was radiant, for, thanks to the unasked influence of a friend, who had watched her son's career thus far, the desired situation was already secured for him.

She told Miss Crankshaw this, and in the fulness of her heart expressed her thankfulness to God and the friend He had raised up for her son, thus manifesting the faithfulness of His promises to the widow and fatherless.

Miss Crankshaw congratulated her visitor, and expressed her hope that her son would continue to be a source of credit and comfort to his mother. But, when Mrs. Hesketh's back was turned, the old spirit reasserted itself.

"The lad has got the post it seems, and without any help from me. It was as well Mrs. Hesketh had two strings to her bow, and that the first proved strong enough, or she would have tried to make me the second."

Did it stagger Miss Crankshaw in this belief, when Mrs. Hesketh continued her visits, apparently from real interest and kindly feeling? Not at all. If she could discern no signs of any selfish motive, she was fully convinced that there was one, and that some day it would become apparent to herself.

Miss Crankshaw was in one sense a liberal woman. She gave handsome subscriptions to societies, and regarded it as due to her position that she should be at least as good as her neighbours in contributing to objects of public interest. But of the real blessedness of giving she was ignorant. She knew nothing of being stirred by a tale of sorrow and suffering, nothing of the terrible realities which so many writhe under, because she was never brought face to face with them. She would not know, she would not see.

"I give," she would say. "Nobody can say that I do not distribute a large percentage of my

income for charitable objects. But I do not believe in giving to those who can pull a long face, and whine out a miserable tale to excite one's charity."

She was right and wrong. Right in speaking against indiscriminate giving; wrong in debarring herself from a share in that personal ministry for the relief of sorrow and suffering, which calls forth more heartfelt gratitude than the money itself. Miss Crankshaw put her hand in her pocket and gave money willingly enough. She saw her receipt for the same in reports and subscription lists, and so far, did well. But she lost a more precious harvest which those reap who give words and deeds of love along with their money, and who dare to trust in humanity for the sake of Him who once clothed the Divine nature with the form of man.

Miss Crankshaw was a good customer to her tradespeople, that is, she paid ready money and purchased the best articles. But in her dealings with these, she acted upon her favourite motto, "Believe everybody honest, but trust nobody," adding thereto another remark when she visited a shop on a fault-finding expedition, "I would rather give a pound than be cheated out of a penny." She never would believe that a wet season could affect the quantity of, say, dried fruits, and insisted that a grocer was trying to palm off an inferior article, if the muscatels of one year were not equal to those of the previous one. She watched and weighed, she doubted the assertions of honest tradesmen, and caused so much trouble by her fault-finding and mistrust, that it was often considered rather a relief than a loss when she closed her account.

As with tradesmen so with servants. Miss Crankshaw deemed it her duty to suspect all around her. She would come home unexpectedly, in order to surprise them, feeling profoundly convinced that no sooner was her back turned, than they began to entertain "followers." She usually locked up every cupboard, but would now and then leave valuables about, drop money as if by accident, or let the keys remain in some conspicuous place to test the honesty of her servants.

She spoke of her plans to a friend, and asked if she did not think she was acting wisely in thus trying those who served in her house.

"If I thought my servants needed such tests, I would not keep them," was the answer. "It would make me miserable to live in an atmosphere of mistrust. Did you not tell me that you had very good servants?"

"Very good, as girls go," replied Miss Crankshaw. "But none of them can be trusted entirely."

In some cases, the servants learned lessons of deceit from the very means used by the mistress to prevent them from deceiving: One girl said to Miss Crankshaw—

"Don't you think I am honest, ma'am?"

"To be sure I do," was the unhesitating reply, for the girl had stood all the tests her mistress was accustomed to apply to her domestics.

"But you do not trust me, and, if you please I should like to leave in a month. I have always been trusted, and I have tried to act the same when a mistress's back was turned as when she was looking on. I would rather have less wages than stay where I am suspected." And she did go, though her mistress would fain have kept her. Like many another she valued most what she could not retain.

As Miss Crankshaw grew older she did not grow more trustful. Sometimes she wished she could believe in the sincerity of those around her, but life-long habits are not easily changed. Having spent her years as the slave of mistrust, while professing to believe everybody honest, she had doubted all.

So her life had been lonely, because she had no faith in the existence of unselfish love. She had received endless kindnesses, but they had given no sweetness to her existence.

One tainted spot in an orange gives a bitter taste to the whole of it. Mistrust did the same for Miss Crankshaw's life. She did not believe in human truth or gratitude, so denied herself the blessed exercise of human sympathy and steeled her heart against all tender emotions.

The beloved disciple and inspired evangelist wrote, "He that loveth not his brother whom he hath seen, how can he love God whom he hath not seen?" And this commandment have we from Him that he who loveth God, love his brother also.

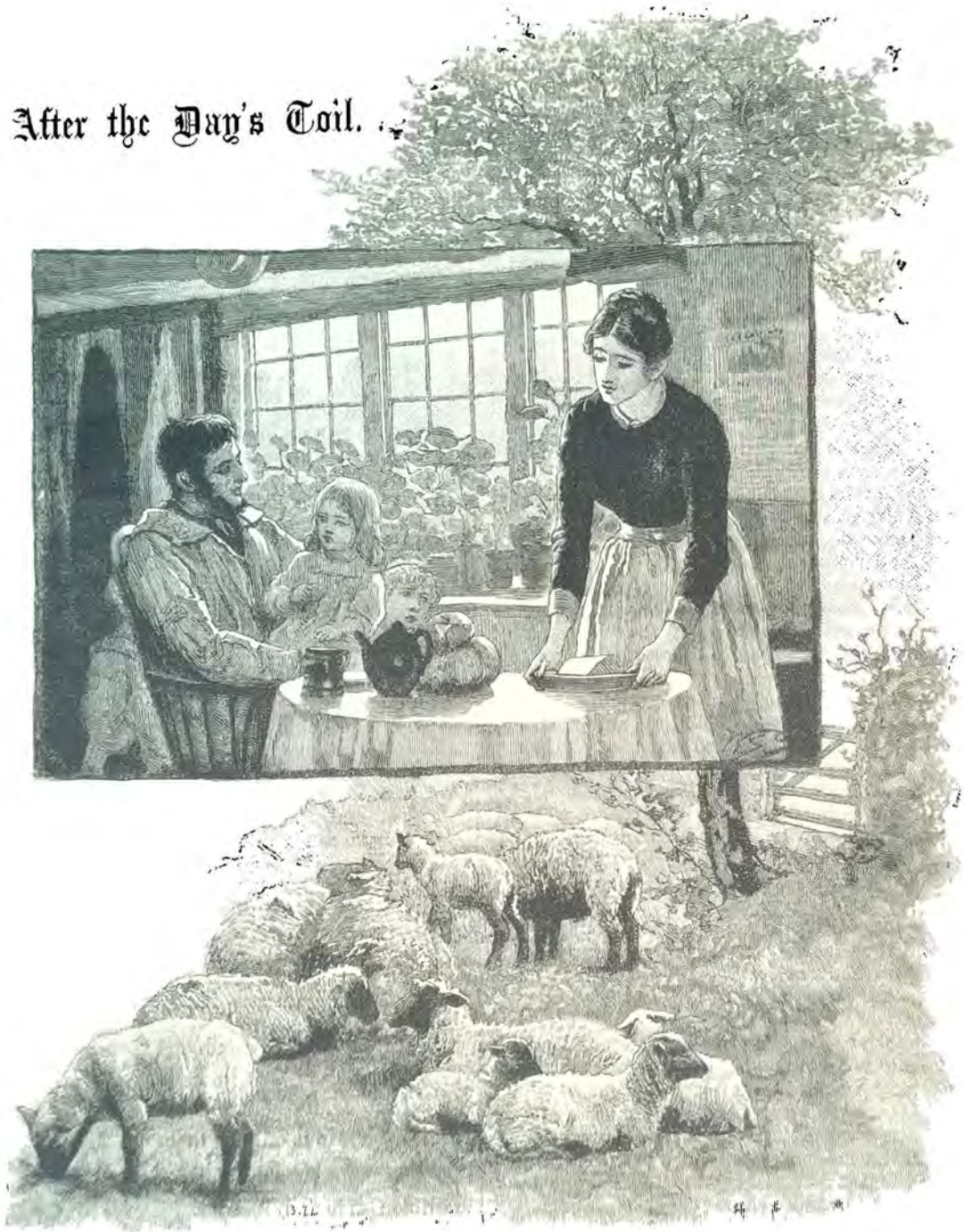
If Miss Crankshaw had been asked whether she believed in God as Father, Son and Holy Spirit, and whether she took the Bible as the word of God, she would have been equally shocked and indignant. If able to reply, she would have asked in turn, "Do you take me for an infidel? Do I not Sabbath after Sabbath, confess my belief—both by my presence in God's house and with my lips when there? Believe! Of course I believe."

Miss Crankshaw's belief was a mere matter of course. There was as much reality in her faith in God as there was in her trust in human honesty, and that was a mere form of words, whilst in acts she contradicted them.

Alas, that there should be so many believers of Miss Crankshaw's sort! Believers who never trust. Who say they believe in God, as a matter of course, but He is only to them an Abstract deity. They never realise in Him a loving Father, a perfect Saviour, a never-failing Friend, an infallible Guide and Teacher.

They read the invitations of the Bible, but never dream of accepting them; they find no joy or comfort, no peace or pardon. They profess to believe but never trust in God's faithfulness to perform all that He has promised. And thus having no real faith in God, love finds no place in their hearts, either towards God or men. Without these, the present has no real brightness; and the future must be devoid of hope.

After the Day's Toil.



OH, the pure and innocent pleasure
In the going down of the sun,
When labour hath filled its measure,
And the tasks of the day are done;
When the little ones, safe and happy,
Are all at home in the nest,
And night, like the shade of an angel's wing,
Is brooding low in the west,
And God's good hand, in this pilgrim land,
Is giving His people rest!

The thought of this nightfall-greeting
Hath brightened the father's way,
And strengthened his heart for meeting
The burden and heat of the day;
To rest in his own home stronghold,
The work and the care laid down,
In blessed freedom and safe repose,
To many a king unknown,
With baby wiles, and responsive smiles,
And a love that is all his own!

His dwelling-place to another
Might seem all lowly and mean,
But within it a joyful mother
Bears rule as a love-crowned queen.
At home in its narrow chambers
The bountiful sunbeams fall,
And heart's-ease blossoms within its shade
As under a palace wall—
And the peace of heaven, to the faithful given,
Sheds happiness over all.

When years, with their changeful story,
Have passed o'er the love-lived nest,
And the old have grown bent and hoary,
Or gone to a happier rest,
Yet strong for good to the children,
Whatever may go or come,
The holy memories stored in youth
Shall follow where'er they roam—
Through good or ill, re-echoing still
The music of love and home.

Oh, Father, in heaven preparing
A welcome for all who know
The blessing and joy of sharing
Thy work and Thy will below,
Thou who hast love for the wayward,
And grace for the worn and tried,
Bring all Thy children at last we pray
Where never the years divide,
Thy face to see—to sit down with Thee,
At home in the eventide!

MARY ROWLES.

BARBARA'S BROTHERS.

CHAPTER XVII. — MRS. DUMARESQ IS ALARMED.

IF Wulfric Meynal was to taste more happiness in the future, the present at any rate looked sufficiently dark and gloomy.

His mother's health gave him great uneasiness. He was terribly anxious about his gay young brother, and his anxiety was not altogether untinged by remorse, which made it doubly hard to bear. He blamed himself, and yet hardly knew in what he had been wrong.

Barbara was always a staunch ally, and he fancied that Celia's manner had grown somewhat more gentle towards him of late, although she was so impassive that it was hard to speak certainly on this point; but his mother never saw him without uttering reproaches and lamentations that cut him to the heart, and cast a dark shadow upon his difficult path.

Yet as there are always spots of brightness as well as dark shadows upon the chequered path of life, so amid the wearing troubles and perpetual distressful fault-finding to which he was subjected, there were brighter days and hours at times in which Wulfric was conscious of a sense of pleasure and satisfaction for which he could by no means entirely account.

There had been a sad accident in a mine not many miles distant from St. Hilda. Some score of poor miners had been badly injured, and as their village lay nearly two miles away from the mouth of the shaft, and they could ill support the rough journey, a large shed generally used for storing the ore had been converted into a sort of rough ambulance or hospital.

Wulfric was the nearest doctor, but as he had not time to undertake, single-handed, so many critical cases, he had sent for two qualified students from the county infirmary to take main charge of the sufferers, whilst he came over daily to give his opinion on the worst cases, and to see that all went well.

It was upon the fourth day after the accident that, the moment he entered the rude ward, he became aware of some subtle and pleasant change, and standing still in the doorway he looked round him trying to make out exactly what it was.

For one thing there were flowers everywhere, and the scent of roses and clove carnations made a sweet fragrance in the place. Then there were blinds fixed in the bare windows, so that the hot sun could be shut out on the south side, and there were white counterpanes upon the beds, where yesterday there had been only coarse and not always very clean blankets.

Altogether the place was transformed, and as Wulfric looked about him in silent surprise, he became aware of the presence of two visitors, who quietly emerged from behind a screen at the far corner, and a clue was at once put in his hands. One of these visitors was Mrs. Granby, the other Reinée Dumaresq.

The girl saw him in a moment, and advanced with her instinctive frankness and courtesy. Her smile was bright and very sweet. Ever since the adventure upon the cliff Wulfric had been a great favourite of hers.

Wulfric smiled too. He did not generally know what to say to young ladies; but with Reinée Dumaresq he always felt at ease, possibly because she was always perfectly natural and at ease herself.

"So you are the good fairy who has been at work here?" he said. "I was just wondering what had happened."

Reineé looked up at him and spoke quickly and earnestly.

"I only heard about it yesterday. Mrs. Granby told me, and we came here together in the afternoon, and she told me what she thought was most wanted. You had gone, or we should have consulted you; but I know you will not mind our having used our own discretion. We were afraid

to meddle with the diets; but I should so like to bring them something nice, if only I could get to know what would be best. Poor men, they are so dreadfully hurt, some of them."

Reinée's face was full of compassion. She stood there in the midst of much that was rough and uncouth, surrounded by the sad and suffering; and the contrast between the delicate beauty and high-bred refinement of the girl herself and the bareness of all around struck Wulfric as something at once strange and yet beautiful and appropriate. He could not define the sensation, yet he was conscious of feeling very glad to see Reinée there, looking, despite her loveliness, as much in her right place amongst these sick miners, as she had done in her father's drawing-room. The peculiar adaptiveness of a truly sympathetic and unselfish nature struck the young man with new force just now.

He shook hands cordially with Mrs. Granby, and then turning to Reinée, he said: "If you will allow me, I will make my tour of inspection, and then I will profit by your kind offer and tell you what I can allow my patients to receive at your hands."

"Suppose we come round with you, Wulfric?" said Mrs. Granby, "and we can take notes as to what seems wanted in each case."

Wulfric acceded readily to this suggestion, and the ladies accompanied him and his assistant round the ward. Reinée's skilful, gentle fingers were often in requisition to remove a bandage or change a dressing, and although she had not received any regular training, her quick eye and watchful readiness gave to her the power that is rather born than acquired, of doing the right thing at the right moment.

Reinée, born and reared in luxury, and carefully shielded from everything painful or disagreeable, did not shrink in fear or disgust from what she saw that day. She had not come there with any idea of taking an active part amongst the sufferers, but when she saw that ready hands were needed in their service, it seemed to her not only right, but perfectly natural, that hers should at once be given to the work. Mrs. Granby set the example which she quickly followed, and as the doctors completed their round they congratulated themselves on having gained the services of two such skilful nurses.

His assistant was talking to Mrs. Granby, and Wulfric turned to Reinée. He noted that a little of the soft colour had faded from her face. Her eyes looked full of thought.

"I am afraid this has been a little too much for you, Miss Dumaresq. You are not used to such sights and sounds."

She looked up brightly, yet her face was still set in lines of gravity, and her lips expressed a certain tender compassion that was wonderfully sweet.

"No, I am not used to it; but I have liked being here to-day. Dr. Meynal, please tell me the truth, and do not be afraid of hurting my feelings. Can I really be of any use to these poor men? Can I do anything for them myself? Please tell me the truth. I know that girls are often a hindrance and not a help when they come and try to be useful; but if I could——"

She stopped short, and Wulfric answered gravely and kindly, "Miss Dumaresq, I hardly think it needs me to tell you that true sympathy and consideration are never thrown away, least of all upon the sick and suffering. You have done more good to these poor fellows to-day than I. Do you not see how their eyes follow you about, and how they look at the little gifts that you have brought? Many people might bring them things that can be bought, but you have given them what cannot be purchased with gold, and they have the sense to know it."

Reinée knew herself to be understood, and sudden tears started to her eyes, adding to their soft brightness.

"Thank you," she said softly. "You know what I mean; but they think too much of it, and you too. It is so little, so little that I can do, and their gratitude makes me feel ashamed, almost."

Wulfric smiled.

"Much and little are comparative terms; it does not seem little to them. Their lives are not like yours—a little brightness goes a long way."

"I know, I know—it seems so hard to understand. Why do some have so much, and some so little?"

"I suppose because He who made man and the world has ordained it so. Possibly in part to teach us what we owe to one another."

Reinée was silent. It was a subject on which she had thought much of late, and she would like to have heard what such a man as Wulfric Meynal had to say upon it; but it was hardly now the time or place, and her older companion was beginning to look tired.

"Then I may come again?" she said as she held out her hand in farewell. "May I come every day? And will you always let me know what is wanted, so that I may come provided?"

"You may certainly come, and the oftener the better for my patients' sakes," answered Wulfric, "but I think you will find every day rather a tax upon your powers."

Reinée smiled, but made no reply. She was not given to protestations; yet there was more tenacity of purpose about her than in many who professed more.

As the carriage drove away, Reinée turned to her companion and said: "I am so very, very much obliged to you for bringing me. I have been very happy, although it was so sad."

"We will go there regularly, if you wish it, my dear," answered Mrs. Granby smiling. "You can hardly go alone, but you can always command my services when you need them. Poor fellows, they were very grateful and pleased to see visitors."

"Yes, and are they not brave and patient, lying there in that bare place? Think how we should feel! Oh, I am glad we went to see them!"

Wulfric, after handing the ladies to their carriage and watching it roll away, fell into a deep reverie.

"Ah!" he said to himself at length, drawing a

deep breath, "if there were more women like that in the world, it would be a happier place than it is."

Reinée kept her promise faithfully, and the poor maimed miners lying in the bare shed, had reason to bless the day when the young lady from the Hall first visited them there.

They did not bless her merely for the comforts that she brought them, though these were keenly appreciated and gratefully received; but what they valued far more were the sweet smiles and gentle words she had for each, the sense that she was their friend and really cared for them, and visited them not merely out of compassion, but because she felt a true interest in them and liked to be there bringing sunshine and light with her. The rough fellows could not have put the thought into words; but it was in each one of their hearts, and not one amongst them but would gladly have laid down his life to serve or help her.

Clive often accompanied his sister, and Mrs. Granby was always of the party. Mrs. Dumaresq sent little delicacies to the wounded men, and her husband afforded substantial assistance to their families. Reinée was very grateful to both her parents, and her mother smiled a little to herself as she thought of the length of time that this new "phase" had lasted, and concluded that unless strengthened by opposition, it must of necessity soon die out.

It amused her to watch Clive and Reinée playing the parts of almoner or sister of mercy to the sick and poor. It was a pretty little game of which they would soon tire, and then would come the reaction that would lead them to plunge the more readily into the gay life that awaited them beyond the walls of this quiet home.

Mrs. Dumaresq was a clever woman of the world, and believed that she knew her children thoroughly, and could count with absolute accuracy upon their future conduct. Reinée's increase of gentle sweetness was not lost upon her, and she thought she read its meaning very clearly. She felt her girlhood slipping away, the deeper feelings of the heart were rising within her, and she was betraying unconsciously the happiness that she felt in the thought of the future opening before her.

All this was most satisfactory to Mrs. Dumaresq; she could look with indulgent toleration upon Reinée's present occupations, and avoid any apparent disapprobation of her pursuits. She was sorry that Arthur Trevelyan had gone away without the ratification of the tacit engagement that bound him and her daughter together; but she knew nothing of what had passed between him and Reinée, and she was not a woman to be disturbed by trifles. She knew that he was very much in love, and that he would not be long in returning to claim the hand he looked upon as his by right.

Meantime she was in no hurry to lose her daughter who was very dear to her. For with all the wants and the hardness of her nature, Mrs. Dumaresq loved her children with every fibre of her being.

But it was not very long before the mother's eyes were to be opened to a state of affairs which caused her a great deal of anxiety and annoyance, and went far towards upsetting the well-balanced theories that had hitherto given her so much satisfaction.

The first shock she received was in a conversation she had with Clive. He was driving his mother out one day, as he did from time to time, and she began to talk upon a subject on which she thought that she and her son were in complete accord.

"When do you think of asking Arthur Trevelyan down again, Clive? You must be sadly dull here with no companion but your sister."

"Reinée and I are never dull," answered Clive loyally. "She is a queen of a girl."

"I admit that fully; but a young man always wants companions of his own tastes and pleasures."

"Well, there's Meynal, you know. I see a good bit of him. I don't know if he isn't quite as much to my taste as Trevelyan."

"The young doctor! My dear Clive, what are you talking about? He is quite a common young man!"

"Pardon me, my dear mother, he is a very uncommon young man."

"He is hardly a gentleman even."

"I beg your pardon again. He may not have that outward polish and address of which, to tell the truth, I am sometimes a little tired, but he is a gentleman to his heart's core, and what is more, he is a man—and that is no small recommendation in my opinion."

Mrs. Dumaresq lifted her eyebrows.

"Well, you ought to know best; though I was never prepossessed by him, but we must not speak against him, as he did you good service one day."

"Saved my life only," answered Clive quietly.

"Well, that is putting it strongly. Saved you from an awkward accident, at any rate."

"Yes, and at the risk of his life."

Mrs. Dumaresq smiled.

"Well, if you are determined to make a hero of him, I will say no more. But you have not answered my question about Arthur Trevelyan."

"What of him?"

"When do you think of asking him down here again?"

"Oh, I don't know. I am in no hurry about it. He took himself off rather cavalierly last time. I don't particularly yearn for his society, you know."

"You did not quarrel with him?"

"No," answered Clive laughing. "I never quarrel with anybody."

"You will have him for the shooting, I suppose?"

"I doubt it. The covers are in a shocking state; and nobody about here preserves, as far as I can make out. I shall have to go away for what shooting I want, I can see that pretty clearly. As for asking any fellows here to shoot, it would be ridiculous. They would not thank you for it. Besides, my father isn't up to having people in the house yet."

"No, except Arthur."

"Why Arthur, in particular?"

"My dear boy, you know that as well as I do. He is like one of the family."

"I don't see that now. He used always to be with us a few years ago; but lately we haven't seen much of him."

"Well, that will be soon mended now. We shall see a great deal of him in the future, I hope."

There was no mistaking Mrs. Dumaresq's meaning, Clive had fenced long enough. He ceased to do so now.

"That depends upon Reinée," he answered, flicking a fly from the flank of the off-horse with his whip; and his face was rather grave and set.

Mrs. Dumaresq glanced quickly at him.

"Reinée's mind has been made up long ago."

"Possibly; but which way?"

"I cannot imagine what you mean, Clive," Mrs. Dumaresq spoke with more heat of manner than was at all usual with her. "Reinée has been engaged to Arthur Trevelyan ever since she was a child."

"Those engagements made for girls by other people do not always come to anything in the end, you know, my dear mother."

"I wonder what you are driving at, Clive. Are you trying to tease me, or have you some real grounds for what you say? Has Reinée been talking to you—or Arthur?"

"Trevelyan is not a talking man, and Reinée has hardly exchanged half-a-dozen sentences with me on the subject; but I have eyes in my head."

"So have I. Reinée seems to me to show very plainly how her feelings are going."

"Just what I say, too."

"But your conclusion is—?"

"That she does not even like Trevelyan—let alone love altogether."

"Nonsense, Clive! Impossible!"

"Well, that is my opinion, if you want it."

"Impossible!" repeated Mrs. Dumaresq. "She cannot possibly have any fault to find with him, Arthur has always been irreproachable."

"Query there," returned Clive coolly.

His mother turned upon him quickly.

"You know nothing to his discredit?"

"Not in the sense you mean, only in the sense in which Reinée meant it, when she told me one day that he was not a good man."

"Reinée said that?"

"Yes; and I believe she is quite right."

Mrs. Dumaresq bit her lip, but she did not allow her annoyance to betray itself.

"Did Reinée mean by that that he did not share her newly developed religious and philanthropic views!"

"I did not discuss the point; I think we both felt alike. I do not know that I could easily define what we mean by a good man; but I am convinced that Trevelyan is not one."

Mrs. Dumaresq looked hard at her son.

"You, too, Clive! This is rather too much."

"What mother?"

"That you should be led by Reinée into her last foolish craze."

"I was not aware that she had one."

Mrs. Dumaresq was silent for awhile. Presently she turned to her son and asked quietly,

"Do not affect to misunderstand me, Clive. Just tell me plainly what all this means."

The young man was looking out straight before him. His likeness to Reinée was more than usually marked just then: yet there was a masculine resolution and purpose in his face that gave it a power not generally seen there. His mother glanced sideways at him, saw the clear outline of his profile against the blue sky, and she could not but say to herself: "What a handsome fellow he is! He ought to have been in the army. He looks every inch a soldier."

Clive's answer was somewhat long in coming, but it came at length, clear and to the point.

"I think, mother, it means that Reinée and I have both reached the conclusion that this world is not the only one for which we have to live."

"Well?"

"And that it is of the other life that it is, after all, most important to think."

"*Après?*"

Mrs. Dumaresq was not going to make her son's task any easier; but he was not disconcerted by these little dry questions.

"I think," he answered very quietly, "that when we come to change the short life here for the one that will meet us in the great hereafter, things will assume altogether different proportions from what they do now—the great will be small, the small great. I hardly know how to make myself intelligible to you; but I know what my own idea is. I should like my life to be laid down upon lines that will not look altogether mean and unworthy when the great day of awakening comes—the day that we generally call death."

Mrs. Dumaresq sat perfectly still. Never from the hour of his childhood had she ever heard her son speak after any fashion of this kind. She had believed him to share her own indifferent conventional carelessness upon all subjects connected with the spiritual life. To hear him speak in this way now produced a curious and paralysing effect upon her.

"And who, pray, has taught you these extraordinary views?"

"I hardly know; they do not seem to me extraordinary. They have been floating in my head for a good while. I think Reinée has helped to give them definite form."

After a pause his mother said rather sharply, "It is a great pity Reinée ever left London."

"Why?"

"Oh, you would not understand—you encourage her in her folly. It is plain she is getting quite spoilt."

"You said only yesterday that she was sweeter every day, and I am sure it is true."

"She is improved in some ways, I admit; but—but—well we shall see."

"See what?"

Mrs. Dumaresq's answer was rather impatiently spoken.

"See what it all comes to. I have always found Reinée dutiful and obedient so far."

"You will not find her less so now, unless, indeed——"

Clive paused there.

"Unless what?"

"Unless you try to push authority beyond its legitimate bounds."

Mrs. Dumaresq had by this time recovered her self-command, and could speak with her usual composure.

"I am not given to being unreasonable," she said. "I have no intention of being so now."

In a very thoughtful mood she descended from the carriage and reached her own room.

"This begins to look serious," she said to herself, "but possibly it is all a passing enthusiasm. I will give her line a little longer, and then I must begin to work in earnest."

BIBLE NOTES AND QUERIES.

A correspondent from Dover asks: "Why are the words given differently in Daniel, ch. vi. verses 25 and 28?"

The word in verse 28 is *Peres*, Chaldee for "divided." *Parsîn* (written *Pharsîn* by aspirating the *p*, according to rule, after a vowel sound) is a plural form from the same root, meaning "divisions." The initial *U* is the conjunction *and*, prefixed to the word according to Hebrew and Chaldee usage. *Upharsin* therefore means, "and divisions"; but in explaining the word the prophet takes the simpler form *Peres*. It has often been remarked that as *Parsîn* may also denote "Persians," there is a concealed prophecy of the agents by whom the distinction was to be brought about.

Our Dover correspondent asks how the prophecy of Isaiah vii. 14, can be applied as in Matthew i. 23.

Ahaz, king of Judah, is filled with consternation at the approach of two hostile allied powers, the Syrians under Rezin and the Israelites under Pekah. He has gone out with the princes of the royal house to inspect the fortifications of Jerusalem, when suddenly the prophet Isaiah confronts him, announces the coming downfall of the allies, and bids Ahaz to be of good courage. The king seems unable to credit the prophet's words, and is offered "a sign" in confirmation of them, "in the depth or in the height above." Ahaz in his faithlessness refuses the offer. Then, in the name of Jehovah, Isaiah himself gives the sign. A young woman then of marriageable age shall in due course give birth to a son, and his name shall be called Immanuel; and before that child shall have come to years of discernment Syria and Israel shall both have been overwhelmed by the power of Assyria. With all this there is a solemn warning to Ahaz not himself to enter into the Assyrian alliance, or his turn to be destroyed would inevitably come. Such is the obvious purport of the whole wonderful passage (ch. vii. 1–viii. 10), ending with the words, like a motto or *refrain* of the whole: "God is with us." The sign then was for *immediate* fulfilment: for how could Ahaz be assured of present deliverance by the promise of an event which would happen between seven and eight hundred years afterwards? But this deliverance became a type of a greater salvation; and the words of the prophet were to be fulfilled—their whole meaning brought out and realized—in the birth of JESUS. Bishop Lowth well remarks: "The prophecy is introduced in so solemn a manner; the sign is so marked, as a sign selected and given by God Himself, after Ahaz had rejected the sign of his own choosing out of the whole compass of nature; the terms of the prophecy are so peculiar, and the name of the child is so expressive, containing in them much more than the circumstances of the birth of a common child required, or even admitted; that we may easily suppose that, in minds prepared by the general expectation of a great Deliverer to spring from the house of David, they raised hopes far beyond what the present occasion suggested; especially when it was found, that in the subsequent prophecy, delivered immediately afterward (ch. viii. 8), this child, called Immanuel, is treated as Lord and Prince of the land of Judah. Who could this be, other than the heir of the throne of David, under which character a great and even a Divine person had been promised? . . . St. Matthew, therefore, in applying this prophecy to the birth of Christ, does it not merely in the way of accommodating the words of the prophet to a suitable case not in the prophet's view, but takes it in its strictest, clearest, and most important sense, and applies it according to the original design and principal intention of the prophet."

Whether the child who thus became the type of Christ was to be a son of Isaiah himself, or of a prince in the house of David, is uncertain. Hezekiah himself was nine or ten years old at the time. Nor have we any clue as to who was meant by "the young woman" (this is the translation of Cheyne, following Hitzig and Gesenius), who was apparently on the eve of marriage when the prophecy was delivered.

The whole passage, it may be added, has been largely discussed by commentators, and could hardly be adequately considered without raising the whole question of Old Testament Messianic prophecy. The explanation above given is sub-

stantially that of most modern commentators. Some, like Hengstenberg, maintain the exclusive application of the prophecy to Christ, although they fail to explain how its fulfilment could be a sign to Ahaz. The note of Albert Barnes on the passage is well worth reading.

A correspondent writes: "Kindly explain the following text: 'And they said, Lord, behold, here are two swords. And He said unto them: It is enough.'"—*Luke* xxii. 38.

Our Lord had intimated to His disciples the change that must henceforth come over their work. They would no longer be received with kindly welcome and ready hospitality; they must be prepared to pay their own way (taking purse and scrip) and must even count upon open hostility. The recommendation to take the sword was an emblematic way of bidding the disciples to be ready for conflict with the world's evil. But they took it literally, and, with some pride in their own forethought, produced the two swords which they had procured. But Christ with mournful irony puts these by (*Godet*) as though He would say: "Yes, for the use which you shall have to make of arms of this kind, those two swords are enough." The disciples soon found that they needed *another* kind of sword for their warfare! "If it were possible for us," says Lange, "to imagine the Lord Jesus, during any moment of this paschal night, with a melancholy smile upon His heavenly countenance, it would be at this proffer of the two swords. Two swords to oppose all the powers of the world, of hell, and of death, which were about to attack Him! He esteems it impossible to make the whole absurdity of the idea as evident to them as He feels it to be, and hence breaks off the conversation on this subject in the tone of one who is conscious that he shall not be understood, and therefore esteems all further conversation useless."

The passage was misused in mediæval times to prove that the Papal See possessed the right of temporal as well as spiritual jurisdiction.

J. C., Chelsea, asks: "I should feel obliged, if you would furnish an opinion as to whether the words 'us,' 'we,' and 'our,' in the first chapter of Ephesians, include those persons to whom the apostle is writing. It seems to me that the commencement of the thirteenth verse with the words, 'in whom *ye also*,' shows that they do not; especially as a distinction appears to be made in the preceding verse by the words, who *first* trusted in Christ—made emphatic in the Revised Version by the repetition of "we." I may remark that the apostle breaks out in praise to God, immediately after the salutation, just as he does in the first chapter of the second of Corinthians, where the similar pronouns evidently do not include the Corinthians.—J. C.

The remark is interesting; but may we not rather suppose that the apostle, in speaking of *us* and *our*, refers to Christians generally; leaving the question, as it were, open for the moment as to whether these Gentile believers were included. Then his phrase "*and ye also*" is impressively brought in: "You too belong to us! We are not two companies, but one. On our part there is no exclusive privilege, but ye also are fellow-citizens with the saints and of the household of God." Such seems the whole strain of the Epistle, which may profitably be read afresh for the sake of noting how in some passages the *we* and *you* are commingled, how sometimes they seem to stand apart, only again to flow into one.

L. A. writes: "In the letter to Thyatira: Rev. ii. 26, 27, 'He that overcometh—to him will I give power over the nations, and he shall rule them with a rod of iron, as the vessels of a potter shall they be broken to shivers.' What does this mean?"

This seems to be a highly impressive way of saying that Christ's people reign with Him. The thought is that in the second Psalm: "Thou shalt break them with a rod of iron"; in the Septuagint, the Greek version from which the quotation in the Apocalypse is taken, "Thou shalt rule them"[1]: the word for "to rule" both in the Septuagint and the Revelation being literally to *shepherd*, and *rod* being equivalent to *sceptre*. The notion is that of power involving care and guidance, and wielded inflexibly, so as to secure the complete triumph and sovereignty of holiness over every form of evil. Only truth, righteousness, and love are lastingly mighty. "The nations"—emblem of all forms of opposition to Christ's kingdom, as the Gentiles were in ceaseless antagonism to the Jews—"shall be broken to shivers"—entirely crushed—"that, their fierceness and pride being brought down, they may accept the yoke of Christ" (Trench). And this power of Christ is in a sense the power of His people also. He acts by them, and a true, lasting ascendancy over the wills and passions of men is attained by the forces of truth and goodness. In this lofty sense "the kingdom and dominion, and the greatness of the kingdom under the whole heaven, shall be given to the people of the saints of the Most High" (Daniel vii. 27).

The same correspondent says: "Lately I have been much wondering what was our Lord's real meaning when He said: 'Behold, I come *quickly*,' to the Church in Philadelphia, Rev. iii. 11, and again in Rev. xxii. 7, 12, 20. I have heard it explained that He was coming quickly according to His own measure of time; but I feel, with reverence, that that really conveys nothing either to the Philadelphian Church, or to us. I know that 'one day is with the Lord as a thousand years, and a thousand years as one day.' Yet, surely the message must have meant something for those to whom it was addressed, while they were living, not when they had been dead nearly or quite two thousand years."

The suggestion is an important one. We cannot now discuss the whole subject: only observing that there was a crisis, a "day of the Lord" before that generation passed away, in which He came, in His judgments and His love, to all the churches that professed His name.

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[1] The Hebrew for "Thou shalt break them" and for "Thou shalt rule them," differ only in the vowel points, the letters being alike, תִּרְעֵם.

THE LADY ELFRIDA.

CHAPTER IV.

IN the wide, solitary rooms of the old castle, where every window was ablaze with light, as if to shed down radiance upon a brilliant crowd within, though there was not a foot-fall in the long passages, not a face appearing in the many doorways, not a voice sounding on the broad staircases, stood Ruth Redwood, waiting and listening. Her face was very pale, her eyes were very grave, yet there was calmness resting, like a holy shadow cast by a guardian angel's wing, on her brow.

When Ruth had glided away from her husband's side, after those last sweet words of parting prayer, she had first waited outside the chapel to catch the castle female servants as they came out. It so happened that that evening all the women belonging to the Lady Elfrida's household were attending the religious meeting, with the exception of Ruth herself. Their mistress liked them all, if possible, to enjoy every means of grace which came within their reach, and as Ruth had had to remain at home with her child, and being braver than most of them, did not at all mind being left alone in the house, they availed themselves of the opportunity, and had all gone to the chapel. They were all young women of the immediate neighbourhood, who had been brought up on the castle estates, and as they left the sacred building, Ruth bade each one of them to hasten at once to her own home, saying that it was the best and safest thing to do in the present emergency. They had all great confidence in Mistress Redwood's superior sense and courage. In any difficulty or danger, this trust in her had been born of their daily experience of her in the common troubles and misfortunes of life; therefore in their present condition of alarm and anxiety they had very willingly obeyed her. She detained none; but as soon as she had seen them all disperse, took swiftly her way alone to the castle.

Ruth's plan for helping to save the Lady Elfrida was simply this. She would rapidly illuminate the old house from top to bottom, so that its brightness, shining through the night, must infallibly attract the attention of the watching men-at-arms, and naturally awake in them the belief that the Lady Elfrida must be holding some grand revel there, and therefore, after all, could not be in the chapel. This would be sure to draw them to the castle, where, as they would find the strong Gothic gateway barred, and the massive oak door held with more than one firm iron bolt, it would take them some little time to gain an entrance. Thus the Lady Elfrida and her attendants would be far on their way towards the sea coast before the soldiers had even found out that she had left the castle and its neighbourhood; and as Harry Redwood, familiar as he was with the whole west country, would lead the party by by-ways and lanes where strangers would find it very difficult to follow on their track, there was good hope that, under God, the lady would make her escape from her persecutors.

Yes, the Lady Elfrida would soon be in comparative safety. But how would it be with the mother and child who were alone in the castle to-night? Ruth Redwood knew that the woman who had for years stood in a parent's place to her, and the husband who was dearer to her than her own life, were both in extreme danger, if that night they were overtaken by the queen's soldiers. Calmly and resolutely she determined to put herself in a position of great peril, in order that she might carry out a plan to insure their escape, so far as it was possible to insure it. If her daughter had been older, she would have endeavoured to send her with her father, but in the case of so young a child, who could not do without a mother's care, this had been impossible.

So far Ruth had carried out her plan just as she had hoped and intended; now she stood alone in the old house, with the light streaming round her from a hundred tapers; stood waiting for the first sounds to show that the soldiers had reached the castle gate. Those sounds would proclaim that her second mother and her husband were safe from pursuit. Those sounds would also proclaim that danger was close to her and her child. Up and down she wandered through the brilliant, solitary house with her child in her arms, for she had taken her from her cradle where she had been slumbering, because she found in her a sweet companionship that seemed to take away half the fear and trouble of her situation.

The little one had caught hold of a gold chain—her mistress's gift—which hung round her neck, and was laughing, in sweet baby unconsciousness of fear and danger, to see how it glittered in the glow of yellow light around them.

"Thou dost well to laugh so tranquilly, my bird," she whispered. "For surely thou knowest, from some inner teaching, that the dear Master, who took the children in His arms, is near thee, caring mightily and tenderly for thee and thy mother."

Then again she moved slowly up and down the brilliant, deserted rooms and in and out through the long passages, singing softly to herself a hymn as she went. The chairs and couches looked as if they were not the same objects which had been so familiar to her since her childhood; they all had a strange, unhome-like appearance about them. The long table in the dining-hall had something wondrously cold and dreary about it as it stretched out its bare oaken length beneath the blaze of the tapers, which sure must be meant to shine down upon a merry band of guests. The portraits all followed her about hither and thither with their fixed, motionless eyes. The voices of her husband and her mistress seemed to be mingling in the night breeze, as it swept round the house, with the voices of her long-lost parents. Then, as the gloom grew thicker round her heart, she brought a steadfast light back again by the almighty power of prayer; and when the prayer was done, there came calmer, and more uplifting, thoughts.

Was it not a brave and beautiful thing for a woman to do, to meet danger for others, and those others both so dear to her? Was it not fair and noble for a daughter of the Heavenly King to dare peril in His cause? If the Lady Elfrida were taken prisoner, the Reformed Faith would lose one of its strongest supports in the west of England; yes, come what might, it was a high, sweet thing to be ready to give up her own life for her husband and her religion. Besides, she had good hope that her Father above would keep her and her child from harm, strange and

perilous though their position now seemed; had she not the faithful promise to cling to that He will never leave or forsake?

Thus the minutes went on, marked out slowly by the hands on the broad white face of the large clock in the hall. How was it that, as yet, she heard no sign of the soldiers at the castle gate? Had they found out her plan of rescuing her friends? And were they even now pursuing them through the night, and pressing hard upon them?

Hark! what was that? Was it the sound of the wind in the wide chimney? was it nothing more? She listened, every sense concentrated in the one sense of hearing; sure she was not deceived this time, it was a loud knocking at the outer gate. Now let her thank God that those two she loved were riding on unmolested, drawing each moment nearer to freedom and safety; now let her lift up one last prayer for herself and the child.

The noise grew louder and louder, until there where she stood within the house, it seemed to her as if every beam of old seasoned wood, every bar of firm iron were groaning at once. The courtyard, and the out-buildings, and the old house re-echoed in deep hollow tones as those sounds continued, until the whole air around was full of them. Next there began a bursting, and a cracking, and a grinding, and a few minutes after there was a great crash, the gate had fallen at last.

They were in the court now, she could hear their feet hurrying across the stone pavement, could distinguish the angry oaths, the evil words which were leaving their lips at each step, mingled with threats of revenge. Soon they were at the door, which, though of solid oak, would not hold out as long as the gate did. It seemed to her, now, that everything to-night had happened with such terrible quickness, as if there were, at this moment, only one thing to long for, a little more time, a little more time; a little more time for those she loved to escape, a little more time for her to think of some way for saving herself and the child. Then she clasped her hands and cried,

"Father, send Thy angel, as Thou did'st to Thy people of old, to guide them through the night in a fiery pillar. Father, who did'st save Thy servants in the midst of the burning furnace, save me in Thy love and might in this hour of trial."

Scarce had the words left her lips, when suddenly an idea flashed through her brain.

"The store-room window, the store-room window," she murmured; "it opens on the ground floor into the little back garden of herbs."

Then she clasped the child closer, yet closer, and fled through the rooms and passages, extinguishing the lights as she went, so that darkness might cover her retreat. It was high time, for she could hear the door giving way. A few moments passed by, a few moments filled with intensest hope and fear. Then she cried out a strong thanksgiving: she was beneath the free air of heaven, hastening away through the night.

SUNDAY ALBUM.

NO. IV.—RAVENS.

"NOAH opened the window of the ark which he had made, and he sent forth a raven, which went to and fro until the waters were dried up from the earth." Gen. viii. 6. 7. In this very early mention of the raven we see how strong is the contrast between the bold fierce bird first sent out, and the gentle dove which would not remain on the desolate earth till she could bring to the ark an olive leaf as a sign of its being once more a fit abode for man.

Among the unclean birds that were forbidden to be eaten or offered to God in sacrifice we find "every raven after his kind." Lev. xi. 15, also Deut. xiv. 14. Yet even for these unclean creatures their Creator makes provision, listening to their cry, and caring for their wants. "Who provideth for the raven his food, when his young ones cry unto God, they wander for lack of meat." Job xxxviii. 41. He giveth to the beast his food, and to the young ravens which cry." Psalm cxlvii. 9. Now, my dear young readers, I want you to lay to heart two lessons. The one is that if God cares for them, we may be very sure that He is displeased with us if we are guilty of being cruel to any of them; they are His, He watches over them, feeds and protects them, and will not suffer them to be cruelly treated. The next lesson is one taught by Jesus Himself, a very precious lesson of comfort for the anxious, and hope for the fearful and troubled in heart; I hope you will write the words not only in your albums but in your hearts. "Consider the ravens; for they neither sow nor reap, which neither have store-house nor barn; and God feedeth them; how much more are ye better than the fowls!" God's little children are very dear to Him, much more precious than His ravens; they may be sure they will never be forgotten before Him.

We have a remarkable instance of this care over one who sorely needed it, and for whom He made provision even through the means of ravens.

In obedience to God, the prophet Elijah went and dwelt by the brook Cherith. And there in his loneliness, in obedience also to God, "the ravens brought him bread and flesh in the morning, and bread and flesh in the evening."

There is yet one verse about ravens, a very awful one; I trust the warning it contains may never be needed by any of my readers!

"The eye that mocketh at his father, and despiseth to obey his mother, the ravens of the valley shall pick it out, and the young eagles shall eat it!" Prov. xxx. 17.

For the next Sunday Album lesson take the subject of THORNS.

ANSWER TO SCRIPTURE CHARACTER.

NO. I.—p. 160.—JEZEBEL.

1 and 2. 1 Kings xvi. 31.
3. 1 Kings xviii. 19.
4. 1 Kings xxi. 25.
5. 1 Kings xix. 2.
6. 2 Kings ix. 35.
7. 1 Kings xxi. 23.

THE SUNDAY AT HOME

O DAY MOST CALM, MOST BRIGHT! . . .
THE WEEK WERE DARK BUT FOR THY LIGHT.—*Herbert.*

BARBARA'S BROTHERS.

CHAPTER XVIII.—GERALD.

"YOU HAVE MY ULTIMATUM," HE SAID QUIETLY.

GERALD MEYNAL left home with a sense of triumphant exultation and independence.

He had managed very well, he told himself; he had avoided all "scenes" with the women folk, and had shifted on to Wulf's broad shoulders the blame of the step, should blame attach to it.

He had no intention of plunging into dissipation or vice. He believed in himself and in his own power of stopping short whenever he chose. He had a boyish admiration for Hector Thompson, and with him for a companion, and money in his pocket, he felt quite at peace with himself and the world.

The money he had ostentatiously displayed before his brother's eyes was not all his own, as a matter of fact. Still he had had that fatal luck that so often lures the young gambler on to his destruction, and he felt a confidence in his own good fortune that made him start upon his

travels with an easy mind and a buoyant sense of hope and pleasure.

Some day he would settle down steadily to work, but for a time at least he intended to enjoy himself.

He slept that night at Aylcester, and the day was far advanced before he rose. He telegraphed to Hector Thompson to tell him his whereabouts, and ask him to join him, and then, as he was wondering what he should do with the time upon his hands, he recollected that Juliet was a nurse at the County Infirmary, and he thought he could not do better than go and see her and tell her all about himself.

Perhaps one of the best traits in the young man's character was a capacity for affection that was more than a mere transitory emotion. None of his own near relations had inspired him with this affection, which is often not drawn out towards those that are nearest to us in blood; but he was sincerely fond of Juliet Granby, and had been so from the days of their childhood. Whoever else changed towards him, Juliet was always his friend and admirer.

Juliet had always stood to her colours and had always believed in him. That might not be a very elevated basis on which to erect friendship or affection, but in this case it had proved a very solid one, and had stood the test of time without crumbling or quaking.

Gerald could not get on without admiration. It was as necessary to him as the air he breathed. A friend who could stand as it were aloof, and criticise him, in however kindly a spirit, could be no friend to him. He shrank from and resented such a course of action with curious and vehement distaste. If people could not like and admire him and be blind to his faults, he would have nothing more to do with them.

In proportion as he turned from those who as he expressed it, "failed him," so he valued increasingly the friends upon whom he could depend; and foremost amongst these stood Juliet Granby.

So he went up the steps of the infirmary and boldly asked to see the girl. After explaining to Mrs. Martin that he had known her all his life, that he was Dr. Meynal's brother, and had just come from St. Hilda and wished to say good-bye to her before leaving that part of the country altogether, he was shown into the nurse's parlour which at that hour was quite empty and was told that Nurse Granby should come to him there as soon as her duties would allow of it.

Gerald stood at the window, staring down into the dull quadrangle formed by the great building. He felt depressed by the atmosphere of the place and the silence of the long upper corridors that were tenantless now.

"How can she take to a place like this—with her ideas too—so like my own? Women are past comprehension. St. Hilda was dull, I admit, but the dismal dulness of a life in a prison-like place such as this!—it must be something awful!"

Then, turning quickly at the sound of a step behind him, he found himself face to face with Juliet in her nurse's garb.

"Gerald!" she exclaimed, "I could not imagine who it could be. How good of you to come."

"I could not go away without saying good-bye to you, Juliet."

"Are you going away, then? Where?"

"Eventually to London; but I dare say I shall go and see the world a little first. We have both cut ourselves adrift from the old life you see, Juliet. I wonder who will have the best time of it. How do you like your choice?"

"Well, middling, it was not exactly my choice, Gerald, but the only thing I could manage. I think it is better than St. Hilda, but the people are dreadfully sordid and common, and there is a great deal to put up with. I suppose they are jealous of any one a little superior to themselves, and are determined to keep them from rising. It seems like it anyhow; but they will not keep me in subjection long; as soon as I have a little more knowledge and experience, I will assert myself, and show what I can do."

This interview took place before Juliet had been many weeks in the hospital—before her temporary elevation and sudden fall.

"That is right Juliet. Never you allow yourself to be put upon. It never answers. I have been much too easy-going myself; but I have asserted myself at last, and Wulf will find that he cannot trample on me with impunity."

"What has Wulfric done?" asked Juliet.

So Gerald told his story in his own way, and she listened with great interest and sympathy.

"And so you have really left home for good? Oh, Gerald, how I envy you! If only I had talents like yours, and could be free to go where I would and make myself great and famous! How I shall look out for notices in the papers about you. I wonder what you will do first to make yourself known. Which of your pictures have you taken away with you?"

Gerald laughed a little constrainedly. He did not quite know how to explain to Juliet that it was not by his art that he meant to rise in the first place to affluence and importance. He had a strange shrinking from, in any way, lowering himself in her eyes. After all, why should he? she could not understand him. She was but an inexperienced woman.

"Oh, I can have my pictures sent after me when I have got a studio to put them in; but I may not settle down all at once. I mean to travel about first for a time. I am not sure that I shall not go to Italy."

Juliet clasped her hands in sympathetic delight.

"Oh, Gerald! how lovely! But—but—if you have quarreled with Wulf and have gone away without leave from any one, how will you get the money to go?"

Gerald smiled mysteriously.

"Oh, I have the money safe enough. I made that myself."

"You have sold a picture!" cried the girl with sparkling eyes, "one of your great pictures. You are famous already. Some dealer has heard of you, and has come down to buy your work! Tell me all about it Gerald! You don't know how pleased I am!"

Gerald was smiling still in his rather provoking

fashion. He did not mean exactly to be deceitful, but this sort of thing was very pleasant to his vanity. He could not forego the pleasure of enjoying it.

"Come now, Juliet, don't be so importunate. You know I don't care about blowing my own trumpet. I've got the money—that is the great thing—and I can go to Italy or anywhere else that I choose. It is a very jolly feeling to know that one is independent, and that there is more to be made as soon as funds get low."

Juliet smiled triumphantly.

"Did not I say you would be rich and famous one day? I always knew it!"

"You always stood by me, so, of course, I came to you first with the tale of my good luck."

"Don't they know at home?"

"I told Wulfric I had money, but I did not specify how I came by it. I dare say he thinks I stole it, and am now flying from the pursuit of justice," and Gerald laughed gaily, Juliet joining.

"Wulfric is no judge of art, and Barbara's opinions no doubt influence him. Barbara never understood you. How small she will feel when this all comes out."

Gerald began to feel a little small himself, and attempted to change the conversation.

"Never mind, Barbara; she means well, and so does old Wulf. I suppose they can't help being rather obstinate and unreasonable. Look here, Juliet, you'll always stand my friend, won't you? I dare say you will hear some hard things of me when you go back; but I should like to feel that I had a friend in you."

He spoke with more earnestness and feeling than was usual with him, and Juliet, herself somewhat lonely and unhappy, was touched by it.

"Indeed Gerald, I will," she answered. "You have always been my friend; when I was unhappy and other people laughed, you understood and stood up for me. We have the same ideas of life. We cannot be content to rust out our existence in a narrow, petty little village. Oh, yes, Gerald, I will always stand up for you. I will fight your battle when you are not there to fight it for yourself."

He looked at her affectionately, and laid his hand upon hers.

"You are a good girl, Juliet. You are something like a friend."

Tears were very near Juliet's eyes, but she kept them back, and answered with assumed gaiety, "And we will show them that we are right after all, Gerald. People are very fond of talking as if it were very wicked to want one's own way, and to get it; but we will show their mistake and folly. You and I have each taken our own way to a certain extent, and we will prove to the world how well it will turn out!"

Gerald looked on his companion with a smile that was a little uncertain, comparing his own purposes with those of this girl beside him—this girl whose very garb bespoke that her vocation was to minister to the sick and suffering, and to give up her youthful pleasures, her time and strength, in a noble labour of love. Juliet might be headstrong and unwise in the way in which she set about her tasks, but surely she was more truly wise than he. At least she could ask a blessing upon her labours, but could he do the same?

Gerald was not wont to moralise thus, yet such thoughts as these struggled through his mind during Juliet's last speech, and gave him an uneasy twinge. He started up, determined to get rid of them as quickly as possible.

"Well, good-bye, Juliet; I was told not to stay long. I have a great deal to do and to think about. I am glad I have seen you. I shall always look back to it with pleasure, and I shall write sometimes to tell you how I get on. Think well of me, Juliet, always, wish me well, and remember me in your prayers. Good-bye,—next time we meet we ought to have a good deal to say to one another."

He spoke hastily, and was gone almost before the words had passed his lips; and Juliet with a softer and tenderer feeling at her heart, went back to her work in her ward.

So Gerald vanished from his home and from St. Hilda, and his mother wept for him, and laid the blame upon her other son, and pined for news that so seldom came, whilst doubt and trouble preyed upon her health.

Wulfric took her undeserved reproaches very quietly and patiently, and as time passed by he began to feel that his mother, despite her fretful words, leaned upon him and clung to him in an unconscious way that roused the love and tenderness within him to more active life.

Barbara sometimes noticed this too, and would speak of it with a happy light in her eyes, and Wulfric would flush with pleasure, and say in his deep, gentle voice—"Poor little mother!"

Barbara was very happy in those days, dull and monotonous as they appeared to outsiders. She had not struggled in vain during all these long months. She had not marked her progress day by day and hour by hour, yet when she looked back to the time succeeding her father's death, she could see how many victories had been won. She was never irritable now with the ailing mother, whose fretfulness had tried her so hardly once. She had drawn a little nearer the sister, who had once been such a stranger to her, and she had begun to realise that Celia too, had her own troubles, hopes and fears, little as she showed them; Barbara felt quite certain that the visible devotion of Mr. Leslie, the young clergyman, had touched her sister's heart, although she was struggling against its influence, in the deep-seated desire to "make a good match," and marry a rich man.

There was no doubt about Hector Thompson's admiration for Celia; but Barbara had never liked him, and since his influence had led Gerald to leave home for months together, and ignore all his mother's piteous appeals to return, even Celia had seemed displeased, and had looked grave and abstracted when his name was mentioned. Yet Celia was weak, as her sister well knew, and she feared for the effect of any personal influence that might be brought to bear upon her, and Hector's sisters always treated her almost as if she were one of themselves.

Fergus Thompson was a constant visitor during this time, when so much anxiety was being ex-

perienced about Gerald. It almost seemed as if he tried to take the place of the absent son and brother; and the keen sense of regret—almost of shame—that he felt with regard to Hector's conduct proved very plainly how little he thought his brother was to be trusted.

Barbara learned more from him of the dangers to which Gerald was likely to be exposed, than she did from any other source. It was a relief to both to talk freely on a subject that was shunned in ordinary conversation; and as Fergus and Barbara had known each other from childhood, it was the easier for them to speak freely of those so nearly related to them.

Fergus, too, began to talk to Barbara of his own plans and prospects. He was getting on well, he said, and this report was confirmed by others, who spoke of the young engineer as a man likely to rise in his profession.

And very gradually Barbara began to understand the drift of these confidences, and to know that a new element was stealing into her life and sweetening it in a wonderful and inexplicable way

She did not let herself give too much prominence to this new sense of happiness. She took it humbly, gratefully, without questioning too closely its nature, and she busied herself about her work as earnestly as ever, and was glad to think that Fergus took so much interest in it, and always spoke with kindly sympathy of the poor and needy, whose wants she tried to relieve.

And Fergus would talk to her softly, sometimes of the mother he had lost, whose teaching he had never forgotten, and Barbara knew, by the way he spoke of that and of her, that he at least would understand her aspirations, and help, not hinder, her in the path she fain would tread. This conviction brought with it an added sense of happiness.

So days and weeks slipped by. October had come and had almost gone when the news came that Hector and Gerald had reached London, and the former was very anxious for his father to fulfil a half-formed promise of taking a house there for some six or nine months and letting the girls see something of life.

Of course Georgina and Harriet were enchanted at the prospect, and Mr. Thomspon, who was a good-natured, easy going man, was not proof against the pressure brought to bear upon him on all sides. He rather liked the sense of importance that would be conferred upon him by a residence in the metropolis, and Hector was instructed to look out for a suitable house in a convenient and central locality.

Barbara felt relieved when she heard of this plan. She thought that Gerald would have had a kind of home at the house of these friends, even if he did not live beneath their roof; and she hoped that their presence so near would stimulate him to work, and so justify the promise of future greatness which they had one and all accorded to him.

Fergus however did not evince any enthusiasm over the plan, and he sought occasion to speak to Wulfric in private.

"I hear," he said "that your sister Celia is to be asked to join the party and spend a good deal of time in town. If you take my advice you will not let her go."

Wulfric looked up quickly.

"Why not?"

"I suppose you know that my brother Hector admires her very much, and my family are anxious to forward the marriage, as they have an idea that it would 'steady him.' For my part I have no faith in the steadying process built on no more secure foundation than that; and though he is my brother, I must frankly say that I believe his wife would be a very unhappy and neglected woman,"

Wulfric drew his brows together as he had a way of doing when perplexed.

"You are frank with me, and I will be the same with you. You know almost more of my sisters than I do myself. Do you think Celia would be in any danger? Do you think she cares for him?"

"I do not think her heart is touched in the least: but she is easily worked upon, and—pardon my saying it—she is susceptible to admiration and flattery. I believe if she were to pay this visit, she would engage herself without much serious consideration, that is what my sisters reckon upon, I fear."

Wulfric looked serious. He was very much of the same mind himself.

"I am much obliged to you for putting me on my guard," he said. "I will take care that Celia does not go."

"You will do wisely," answered Fergus. "Hector is not the man to make a good husband. Sometimes I have very grave fears what will become of him."

Wulfric knew something of those fears himself; he said nothing more, however, and Fergus shook him by the hand and departed.

Two days later, when he entered the drawing-room late on in the evening, he was aware of an unusual flutter and excitement in the manner of his mother and sisters. Celia was flushed, and looked unusually lovely. Mrs. Meynal was tremulous and a little agitated, and Barbara looked perplexed and excited.

"How late you are, Wulfric!" exclaimed his mother, "you are always so late when we want you especially."

"I have been very busy all day, mother," he answered gently. "Well, what is this important matter under discussion?"

"Celia is going to London with the Thompsons next week. She will see Gerald—it is such a relief to me. I wish they were going at once. She must have some money, Wulfric. I want you to write a cheque for £50, she will want a great many new things before she goes."

Wulfric sat quite still for a few minutes gazing in the fire. Barbara looked at him keenly, but nobody else understood the reason of his silence.

"You don't congratulate me, Wulf," said Celia, playfully, she was in unusually high spirits tonight. "You don't say what a fortunate girl you think me for having the chance given me of a long visit to London."

Wulfric got up and stood with his back to the fire, there was something in his look and his gesture that aroused the attention of the onlookers.

"Celia," he said, "I don't like to disappoint you, but I cannot sanction this journey to London."

A quick flush rose in Celia's cheek; for a moment she looked curiously like Gerald.

"Then I must go without your sanction," she answered with a slightly scornful inflexion in her tone.

"Pardon me for contradicting you, Celia, but I must tell you plainly that this visit is not to be paid."

She drew herself up haughtily.

"And pray, by what right do you lay down the law to me like this?"

"I have no wish to lay down the law, I would much rather persuade you, if it were possible."

"I am afraid your powers are unequal to the task; I mean to go, and I defy you to show me a single good reason why I should not do so."

"I can show you a good many, Celia. In the first place, these friends of yours intend to lead a life of continual gaiety and dissipation, and as our father has not been dead more than six months, it would be unseemly for you to share in these pleasures, and you would hardly care to be excluded——"

"Nobody in town would know," interrupted Celia quickly.

"You would know yourself," returned Wulfric with rather cutting emphasis, and with a gleam in his eye that Barbara felt she should hardly care to encounter, and then passing on quickly to the next point, he added very gravely: "It is due to the direct influence of Hector Thompson that Gerald has become what, I fear, he now is. It is unseemly and indeed intolerable that you should go about with a family, in terms of close intimacy, to one member of which we owe a debt of that kind. I cannot and I will not sanction your meeting young Thompson as a guest beneath his father's roof."

Mrs. Meynal was dissolved in tears, and sobbed without any attempt to speak. Barbara felt a great respect and admiration for her brother, whilst Celia looked a little pale as she drew herself haughtily up.

"And suppose I go in spite of you?"

"You cannot do that," he answered coolly, "for I have the purse strings."

"You are ungenerous!" she flashed out hotly.

"I am not so willingly; but upon this point you will find me inflexible."

He waited to hear if she had anything more to say, and as she remained mute and indignant, he turned to quit the room.

"You have my ultimatum," he said quietly. "If I can make up to you in any other way for the disappointment, I shall be very glad to do so," and then he quitted the room without waiting for a reply.

Too Tired to Talk.

DEAR LORD, they say I'm laid aside
Great things for Thee to do,
By spending hours before Thy throne
In fervent prayer, and true.

They tell me that my work is now
For those to intercede
Who, busied in Thy harvest field,
Have many a pressing need.

They speak to me of wrestling prayer;
I tremble with dismay;
I am so weary and so weak,
I seldom seem to pray.

But like a wearied child I feel
Upon his mother's breast—
Too tired to talk, who only cares
To lie quite still and rest.

Who looks up sometimes with a smile
To meet that mother's eye,
And knows she tells his every want
With ready sympathy.

And sometimes few and broken words
Are murmured soft and low,
That others might not understand,
But mothers read and know.

Some words about his joy or grief,
About his work or play—
Some simple words of love to her
That only children say.

And she is satisfied, because
He lies upon her breast—
She knows he is too tired to talk,
And only wants to rest.

Her joy, her bliss, is just in this,
That he takes shelter there,
And seeks no other resting-place
Beside his mother's care.

Dear Lord, and am I wrong to talk
Like this to Thee to-day?
Far tenderer than a mother's words
The words that Thou dost say.

More sweet Thy smile than e'en the smile
Upon a mother's face,
And softer than a mother's arms
Is this my resting-place.

And Thy great love has made me bold
To be a child with Thee—
A tired child that lies at rest
Whilst Thou wilt talk to me.

H. E. W.

THE DUTCH ORPHANAGE AT' NEERBOSCH.

A WORK OF FAITH AND LOVE.

HOLLAND has long been celebrated for its benevolent and philanthropic institutions. Nearly every town of any importance throughout the little kingdom contains its home for old men or old women, its orphanage, its institution for the blind, or its beggar colony. Walking along the quiet old-fashioned streets, like those which abound in Hoorn, Enkhuisen, or any of the "dead cities" of the Zuyder Zee, the curious gabled houses, the tall church spires with their carillons, the ornate town halls, the irregular market places, enable the traveller in imagination to recall something of the old sixteenth century life. Glancing in through an open doorway he will see that the long hall, running quite through the large but unpretending house, is paved and lined with Carrara marble, and thus, in an instant, the thought is carried back to the time when the Dutch Republic "ruled the waves." The façades of many of the houses are elaborately carved and decorated; and in many cases the decorative group that most readily attracts the eye is one showing that it adorns the refuge for the respectable and aged poor, or for the lonely and helpless orphan. Among the many interesting and abiding impressions produced by a journey through Holland, none is more constantly deepened than this—that the people of Holland recognise fully the claims of the afflicted and needy, and do much in the way of meeting these responsibilities.

The purpose of this paper is to describe one of the most modern and most successful of Dutch orphanages. By interesting the reader the object of the paper will be only partially secured; it seeks also to produce a clear conviction that the work is eminently the outcome of faith and love, that its success is a striking instance of answer to prayer, and that its beneficial and blessed results defy all attempts at accurate measurement.

Among the most picturesque towns in Holland, and one of the richest in historical associations, is Nymegen, situated along a steep ridge upon the left bank of the Waal. Any one standing in the grounds of the Valkenhof, where to this day are to be seen some scanty remains of Charlemagne's church, looks over a beautiful landscape and sees spread out before him the famous island now known as Betuwe or "good meadow," formerly familiar to Julius Cæsar as the home of the Batavian legions. Nymegen was a favourite residence of the Carlovingian emperors. Strong by natural situation, and strongly fortified, it has stood many a siege and has been often taken and retaken. But in the last few years the land formerly covered by its massive fortifications, has been laid out as public gardens and promenades, and as sites for streets of comfortable modern villas.

The irregularly-shaped market place with its fine old church spire and its curiously decorated Weigh House, dating from the early part of the seventeenth century, occupies a central site upon the top of the ridge on which the city stands. From one side of the market-place the ground slopes abruptly to the river, and is covered by a number of narrow, winding, unprepossessing streets. One of the dingiest of these is called Brouwerstraat. In this street twenty-four years ago stood a large roomy house, silent and unoccupied, enjoying the reputation of being haunted. Mr. Van t' Lindenhout, an evangelist and colporteur, during his journeyings through Holland had been painfully impressed by the sight of the sufferings of many orphans whom none of the existing organisations seemed able to reach, and the desire to do something for them gradually passed into resolution and action. He saw this old haunted house; he took it entirely by faith and in reliance upon God's help; he determined to fill its empty rooms and replace its imaginary occupants, by very real and very needy Dutch boys and girls. On November 1st, 1863, two orphans entered into possession. Mr. Van t' Lindenhout had none of this world's goods, and, judged by common-sense worldly principles, the enterprise was quixotic and predoomed to failure. But he was strong in his trust, in his love and sympathy for the helpless, and in his conviction that God would make the work His own. The discouragements at starting were neither few nor small. In August, 1863, all preparations for the first two orphans had been made, a few friends had assembled to welcome them on their arrival. The time came, but instead of the children the following letter reached the expectant benefactor: "Sir,—Having learnt from reliable authority that you lack funds to support the children sent to you, and that your work is upheld by no rich and influential person, I prefer to leave the children with the peasants who are taking care of them for a small remuneration. If they must suffer misery—and this will without doubt be the case if they come to you—they had better remain where they are."

Such was the first response to Mr. Van t' Lindenhout's benevolent efforts. Such was the way in which irreligious prudence judged his labour. Still he resolved the work should begin, and a few weeks later, two children, a boy and a girl, came under his loving care, and by July, 1864, eighteen very real children, especially in the way of requiring food, clothing and training, had banished the ghosts from the old house, and no less than 120*l.* had been contributed for their support.

Although the way was sometimes rough, and faith was sorely tried, the work has gone steadily onwards since that day. Mr. Van t' Lindenhout has known what it is to have many depending upon him and to be to all appearance, entirely

at the end of his resources. On May 7th, 1864, he writes: "We were so short of money that we had nothing wherewith to pay a debt of twenty-one shillings; nevertheless the debt had to be paid that day. All day long we besought the Lord to help us, feeling sure that He would show favour to us. And towards evening we received by post an anonymous gift of fifty shillings."

Nevertheless, so steady was the progress that in four years the number of orphans increased to sixty-five, and the old house in Brouwerstraat was filled to overflowing. It became evident that the place was too strait for the work, and ardent prayers were offered that God would indicate the way in which the enterprise could be enlarged. Attempts had been made to collect money for a new home, but only about 16*l.* had been received. In 1866 Mr. Van t' Lindenhout received a letter from a friend stating that he and his brothers and sisters intended buying a farm at a village called Neerbosch, about three miles from Nymegen, and that if they succeeded in purchasing it they had promised before the Lord to give part of the land for the use of the orphans. The purchase was made and the land given. Mr. Van t' Lindenhout's heart was further cheered by gifts of money amounting to 80*l.* and it was resolved to begin at once the erection of suitable premises. This resolution was met with the usual comments from candid friends. He was told the house would never be built. People walked out to see whether operations had actually commenced. Many were the prophecies of failure. But the work went forward, never very fast, and sometimes the hearts of those at its head were heavy with care, but it went steadily forward to completion. Gifts of tiles, of furniture, of money, came to hand, and at length on May 6th, 1867, a house capable of receiving thirty-four orphan girls was opened.

So that in 1867, the work begun with two poor children in 1863, had increased until sixty-five were cared for in the old house and thirty-four at Neerbosch.

Let us now see to what this small beginning had increased in 1886.

In the summer of 1886, that is seventeen years after the first building was opened at Neerbosch, it was the writer's good fortune to visit the orphanage in the company of a Dutch pastor who has for many years been one of the warmest friends of the institution. It was a beautiful July day, and as we drove out of Nymegen, we caught glimpses of the Rhine spanned by the great railway bridge, and we looked out from time to time over a wide expanse of fertile country. The winding road passed by many trim villas, where bright shining windows, spotlessly clean appearance and well-kept gardens, spoke of abundance, comfort and refinement. At length, leaving the main road, we passed along a narrow country lane, flanked on either side by flat fertile fields. Unlike many parts of Holland, there is in this district an abundance of wood, and the foliage looked very pleasant in the full light of the summer sun. The carriage stopped at last near the door of a quiet unpretending house, which turned out to be the home of Mr. Van t' Lindenhout, the founder and director of the orphanage. Large in build, with a kindly face and pleasant smile, he strikes a stranger at once as a man of heart, and one has only to see him among the children to recognise instantly that those shrewd judges of character regard him as a loving friend.

In a few minutes we set out upon our tour of inspection. The thirty-four orphans of 1867, had increased in 1886 to over eight hundred, and the one small house into the colony of buildings which now cover a large area. As the children come very young, and not unfrequently even when they are babies, and as they stay until as young men and women they are ready to enter upon the battle of life, and as each boy and girl is taught some trade or occupation by which they can support themselves, a great variety of buildings is required. We began by visiting the workshops. We first entered a printing establishment and saw all the processes of a large printing business going energetically forward. Here various kinds of work are undertaken, and they have even successfully printed a Sanscrit New Testament. The foremen and leading workmen in all the shops in nearly every case had entered the place as helpless orphans, and hence they have a fellow-feeling and true sympathy for the boys and girls, who come under their training. We passed on to the bookbinders' building, and then to watch the processes of an employment that appears strange to an English eye, the manufacture of *sabots* that is the cutting of blocks of wood into wooden shoes, which, if they cannot be described as elegant, are most certainly useful. More than 5,000 pairs are turned out annually. We looked in upon the young cabinet makers and carpenters and blacksmiths; upon the tailors busily making the orphans' clothing; upon the laundry where bright rosy-cheeked girls were washing and ironing the vast quantities of garments forming the weekly wash of the institution; and then we looked over the large farm with its barns and sheds and dairies.

The girls for the most part are trained as domestic servants, and before they leave they have a thorough knowledge of the different parts of household work. The boys are allowed to select their own trade, and in those cases only where the boy cannot make up his mind does the director decide for him. Not only do the orphans thus learn useful trades and become fitted to take their place in life as good citizens, but their labour, while at Neerbosch, in addition to supplying all the requirements of the institution, is a source of considerable revenue.

Side by side with the work education is going on. Most of those in the workshops pass part of the day in school, and hundreds of the children are wholly occupied with lessons. So, after looking at the work departments, we made a round of the school-room. We visited first the nursery and saw several babies flourishing under the care of nurses trained in the orphanage. It was pleasant also to see four or five white-headed plump youngsters, three or four years old

come running up to Mr. Van t' Lindenhout as to an old friend. In turn, we saw the junior schoolroom. There were many of them, and were all bright, airy, and very well appointed. It was a pleasure indeed to look upon row after row of rosy, healthy-looking faces. In fact it must be hard for children to get ill at Neerbosch, and one felt that it was not wholly a misfortune to be left an orphan when it lead to an entrance into and a claim upon such a home. Compared with the lives of multitudes of the poor, who live with their parents, both in Holland and England, these children were in luxury. Not that there are any signs of luxury and indulgence about the various buildings and schools. Everything is as plain as it well can be. There is nothing to pamper the children; but on the other hand all things seem adapted to meet the wants of healthy childhood and to develope the education, self-control and fitness for the duties and responsibilities of life.

At a sign from the teacher in one or two of the rooms the children rose and sang some hymns and national airs and recited. As this took place in the Dutch language the enjoyment to an English visitor consisted in watching the bright faces, noting the careful drill and accurate combined execution, and marvelling that a language which looks in its printed form so repulsively unharmonious could ever be made, even by children voices, to sound so pleasant.

A visit to the dormitories showed us room after room full of tiny cots, all spotlessly clean and airy and comfortable. Land being plentiful there has been no effort to erect large and imposing buildings. Instead of one or two huge erections, there is a large number of two-storied buildings, schoolrooms on the ground-floor and dormitories above.

In one part of the establishment there is a fine large wooden church, built and finished entirely by the orphans. It will seat more than one thousand persons. While inspecting this, a portion of the choir entered and sang sweetly some of the hymns used in their ordinary services.

Wandering from farm to laundry, from workshop to schoolroom, from the large and handsome church to the unpretending home of the director, almost losing oneself in the variety and number of the buildings, it was hard to realise that only twenty years ago this was open fields, yielding little, if anything, to the culture of man. Now the whole establishment stands as evidence of what, under the blessing of God, may be done on behalf of the needy and helpless by the faith and zeal and enthusiasm of one devoted Christian man. It is true that he has had helpers and sympathisers and fellow-workers. Circles of friends hold working meetings on behalf of the orphans in all parts of Holland. Places as remote as the islands of Marken and Urk do their share. In 1886 Mr. Van t' Lindenhout visited America to stir up among the many Dutch emigrants in the United States interest in, and sympathy and aid for his work. But, making all allowances for the support thus given, one cannot but feel in the presence of the founder and director that it has been all largely the work of his heart, and

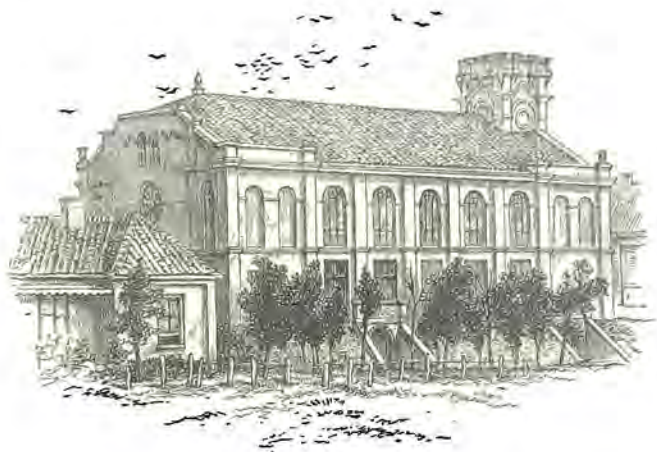
THE ORPHANAGE AT NEERBOSCH.

that the children judge by a true instinct when they show by their manner that they look upon him more as a father than as a master.

Ties are kept up as far as possible with those who go out from the institution. If misfortune, or illness, or any of the chances of life throw any boy or girl who has once belonged to Neerbosch upon the uncertain mercies of the world, there is always a welcome, and such help as they may need waiting for them at the old home.

And the work is still going forward. A letter received only a few days ago tells of new extensions, and of projected building that will permit of raising the number to nine hundred. Any one who may be inclined to think that practical Christianity is losing its power would do well to visit Neerbosch; remembering also, that successful as the work is, it is after all only one out of the myriad enterprises which the Christianity of Europe is carrying on for the help of the suffering and friendless. Such a visit should tend to remove doubts, to strengthen faith, and to quicken a desire to take part in works that bear such fruit.

R. LOVETT.



THE ORPHANAGE CHURCH.

HOSPITALS AND HOSPITAL WORK.

BY MRS. BREWER.

CHAPTER II.—I GAIN EXPERIENCE AND A FRIEND.

ON seeing the house surgeon a couple of days later, he thanked me for my care of the poor weaver, and said if I still wished to help he had a peculiar case which required gentle, observant nursing, one which puzzled and interested the whole hospital staff, and he and the physician must have some one on whom they could strictly rely.

So, once again, I found myself by his side, accompanied by my friend the physician and two or three of the young doctors. We made our way to the woman's side of the hospital this time, and to Ward No. 6, which I learned was an extra one.

At the door we encountered the matron, a sour-looking little woman of about forty-two years of age, with some pretensions to good looks; she had large blue eyes tinged with yellow, thin lips with a malicious smile playing about them. She took no notice of me; nor, indeed, of any of our little group, except one tall, good-looking intelligent young doctor. To him she extended her thin dry fingers, and said in sharp discordant tones: "The girl is too sickly to be beautiful. Some people are fond of making a fuss." The young doctor remained to explain while we went into the ward.

I soon singled out the object of the matron's remark.

At a glance I saw that she was very beautiful, I could not have told you why, had you asked me at the time; indeed, there was no need to scan the features—the conviction was arrived at before you had time to do so. The eyes were without doubt the most conspicuous beauty, they had depth, softness and brilliancy. Her hair was of bright dark chestnut colour, with the glossiness so remarkable in that fatal disease, consumption. The forehead was transparently white and broad. An admirer of more beauty in a woman might

have said that the forehead was too intellectual, and the mouth too small. The beautifully shaped nose, the thin curved nostrils moving with every difficult respiration, and the varied expression with each passing emotion showed that there was no lack of sensibility.

Alas! the bright red tinge of the cheek and lips, the unearthly fairness of the complexion, only showed, I thought, how delicately Death was adorning its bride.

She was sitting propped up in bed, reading out of one of the hospital New Testaments. As she put it down, I saw that she had been reading out of the 15th chapter of St. Luke. What, I asked myself, can this young gentle stricken creature have to do with the erring sheep, the lost drachm, or the returning prodigal?

As the physician felt her pulse we noticed that he seemed greatly moved; and, in the silence, one of the pupils, a silly, reckless sort of youth, whispered in the house surgeon's ear, but so loud as to be distinctly heard, "The Doctor says it is confirmed consumption." A scowl from the doctor somewhat disconcerted him, but the effect of his folly upon the patient was most distressing—her lips and cheeks blanched instantly, and her head sank back upon the pillow. At this moment she put out her hand for her handkerchief, the only article of dress or belonging in which she differed from the other patients in the ward—its quality, texture, and colour were excellent. In her distress it had fallen to the floor. I stooped quietly, picked it up and put it into her hand.

A slight colour came into her cheek, and she bowed as I did so. Instantly blood from the mouth stained the thin cambric and she fainted.

After a few restoratives were resorted to she recovered. We left her under the care of the regular hospital nurse, and all moved out of the ward, I among them, to receive my directions, which were few and simple. She was to be kept as quiet and unexcited as possible, and to have nourishment often, and as there were no surgical cases in the ward, no one would enter without permission from the physician or house surgeon.

I returned to my place beside the sick girl's bed. She was quiet and apparently restful, and I sank into a fit of musing. Whence and who is she? Of gentle birth, I feel sure. But why in a public hospital? At this moment the young doctor who had been delayed by the matron was about to enter the ward when I went towards him quietly, and told him of the physician's and house surgeon's orders. As he was going out I said, "Is it really consumption?"

"I should say galloping," was the answer.

"But it is possible to cure consumption, is it not?"

"I have heard so a thousand times, but when the cures came to be investigated, there was always a loose point somewhere," he said sorrowfully.

"Will she die?" I whispered.

"I should say emphatically *Yes*. Everything worth living for dies," he said in a dreamy way, "but she is in good hands, and has a gentle nurse, so be hopeful."

My watch went on for a day or two without anything to mark it but the visits of the doctors. My charge wrote a little and slept a little, and you may be sure I strictly obeyed every direction.

One afternoon I left her in the care of an old nurse to get a little fresh air, and entering the hospital about five, I went to the matron's room to get a cup of tea before returning to my duties. I found the house surgeon and the matron already there, and I was struck with the excitement which lighted up the sallow face of the woman. At length she said: "What a ridiculous story about that girl in the extra ward!"

"What story?" asked the house surgeon.

"Her wonderful beauty, and—being quite of gentle blood—and our nurses not being good enough for her."

"Who says that, Miss Gage?" asked the doctor quietly.

"Why, of course, all the students are talking of it, and think it a shame that you and the Doctor have kept them out of the ward, but they will manage to get in somehow, and quite right too."

I was drinking my tea when the house surgeon echoed my thoughts, saying in a far-off sort of way, "Who is this girl? Where does she come from? And what is her name, and how came the Doctor to bring her in here."

"Who can tell?" retorted the matron. "I have been there to try and find out, but the artful thing (emphasising the term with a toss of her head) pretends she never asked to be brought here, and requested to be left in quiet or to be sent out."

I did not wait to hear more, but rose and left the room, and went straight to the ward, where I found the sick girl distressingly roused and sitting up in bed with flushed cheek and anxious eyes.

"Has Miss Gage been here, nurse?" I asked as calmly as I could. "Answer me, if you please." The answer was simply, "Yes."

"You have broken your trust," I said to the nurse. "I shall report you to the Doctor."

The sick girl would have spoken to me, but I remarked, "Do not trouble to explain; the intrusion was out of all order, and you are absolutely free from all responsibility to answer impertinent questions put by any one; your only duty is to get well as quickly as you can."

By this time the house surgeon had arrived, and putting his finger on her pulse, became aware that no time was to be lost. I gave the made-up preparation at once, and waited silently for results. As the quieted pulse restored the placidity of the girl's manner, I noted for the first time a smile flit across the face, and the eyes lost their dangerous brightness. As the house surgeon left me, he said, "Have no anxiety. I will take steps to secure your ward from all interruption; but, pray keep the matron's affair from the Doctor."

"I cannot promise this," was my reply

I took up my watch, waiting patiently until the physician's evening visit. He seemed to have been very angry downstairs, and on asking for the matron, heard she had gone into the town.

It was well for her she had, I thought. He came into the ward, where he found my charge sleeping tranquilly, and the air of quiet which pervaded the ward acted soothingly on him. He looked at her long and searchingly, and said, "Be on the watch, and as soon as she wakes she must have nourishment." I walked with him to the end of the ward, when he paused, saying: "The face of that child haunts me, and brings back so vividly to my mind memories of my early years; I cannot help thinking I knew her mother. Has she told you her name?"

"No," I answered, "but she gave her name to the matron as Mary Cummins, I think."

"That does not help me," was his answer, "neither do I believe it to be her name."

"How did she come here, Doctor?" I asked.

"I found her senseless, bleeding and wet through on the road-side when making my rounds, and brought her in here."

I went back to my watch. The next day was Sunday—Easter Day. The bells of the neighbouring churches were calling the scattered worshippers for prayer and praise for the third time. A solemn, mysterious calm seemed to pervade the ward, and my heart and soul went up in earnest prayer for the beautiful girl given into my care.

The only interruption was the opening of the door by the young doctor who had been detained by the matron on my first day of nursing; twilight was just deepening into gloom, yet I saw that he beckoned me and that he had a letter in his hand. I went noiselessly towards him. "The postman," he said, "brought this letter last evening, but was told that no person of the name of Mary F. Cummins was in the hospital. He brought it again just now when I happened to be in the way, and it struck me it might be for your beautiful charge; so I undertook to give it to you, and if it should be a mistake, to return it to him on the morrow. It was good of the old postman, who said, 'I thought I'd make another try, 'cos some o' them poor things sets a great store by a letter.'"

I thanked the young doctor and took the letter, and it flashed across my mind instantly that it could be for none other than my charge; the shape, style, seal, writing and appearance confirming my suspicion that she was the only person in the hospital to whom such a letter could belong; beside, at one corner—although almost illegible—was written "Ward No. 6."

You can hardly believe what strange emotions I experienced as I returned noiselessly to my post. The room was nearly dark, except for a couple of rushlights on the table by the fireplace which threw their feeble rays in definite lines across the middle of the ward. An assistant nurse was sitting near the lights with closed eyes and depressed head. All the curtains of the beds were drawn close round the feet; and from the peculiar quiet which reigned the ward seemed asleep.

I bent down by the bed of the girl, and said, "Do I disturb you?"

"No!" was her reply. "I am too restless to sleep."

"I have a letter, which from its appearance I think must belong to you—it is addressed to Mary F. Cummins."

"It is for me. Thank you," said the excited girl in tremulous tones. She broke the seal, and I went to the table for a candle. I placed it by her side, and was about to move away, when she said: "Oh, pray tell me, do the doctors think my case hopeless? Is there any chance of my recovery? Is this death-like languor the beginning of the end?"

I made an uneasy movement, for this was so unexpected.

"Oh, do not deceive me; pray do not. That which I value more than life will be lost, if I die without an opportunity of explanation."

She paused, looking searchingly into my face.

For some moments I could not utter a syllable.

At length, with choking utterance, I said, "You must see how little I know of these things; I am only nursing you because I want to comfort myself."

"Oh, you are too kind-hearted to deceive me, except under the delusion that it is for my good. Yet, I assure you, you will do me a great injury if you conceal the truth from me. I see that the Doctor speaks freely to you, and therefore you must know his mind."

"Indeed, indeed, I would gladly be of real service to you. I know you are very ill, but I believe you to be much better than when you came here. Doctor —— has never told me his opinion. I have great hopes that you will get better, but every time you get excited you lose a chance."

There was a longish pause; then she said in a tone of deep anguish: "Ah, no! I shall not get better. My father repulses me with scorn. I shall die here with a blot on my name and dishonour on my guiltless head." She hid her face in her hands.

"I will do anything I can, if you will show me how I can serve you. You need not distrust me, because I am young and a stranger," I rejoined, almost beside myself with wretchedness.

She turned her eyes languidly upon me and said, "You have been very kind to one in need, and without earthly helper." She laid her cold hand on mine as I sat there choked with emotion. I felt it begin to tremble and to grow even colder.

At length in a feeble tone she said, "I wrote to my father to come and see me here. I had no strength to write an account of my leaving home. He has construed my silence into an acknowledgment of guilt, and with much bitterness he refuses to see me."

She wept, and feeling about the pillow produced a packet, and then resumed, "Since I have been here I have written my narrative. It is complete, except the circumstances attending my being found and brought in here, which I do not know. I am in perplexity. Would you undertake to learn for me my story and set my father right, when—when I am dead?"

"I will."

"In this soiled packet you will find my mother's diary—part of which only you will

have to wade through—and my history. If you do not weary of the task, I will, if spared, supply you with information, and show in what way you can serve a friendless and wretched girl."

I took her hand in mine. I kissed her and said I would be quite at her service to do whatever she required of me. I begged her to try and sleep while I looked over the packet. It contained a stained diary in a lady's handwriting, some letters in the poor sick girl's writing, the last being in pencil; a few notes in a gentleman's hand, two locks of hair, one nearly white, the other rich auburn; and several loose papers.

I felt puzzled about a beginning, but I did begin, and read through every line, sitting up long to do so.

Her own story was that her father, knowing her to love a good man, a clergyman, but very poor, was hurrying on her marriage with a man of wild and wicked character because he was very rich; that she loathed him, and the day before the marriage she had left home to wander, she knew not whither. All day she was without food, and as the night came on a fearful storm of rain, thunder and lightning overtook her, and in her terror she fell, and, as she thinks, fainted. She must have lain there some hours before kind Dr. —— found her and brought her to the hospital. Her father, she said, believed her to have left home under the protection of the clergyman, whom she had neither seen nor spoken to.

Days bring on results in county hospitals just as surely as in the policy of a nation.

The beautiful girl in No. 6 Ward took a favourable turn. If she had been a princess our physician and house surgeon could not have more rejoiced. I was permitted to mention a few facts to them both which enabled them to write to Lady C—— concerning her, and also proved the doctor to have been right when he thought he traced in her the features of a friend of his early days.

The result was that I accompanied my charge in the physician's own carriage some twenty miles distant to the house of this lady, who had been a dear friend of her mother's. I remained there a month, receiving every kindness and seeing my charge daily improving in health. We remained fast friends as long as she lived.

Things New and Old.

THE CONSTELLATIONS MENTIONED IN THE BIBLE.—References to the glorious spectacle exhibited by the host of twinkling luminaries which bespangle the nocturnal skies, and the soul-elevating lessons to be derived from their contemplation, are not infrequent in Holy Scripture. In particular, our readers will doubtless at once recall that beautiful expression in the last chapter of Daniel, applied to those who are privileged to become blessed instruments in God's hands of turning many to righteousness, in which it is said that they shall "shine as the stars for ever and ever."

Few, however, of the constellations, as the star-groups are usually called, are mentioned in the sacred volume. Indeed the only references to any of these are those contained in the Book of Job, and in that of the Prophet Amos. In the ninth chapter of the former, the ninth verse, the Authorised Version reads: "Which maketh Arcturus, Orion, and Pleiades, and the chambers of the south." Commentators have come to the conclusion that the word here translated Arcturus does not mean that or any other individual star, but the group called the Great Bear, which also goes commonly under the name of Charles's Wain or waggon. The original Hebrew word literally means bier or litter, and the four stars forming the body of the waggon or hindquarters of the imaginary bear were anciently frequently taken as representing a bier, and the three other stars which form the tail of the bear, or horses of the waggon, were conceived to suggest a train of mourners following the bier; this in fact is the true signification of the word rendered literally "sons" in the Authorised Version of Job xxxviii. 32. With regard to the other constellations mentioned in Job ix. 9, it is probable that they are correctly given in our version. The word translated Orion (which occurs again in Job xxxviii. 31, and in Amos v. 8) literally means fool. Now this large group of stars does suggest the idea of a warrior, and it is called in the oldest classical writers "the strength of Orion," i.e. the mighty Orion; the Hebrew word is probably connected with the idea of the foolishness of mortal strength if put in comparison with the almighty power of God. The signification of the Hebrew word rendered Pleiades in the Authorised Version of Job. ix. 9, is a cluster; in all probability it really does here mean the cluster of stars which we, after the Greek writers, call the Pleiades, although the Vulgate substituted the more diffused cluster known to us as the Hyades. It is the same word which in Amos v. 8, the Authorised Version renders the seven stars, but the Revised Version more consistently again calls Pleiades, intended doubtless by the other as being supposed to consist of seven stars. With regard to "Mazzaroth" in Job xxxviii. 32, it is a word adopted into Hebrew from Babylonian; it is the plural, and literally means "watches" or "stations," and there can be little doubt that it is here applied to the signs of the Zodiac (as it is explained in the margin of the Revised Version), as representing the successive stations or stages occupied by the moon during her monthly circuit through the sky.—*W. T. Lynn, B.A., F.R.A.S.*

COMING OF AGE.—"I hear that the Queen has written a letter to the Prince of Wales, announcing to him his emancipation from parental authority and control, and that it is one of the most admirable letters that ever were penned. She tells him that he may have thought the rule they adopted for his education a severe one, but that his welfare was their only object, and well knowing to what seductions of flattery he would eventually be exposed, they wished to prepare and strengthen his mind against them; that he was now to consider himself as his own master, and that they should never intrude any advice upon him, although always ready to give it him whenever he thought fit to seek it. It was a very long letter, all in that tone, and it seems to have made a profound impression on the Prince, and to have touched his feelings to the quick. He brought it to Gerald Wellesley in floods of tears, and the effect it produced is a proof of the wisdom which dictated its composition."—*The Greville Memoirs.*

THE LADY ELFRIDA.

CHAPTER V.

HOW long she fled at her utmost speed, grasping her child as if she thought that every instant it would be taken from her, Ruth Redwood could never afterwards exactly tell. She had a dim, yet strong idea that she was being pursued, or that at any moment some one might spring out in front of her and intercept her flight; and this notion urged her forward, making her hasten on without knowing what way she was taking. Her only distinct feeling was that she had a chance of escape from the danger which lately threatened her so closely and that she must make the most of this chance while it was within her reach. Each tree seemed to her a waiting man-at-arms, the wind was filled, for her ears, with threats of vengeance. Every minute as she fled, she glanced fearfully over her shoulder, thinking that she caught the sound of footsteps behind her.

At length she paused, stopped by sheer weariness and want of breath; the child was no very light weight, and she had been running lately up hill. Then, as she looked around, she found that she had taken the path which led from the castle up on to the moor. She breathed a word of thanksgiving when she became aware of this, for it was the safest direction in which she could have come; surely an angel must have been near leading her and the child. The moor was on the opposite side of the old house to that on which the soldiers had entered it, and its solitary heath would not be so likely, as any of the more low-lying ground, to be chosen for a station by other men-at-arms who possibly might be in the neighbourhood. Moreover, if they came in pursuit, they would not track and find her so easily here in the semi-darkness. They had after all no idea of who it was who had invented the plan of the illuminated castle to cover the Lady Elfrida's flight, and they would certainly not know, as they had caught no glimpse of her, for whom to search to receive the weight of their vengeance. If she could be well out of the near neighbourhood of the castle before daybreak, when, if they saw her, they would very likely lay hands upon her as the probable criminal, she and her child should have a considerable hope of safety, God favouring them, as He had surely in His mercy hitherto done.

As these thoughts went travelling through her mind, she took courage, and having strengthened herself again by a short prayer, and refreshed her mother's heart by opening the mantle which she had caught up as she fled through the rooms of the castle, and in which she had wrapped the child, and seeing that the little one slept as sweetly as if she were in her cradle with twenty watchers round her, she set about thinking in the quick, calm, resolute way peculiar to her in any trouble or anxiety, what she should do. She glanced back at the castle, the lights of which still illuminated the night like a huge chandelier, and which was very clearly visible from the high ground on which she stood. She gazed round her, but could discern nothing in the gloom save the heather stirred by the night wind. She raised her eyes towards the sky, and saw that it was overcast with heavy clouds, but that the moon managed to send forth a watery gleam which would be some guide to her steps. She would go forward across the moor at once, following, if possible, a horse-track which was very familiar to her, and would hope to reach, before dawn, the cottage of an old woman, who was of the reformed faith, and who, being bound to the Lady Elfrida by ties of gratitude for many benefits received from her, would willingly, she knew, take her, Ruth Redwood, under the shelter of her roof, and let her lie there concealed for a few days. When all danger of discovery was over she would endeavour to make her way to her husband and the Lady Elfrida wherever they might be; she had taken the precaution to hide some money about her person during the time that she was waiting in the castle to see the success of her plan, feeling it needful to be ready for anything which might happen. Thus she would be able to meet the expenses of a journey.

On went the brave young Christian mother through the night, speaking softly now and then to her child, as though the little sleeper could understand her words.

"The dear Lord who walked upon the waters, coming to His own to bring them peace and safety, is walking beside us now across the heath, darling," she would whisper. "We need not be afraid. He is everywhere with His servants, both on land and sea." Or it would be of her husband that she would murmur. "Think my sweeting," she would say, "it is you and I who, with God's help, have saved father's life; you and I that he used to call his two jewels that he must guard with such dainty care. Aye, he will find out now, won't he, that his jewels are good for something else besides lying sparkling in a case."

Then, when she began to grow somewhat weary, as was but natural, what with the length of the way, and what with all the anxious care and watching of that night, she would revive her fainting courage with the verse of a hymn or with some sweet text, which was sure to come just as she wanted it, the very right one to suit her wants and circumstances.

"The King sends down His angels to bring us the gracious words exactly at the right moment, my blossom," she said, "it is the manna He gives us for the way."

She was out in the middle of the moor by this time, and was managing to keep the horse-track with tolerable accuracy as far as she could tell in the uncertain light. It was strangely lonely and desolate all around her; she could see nothing save the wide expanse of the heath, stretching round her in what seemed immeasurable expanse. Now and then there was a little silver glimmer among the heather, showing where a stream had its birth, or where there was a patch of moist, boggy ground, for the moonlight twinkled faintly on the water. Once she caught sight of shadowy forms in the distance and started for a moment; but quickly she knew that it was only a herd of red deer feeding quietly. She had been used from childhood to the frequent sight of them, for then, as now, they abounded in Exmoor and its neighbourhood. The only sounds which met her ear were her own footsteps passing through the long heather, and the wail of the wind as it swept ceaselessly past her.

She shuddered a little at the utter loneliness of her situation: suppose she should faint by the way, suppose she should lose all knowledge of where she was. Then she said to herself, and took heart as she said it: "God is all the nearer for man being far away."

Onward, still onward over the dreary heath, through the

chill wind, through the night; onward, still onward, with faith and hope for her companions, with her child sleeping on her heart. Old memories came thronging round her with strange distinctness, as though to brighten with familiar faces and scenes the unfamiliar position in which she now was. There came pictures of her early childhood, when she sat on her father's knee in the castle library, and he told her sweet Bible stories; there came pictures from her girlhood, when Harry wooed her.

"Perhaps the Master sends the blessed spirits of my parents to bring me such images to cheer me," she said, and went on with a lighter, swifter step.

Wrapped about with thoughts and fancies like these, and very intent, as she was, on making her way onward, she did not at first notice that the night was growing much darker. Thicker and thicker banks of cloud had been gathering together, and spreading themselves over the sky, so that the moon, which hitherto, being at full, had been able to make something of a fight against the gloom and storm which had been threatening ever since sunset, was entirely obscured. The wind had risen, and was hurrying now over the moor in wild, angry gusts. A little rabbit went scurrying by, as if it had a dim instinct that bad weather was at hand, and wanted to reach a place of shelter in its burrow. A black-cock, one of the aristocracy of these western moorlands, soared up from his covert in the heather, startled by her tread, and darted off with a short, shrill cry, as though prescient of evil to come. A little way off to the right, there was a mass of white vaguely standing out amid the shadows, and Ruth, as she gazed at it, knew that it was a flock of the moorland sheep huddling together that they might the better withstand the shock of the wind,

"The Father, who counts the sparrows, is letting all His creatures know that a storm is coming," thought Ruth uneasily. "I must press forward, though to say the truth I am weary. It can't be so very much further to the cottage now."

So thinking, and soothing softly the child, who just then woke with a little moan as though she too were troubled by some inner warning of harm, she hastened onward speeding her steps which were beginning to flag; but before she had gone much further the storm burst full upon her, burst with a wild shriek of wind, with a fierce gust of rain and sleet, with a tumult in the air which whirled and raged around, lashing the heather till the dry stalks struck together with a dreary rustle, shaking the furze bushes around till they groaned in every twig like living things, until the lonely moor was all ringing and sobbing with a vast sullen roar.

Ruth Redwood sent up a great cry for help, and then strove to keep still in the track, which hitherto she had been following; she was no delicate, town-bred dame used to nothing but gilded halls and silken hangings. She had faced more than one storm upon the heather before, though in truth never under such circumstances as these. But brave and resolute though she was, the rain and sleet blinded her, the wind deafened her, the darkness enveloped her in its impenetrable curtain, she soon felt that she had lost irrecoverably the track, and was getting into soft, miry ground, which very likely might be the outskirts of one of those large dangerous bogs which are to be found at intervals in all parts of Exmoor.

She stood still, at first almost bewildered, almost ready to sink down then and there and give herself up as lost; quickly, however, her faith in God, her love of her child, came to her help.

"Master, Master, save us!" she murmured. "Let my little one live to praise and serve Thee for a while here below!"

Then again she strove to make her way forward; earthly hope seemed indeed hopeless, for she had entirely lost all idea of where she was; but the light of heavenly faith was with her still, shining amid the darkness and the storm round mother and child. She did not sink into any deep bog, but her situation grew each moment, she felt, more desperate. All at once she found that she was running up against something hard. Oh, joy! oh, wonder! it was a stone wall. She felt her way along it with her trembling hand, and at length reached an open door; she entered, and, with a low cry of thankfulness, sank down unconscious.

SCRIPTURE ENIGMA.

NO. X.

Who said "I know thy pride and haughty heart"?
Who from her daughter nought but death could part?
Who mighty Samson of his strength despoils?
The home of one whom Satan smote with boils?
Who did a band of Christians say was mad?
Whose heathen marriage made his father sad?
Who once unjust suspicion sorely felt?
A faithful martyr slain where Satan dwelt?
Before whose shrine did Naaman's master bow?
Whose son declared "Thy servant vowed a vow"?
Father of one who made two calves of gold?
The land where Joseph as a slave was sold?
Samaria's city close to Jacob's well?
What holy prophet did at Ramah dwell?

Now with these capitals a sentence spell,
Paul's charge to Timothy his son they tell,
Warning the youthful bishop he must fight
As a good soldier in his captain's sight.

L. T.

ANSWERS TO SCRIPTURE ENIGMAS.

NO. V.—p. 176.—CHILDREN.—Mark x. 13-16; Matt. xxi. 15, 16.

C-ain . . . . . Gen. iv. 1, 13-15.
H-erod . . . . . Matt. ii. 16.
I-saac . . . . . Gen. xviii. 2, 14.
L-ois . . . . . 2 Tim. i. 5.
D-avid . . . . . 2 Sam. xii. 23.
R-achel . . . . . Gen. xxx. 25; xli. 42, 43.
E-lisha . . . . . 2 Kings iv. 19, 20, 32-35.
N-azareth . . . . Luke ii. 39, 40, 51.

NO. VI.—p. 192.—BLESSED ARE THE MEEK.—Matt. v. 5.

B-ethel . . . . . 1 Kings xiii. 1-4.
L-ebanon . . . . . 1 Kings v. 6, 10.
E-mmaus . . . . . Luke xxiv. 13, 17.
S-inai . . . . . Exod. xxxiv. 28, 29.
S-ilas . . . . . Acts xvi. 25.
E-lkanah . . . . . 1 Sam. i. 1, 20; ix. 22; x. 1.
D-othan . . . . . 2 Kings vi. 17.
A-donijah . . . . . 1 Kings i. 5.
R-ahab . . . . . Joshua iii. 1, 21.
E-li . . . . . 1 Sam. iv. 16, 17.
T-arsus . . . . . Acts xxii. 3; ix. 17, 18.
H-oreb . . . . . Exod. iii. 1, 2.
E-phesus . . . . . Acts xix. 1, 27.
M-oses . . . . . Deut. xxxiv. 1.
E-liezer . . . . . Gen. xv. 2; xxiv. 2-4, 61.
E-lijah . . . . . 1 Kings xix. 2-4.
K-ish . . . . . 1 Sam. ix. 1, 2; xvi. 23.

ANSWER TO SCRIPTURE CHARACTER.

NO. II.—p. 206.—HEROD.

2. Acts xii. 2; 3. xii. 3; 4. xii. 19; 5. xii. 21; 6. xii. 23.

Monthly Religious Record.

THE "church parade" of the Socialists at St. Paul's Cathedral had features of more than passing interest. It was evidence to all the world, as its promoters intended it to be, of the growing urgency of social questions. It was, moreover, with all its scandal and disorder, an appeal in some sort, though unconscious and inarticulate on the part of the majority, to the higher law declared by Jesus Christ; and it will be memorable for the manly and Christian spirit in which the procedure was met. The Socialists —if that name can be truly applied to so mixed a multitude —came from districts far apart, in processions with banners and badges; and were reinforced by a miscellaneous crowd. Every part of the vast building was thronged. One feature was the presence of three hundred children brought from Clerkenwell as representatives of the young who were sufferers because of the poverty of their parents. Every preparation had been made to give these masses of the poor and unemployed appropriate welcome. They were received with courtesy, and supplied with hymns and prayers. The service was for the most part conducted under continual interruptions, amidst a babel of sounds; but there was no organised tumult. When the words of the Magnificat, "He hath put down the mighty from their seat, and hath exalted the humble and meek," were sung there was an outburst of cheering, which gave way to jeers at the verse, "He hath filled the hungry with good things, and the rich He hath sent empty away."

Archdeacon Gifford, who preached, took for his text Prov. xxii. 2, "The rich and the poor meet together: the Lord is the maker of them all." He said that these words were "true for all time; true for Israel, true for England; never more true than in our own day." But when presently he went on to state that "in every age, and in every country, under every form of government, and every code of laws that the wisdom of man had been able to devise, there had been, and there must be, the rich and the poor," he was met by a loud shout of "No!" and from that point forward was subjected to a running commentary of hostile criticism. Coming to another aspect of his theme, he said, "Mutual help was the first law of social life. . . . We ought not to be content with feeding the hungry and clothing the naked. We ought to try and prevent as well as relieve their misery. (Cheers.) Such efforts had not been wanting to any class of society. Those who could look furthest back knew best what an immense amount of good had been done during both this and the preceding reign, both by public legislation —(cries of 'Oh,' and hisses)—to secure the rights of the labouring classes, and by private benevolence to relieve their condition." There were signs of dissent, and cries of "We don't want charity;" but the preacher quietly repeated his sentence. "There were too many whose bodies, minds, and souls all cried aloud for loving aid, and happily there were also many in these days, more he believed than in any former age, among the noble, the rich, and the influential, who made it their happiness to devote time, thought and personal labour, to promote the welfare and relieve the distress of the weak and suffering." He concluded by saying: "Of the thousands gathered here to-day God grant that many may find cause to say 'the Lord is in this place; and I knew it not.' With whatever thoughts and feelings you have come here to-day, come again—('Hear, hear,' and a voice, 'Next Sunday')—to pray with us as often as you can. You will always be welcome. The doors are nearly always open; there is some service going on during most hours of the day. Here let the rich and the poor meet together to kneel before the same Throne of Grace, to join in the same praise, to listen to the same Gospel of Peace. So, in learning to love the same Heavenly Father, and the same merciful Saviour, we may learn also for His sake to love one another as brethren of the same family of God, sons and daughters of the Lord Almighty."

So great was the noise, that the sermon could have been heard but by a small proportion of the audience. Meanwhile a great crowd surged round the cathedral. A short service was accordingly conducted by Canon Gregory on the steps under the western porch. Then, as the multitude cleared away, the Socialist leaders rallied their followers; and numerous small meetings were afterwards held on their homeward route.

SOME aspects of the times have been made the subject of "A Remonstrance" by a party of London clergymen, "concerned at existing social conditions and conscious of their own faults." We give a few of their sentences. The following, they say, "are offenders against the law of Christ: —1. Possessors of knowledge, beautiful objects, or luxuries who do not share them with the poor. Owners of houses and parks, givers of dinners who invite to the enjoyment of their best those only who can ask again. 2. Women who carelessly wear fine clothes, without having inquired into the possible cost in a sister's shame or death. Bargain-mongers who forget that some 'cheap' things are too dear for 'human' use. 3. Employers who take their profit and do not concern themselves to know how the employed live. Men who think that five per cent. is a law of God, and that the body He created to be the temple of His Spirit can be fed, clothed, and recreated on a few shillings a week. 4. All who, having earned or inherited a livelihood, plead that they have no time to make friends among the poor, or to perform public duties." The contrast between the condition of the rich and poor is becoming unbearable in the light of modern publicity. "Many are driven to think that only by the use of force will the poor obtain from the rich the means to develope their capacities for knowing, feeling, and doing. We believe, on the contrary," say these remonstrants, "that by the use of force the poor would grow in greed and selfishness, gaining with the wealth many of the vices which have gone with riches. And our hope is therefore that the rich, moved to follow Christ themselves, may offer such sacrifices and make such personal efforts for the sake of their brethren that rich and poor together may be able to live their life as God's children."

THE Church Missionary Society last year organised a series of simultaneous meetings, which were held in more than one hundred and fifty towns. This year a similar movement has been attempted in London. On Sunday, the 6th of February, eight hundred missionary sermons were preached, and in the week following nearly two thousand meetings were held. Some of these meetings were held in the largest halls, which were packed to excess. There were also numerous drawing-room meetings, and many special gatherings for children. The ordinary parochial engagements of the week—mothers' meetings, Bible-classes, and the like—were, in some localities, all turned to missionary account. Prayer meetings were held. Literatnre bearing on the subject was also widely distributed. The result has been one which may unite the churches of all lands in thanksgiving. The week was one of hallowed devotion, and of rare interest. The promoters of the movement had expressed their hope that all missions proclaiming the gospel of Christ might be directly or indirectly benefited. Ecclesiastical claims, as such, were subordinated; and even the pecuniary needs of the societies had small place in the programme, the first object being to communicate information, and quicken sympathy with missionary aims. This appeal to the spirit brought, however, in many churches some of the largest collections ever known. The week was itself evidence of growing life and reviving zeal. May the impulse given be felt for months to come in many a field!

A THANKSGIVING service was held at the close in St. Paul's Cathedral, when the Bishop of Rochester preached a powerful sermon from the text, "Whence should we have so much bread in the wilderness as to fill so great a multitude? And Jesus saith unto them, How many loaves have ye?" (Matt. xv. 33, 34.) He urged that our responsibilities towards the heathen do not as yet, in any real sense, build themselves into the structure of our personal religious life. "We have most of us," he said, "no conscience for more than an occasional guinea, and a crown to an offertory. As for private or family intercession as a regular and privileged

habit, not one in a hundred thinks of it. In the ten years ending 1882, one hundred and thirty-six millions of money had been annually spent in the United Kingdom on intoxicating liquors, and—it sounds incredible—one million and sixty thousand pounds for foreign missionary work. And it is a melancholy fact that in one-fourth of the churches in this wealthy metropolis no effort is made of any kind for either of our own missionary societies." But there was much to be thankful for, especially during the last fifty years. "Income augmented threefold, 800 missionaries sent out, 190 stations planted, new countries occupied, eighteen bishoprics founded, communicants growing, men readily giving themselves, the church becoming increasingly awake. Yet there may be reason to doubt if the deepest and truest ground of thankfulness to God is not for the simple fact that He has spared us for better things, instead of treating us as we deserved by taking our candlestick out of its place, when we suffered it not to shine as a light to the Gentiles, and a glory to His people Israel. The unspeakable patience of God with His own professing, slumbering, heartless, faithless people is to me, at least, a far greater mystery of mercy than His long suffering with the heathen world."

At Westminster, the Earl of Northbrook once more bore testimony from his own observation to the beneficent influence of missions in India. Herbert Edwardes and General Taylor, two of the most distinguished soldiers of the time; Lord Lawrence, one of the best administrators which India ever had; Sir Donald M'Leod, Sir Bartle Frere, and many others—these men were not only Christian men but far-sighted men, some of the best business men in the world, and they would never have given their approval to the missionary enterprise unless satisfied that those conducting it, did so on common-sense principles. Speaking from personal acquaintance, he could say that he had seen many missionaries, and many missionary stations of various bodies, and he had on all occasions seen that these men were doing a great work, and in every way were gaining the affection of the people.

We still await news from Uganda. A letter from Mr. Mackay, dealing with practical questions, has been received bearing date but two or three weeks after Mr. Ashe's departure. One sentence was read out from the pulpit of St. Paul's:—"By God's grace I shall hold on here, in the hope that gradually greater liberty will be allowed. Every day, or rather night, a number of people come for a little instruction." These are brave words, and full of faith.

From Persia comes remarkable testimony to the transforming power of the Gospel. Colonel C. E. Stewart, speaking of what he had himself seen, stated that on his first visit to that country, twenty years ago, he had found about 26,000 Nestorian Christians, and 25,000 belonging to the Armenian Church. These Christians were very degraded, and required missionary work amongst them quite as much as the heathen. In spite of the prohibition against wine he considered the Persians a most intemperate people, though it was their duty to sell intoxicating drink and not to drink it. In six small towns there would be found no less than one hundred public-houses, and it was a regular thing for the Mohammedans to resort to them and to get drunk. Permission was asked to close these drinking shops, but the Mohammedan priest said, "I will not permit them to be closed; what can Christians be but immoral and drunken? I never heard of their being anything else." When Colonel Stewart told Dr. Bruce of this at Ispahan, his reply was, "What you have told me only presents an inducement to me to go." Upon his returning there, after the Doctor had been labouring thirteen years, the contrast was striking indeed; he had never seen such a change in his life. He found that every boy in the town could speak English, and he was perfectly astonished at the wonderful work which had been accomplished in the short space of thirteen years. A church had been built, schools had been opened, and the pupils could pass an examination equal to that of Oxford and Cambridge. There was now a school of 116 girls. Mothers had been found so anxious to send their children to school that it had been necessary to tell them, "if you send them, you must send cradles with them." The public-houses had all been closed, and all the time he was there he only saw one drunken man, who was a Mohammedan.

The first session of the new House of Laymen was signalised by a discussion as to the possibilities of securing a larger measure of lay help in the ministrations of the church. Mr. Sydney Gedge, M.P., brought forward a resolution to the effect that, "it is desirable the legislative enactments which now prevent a deacon from engaging in secular occupations be repealed or greatly modified." This, after an animated debate, was approved by a majority. The object of this change would be to facilitate the qualification of laymen for definite church duties.

Among the many problems that beset great cities is the question how to provide healthful amusement, free from all contaminating influences, for the tens of thousands of growing lads in their streets. One of the latest experiments in view of this need has been an endeavour to make the gymnasium an adjunct to the Sunday school. We have not heard so much in recent years of "muscular Christianity," but it is evidently not yet extinct. This is a new development. In some localities the room engaged is temporarily fitted with the necessary appliances and opened only at fixed hours on particular days. One such institute, for example, exists in connection with the Devonshire Square Chapel. A contemporary describes a visit made to it one Saturday afternoon. "We found," he says, "the preacher of the previous Sunday, the tallest of a company of about seventy or eighty young fellows, all dressed in gymnastic costume of white, short-sleeved shirts and knickerbockers, going through a series of gymnastic exercises with dumb-bells, bar-bells, and Indian clubs, led by a German instructor. Climbing ropes, hand-rings, and a trapeze hung from the beams, whilst parallel bars, vaulting-horse, horizontal bar, jumping stands, occupied various portions of the room. After the exercises were over there came the tug of war and the running maze, in all of which the pastor took an active part." Such gatherings have been serviceable in many ways. They not only promote health, they provide amusement, and a safe and friendly rendezvous for the young of both school and congregation.

The announcement that boating is henceforth to be permitted in St. James's Park on Sunday, after 2 P.M., is another indication of the gradual pressure by which the sanctities of the Sabbath are endangered. The terms in which it was made are a curiosity in their way: "They (the authorities) hope that this arrangement will, without interfering with attendance at a place of worship on a Sunday, afford increased opportunities of recreation to those who desire to avail themselves of it." A deputation from the Lord's Day Observance Society waited upon Mr. Plunket, the First Commissioner of Public Works, and presented a memorial stating various objections to the innovation. Mr. Plunket declined to go into the general question, as one on which religious men held varying and opposite opinions. He saw no reason for cancelling the rule; but admitted that the subject remained open to discussion at a future time. It is urged that boating is freely practised on the Thames, and that nothing more has been conceded than has always been permitted elsewhere; but in this instance attention is asked to the official sanction formally given.

The Jerusalem Bishopric, which had fallen into abeyance, is to be revived under new auspices. The Prussian Government having finally refused to continue the grant made by Frederick William IV., in virtue of which the appointments were alternately German and English, and the bishop had oversight of both Lutherans and Anglicans, another arrangement has been made. The English funds, which remain to be utilised, will be supplemented by aid from the Church Missionary Society, the London Jews' Society, and other sources. The two Archbishops, and the Bishop of London have taken the question in hand, with the result that the Rev. G. F. P. Blyth, formerly Archdeacon of Rangoon, has been appointed the new bishop. The change, however, has not been made without protest from Canon Liddon and others.

The death is reported of Mr. Alexander Wylie, a colleague of Medhurst, Milne, and Stronach in the work of translating the Bible into Chinese. In early life he was a cabinet-maker: then he became a printer; and in that capacity went out to help on the mission-field. He soon developed remarkable linguistic power, and lived to be ranked among the first of Chinese scholars. Among his translations into Chinese were abstruse treatises on mathematics. His last years were spent at Hampstead.

THE SUNDAY AT HOME

O DAY MOST CALM, MOST BRIGHT! . . .
THE WEEK WERE DARK BUT FOR THY LIGHT.—*Herbert.*

BARBARA'S BROTHERS.

BY EVELYN EVERETT GREEN.

CHAPTER XIX.—BARBARA'S MISSION.

"NOTHING," SAID GERALD, "WILL INDUCE ME TO RETURN TO RUST AND VEGETATE IN THAT LITTLE HOLE."

"CELIA," said Barbara "do you mind very much giving up this London visit?"

Celia flushed a little, looked somewhat inclined to resent the question, for she and Barbara were not given to confiding in one another.

"I do not chose to be dictated to by Wulf," answered she, after a short pause.

No. 1723.—MAY 7, 1887.

PRICE ONE PENNY.

Barbara did not look angry as she would once have done. She only said gently, "Wulf is very fond of you, Celia. He is only thinking of your happiness."

"My happiness?" questioned Celia rather haughtily.

Barbara came and knelt down beside her sister. Since a new sense of love and happiness had begun to steal into her own heart, she had felt more tenderly towards Celia than ever in her life before, and had more of comprehension and sympathy for her than she would once have believed possible.

"Dear Celia," she said softly, "you know what I mean. You know what would have happened if you had gone to London. And Wulf thinks—other people think—that—that it would not have been for your happiness."

Celia's colour had risen a little. Barbara could not tell from her manner whether or not she was angry; but at any rate she seemed willing to discuss the matter.

"Do you not think it best for other people to mind their own business, and to keep from interfering in affairs not their own?"

Barbara did not answer at once, but looked earnestly into her sister's face and asked, "Do you really care for him, Celia?"

"What right have you to ask such a question?" asked Celia rather sharply.

"None, perhaps," answered Barbara with unwonted humility; "only you know we are sisters—and—and—well I cannot quite believe you could."

"Why not, pray?"

"Because—because—Celia, dear, let me say it, for I cannot help having heard and seen a good deal all these weeks. You must have compared them in your own mind, and I cannot think that the comparison can be in Hector's favour."

Celia's flush had deepened now.

"And who may the other be, with whom I must have compared Hector? Your favourite Fergus?"

"No," answered Barbara, her glance not wavering, "I was not thinking of him."

"Of whom, then?"

"Of Mr. Leslie."

"What makes you drag his name in?" asked Celia with affected indifference.

"Because he loves you," answered Barbara softly yet firmly. "Hector admires and likes you; but Mr. Leslie loves you."

Celia was silent for a time, and then she looked up and asked with a sort of affected scorn, "And you think I am so suited to be a poor clergyman's wife, that you must advocate his cause? Really, Barbara, you are too absurd!"

"Why should you not make a good clergyman's wife, Celia?" she asked. "If—if you loved him, I am almost sure you would."

Celia affected to laugh, but she did not meet her sister's pleading glance.

"If I did—a very safe if, Barbara; and if not?"

Barbara made no answer; but Celia's face had said more than her words, and it gave her sister courage to speak more decidedly.

"I believe you will love him, Celia; I believe you are beginning to do so already."

Celia suddenly rose from her seat, and moved away to the window with hasty steps.

"I do not want to love him," she answered with sudden vehemence, such as Barbara had never heard before from her lips. "I do not wish to be a poor man's wife, or a clergyman's wife. I want to be rich and to live at my ease—it is all I am fit for. That is why I want to go to London. If I did that; if I were to get away from this place and from everybody, things would arrange themselves just as I wish. I had made up my mind—I hate to be baulked. Wulf had no right to stop me. I can't trust myself now. I don't know what may happen if I stay here; I shall do something foolish and sentimental and regret it all my life afterwards. And when it is too late *he* will find out his mistake too. Why will he persist in thinking me utterly different from what I am?"

Celia stood with her back to her sister and spoke with a freedom and rapidity quite unusual with her. She revealed more of the struggle that had been going on within her than she had any intention of doing, and Barbara's eyes shone with sisterly sympathy and satisfaction in what she heard.

With a sudden confidence that almost surprised herself, she said: "Perhaps he knows you better than you know yourself, Celia, or than we know you. I sometimes think that love is not blind, but very, very far-seeing. I think, perhaps, Mr. Leslie judges you more truly than you judge yourself."

Celia stood quite still for several minutes, and neither sister broke the silence, then she turned suddenly and came forward and kissed Barbara on both cheeks. It was almost the first spontaneous caress that had ever been exchanged between them since their nursery days.

"If I had tried to be more like you, Barbara, instead of despising and thwarting you, I should be a better woman than I am now."

"Oh, Celia!" cried Barbara with real distress in her tones. "Don't talk like that, please! If you only knew how ashamed I have been at the way I have so often gone on. I have always been so cross and hasty. You must not praise me. It makes me so ashamed!"

Celia smiled with unwonted sweetness.

"Very well, Barbara, we will neither praise nor blame ourselves, nor each other, but let by-gones be by-gones. In the future, I think we shall understand one another better."

It was with a softened feeling at heart that Barbara left her sister's room. It had been something of an effort to broach the subject to her; but she was more than rewarded for that effort, and felt that Celia's confidence would not in the future be altogether withdrawn. The ice had been broken and a sense of sisterly sympathy established between them.

A little time before, Barbara would have urged Celia to make it up with Wulfric, and tell him that she did not resent his interference in the proposed scheme, but she had learned wisdom and toleration of late, and was less eager to exact

from others the demonstrations of good will that came so readily from her own impulsive temperament. She began to see that silence and forbearance often did far more towards smoothing matters down than all the urging and pleading in the world.

And Barbara had her reward. For one evening about a week later, when Wulfric came to pay his usual visit to his mother, it was evident that Celia had something to say to him.

Since his refusal to allow her to go to town, he had been regarded with great coldness and disfavour by her, and had had to bear much murmuring and complaining from his mother, who seemed to think that her daughter's future was being sacrificed to his caprice.

Wulfric took all this with his accustomed outward *sang froid*, yet it cut him a good deal, and the lines began to deepen in his face, and he looked often an older man than he had done less than a year ago when he had come home for the first time after his father's death.

He looked more worn to-night than usual, for he had had a hard day's work, and felt the less able to encounter reproach or complaint.

But as it chanced he had not to encounter either, for when he had seated himself beside his mother's couch, Celia came and stood beside the fire, looking down at him and saying gently, "Are you tired to-night, Wulf? you look so."

It was so unusual for Celia to trouble herself to make inquiries like these that Wulfric looked up quickly.

"I have had a good hard day of it," he answered. "It makes the evening's rest very welcome."

"Don't you think you are in danger of doing too much, sometimes?" pursued Celia. "You must not knock yourself up, Wulf; I do not know what we should do now without your wise, kind, capable head over us all."

If Celia spoke with an effort, at least it was not apparent. Her voice was low and clear as usual, but it had lost its intonation of languid indifference, and her face was softer and brighter in its expression.

Mrs. Meynal had a way of taking her cue from her idolized Celia, and now she broke in with eager insistence, "Indeed, no, Wulfric. My boy, do take dear care of yourself. I have lost one son; I cannot spare the other."

Wulfric laid his hand upon his mother's and looked at her with a smile.

"All right, little mother, you need not be afraid. No chance of getting rid of me. I am quite a fixture on the property."

And then he glanced up at Celia, as if conscious that she had more to say, nor was he mistaken.

"I want to thank you, Wulfric," she said, "for standing so firm about my journey to London. I am so very glad you did not let me go."

"Thank you, Celia," he said, rising and standing beside her. "It is very kind of you to tell me this."

She smiled a little.

"I was ready enough to tell you when I was annoyed and angry. It would hardly have been fair not to be ready to admit that circumstances had changed."

"And they have?"

"Yes. I would not go to town now for anything. I am most grateful to you for holding me back."

He stood by her, laying his hand on her shoulder in brotherly fashion, and looking straight into her eyes.

"Thank you," he said again.

Celia was silent, her colour rising slowly. Then she looked up at her brother, and said in a low tone, "Wulfric, will you sanction my engagement with Frank Leslie? He is coming to see you some time to-morrow."

Wulfric's hand pressed her shoulder with sympathetic clasp. He, too, lowered his voice, yet what passed was audible to the others in the room.

"What have you said to him yourself, Celia?"

"I said I would marry him, subject to your approval," answered Celia. "I would rather have that before binding myself. I trust your judgment of men and things more than my own."

Wulfric smiled the peculiarly sweet and brotherly smile that was not often called forth, and touched her forehead lightly with his lips.

"You love him, Celia?"

"I—think—so. Yes, I am sure I love him; but I wish to be guided by your opinion. I will not again go against your wishes."

"My wishes are that you may be happy, my dear sister," said Wulfric very gently; "and if I am any judge of men, Leslie is one to make you happy."

"I think so," she answered. "I have not known him very long, but I think——"

"That he is worthy of you," concluded Wulfric. "I trust it may be so. I think that you will be happy, and I am convinced that you will make the happiness of his life."

Something bright was shining on Celia's lashes; she said rather tremulously, "I hope so—I will try: but I do not know. I am very weak. Wulfric, I am very sorry I treated you so badly for so long."

"You never treated me badly, Celia," he answered with a smile.

"I did," she persisted. "Perhaps you were too generous to know it, but I did. I was often ashamed of myself, but I had not learned——" Celia stopped short, paused for several seconds, and then, lifting her face for his brotherly kiss, she concluded with almost childish simplicity, "I mean to try very hard to be good."

All this had passed so quickly that the mother and sister hardly realised its import. But when Celia turned away, and knelt down beside Mrs. Meynal's couch to whisper the open secret to her, Wulfric and Barbara slipped away, and as they stood in the hall together, Barbara could not help taking his hands in hers and giving them a joyful squeeze.

"Oh, Wulf, I am so glad—so glad!"

"So am I. Leslie will make her a good husband. You see we did her an injustice, Barbara. She did not give her love unworthily."

And Barbara smiled as she answered "No," and said no word of the struggle that she had witnessed. She would not betray Celia to justify

herself, and perhaps Wulfric knew more than he chose to acknowledge. His eyes were wonderfully keen, and had a way of taking in a great deal that nobody suspected.

But the very peace and harmony that reigned now in that once divided household made the absence and the alienation of the missing one all the more marked. Gerald had almost ceased to write, and his few letters were short, cold, and unsatisfactory. He took no notice of his mother's piteous appeals or his brother's serious remonstrances. He was set on pleasing himself and going his own way, and he did not seem as yet to have tasted the bitterness that lay in the cup he was bent on draining.

Celia wrote of her engagement and begged him to come home, if only for a visit, to make good his acquaintance with Frank; but no answer was returned; and Barbara, who had once thought of him only with scorn and a sort of lofty compassion, longed ardently to extend to him that sisterly love and confidence that existed now between herself and Celia.

Barbara was learning how good a thing it was to love and be loved, and she felt that it was in part her doing that the home atmosphere had been so stormy in days gone by. She had never tried to smooth away difficulties, or curb the freedom of her impulsive speech, and with the eager generosity of her nature she felt willing now to bear all the blame and to do anything in her power to win Gerald back. If only she could bring him home, it would make amends for all else.

She heard news from Fergus that disquieted her. Gerald hardly ever went to Mr. Thompson's house now. He seemed to be making friends of his own and to wish to rid himself of the last link that bound him to the old life. So far as they knew he had done no work, and yet it was hardly likely he could support himself upon what his brother continued to allow him—for Wulfric sent frequent remittances, though almost against his better judgment, feeling it impossible to allow his brother to want for anything when he himself had enough and to spare—unless he had some means of supplementing his income; for he lived, so far as could be made out, in ease and idleness and luxury, and never appealed to those at home for assistance.

Barbara grew more and more uneasy as time passed on, until at last a bold idea entered her head. She heard that Mrs. Dart, the lawyer's wife, was going up to town for a day on business, to start by an early morning train and get back some time in the evening. Barbara went straight to her, and asked if she might accompany her upon the expedition, and whilst the elder lady attended to her business, contrive herself to catch Gerald at his rooms and secure a personal interview with him.

Mrs. Dart, who had petted Gerald from his babyhood, and had always hoped to see him a partner in the firm, entered warmly into this scheme; but advised that its real object should be kept a secret in order not to excite Mrs. Meynal or to give rise to false hopes in others. She invited Barbara as a companion for herself, and not even Wulfric knew that she cherished the hope of bringing Gerald home with her.

They reached London at eleven o'clock, and Barbara drove straight to her brother's lodgings. The day was cold and ungenial and the girl hoped that the artist would not have yet gone out, but she was hardly prepared to find him not yet up at half-past eleven, and to have to wait a good half-hour in his sitting-room before he made his appearance in dressing-gown and slippers.

He looked exceedingly surprised and by no means well pleased to see his sister, and his greeting was anything but gracious.

"So you have come up instead of Celia, have you, Bab? The Thompsons never told me that. Why didn't they ask me to meet you at dinner, instead of sending you here at this unearthly hour?"

"I am not visiting the Thompsons," answered Barbara. "I have come up for the day with Mrs. Dart. I came to see you whilst she did some business, Gerald, dear; it is such a long time since any of us saw you."

Gerald's brow cleared a little when he heard that Barbara was not staying in London. He rang for his breakfast, and invited her to take some with him, which she was glad to do, feeling that it made things more sociable and pleasant.

An undefined change had passed over Gerald that she did not like to see, although she could hardly have defined it. His eyes were slightly bloodshot, and his movements uncertain. He was pale and more thin than in old days, and his features wore a sharpened look, as if with the perpetual strain of some unwholesome excitement. His manner was restless, gay to flippancy, and yet to a certain extent embarrassed. He evidently had no suspicion that Barbara's visit to town was entirely on his account, and she could not help fancying that he would have resented it a good deal had he been made aware of the fact.

He talked fast and laughed a good deal. He made hasty inquiries as to mother and sister, but hardly waited for a reply, rattling on about Celia's engagement and affecting a mighty sense of amusement at the choice she had finally made. He seemed to have no appetite, and only played with his food. Body and mind seemed alike in a state of unsatisfactory tension.

Barbara let him talk till he had pretty well exhausted his store of subjects, and had tired himself withal. He lighted a cigar then, and she drew her chair to the fire and nerved herself to the effort she had come to make.

"Gerald," she began with a certain abruptness that was almost inevitable under the circumstances, "I want you to go home with me to-day, if you will."

He stared at her in undisguised amazement.

"Why?"

"Because we all want you back. Because you never come when you are asked; and because our mother is pining for a sight of you, and is fretting herself ill on your account."

"Mother is always fretting herself ill about something," answered Gerald coolly. "There is no reason why she should worry herself about me."

"But she does worry. Do come, Gerald."

"Not I, Barbara," he answered, his face hardening, as it had never hardened in old days. "I was turned out of my home, and I am in no hurry to return, I can tell you."

"Not for the mother's sake, Gerald?" she asked, not attempting the hopeless task of an argument.

"Not for anybody's sake," he answered sharply. "I have tasted freedom and life here, and nothing will induce me to return to rust and vegetate in that little hole."

"I am only asking you to pay us a visit."

"Which I decline to do. You all conspired to drive me from home—you, Barbara, and Wulfric together made a nice home for me between you—and now you want to whistle me back, and I refuse to come."

It was in vain that Barbara pleaded. Gerald remained obdurate, and at last refused to listen any longer. He turned fierce and resentful, and she saw that more harm than good would be done by prolonging the interview. Gerald too looked impatiently at the clock as if he wished her gone. So Barbara, grieved and disappointed, took her leave, and joined Mrs. Dart at the friend's house where they had arranged to meet.

That good lady was sadly put out and troubled by the account the girl gave of her unsuccessful mission, and of the way in which Gerald had impressed her.

The journey home in the short fading daylight was silent and rather gloomy. Mrs. Dart shared in Barbara's depression: but she did not know that the thought which most troubled the girl's mind was this: "If I had been different in old days; if I had been more patient, more good-tempered, and less scornful and hasty, perhaps Gerald would have listened to me now. Perhaps we might all have loved one another more, and the home have been too happy a one for him to wish to leave it. Oh, if only I could live those years of my life over again, how different I would try to make them!"

THE CRY OF HUMANITY, AND ITS ANSWER.

BY THE REV. HENRY ALLON, D.D.

"Oh that I knew where I might find Him, that I might come even to His seat! I would order my cause before Him, and fill my mouth with arguments. I would know the words which He would answer me, and understand what He would say unto me."—*Job* xxiii. 3-5.

JOB is the typical instance of human calamity. The book of Job is the epic of human sorrow. "I call it," says Carlyle, "one of the grandest things ever written—a noble book—all men's book. It is our first oldest statement of the never-ending problem of men's destiny, and of God's ways with him upon earth. And all in such free, flowing outlines—grand in its sincerity, and in its simplicity. There is nothing written I think in the Bible, or out of it, of equal literary merit."

How is human calamity to be interpreted? Is it a retributive thing so as to warrant the conclusion that a man is afflicted according to his wickedness?—This is the great contention of the three friends; because Job was afflicted, they charged him with wickedness.

Job had no other interpretation to set over against this; but his own religious consciousness rose up against it. He felt that in his own case it was not true. But the calamity came; of all men he was the greatest sufferer. God and His doings perplexed him, and he cries out against God himself. Was He not unjust and cruel in so pursuing a righteous man? On the theory of Providence, held by Job and his three friends, He was. And in correcting this theory God respects Job's instincts of righteousness. He does not rebuke Job for his rash conclusions, He simply corrects the erroneous principle which led to them.

And yet Job is grandly inconsistent with his own reasonings. He cannot feel that God is the unjust being that the logic of the circumstances demands. He appeals to God loudly and passionately, sometimes accusing Him, but more often with blind, instinctive faith clinging to Him. He cries out of his great darkness; cries "out of the depths;" cries to the God who is so perplexingly relentless, who is so mysteriously silent; cries against the charges of his severe friends; cries against the cruel circumstances that environ him. Could he but induce God to speak to him, to adjudicate upon his case, he would have no fear about the issue. "Oh that I knew where I might find Him!" His poor lonely heart cries out of the greatest desolation that a man can feel—the desolation of wronged and wounded feeling. He "looked for some man to comfort him, but there was no man." He looked for God to help and sympathise with him, but he could not find God. If only he could, God would vindicate him. It is beautiful to see in this poor buffetted soul, in the midst of all his bitter complainings and utter despondings, and rash and painful questionings of God's character and doing, such up-dartings of instinctive faith and love! It is the common mood of great distress;—confidence and despair wildly fluctuating; its complainings bursting into the midst of its prayer; its passionate cries for help breaking into quivering avowals of faith; both blending into adjurations of both earth and heaven. "Oh that I knew where I might find Him!"

Now this is simply the working of a deep human instinct; this kind of appeal to God, as a just and benevolent being, is as natural to men as the appeal of a child to its mother. It is a genuine human feeling, called out by every necessity of human life, prompted by its strongest yearnings, and satisfying its greatest necessities. Prayer is not a teaching of mere theologies, any more than a child's cry for its mother is a teaching of social philosophy. It is an instinct as deep and as true, finding expression everywhere where humanity is permitted to speak; where violence has not been done to it, where sin has not debased and blinded it. Prayer in a man whose religious life has been restored, is not a novelty, a mere product of Christian or of any other theological cultus. So soon as Christ takes off the fetters that have bound the soul and gives it freedom; cures the disease and disablements of sin, and gives it health and power, it prays—springs to its normal uplooking attitude; rejoices in its Divine recognitions. Prayer is no invention of religious systems, it is the natural instinct of human souls. Hence when great exigencies come, or great spiritual thoughts are quickened, the instincts of the soul are too strong for either materialistic negations or sinful passions, and it prays. Prayer is its natural speech. It does not wait to be taught. It prays unconsciously, from sheer natural instinct. In religious men, therefore, prayer is the natural resource in all special troubles. When calamities come and crush out the very heart of hope, they cry passionately to God and for God, "Oh that I knew where I might find Him!"

The history of Job is full of these instinctive utterances. At every turn there is some recognition of God, some cry to Him. In the first coming of calamity, "The Lord gave and the Lord hath taken away, blessed be the name of the Lord"—when personal disease and pain afflict him, and when his poor perplexed wife urges him, "Shall we receive good at the hands of the Lord and not receive evil?"—when his three friends reason with him, cruelly orthodox in their doctrine, he replies as often by prayers as by arguments.

There is, I think, something very important in this. If it does not attest the affinity of human souls with God—their natural religious instinct of likeness and dependence—what is it? Let us look at it. Prayer, as the untaught instinct of human souls; human hearts everywhere making their appeal to God. As if when all verbal exposition of sorrow became impossible, and all reasoning about it vain, and we have proved how little way mere words go down into great experiences of anguish, in how hopeless a silence we must suffer and struggle, we suddenly cry out passionately for God—cry out of a great darkness into a great darkness—for some help other than, and above all human sympathy, for some presence in the great loneliness which only God can supply. "Out of the depths, O Lord, have I cried unto Thee." There, wrestling with the fact, and the sorrow and the problem of human suffering, we cry to God for a sympathy that is impossible from men.

This tendency of humanity to pray, this natural cry and aspiring to God of human souls, is taken and instructed by religion, by Christianity, by "the Spirit that helpeth our infirmities," when "we know not what we should pray for as we ought." And God hears and responds to it. "I would fill my mouth with arguments. I would order my cause before Him, and I know the words that He would answer me."

I. There are circumstances and experiences of human life that extort from us this great cry of the spirit to God.

1. In the ordinary conditions of life, when we wake and sleep, and labour and rest, and hunger and eat, and feel pleasure and pain, and speculate and resolve, the sense of God may be dormant. We see the phenomenon, not of the soul starting from unconsciousness into vivid recognition and passionate prayer, but the soul maintaining its unconsciousness through long years, in the incessant reception of God's mercies, and in spite of their appeal, and of the urgings of the pulpit and of the Bible; as if nothing could induce the thought of God but some imminent peril, or sudden calamity—as if it needed a miracle to make the man recognise a mercy. Whereas the greatest of all miracles is the incessant care and untiring watchfulness of the great Father in heaven — the vigilant eye that is never for a moment averted, the sustaining hand that is never for a moment withdrawn, the outpouring bounty that is never for a moment withheld. The great miracle of my life is, not that in the course of it God should once or twice signally interpose, but that day by day and hour by hour He should sustain it in all its functions and energies—that breath should follow breath, and pulse beat after pulse, and all the delicate organism of life be preserved inviolate, both when we sleep and when we wake; that the muscles should at any moment be obedient to the will, and so every function of life be performed.

And yet precisely because of this sustained regularity and intensity of life, men lose the consciousness of there being anything Divine in it, and offer neither prayer for its need, nor thanksgiving for its blessing. This very divinity of our daily life, which more than anything else should impress us with the sense of God, more than anything else dulls it, and causes us to forget Him; so that religious feeling lies dormant and we eat and drink like the brutes that perish.

Were the religious consciousness normal, and the daily care and love that makes our life possible, to be recognised, what an urgency to thankfulness and love it would be! What a divinity is about us everywhere! What an intense and awful life of the spirit lies dormant within us! What a glorified life of Divine fellowship and love is possible to us! How little men think that this animal life contains within it such powers of unspeakable mystery, agony, and rapture, a Divine life of vision and love, and prayer and rapture!

But let a man suddenly have a breach made upon this continuous blessing—let his fig tree cease to blossom, and his herd be cut off from the

stall—what a sudden revelation is made to him! His constant possession had made him insensible to its bestower. Many a blessing fills its niche in our circle of life, many a nerve performs its silent, unrecognised function for a long course of years; but let there be diminution of the blessing, disorder of the faculty, let health fail or property be lost, and what a new sense of God and of dependence upon Him is awakened!

"Our mercies brighten as they take their flight."

And then we cry out to Him whom we had not recognised in His gifts until they were withdrawn.

Sometimes, however, in the most undisturbed condition of life, the sense of the spiritual will spring up into mysterious strength; the most thoughtless has his moments of reflection, the most careless his moments of questioning, the dim sense of the mysterious life that lies hidden, and that none of the common things of life touch. Even the most irreligious is sometimes aroused and alarmed by it. And we feel somewhat of the nearness of God, and the greatness and solemnity of the soul; and the instinctive cry for God breaks from us, that He would solve the great mysteries of being, that He would help us to realise Himself. There are few men who have not so wondered, and felt, and yearned for God, who are not visited, haunted it may be, with vague thoughts and surmisings about God and the spiritual, who do not feel that life is more than food or raiment, who do not seek through great voids of life for the God who is above it. "Oh that I knew where I might find Him!"

2. But the cry is specially extorted from those whose ordinary enjoyment of life is broken in upon by some great arrest or calamity. The man of wealth or competence reduced to poverty; the man of warm and gratified affections deprived of those whom he loves; the man of lofty soul and keen sensibilities betrayed and maligned; the man of robust health stricken down in sickness—such calamities befalling as befell Job.

Even if he had not Job's piety, he would cry out for God as Job did; the natural expression and relief of his anguish would be prayer. If he had not a God to cry to, like Lear, he would rave to the winds. Human history is full of instances: men of notorious ungodliness and profanity, when great exigencies have come upon them—in a field of battle, in a sinking ship, in the chill of death—crying out for God.

All speculations about His being, all doubts about His interference vanishing like mists, and only beseechings for His presence and mercy heard. Often it is the mere cry of fear, no spiritual desire in it; but it is a cry to God all the same. Men may talk as they will about the philosophy of prayer, and logically demonstrate its absurdity, but the instinct of humanity will assert itself, and in great exigencies men will pray—often the scornful philosopher himself.

3. How men cry out for God in their moral awakenings;—when the sense of sin has deepened upon them, and the spiritual element of their nature asserts itself; when "sin by the commandments appears exceedingly sinful," and as yet the forgiveness of Christ is not recognised by them. How instinctively they pray—cry to God with "an exceeding great and bitter cry," a cry of more anguish it may be!—

> "An infant crying in the night,
> An infant crying for the light,
> And with no language but a cry;"

but yet a genuine cry to God; a cry as earnest as it is blind—"Oh that I knew where I might find Him!" It is the passionate appeal of helplessness to Almightiness. Light breaks in by-and-by; Christ is revealed in His saving grace; the prayer of ignorant human instinct becomes the prayer of faith—the human instinct, that is, is taught by the Christian revelation. The sharp and bitter cry becomes a gracious, pleading prayer.

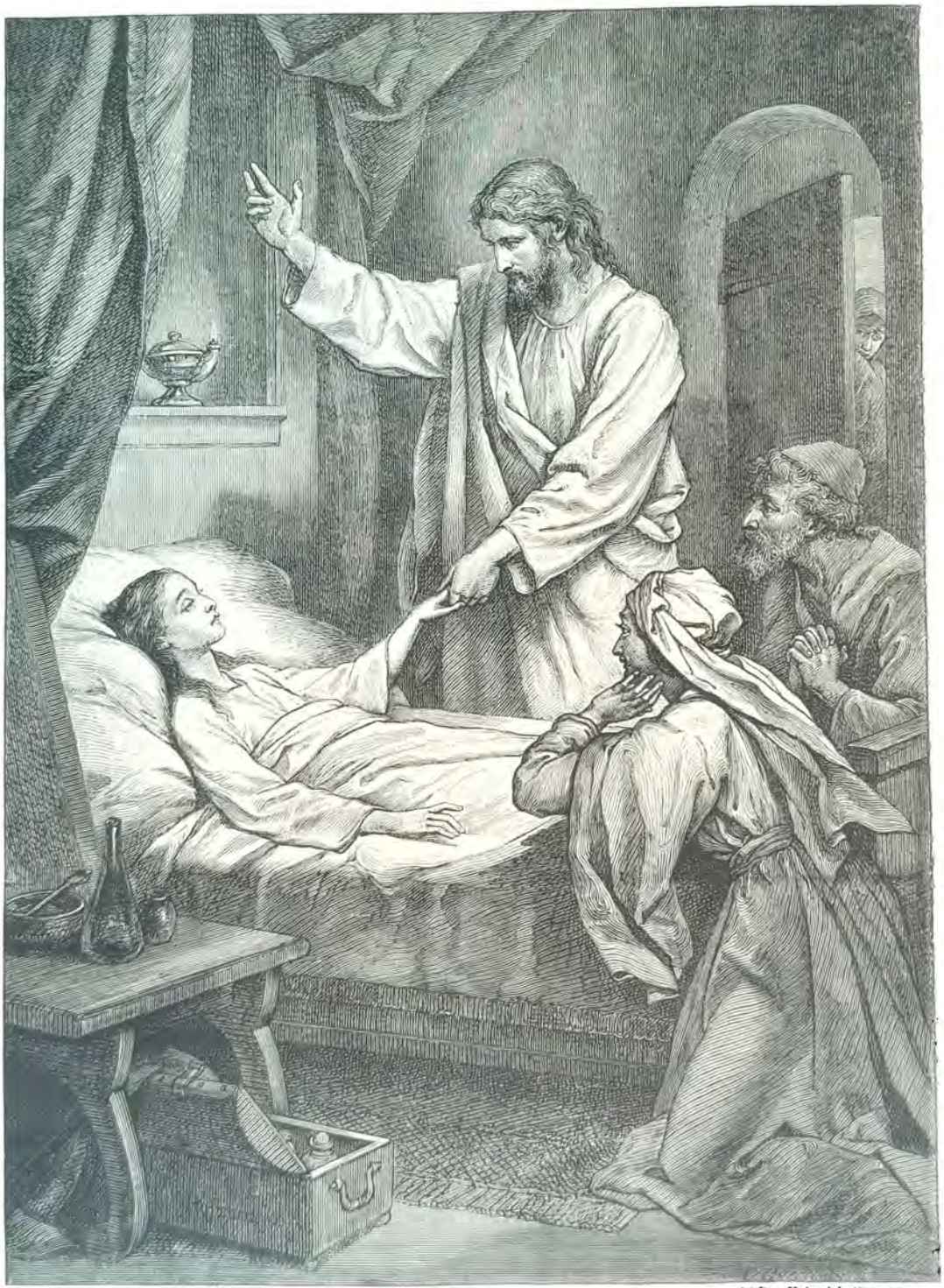
4. And in men's manifold spiritual necessities, prayer is the cry of their religious life. The man struggling with his corruptions, his sins, his unspiritualness—often overcome by them—groping in darkness, and often wandering from the right path; fighting against temptation, and often yielding to it; yearning for spiritual fervour, and yet falling into spiritual deadness; resolving to seek holiness, and yet yielding to sin; struggling to maintain his faith, and yet overpowered by his troubles! How instinctively, how irrepressibly he prays: "Oh that I knew where I might find Him!" Only, in the religious man the instinct has become a piety; it has been instructed—the Spirit "helps our infirmity."

It is interesting to mark the workings of this great natural instinct in Christian souls. How everything in the Bible teaches it; how every impulse of the life within strengthens it; how every experience of life confirms it; until prayer becomes the very atmosphere of the Christian life, the medium of all intercourse with God; as unconsciously sought and exercised as are the expressions of love in household hearts.

The religious man does "come even to God's seat." He does realise the communion with God for which his instructed instinct craves. Prayer is more than a cry, an appeal; it is a communion with God, a getting near to God, so as to be filled with the satisfactions of God. He has "freeness of access," he has "fulness of blessing," and in all special needs he seeks teaching and strength and grace at the Heavenly Father's seat.

II. How does God answer the cry of this great human instinct? God has not given it to mock it. "I would know the words which He would answer me, and understand what He would say unto me."

There is a sense in which the instinct of prayer is in itself an answer. Why do I so cry to God if there be not a God to cry to? Why have I desires which only God can satisfy, capacities which only He can fill, a nature ever expanding and enlarging its spiritual desire as it grows to perfection? A thousand things make me feel that "a man's life consisteth not in the things that he possesses." And this in itself is a stupendous argument for God. If all fitness has its provision, if every faculty has its function, as physical philosophy itself contends, then, the fitness and cry of my soul for God are a pre-



[After Heinrich Hofmann.

THE RAISING OF THE DAUGHTER OF JAIRUS.

sumption that there is a God. My nature cannot be a huge fallacy, a blank disappointment. I may and must look for the infinite, I am so made. Is there no infinite for me to find?—then am I of all creatures most miserable. If my relations to God are not real, my human nature is the greatest of failures, the greatest of all illusions.

And then, the world, the universe about me, attests the power to which I cry;—multiform forces, perfect order and harmony, an unresting, obedient activity, the forms and glories, and harmonies of the incalculable universe. Can I think all this without God? Are not these "the things of Him, His eternal power and Godhead"? I must trample down the strongest instincts of my nature, I must blind its clearest lights, if I deny Him. God is a stupendous mystery; but the mystery and the miracle of a universe like this without a creating and controlling power were far greater. My mind is so made that I cannot think it. "The heavens declare His glory, and the firmament showeth His handiwork. Day unto day uttereth speech, and night unto night shows forth knowledge." These voices of nature answer to the cry of human souls; they tell me of the greatness and goodness of God. And when the cry of my human sorrow and want goes up like the inarticulate cries and sobbings of a dumb creature, they tell me that there is a great power that made all things. And we may not despise these imperfect teachings. Let Nature tell us what she can—and she can tell us much—and Christ will perfect her teachings.

The Bible tells us what He who made all things is. Taking our nature as it is, it tells us of the Great Creator as the loving Providence of human life, as the tender Father of His creatures, as the God and Father of our Lord Jesus Christ, as the pitying, self-sacrificing giver of the only begotten Son, with Him freely giving us all things. It tells us how God hears the cry of our human necessity, and—what only it can tell us—the cry of our human guilt. And as our sense of sin and of moral weakness distresses and disheartens us, and our prayer goes up, a great wail before God, "Against Thee, Thee only have I sinned,"—"in accents sweet as angels use" the Gospel whispers peace: "The Lord hath forgiven the iniquity of thy sin;" "I am come that they might have life, and have it more abundantly;" "God is our refuge and strength, a very present help in trouble." And in its fulness of peace, and mercy, and blessing, it satisfies every desire of my soul.

And God is continually answering the cry of our souls. In His works, in the Bible, He responds to the general cry of humanity; in the motions of His Spirit and the gifts of His grace, He gives individual answers to personal prayers. This is one of our most precious assurances; else His minute providence of life were impossible, and His personal love unavailing.

To such answers of prayer the consciousness of individual believers testifies in ways that we may not always understand, but the results of which we cannot mistake. It is enough that, consciously and blessedly, the light, the inspiration, the comfort, are given. Often He prepares us for the trial that He does not see fit to avert. And this is the best answer of all. It were a small thing to exempt from trial a feeble and effeminate soul. It is a great thing so to strengthen it, that the trial only more firmly roots it, only more spiritually attempers it.

In manifold ways of spiritual visiting, the tender Father, whom Jesus Christ reveals to us, visits His children, and answers their crying. And if we crave for His presence and seek it; if our heart pant for Him, and our soul tend to Him, He will be to us more and more our "very present help in trouble," "all our salvation, and all our desire."

Little do they surmise what they lose, who never pray—who turn no thought, feel no desire, address no cry, to the watchful and loving Father who is above and about them. Oh, the meagre, desolate, unblest life of the man whose spirit is not visited by God's Spirit; who enters into no communion with God; who knows no helper in his sin, no comforter in his sorrow; who receives all things and sees no loving hand bestowing them; who sees no world save that of sense, and realises no rapturous joys of the spirit; who is of the earth earthy; whose thought, imagination and heart are unvisited by the Divine; whose life is helpless and unguarded in the unconscious hours of darkness, and in the perilous hours of activity! How could you more reduce a human life than by saying of it, "It does not pray, utters no cry for God's forgiveness, no claim for his protection, no craving for His inspiration and fulness"?

If there be such a man amongst us, ought we not to gather round him and pray?—that God would open his poor blind eyes, and visit his cold, meagre heart, and make him know how great and blessed is that inner world of the spirit which God constitutes and fills, when He visits and blesses His creatures.

SOME ROYAL CHRISTENINGS.

FEW among the royal pageants connected with English history are surrounded with associations of more touching interest than some of the christenings of her after monarchs. The vicissitudes of life, from which no rank is secure, have been strangely exemplified in them.

To commence with the renowned Edward I. This prince was born on the 16th June, 1237, at Windsor, and was the first to receive baptism in Westminster Abbey after it had been rebuilt by his father Henry III. The renowned Earl of Leicester officiated on this occasion as one of the

godfathers and to him was assigned the honour of holding the royal infant up at the baptismal font.

In the Eagle Tower of the mighty Caernarvon Castle, Edward II. first saw the light, and tradition points out a little dark den in which the good Queen Eleanor gave birth to her son.

Edward's christening took place in Wales; and in answer to the ever memorable "Ich Dien," of the conquering Edward, the haughty Snowdon knights, who had, as history tells us, "consented to take for their king a prince who could neither speak the English nor French language," sullenly imprinted the kiss of homage on the cheek of the unconscious babe and vowed fealty to the child thus unexpectedly presented to them.

The warrior King Edward III. was born at Windsor, on the 13th November, and four days after was baptized with great pomp and magnificence in the venerable chapel of St. Edward.

The ceremony was performed by Cardinal Arnold, and the heir to the throne had no fewer than seven godfathers. These were Richard, Bishop of Poictiers; John, Bishop of Bath and Wells; William, Bishop of Winchester; Louis, Count of Evreux, uncle to the Queen; John, Duke of Bretagne and Earl of Richmond; Aymer de Valence, Earl of Pembroke, and Hugh de la Spencer. Strange to say, there is no mention made of godmothers on this occasion.

Edward, the renowned Black Prince, was born and christened in the remote seclusion of the romantic Woodstock, where Edward III. and his beloved consort Philippa then resided in peaceful retirement. No unusual splendour attended the baptismal rites of this afterwards illustrious prince. It is recorded of him, however, that his infant beauty and strength won for him universal admiration; also, that the portraits of the fair young mother and her lovely boy were frequently chosen by the artists of that period as models for the Virgin and Child.

The baptism of Richard II., the sole surviving offspring of Edward the Black Prince, took place at Bordeaux. Born in the sunny south—"his first accents framed in the poetical language of Provence, and his infant tastes linked to music and song," yet evil portents touching his future destiny were whispered among the nobles and ladies of the court. These however in great measure arose out of the disappointment created by the death of his elder brother, who is described as being a "youth of rare promise," and who bore the favourite name of Edward.

Henry VI. was christened at Windsor, with great magnificence, while his warlike father, Henry V., was prosecutiug the siege of Meux. His godfathers were his famous uncle, John, Duke of Bedford, and Henry Beaufort, Bishop of Winchester. He was presented at the baptismal font by Jacqueline, Countess of Hainault, familiarly designated by King Henry as "Dame Jake."

The birth and christening of the only son of Henry VI. took place when that monarch was suffering from a severe brain attack which for a time deprived him of reason. The infant prince was born on St. Edward's Day, and baptized by that name in Westminster Abbey. The ceremony was performed by Waynflete, Bishop of Winchester: and the sponsors were the Duke of Somerset, the Archbishop of Canterbury, and the Duchess of Buckingham. The font was arrayed in russet cloth of gold, and surrounded by a blaze of tapers. The christening mantle in which the royal babe was received after his immersion cost £554 16*s.* 8*d.*, and was very rich with embroidery of pearls and precious stones. Within this superb mantle a fine linen wrapper prevented the brocade and gems from injuring the skin of the infant prince.[1]

The christening of another Royal Edward, the rival heir of England, was solemnised under the following interesting circumstances. This noble boy first saw the light in the Jerusalem Chamber in Westminster Abbey, which Thomas Milling, the friendly Abbot of Westminster Abbey, had given up for the accommodation of Elizabeth Woodville, the afflicted queen of Edward IV., when in her extreme terror and distress, she, with her three little daughters, her mother and the Lady Scroope, fled from the Tower by water on the approach of the victorious Lancastrians, and landing at Westminster, entered her name as a sanctuary woman, and there gave birth to her first-born son, afterwards Edward V., who together with his brother the Duke of York, was murdered in the Tower by command of his unnatural uncle, Richard Duke of Gloucester, afterwards Richard III. No splendid ceremonies were indulged in on this mournful occasion. The prince's godmothers were the old Duchess of Bedford, his grandmother and the Lady Scroope, his mother's faithful attendant. The kind Abbot charitably performed the office of godfather to the new-born heir of England.

The christening of Arthur, Prince of Wales, was an event of national interest, as in his person were united the rival roses of York and Lancaster. This magnificent ceremony took place in Winchester Cathedral, and Elizabeth Woodville, assisted by two of her daughters, the princesses Cicely and Anne, stood godmothers to her infant descendant.

Miss Strickland tells us that several untoward circumstances attended his baptism. The day was stormy in the extreme, and one of his godfathers, the Earl of Oxford, kept his royal godchild waiting three hours in the cold cathedral before he made his appearance. He was in time however to perform the part of sponsor at the confirmation; when taking the babe in his arms he presented him to the officiating prelate at Winchester high altar.

[1] When Henry VI., the last of the Lancastrian kings, was defeated in his contest with the Yorkists in 1461, Queen Margaret of Anjou fled for refuge to Scotland taking her son Edward with her. They were hospitably received by the Queen Regent at the royal palaces of Linlithgow and Falkland; and it was while they were residing at the latter place that a proposal was first made by Henry to unite the interests of England and Scotland by a marriage between the Princess Mary and his son. A far different fate, however, awaited the youthful playmates. The Lady Mary wedded a son of Lord Boyd, which marriage proved an unhappy one, and was afterwards annulled for political reasons, while the hapless Edward fell fighting in his father's cause at the battle of Tewkesbury, having wedded Anne Nevil, daughter of Warwick, the King Maker.

Then, while the king's trumpeters and minstrels went playing before, the child was borne to the king and queen, and had the blessings of God, Our Lady, and St. George, and his father and mother. The king, according to ancient usage, sat by the queen's bedside ready to give the united blessing at the concluding ceremony of the royal baptism.

The christening of Queen Elizabeth was the most splendid and elaborate in its details that was ever accorded to a princess of England.

"On the seventh day of September, being Sunday, the queen (Anne Boleyn) was delivered of a fair lady, which day the Duke of Norfolk came home to the christening. Te Deum was sung, and great preparations were made for the approaching ceremony. All the walls between the king's palace and the Greyfriars were hung with arras, and the entire way strewn with green rushes. The church was all hung with arras. The font was of silver and raised three steps high. It was placed in the middle of the church and covered with a fine cloth. Divers gentlemen with aprons and towels about their necks guarded the font, which stood under a square canopy of crimson satin fringed with gold. About it was a rail covered with red say. Between the chair and chancel, a closet with a fire had been prepared, lest the infant should take cold in being disrobed for the font. When those assembled moved forward in procession, the Earl of Essex bore the covered gilt basins; the Marquis of Exeter followed with the taper of virgin wax; next the Marquis of Dorset, bearing the salt, followed by the Lady Mary of Norfolk bearing the crysom which was very rich of pearl and gems. Last, under a stately canopy, which was supported by the Lord Rocheford, Lord Huse, and the Lords William and Thomas Howard, her maternal kinsmen, came the child in the arms of her great-grandmother, the Dowager Duchess of Norfolk, by whom this royal scion of her house was proudly borne in a mantle of purple velvet, with a train of almost royal length furred with ermine. On the right hand of the time-honoured duchess and her royal charge, walked the Duke of Norfolk with his marshal's rod, and on the left the Duke of Suffolk. Before them went the officers of arms. The Countess of Kent bore the train of the infant's mantle, assisted by the Earl of Wiltshire, the Queen's father on the right, and the Earl of Derby on the left; a procession of noble ladies and gentlemen brought up the rear. The Bishop of London with a procession of bishops and mitred abbots received the infant at the church door, and there, with all the ceremonials of the Church of Rome, this after Protestant Queen received the name of Elizabeth at the baptismal font. Cranmer, Archbishop of Canterbury, was her godfather, and the godmothers were the widowed Duchess of Norfolk and the Marchioness of Dorset. On the conclusion of the ceremony the sponsors presented their christening gifts. The Archbishop of Canterbury gave the princess a standing cup of gold; the Duchess of Norfolk gave also a cup of gold fretted with pearls. The Marchioness of Dorset gave three gilt bowls, pounced with a cover, and the Marchioness of Exeter gave three standing bowls, graven and gilt, with covers. Then was brought in wafers, comfits, and ypocras in such abundance that every man had as much as he could desire."

The homeward procession of the newly christened babe, just four days old, was lighted on its way to the palace with five hundred staff-torches which were carried by the yeomen of the guard and the king's servants, but the infant was surrounded by gentlemen bearing wax flambeaux.

The most impressive, however, of all our royal baptismal ceremonials was the midnight christening of Edward VI. in the chapel of Hampton Court, when the future defender of the Protestant faith was presented at the font by his sister and Catholic successor, the Princess Mary. There too was the youthful Elizabeth, who, carried in the arms of the crafty and ambitious Seymour, bore the crysom for the son of her for whose sake her mother, the fair and unfortunate Anne Boleyn, had been beheaded on the Tower-hill. The Earl of Wiltshire, the father of the murdered queen, also assisted at the rite, at which he bore the taper of virgin wax, with a towel about his neck. The godfathers associated with the Princess Mary on this occasion were Cranmer, Archbishop of Canterbury, whom she afterwards consigned to the stake, and the Duke of Norfolk. The font of solid silver was guarded by Sir John Russel, Sir Nicholas Carew, Sir Francis Brian, and Sir Anthony Brown, in aprons, with towels about their necks. The Marchioness of Exeter carried the child under a canopy which was borne by the Duke of Suffolk, the Marquis of Exeter, the Earl of Arundel, and Lord William Howard. The Princess Mary gave her godson a golden cup; Cranmer three great bowls and two large pots, which were borne by the Earl of Wiltshire.

Charles II., the first royal heir of England christened in the Protestant faith, was baptized in the Chapel Royal of St. James's Palace.

The hurried and melancholy christening of the youngest daughter of Charles I., who was born at Exeter, June 15th, 1644, took place during the civil war.

Two months before this infant saw the light, Queen Henrietta and the ill-fated Charles had exchanged a sorrowful parting at Abingdon, never to meet again on this side the grave. The poor queen, terrified at the threats of the Parliamentary army, afterwards quitted Exeter, whither she had fled for safety, and sought refuge in Holland, leaving her infant in charge of her governess, the young and lovely Lady Dalkeith. Under the protecting care of this brave and devoted lady, the little Princess remained safe at Exeter, till the arrival of her royal father, who relieved the city in person, July 26th, 1644.

On that day the ill-fated monarch gave his infant daughter a first and last embrace, and desired his chaplain to baptize her by her mother's name, to which that of Anna was added out of compliment to the French Queen. Lady Dalkeith, as the proxy of her royal godmother, Anna of Austria, presented her at the baptismal

font, attended only by two or three ladies who were staunch loyalists.

Lady Dalkeith continued to perform the office of a mother to the deserted child, till the ruin of King Charles's cause determined her to escape with her out of the kingdom. Accordingly, with great danger to herself and her young charge, she set sail for Holland, which friendly shore she contrived to reach in safety, and soon after her arrival had the happiness to place the child in the arms of its exiled mother.

The next christening of great importance in our national history was that of our gracious Majesty, Lady Queen Victoria, at Kensington Palace. In honour of this auspicious event, the gold font was brought from the Tower, where it had lain long in disuse. The Archbishops of Canterbury and York officiated. The godfathers were the Prince Regent, present in person, and Alexander, Emperor of Russia, represented by the Duke of York. The godmothers were the Queen Dowager of Wurtemberg (the Princess Royal) represented by Princess Augusta, and the Princess Dowager of Coburg (mother of the Duchess of Kent, and grandmother of the Queen and the Prince Consort) represented by the Duchess of Gloucester (Princess Mary).

"God send her victorious,
Happy and glorious;
Long to reign o'er us,
God save the Queen."

ELLEN E. GUTHRIE.

A SYNOD AT NESSONVAUX.

BY A. MACLEOD SYMINGTON, D.D.

IT seems hardly worth while to write about what one has seen and heard during a week in Belgium, the way is so easy and so many go for business or pleasure; but I wish to tell of something which does not lie on the surface and which is of more importance than attractive scenery or vigorous industry or impressive architecture.

One word, however, to the tourist in search of health and natural beauty. After Antwerp and Ostend, Ghent, Bruges and Brussels, it is well to go on sixty miles to Liège, a fair city in the wealthy valley of the Meuse, surrounded by low green hills, with old buildings full of history and modern buildings that tell of prosperity and cultivated taste. There you are within a short journey of another handsome and busy city, Verviers, and the way between the two lies through scenery of quite remarkable beauty deserving its name, *la petite Suisse*. Even on the railway, every moment you are not in a tunnel, the eye is charmed with steep hills, rich foliage, bright little valleys and gleaming water; but it will not cost much either in time or money to go through these valleys on foot. At Chaudfontaines, in the midst of exquisite scenery, you may bathe in water from the hot springs. Leaving the Vervier road at Pepinster you climb to Spa and find yourself in grand healthy air more than a thousand feet above the sea. In the course of a short stroll past the Barisard spring, you get, almost before you are aware, into the veritable "Forest of Arden" of *As you like it*, and are finding "tongues in the trees, books in the running brooks, sermons in stones and good in everything." You may even discover, as we did, a melancholy Jaques watching the hiving of wild bees.

But to my story. Coming down by one of the delightful paths that wind among the forests, and entering Spa on the side next its Hôtel de Ville, you chance upon a neat little church and manse. A very handsome Anglican church has long been in view, but that is for the English visitors and has no direct connection with the diffusion of spiritual truth among the Belgian people. This more humble edifice has on its walls the words, "Protestante, évangélique," and one is set to think of the past and present of the Gospel in Belgium.

In the days of the Reformation, Flanders and the Netherlands enjoyed their share of blessing, and the Belgic Confession remains a worthy monument of a living and earnest church. But after Spain the Belgian church is the only one that I can think of as having been quite extinguished by persecution. In adjacent Holland, when William broke the dykes and raised the siege of Leyden, the struggle ended in favour of religious liberty. The continuity of spiritual life was preserved in Italy among the Waldenses, and in France by the Church of the Desert. But in Belgium, as in Spain, Alva and the Inquisition succeeded in making the profession of the Gospel cease altogether; the garden of the Lord was sheared close to the soil, leaving not a single plant. But the living roots—believing prayers and the history of faithful lives—lie beyond the reach of persecution, and the last half-century has witnessed a most genuine and interesting revival of the Church of Christ in Belgium. It is still small, and its work has not attracted general attention in the same degree as the growth of the church in Italy, and it is just on that account that I think the readers of the "Sunday at Home" will be glad to learn something of brethren who are doing the work of Christ, under circumstances of considerable difficulty, with a remarkable union of good order and earnestness.

Of the origin of the Belgian church there is little to be told: it had no heroic founder, nor

did it owe its quickening to such influence from our own country as General Bentinck and Canon Gully carried into the valleys of Piedmont. From the time when civil and religious liberty were established in 1830, under King Leopold, those two great institutions, the Bible and the Tract Societies, sowed the good seed of the Kingdom, and the church grew up, one can scarcely tell how. Towards the end of 1837, a few friends gathered in Brussels and formed the Belgian Evangelical Society, and out of that there arose a few years later the church of which I had the privilege to attend the Synod last year at Nessonvaux.

Nessonvaux is one of the villages of the district called Little Switzerland, lying on the Vestres between Pepinster and Chaudfontaines. Its inhabitants, about a thousand in number, make rifle barrels, or work in factories connected with the large cities adjacent, Verviers and Liège. The ecclesiastical buildings—school, manse and church—are humble enough, reminding one of the old places of Nonconformist worship still to be found in remote parts of our country. Here were gathered the pastors and elders, to the number of forty or fifty, representing the congregations throughout the four provinces of Belgium. I shall not attempt any account of the proceedings, interesting as they were; nor shall I weary the reader with many figures. On the table of the Synod there was laid the forty-eighth report of the church's work, a document breathing the Christian spirit in every line.

From this report it appears that there are twenty-six regularly formed congregations, with fifty-four Mission Stations, so that in all there are eighty localities where regular Sabbath and week-day services are held. While the majority of the members have abandoned Roman Catholicism, there are not a few who have been snatched from infidelity, materialism, and gross immorality. It is in the great industrial centres principally that the work thrives, and the members are for the most part from the working classes.

Although the numbers are small, the individual members have, by the consistency of their lives, borne such unmistakable testimony to the transforming power of the Gospel that they have obtained considerable influence in the community. Family worship is held in honour in many homes, and in the matter of Sabbath observance there has been a marked advance. Shops have been closed, and workmen have abandoned lucrative employment in order to have their Sabbath free. One man, who was strongly pressed on this matter by his employers, met every argument with the answer: "I am yours through the week, but on the Sabbath I belong to God alone." The very first paragraph in the report was one of congratulation that, during the recent strikes, the church members without a single exception had refrained from taking any part in the riots, and, during that trying time, had adorned their profession by the meekness and sobriety of their behaviour.

Among the means employed for the extension of the church is the preaching at funerals. These are very largely attended, and opportunities have been found for addressing two hundred, five hundred, or even as many as one thousand or fifteen hundred persons. This is a peculiar feature of the work of Evangelisation, and great importance is attached to it as a means of reaching the Catholic population. We find among the statistics that the number of funerals during the previous year was 110, and the following incident furnishes a case in point, at the same time bringing into strong relief other aspects of the work.

At Barbançon there lived an aged Christian woman, a solitary believer in the midst of a Catholic population. She was on her death-bed, and through the drunkenness of her husband was reduced to absolute poverty. The lady from the castle went to her accompanied by a nun. She said, "I have brought you a little help."

"Madame," answered the invalid, "you can only offer me help on certain conditions, and I will have none of them. I answer you as Daniel answered the king of Babylon, 'Let thy gifts be to thyself, and give thy rewards to another.'" At this the lady began to weep. "Madame, I will say to you as Jesus said to the daughters of Jerusalem: 'Weep not for me, but weep for yourselves and for your children.'"

The nun then interposed, but was answered after the same fashion in Scriptural language. The following day the priest made his appearance.

"You suffer much?" he said on entering.

"I suffer, but compared with the sufferings of my Saviour, mine are nothing."

He turned on his heel, and left her, not caring to hear more. She died a month later, and her neighbours, all Catholics, spared no pains to provide for her a Protestant funeral. They vied with one another in sounding her praises, each having something to tell of the holiness of her life. Both in the town and in the neighbouring villages women went from house to house announcing the hour of her funeral, thus ensuring a large attendance. In spite of a violent snowstorm there were nearly a thousand persons present, all mourning as though they had lost some near relative. They listened with attention to the Gospel story, standing during the whole service with uncovered heads.

During the year the total number of meetings addressed has been seven thousand. This means a great deal of hard work, but the pastors and evangelists have received valuable assistance not only from Bible readers, but also from members of their churches, eighty of whom conduct both Sabbath and week-day services. Besides these, there are many who help on the work in other ways—by visiting Roman Catholic families, distributing tracts, announcing the meetings from house to house, and by testifying to their faith in their homes, among their neighbours and at their daily work. During the previous year the sphere of labour had been sensibly extended.

The report of the work done by the Bible readers and colporteurs was full of encouragement. Many Catholics possess Bibles, and it is worthy of note that many of the new families have carefully studied the Word long before beginning to attend the services.

In the districts where the strikes occurred the colporteur had a special mission to fulfil, for socialistic literature has been diligently circulated, and those strange minglings of truth with error needed to be represented in the light of the Gospel. In many localities there is a growing distrust of the Papacy, and a corresponding willingness to listen to evangelistic teachings. In one district, where formerly the colporteur was looked upon as "the devil in person," there are now few families who do not possess a Bible or Testament.

Almost all the congregations had made new recruits during the year, some only two or three, but one has added six new families, another thirteen, another fifteen. These are obvious signs of life and prosperity. In some places young men's Christian associations have been formed, the members of which take an active part in the work of evangelisation, distributing tracts, helping in Sabbath school work, and accompanying their pastors in missionary tours.

The church has fifty-seven Sabbath schools, of which nineteen are for the children of Romanists. The pupils number two thousand three hundred and fifty, the teachers one hundred and sixty. One of these being asked the question, "What must I do to be saved?" referred the inquirer to some of the children, who gave him answers so satisfactory that he decided to become a Protestant.

Special interest attaches to the work of this missionary church in a mining district called the *Borinage*. There four congregations have been gathered with five hundred and sixty-six members, and the work for a time went on well. But it appeared that, through secular teaching and the pressure of extreme poverty in these hard times, the spiritual life of these congregatious has been nearly smothered. The Synod sent to these brethren a letter full of wisdom and warm with Christian love; and the offerings gathered at the Lord's Supper with which the Synod closed were for the relief of their poverty.

On the day following the close of the Synod a ceremony took place at Lize-Seraing, a manufacturing village three miles from Liège, which was significant of the relation which the church sustains to the large population by which it is surrounded. M. Cacheux, who had been pastor of the large congregation in Seraing, retired at the age of seventy, and a young Swiss, M. Chatelanet, was inducted as his successor. M. Cacheux, himself originally a priest, had spent forty-five years in gathering out converts from Romanism and infidelity, and closed his honourable and useful ministry by acting as moderator of the Synod.

The population of Belgium is about six millions, and while there are other agencies at work to counteract the prevailing superstition and secularism, this little church is the chief source of Gospel light and leavening. It has grown steadily in the past, and is growing with all healthful vigour to-day, straitened only by its own poverty.[1]

[1] The secretary of the church is M. Kennedy Anet, 33 Rue St. Jean, Brussels, from whom all information can be had.

Things New and Old.

Lord Ashley and Prince Albert.—An interesting passage in the Life of Lord Shaftesbury relates how, while he was yet Lord Ashley, he was specially consulted by the Queen and Prince Albert in 1848, that memorable year of revolutions:—"The Queen," he says, "sent for me to Osborne; the *Fairy* was ready for me at Gosport, and I went. The Queen was greatly alarmed, and so was the Prince, by the Revolution in France and the exile of Louis Philippe. They feared the continuance of commotions in England, and were desirous to know how they could exercise their influence to soothe the people. The Queen, on my arrival, expressed this sentiment very warmly, and added at dinner, 'The Prince will talk to you to-morrow. We have sent for you to have your opinion on what we should do in view of the state of affairs to show our interest in the working classes, and you are the only man who can advise us in the matter.' On the following morning, during a long walk in the gardens, lasting over an hour and a half, I discussed with the Prince the condition of affairs and the state of the nation. He asked me my advice, and how he could best assist towards the common weal. 'Now, sir,' I said to him, 'I have to ask your Royal Highness whether I am to speak out freely or to observe Court form?' 'For God's sake,' he answered, 'speak out freely.' 'Then, sir, I would say that at this juncture you hold a position in which you can render to the country far greater assistance than if you were its king. You can speak as a king, represent a king, without the necessary and inevitable restrictions of a king. Your presence, though formally different, is virtually the presence of the Queen. My earnest advice to you is that you should put yourself at the head of all social movements in art and science, and especially of those movements as they bear upon the poor, and thus show the interest felt by Royalty in the happiness of the kingdom.' 'What can I do?' the Prince asked, eagerly. 'On the 18th of May next the anniversary of the Labourers' Friend Society will be held, and if your Royal Highness will accompany me, first to see some of the dwellings of the poor, and afterwards to preside at the meeting, I am satisfied it will have a good effect. You should come in three carriages, and have the footmen in red liveries—even these things are not without their influence.' The Prince at once fell in with the suggestion." The plan was carried out, and everything went off admirably.

Dr. Arnold's Daily Prayer.—"There is a short but very beautiful prayer of Dr. Arnold," said Canon Fleming, at the funeral of Mr. Morley, "whom our late friend so admired that one of his sons bears the honoured name of Arnold. Dr. Arnold wrote it for his own use before he went into the school of Rugby every day:—'O Lord, I have a busy world around me; eye, ear, and thought will be needed for all my work to be done in that busy world. Now, ere I enter upon it, I would commit eye, ear, and thought to Thee! Do Thou bless them, and keep their work Thine; that as, through Thy natural laws, my heart beats and my blood flows without any thought of mine for them, so my spiritual life may hold on its course at these times when my mind cannot consciously turn to Thee to commit each particular thought to Thy service. Hear my prayer, for my dear Redeemer's sake.—Amen.'"

THE LADY ELFRIDA.

BY ALICE KING.

CHAPTER VI.

"WHY, who be you? And how did you come here? What be your business in my out-house? I don't like harbouring runabouts. Why, I declare you do look as scared and mazed-headed-like as if you had been blown in here by the wind last night."

Such were the first words which reached poor Ruth's ears, when sense and consciousness began to return to her. She opened slowly her eyes; and, not in the least at first remembering where she was, or recalling what had happened to her, closed them again; for she thought she was in her bed at the castle, and must be suffering under the delusion of a vivid dream, which still remained with her, even after she was awake.

"Get up, I tell 'ee. I ban't a-going to have folks lying about in my premises in this fashion."

So spoke the same rough voice which had first aroused her, and it was certainly a very real voice, there was nothing dreamlike in its tones.

Ruth re-opened her eyes, and again gazed bewilderedly around her. She was lying in a sort of shed, and a man, dressed like a small west country farmer of the time, was standing by her, bending over her with eyes that were both curious and suspicious. Then, by degrees, she quickly recollected everything, and knew she must be in the place where she had taken shelter from the storm.

When all had thus become clear to her, Ruth's first rapid thought flew to her child; the little one was lying on her breast wide awake, and catching, with her tiny hands, at a slanting sunbeam which fell through the door of the shed. The child, then, had met with no injury when the mother sank down insensible; she could recollect, now, having made a last instinctive effort to keep her in her arms, and let her lie safely. She thanked God, and then rose slowly to her feet. She understood, at once, that she must be in a shed belonging to some farmer who lived on the border of the moor, and that this man must be the farmer himself. She concluded that she must have wandered very far from the castle, as she was quite unacquainted with the man's face, and she knew personally all the farmers on the property of the Lady Elfrida's husband.

"Well now, be 'ee a-going to speak, and tell me what brings you here," began the farmer again, in his broad Somersetshire dialect, "or be 'ee as dumb as an old bell that have lost its clapper? It be seldom a woman be without her tongue, in faith."

"I lost my way in the storm last night," she answered. "And I came in here for shelter; I must have sank down unconscious, what with weariness and what with fatigue, directly I entered the shed, and then I suppose my fainting fit must have turned into a heavy sleep, for I remember nothing more till you aroused me, and I saw the morning light shine in through the door."

Her simple, straightforward manner and her sweet face evidently softened a little the rough crust of the farmer's character, for he said, speaking more kindly than he had yet done: "Poor wench, thou art too pretty a bit of goods indeed to be wandering about Exmoor in such a night, and with this blossom, which is as like thee as thyself reflected at the bottom of a well, or as the echo to the horn, in thy arms, What made thee abroad in such weather and at such an hour?"

Ruth felt that it would be decidedly unsafe to reply in full to that question, yet, still she would speak no direct untruth; so she said shortly:

"It was no evil errand that I was out on, you may rely on that."

"And why am I to rely on it, my pretty mistress?" cried he, with a return to his former rudeness of manner. "Because you have bright eyes and a nimble tongue?"

"Even because God blesses the going out and coming in of those who befriend the friendless, and I am friendless to-day, and you would make your own such a blessing," she answered quietly.

"There is more in that answer than in most women's words, my girl," he said, his tone growing once more gentler: "their talk is, in general, as a puddle in the summer time. Well, I will ask no more questions, since you have a mind to keep it very dark about yourself. There's no reason why Oliver Oatway should want to be looking into other folks' back yards, when doubtless he has a large enough one of his own. Belike you have received ill-treatment from some one who should have known better; or likelier still from your talk, it be thy religion which is at the bottom of it; the only way nowadays, if a man don't want to burn, is never to ask what his neighbour's faith is. I guess you are a gospeller. Oliver Oatway," and here his voice sank into a whisper, "would gladly enough have the blessed Book now at home on his shelf, if it wasn't for the queen and her priests, but they have long arms and long sight too, though the chief seat of their power be so far away in London."

Ruth's quick intelligence enabled her to see that her new friend, though he had given her thus a glimpse into his own religious opinions, was by no means desirous to compromise himself by hearing anything about hers; so she said earnestly but briefly: "If you have read the precious Gospel, you know the sweet text: 'Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these My brethren, ye have done it unto Me.' That text should speak to your heart to-day for my child and me."

"Aye aye," he replied, brushing from his eye what seemed very like a tear. "But I must not be standing here talking all the day. For this be my morning for going with the carrier's cart; I'll just go in and get you a bit of breakfast, and then I fear you must go your ways, for my old woman be one for poking her nose into everything; she do want to know the very brains of every matter that she comes across, and she'll leave'ee no peace, if she do find out you be here. It be generally so with women folk; they'd like to tear up the very roots of the grain, to look into the mystery of how it do grow, which be the secret of the good Lord Himself. So you now just stay quiet till I do come again, and mind you don't show a glimpse of your petticoat outside the

shed, for if she was to catch sight of it, her tongue would begin to go like all the church spires at once, and every one of her gossips in the village would know that Oliver Oatway had a woman hidden in his outhouse five minutes after."

So saying, he hurried away, leaving Ruth to her own thoughts for a few minutes. She breathed a morning prayer of thankfulness that she and her child had been preserved so far in the midst of peril, and that she had been brought into contact with this man, who at least would not betray her, for his sympathies were evidently on the Reformers' side. Then she began to think of all he had said to her, and she recalled his words about going with a cart with a sudden flash of joy and hope. She was feeling so stiff and weary with all she had undergone last night that even her brave heart sank within her at the prospect of having to wander on on foot, and she felt as if she could, with difficulty, carry the child any distance that day; but what if her new friend would convey her a little way in his cart? First, however, she must know in what direction he was going, for she must not return towards the castle.

Before long the farmer was at her side again, with a basin of milk, and a large slice of brown bread in his hand.

"I've a-got it," he said triumphantly, "without her getting hold of a bit of the matter so large as a lamb's tail. She was a-rating of her serving damsel and a-scouring of her milk pans, and not looking to me any more than to the old mallard out in the yard; so I just slipped into the buttery, and brought out this here, helping myself to what I wanted without any more ado; and there she went a-scolding and a-scouring on, making so much noise, that she didn't even hear my nail boots on the stone floor as I crossed the back kitchen."

Ruth took the food gladly, for she had not tasted anything since yesterday evening; and as she ate and drank she could not suppress a smile at the farmer's description of his wife and himself. The grave cares of her own situation soon however again absorbed her; she began to question the farmer as to what he had said about going with a carrier's cart.

She found that Oliver Oatway united the trades of farmer and carrier; five days in the week he worked on his farm, and one day he put two of his horses into a large lumbering vehicle, such as the carriers of those days travelled with, and journeyed from village to village, doing the principal traffic of the country for some miles round. The village in which the carrier-farmer lived was situated on the edge of the moor, too far from the castle for Ruth to be well acquainted with it, though she had ridden through it two or three times when in attendance on her mistress. The chief road of the retired district ran through it, and the man's weekly journey led from thence to a little sea-port town.

When Ruth had gained all this information from Oliver Oatway, the hope which had just now started up within her, grew into a cry of joy, and thankfulness. The road to the sea-coast lay exactly in a different direction from the castle, and the sea-coast was exactly what she wanted to reach as quickly as she could. She asked the carrier, at once, whether he would give her for the whole journey to the sea-port a place inside his waggon, adding that she would pay him liberally for the service. He granted her request immediately, refusing, however, to receive payment for the act of kindness done to the lonely young mother and child, and only stipulating that Ruth should walk on a little distance from the village, so that there should be no chance of his wife, or any of her female friends seeing her get into the cart.

"Oliver Oatway be no coward," he said, in conclusion, "as you'll find out may-hap, my pretty mistress, before you've a-been long under his care. I was a sailor in days gone by, but I'd rather face the whole Spanish fleet, than a battery from the tongues of our goodies. There they'd be, a-hanging their heads and caps out of every window, if I was to drive down the village street with you in my cart, making as great a wonder of it as if I was driving a camel, such as we do read of in the days of Abraham. So you just follow yonder path that skirts the outside of the village, and I'll pick you up where it joins the road, and the gossips will know no more about it than they know what is going on at this moment in Jerusalem."

Soon after that Ruth and her child were nestling warmly in a bundle of fresh straw which Oliver had placed for their accommodation at the bottom of the rude cart, surrounded by the strange confused mass of luggage which it contained. There was a packet of huge, weighty books for the minister of the next parish; a cask of rare wine for the old squire, whose manor house they would soon pass; a bag of curious herbs sent by one notable housewife to another; a basket, through the wicker-work of which peeped the scarlet hood of a village beauty; a stag-hound pup travelling from kennel to kennel; a bale of home-spun linen for which a dame had found a customer; and a granny's bottle of cordial.

SCRIPTURE ENIGMA.

NO. XI.

Who brought four other kings to help him fight,
When he went forth the Gibeonites to smite?
What mountain was the last which Moses trod
Before he passed from earth to dwell with God?
A plain through which a new-made king should tread,
There meet three men, and take two loaves of bread?
Who answered David in his sad despair,
"Where the king goes his servant will be there"?
Who, when his threshing-floor and wheat were sold,
Received six hundred shekels weight of gold?
One who had shared with Paul in toil and strife,
Whose name is written in the "Book of Life"?
What wooded hill concealed a hunted band
When flying from a king's revengeful hand?

Take all the answers now and set them down,
Initial letters name a Syrian town
Where Paul by Barnabas at first was brought,
And stayed a year among the church and taught.
And final letters spell that city's name
Where Paul, just after leaving Athens, came;
There God appeared and bid him not to fear,
"But speak," said He, "I have much people here."

L. T.

HIDDEN TEXTS.

NO. VIII.

Write out these texts, and then mark one word in each line so as to form another text.

1. The Lord taketh pleasure in them that fear Him.—*Psa.* cxlvii. 11.

2. The Lord is my light and my salvation.—*Psa.* xxvii. 1.

3. He that loveth Me not keepeth not My sayings.—*John* xiv. 24.

4. The righteous considereth the cause of the poor.—*Psa.* xxix. 7.

5. Thou wilt bless the righteous with favour.—*Psa.* v. 12.

THE SUNDAY AT HOME

O DAY MOST CALM, MOST BRIGHT! . . .
THE WEEK WERE DARK BUT FOR THY LIGHT.—*Herbert.*

THE QUEEN OF NAVARRE:

SOME INCIDENTS IN THE LIFE OF JEANNE D'ALBRET.

BY E J WHATELY.

CHAPTER I.

THE CASTLE OF PAU.

THE traveller who has sojourned at Pau will not easily forget the noble old castle of the Kings of Navarre which crowns the height above the town, and commands so striking a view of the picturesque old city, the beautiful river Gave, the wooded *coteaux* beyond, and the magnificent chain of Pyrenean snow-peaks bounding the horizon. This castle bears still the name of that King Henri IV. whose memory is yet remembered with respect and affection; but it is no less closely connected with the memory of his illustrious mother, Jeanne d'Albret, one of the most remarkable of distinguished women who play so important a part in the history of the Reformation struggles in the sixteenth century.

None of these deserve a more honoured place than the mother of Henri IV. There seems to have been a unity of purpose and singleness of heart in her that we see in very few of the remarkable personages of that or indeed of any time. Few sovereigns have accomplished more and under greater difficulties than she did in her eventful and troubled life of little more than forty years.

She was the only surviving child of Henri d'Albret, King of Navarre, and of Marguerite, sister of Francis I., King of France, one of the most distinguished women of the time. The beauty, accomplishments, learning and talents, of Marguerite gave her great influence both at her brother's court and in her own kingdom: influence which, in spite of a strong taint of worldliness which we do not see in her daughter, was on the whole well employed.

Jeanne, a fragile and delicate but intelligent and precocious child, was carefully brought up under her mother's directions, though not under her eye; her education was the best the resources of the time afforded; she was well instructed in ancient and modern languages, and early manifested powers of mind of no common order. While still a child of twelve years old, she was contracted, by the desire of her uncle Francis I., to the young Duke of Cleves. This marriage

PRICE ONE PENNY.

was exceedingly repugnant to her; the idea of leaving her country and going to live in Germany, then regarded in France as a land of savages, was dreadful to her. Her parents themselves disliked the match, but Marguerite was afraid of displeasing her brother the King. She tried to object on the ground of her child's youth and delicate health; but finally she yielded, and even corrected her daughter for repining. The poor child, after consoling herself by writing solemn protests against the marriage, which she concealed in her jewel-box, at last submitted. She was arrayed for the occasion in a dress so heavy with gold, silver and jewels, that she was unable to walk, and had to be carried to the church by the Constable Montmorency. As soon as the religious ceremony was over, the Duke returned to his dominions, and the little bride was taken home to Béarn by her mother to continue her education.

For three years she remained there with her parents; at last the French King insisted on her being sent to her future home. Happily, however, she had gone no farther than Soissons, when the plan was frustrated, for the Emperor Charles v., having defeated the Duke of Cleves and reduced him to absolute submission, the Duke himself renounced the alliance: and at the request of

CRADLE OF HENRY IV.

both parties the marriage was annulled by the Pope.

Meantime Jeanne had grown up one of the most beautiful and accomplished princesses of her time. Her cousin King Henri II., who had succeeded his father Francis, planned a marriage for her to Antoine de Bourbon, Duke of Vendôme, a handsome, graceful and gallant cavalier, with frank, affable manners, a brilliant military reputation, and altogether calculated to win general popularity. He and the young princess became really attached to each other, and in spite of the objections which the parents felt to the extravagance and love of pleasure which marred the good qualities of Antoine, the wishes of the young people carried the day, and they were married in October 1548.

The festivities which followed the marriage, however, were but short-lived. Queen Marguerite died the following year; her health had been already undermined by grief at her brother's death. Her daughter's marriage had been very much against her wishes, and Jeanne's grief at the loss of a tenderly loved mother was increased by the sense that she had by this step caused her pain.

Her first two children—both sons—died in early infancy. The third, the famous Henri IV., was born in the castle of Pau. The grandfather made the young mother sing an old national song, to inspire the new-born babe with courage and cheerfulness, and he himself administered wine and garlic to the infant that he might be a "true Béarnais." He was sent to a peasant woman in the country to be nursed, and being brought up in the hardy and simple fashion of the villagers, grew up as vigorous and healthy as his grandfather could have desired. Henri d'Albret, however, did not long survive his grandson's birth; in 1555 he died, leaving his daughter Jeanne undisputed Queen of Navarre.

The position of the young sovereign was a most difficult one. Her small hereditary kingdom was fitted in, as it were, between the domains of the two powerful Kings of France and Spain, each of whom ardently desired to see Navarre absorbed in his own kingdom. Henri of France was anxious to induce Jeanne to exchange her dominion for estates within the interior of France, which she could hold, he thought, with less risk of independence. He knew his cousin's resolute disposition, however, too well to propose this at once to her; he began by trying to work on the weaker character of her husband, on whom he lavished caresses and flatteries at first, and then made the proposal after the manner of a command.

Antoine, unwilling to consent and afraid to refuse, was only too glad to refer all to his wife, who was in fact the real ruler. She was indignant at the plot which had been formed against her kingdom, but dared not oppose it openly in her undefended position. She declared she must appeal to the States of Béarn, without whose consent she could do nothing. The French king made no objection to this; but sent messengers secretly instructed to try and entice the Béarnais to consent by brilliant offers. Jeanne, however, guessed what he was about to attempt, and took care to be beforehand with him in warning the most trustworthy and influential of her subjects of the intrigues carried on. She hastened to Béarn, and was there received with the warmest demonstrations of affection.

Meanwhile, the French agents had found a fitting tool in the Bishop of Mende, who was

Chancellor of Navarre. He tried to find accomplices in his evil schemes; but happily, the first person he chose was a faithful subject of the Queen, an influential nobleman, the Baron Bernard d'Arros, who had been forewarned by his mistress. He listened silently to all the details of the plot, and then assembled the nobles and disclosed the whole to them. The country was in a flame: the treacherous bishop had to fly for his life, towns and castles were fortified, and the whole kingdom of Navarre was on its defence. The French king was obliged to yield, and Jeanne and her husband were solemnly crowned in their own realm.

The danger was arrested for the time; but the French court was still on the alert to gain the desired end. A pretext was soon found for fresh intrigues in the religious movement which was now rapidly spreading through France. The violence of persecution had only increased the zeal of the followers of the Reformed doctrines; missionaries were active in all the provinces of France, speaking, preaching, and distributing the books which were constantly issuing from the press in Geneva, Lausanne, and Neuchâtel.

Queen Marguerite had always been a friend to the Reformed religion; she had not had the courage or singleness of purpose which would have led her to break openly with Rome; but she had privately attended the preachings of the Reformed ministers, and made her kingdom an asylum for all who were persecuted for their faith. She had brought up her daughter in the same sentiments; but at this early period Jeanne, like her mother, was still inclined to compromise matters. She was very reserved in the expression of her own views, and even held back her husband, who had declared himself an open supporter of the Reformation, from pressing forward with the ardour to which his impulsive nature inclined him.

It was truly a case of "The last shall be first, and the first shall be last." At this early period, a looker-on would have said the husband was more advanced in his religious views, and more courageous in supporting the truth than the wife. A few years sufficed to show that Antoine's mind was like the "stony ground" in the parable; his religious feelings sprang up quickly, but they were only the result of impulse; and the first strong temptation overcame them all. Jeanne's religion was of slower growth, but all her sentiments were deep-rooted; and ultimately her faith was able to stand storms under which weaker convictions would have succumbed.

Meanwhile, she was devoted to her maternal duties. She watched sedulously over the training, physical, mental, and moral, of her young son; and as soon as he was of an age to be instructed, she placed him under the care of an excellent tutor, La Gaucherie.

Only one other of her five children had survived infancy, a daughter, Catherine; she also was carefully trained under her mother's eye. Jeanne was an admirable and most watchful and devoted ruler of her little kingdom, whose inhabitants regarded her with enthusiastic affection.

Meantime that kingdom was exposed to danger from the war which had broken out between Spain and France. Spain was as eager to recover the part of Navarre which had formerly belonged to *her*, as France was to absorb the whole. Jeanne and her husband saw the necessity of taking up arms in defence of their territory; but Antoine, vacillating and fond of pleasure, stayed at Paris absorbed in dissipation, instead of placing himself at the head of his troops. The Lord of Berrie took the lead in his stead, passed the frontier, and laid siege to Fontarabia; but the winter rains came on with such fury that the roads became impracticable; supplies were cut off, the troops suffered from sickness, and the enterprise was cut short without a blow being struck. It was afterwards known as "the wet war" (*la guerre mouillée*).

Peace was soon after concluded between France and Spain, on terms much more advantageous to the latter country than the former. The treaty of Cateau-Cambresis was signed, and as a pledge of union, Henri II. gave his eldest daughter Elizabeth, a girl of fourteen, in marriage to Philip II. of Spain. The poor child was called "the Princess of the Peace;" but to her the union was productive of nothing but misery; the policy of her father sacrificed her to a husband who knew neither love, conscience, or pity.

The treaty of Cateau-Cambresis had done more than increase the territories of Spain: it bound the kings of the two countries to work in common for an object almost equally desired by both: namely, the extirpation of "heresy." The Inquisition, hitherto only active in Spain, was now to work north of the Pyrenees, to add force to the persecutions already carried on with sufficiently unrelenting cruelty against the Protestants of France. But, as often happened, persecution seemed to lend fresh energy to the suffering Reformed Church. The zeal and earnestness of the Protestant preacher were not damped, and those who were called on to suffer for their faith displayed a true martyr spirit. The Reformed Church now began to organise its constitution, and convoked a synod at Paris two months after the declaration of war against all who followed the "new way."

Antoine de Bourbon, who had been drawn to Paris by the intrigues of those employed by Henri II.'s queen, the celebrated Catherine de Medici, was now chosen to accompany the new Queen of Spain to the frontier, where she was to be solemnly consigned to the commissioners sent to meet her by Philip. The Spanish deputies wished that this ceremony should take place at Pignon, on the point where Upper and Lower Navarre meet, and which they had seized in a former war. Jeanne considered that her frontier was legally that which separated Upper Navarre from Castile, and therefore insisted on going farther. The bad weather obliged them to stop at Roncevaux, but the King and Queen of Navarre made a distinct declaration that they were in fact giving up the young queen to Spain "in the interior of their own kingdom." This was afterwards remembered against them by Philip. The ceremony took place in the Abbey of Roncevaux and was celebrated with great pomp.

the Cardinal of Toledo and the Bishop of Burgos, in a severe and harsh tone, pronounced in Latin, as their sole discourse, these verses of the 45th Psalm: "Hearken, O daughter, and consider; . . . forget thine own people, and thy father's house. So shall the king desire thy beauty, for he is thy lord, and worship thou him." Like most highly educated young ladies of the time, the bride was familiar with Latin: these words sounded in her ears like a funeral knell. Terror seized the poor young creature, and she fell fainting into the arms of Jeanne. The Queen of Navarre (her cousin) had been her godmother; she had always called her "aunt," and an intimate and warm friendship united the two; the parting with this the last of her friends in her own country, was a very sorrowful one, and having taken a tender leave of her and all her family, the unhappy bride was delivered up to her stern guardians and went, sad and resigned, on her way. The time was not far off, however, when Elizabeth had an opportunity of showing her abiding affection for Jeanne, and that at a heavy cost to herself.

JEANNE D'ALBRET.

Great efforts were now made to introduce the Jesuits into the State of Navarre. Antoine would easily have been won over; but Jeanne firmly refused to allow them to form any establishment in her dominions. She had a difficult part to play, and to keep her states in safety was sometimes obliged to curb the impetuosity of her friends of the Reformed faith, which caused Theodore Beza at one time to misunderstand her and ascribe to worldliness conduct which was only dictated by needful prudence.

It was at this time that the famous conspiracy of Amboise was formed by the Prince of Condé and his brother Antoine de Bourbon, to counteract the machinations of Spain and the Guise family. It was discovered; Condé was sentenced to death, and Antoine summoned to Paris for an interview with the king. A plot was fabricated there to destroy him; the king was to use language so insulting as to provoke Antoine to retaliate and to speak or act in such a manner as to afford a pretext for his enemies falling on him and killing him on the spot. The plot was discovered and revealed to Antoine, and for once his better spirit appeared; he went to the king, but conducted himself with such calmness and self-command that no opportunity was offered for an open quarrel. Francis II. himself, naturally gentle and easy-tempered, forgot to play his part, and the plan was frustrated.

The enemies of Navarre were not, however,

to be so easily discouraged. An attack was planned on the country by the Guises on one hand and Spain on the other. They agreed to meet on the frontier and fall upon the little kingdom from opposite sides. The pretence for the attack was the act of the King and Queen in receiving the young Queen of Spain in a place in their dominions instead of on the Spanish frontier. Jeanne, however, had trusty agents always on the watch. She learned the plot from them, and made active preparations to meet the attack, both on the French and Spanish frontiers. She established herself with her children in the strong fortress of Navarreins, ready to defend it to the last. But the attack could only have succeeded if carried on in secrecy, and the discovery put a final stop to it.

Antoine meanwhile remained captive in the hands of the Guises, and the Prince of Condé under sentence of death. But the sudden demise of Francis II., leaving the kingdom to his brother Charles, a boy ten years old, put the government in the hands of a regency, and Catherine de Medici being now in power, her jealousy of the Guises led her to act in opposition to them whenever she could. This saved the life of Condé and opened the prison doors to Antoine. Catherine's policy was now to conciliate the Bourbons; she tried to win the King and Queen of Navarre by a show of warm friendship. The King, as usual, was readily deceived.

Jeanne saw clearly the falseness of Catherine's professions; but she thought it prudent to accept her invitation to Paris, and see the state of affairs for herself.

The tide had now turned in favour of the Reformation for the moment; the Protestant "prêches" were attended by the great, and again the court ladies sang Clement Marôt's psalms to their lutes, and Catherine herself feigned attachment to the Reformed cause. The Constable de Montmorency alone made a firm stand against the new ideas. He was too honest to feign, and was himself a strict Catholic and a religious man, after a curious fashion of his own, never missing his regular devotions, which he carried on in the midst of his other work, breaking off in the middle of a prayer to give orders to hang one man or shoot another, and then punctiliously resuming the Paternoster where it had been interrupted.

This pious soldier joined the Duke of Guise and the Marechal St. Audié in the alliance known as the Triumvirate, to uphold the power of the Church of Rome, and oppose the present movement in favour of Reform.

Meanwhile the unwearied enemy of the Navarre family, King Philip, was planning a new mode of attack. He saw that all plots against them would fall to the ground while Antoine had his courageous and clear-sighted wife beside him. The object of his enemies must therefore be to separate the husband and wife; and this was not difficult with a character like Antoine's. His marriage had been indeed one of affection; but all love for his wife had died away in his fickle heart; he had long been an unfaithful and neglectful husband. Jeanne knew it well, and knew that her enemies worked on her husband's weaknesses; but like a brave and patient woman, she had borne her anguish without word or sign of complaint.

Now, however, the evil reached its climax. The secret emissaries of the King of Spain whom Antoine, in spite of repeated warnings, persisted in retaining about his person, pressed him to declare himself openly a convert to the Church of Rome, and to seek from the Pope a divorce from his wife on the ground of the marriage ceremony which had taken place between her and the Duke of Cleves. That marriage had been solemnly annulled by the Pope; but a new Pontiff filled the chair who would gladly undo the work of his predecessor in the interests of Spain and the Church. Antoine was to be offered the hand of the young widow of Francis, the beautiful Mary Stuart, to replace Jeanne; and the Island of Sardinia, which was painted to him as a perfect earthly paradise of delights, in place of the kingdom of Navarre, which was to be ceded to France. Such dazzling prospects were too much for the weak and unprincipled monarch. The flame kindled by Spain was fanned by Catherine de Medici through her tools; and at last the whole was made known to Jeanne.

She had endured her own wrongs in silence; but now her children's welfare and that of her country were both at stake. She spoke out freely and fully to her husband. She appealed first to his religious principles, but this was in vain: he who had once looked on his wife as almost lukewarm in comparison to his enthusiasm for the Reformed faith, now alleged that he could not make up his mind which religion was right. Perhaps the one his father had followed must be best!

The Old Boatman.

I KNEW a boatman, old, and grey,
And when the day was o'er,
I loved to go and sit with him,
Upon the quiet shore.
"You've had a stormy life, old friend,
You've seen hard times," I said.
A smile dawned in his clear blue eyes,
He shook his silvered head:
"Why, take my whole life round," said he,
And gazed towards the west,
"There's joy as well as grief, you see,
And One above knows best."

"But, friend, the world is full of ill."
He looked across the sea:
"Yet if you take the whole world round,
There's good as well," said he.
"But how, when winter's storms arise,
And sweep across the main,
And shroud the sunny summer skies,
In cruel wreck and rain?"
"I take the whole year round," said he,
And gazed towards the west:
"There's shine as well as rain, you see,
And One above knows best."

HELEN MARION BURNSIDE.

BARBARA'S BROTHERS.

CHAPTER XX.—AT THE HALL.

THE autumn at the Hall had passed peacefully and uneventfully away. Clive and Mrs. Dumaresq had both of them been from home at different times, the young man to shoot, and his mother to visit one or two relatives, who had pressed her somewhat importunately not to bury herself alive for ever.

Mr. Dumaresq had not felt equal to the exertion of leaving home, but had urged his wife to do so, saying that he and Reinée were quite capable of taking care of one another.

Reinée had had many and pressing invitations from different quarters, but she had not been tempted away by any of them. She was very happy in her quiet home, and her life was full of little cares and interests that had become more to her than ever the old gaieties had done.

So she and her father spent a great part of October and November alone together, enlivened from time to time by Clive's bright presence, but for the most part dependent upon each other for company and amusement, and during those quiet days, tinged with that nameless sadness that follows the footsteps of the dying year, father and daughter drew very near together.

Mr. Dumaresq had never been what is termed a religious man, and yet he had a vein of serious speculation in his nature, and a reverence for sacred themes and ordinances that both his children had inherited. His marriage with a handsome heiress that had been happy and prosperous in most of its aspects, had not resulted in any sympathetic union of souls. Mrs. Dumaresq was always ready to conform in all outward ways to the standard of conventional religious propriety; but it was not a subject upon which she cared to speak, and gradually her husband had come to be as reticent and silent as herself.

But since this illness had come upon him—this slow decay of strength that seemed to sap the very foundation of his being—Mr. Dumaresq had become more earnest in many of his thoughts and feelings than he had ever been before. He began to take new ideas of life, to look upon it from a fresh standpoint, and to glance in retrospect over his past life with a keen if calm regret.

And just at this time, he and his daughter were thrown together in a manner that had never occurred before.

Reinée had always been very dear to her father. He looked upon her as a sort of living embodiment of light and life and gladness. Her sweetness, her loving caresses, her happy laugh and tender smiles made the happiness of his life. He had always determined that sadness and trouble should never come near her, that she should preserve her childish gladness and gaiety to the very end.

He had never for a moment imagined that serious thoughts and deep convictions had ever troubled her fair head. He saw the sweet serenity of her face, watched her graceful light-hearted movements, saw that she was happy, and concluded with strange inconsequence that the root of her happiness lay in the fact that she had never required to think seriously of life or to trace out its complex bearings.

But when he had been left alone with her, and they had drawn near to one another, as those will do who are conscious of a subtle link of sympathy and comprehension, then he found out his mistake—found out that his child was far beyond him upon the road to life everlasting, and that her sweet unvarying happiness was due not to indifference and carelessness, but to the full and unclouded assurance of a Saviour's love, a Father's care, and the hallowing guidance of the Spirit of Truth.

Gently and sweetly and tenderly Reinée led her father whither he would go. All was very clear and bright and sunny to her, for she had never consciously rejected light and truth, and she could not quite understand the clouds and darkness that hung in the horizon of her father's sky; but her own strong faith and childlike trust did much to drive these clouds away, and the father was never weary of hearing from Reinée's lips the sweet and simple story of her own seeking after light, of the steps by which she attained her present peace, and how, in loving care and thought for others, she first learned to understand, and take home to herself the great sacrifice and victory of love made by Christ for His loving children.

So those quiet months were fraught with great peace for Reinée and her father. Clive's comings and goings did not disturb the atmosphere, for he was in sympathy and in harmony with their thoughts, and if he were more reticent than his sister, it was not because he was indifferent; and she knew, by a hundred little nameless tokens, that the talk they had had together one summer Sunday many months ago had not been forgotten or put aside.

They had not many visitors at the Hall just then. Juliet Granby was away, so was Gerald Meynal. Barbara was increasingly busy, and although a warm friendship and strong mutual attraction existed between her and Reinée, they did not see very much of one another.

Wulfric Meynal was perhaps their most regular visitor. Mr. Dumaresq wished him to come in from time to time, as he felt confidence in his medical skill and liked to see a doctor frequently, as many invalids do, even if he had not much to say upon an individual visit. Wulfric had plainly told his patient that he could not benefit him by frequent attendance; but when the other had asked him, almost as a favour, not to be many days without a visit, the young man had not the heart to refuse, and as time was precious with him, it became almost an established custom that on Tuesdays

and Fridays—the afternoons he generally tried to visit his patients in the hamlet and outlying houses of St. Hilda—he should call at the Hall on his return and dine there, and hear Mr. Dumaresq's account of his health as they sat over their walnuts and wine.

This *régime* was not, however, regularly started until after Mrs. Dumaresq's departure. It did not occur, however, to anybody that she would object to an arrangement that was a source of real satisfaction and pleasure to her husband, and relieved the monotony of the week very pleasantly.

Wulfric Meynal was a man that required knowing, but once known never disappointed a friend or failed to repay a closer inspection. His knowledge was considerable, his acumen and shrewdness the same, whilst he had an appreciation of the humour of life and a keen sense of the ridiculous which made him capital company when once the outward crust of reserve had melted. Then his roughness of exterior concealed a tenderness of heart and a power of sympathy not easily surpassed, and his profession, instead of hardening him and rendering him callous to the sight of suffering, as is sometimes said to be the case, rather gave additional impulse to his intense longing to relieve the sufferer and destroy the germs of the disease.

If Wulfric did not make many friends, he certainly never lost one, and those he did make were warm and true. Mr. Dumaresq and his son and daughter gradually came to look upon him as a valued and trusted friend.

As for Wulfric himself, these visits to the Hall quickly became the bright spots in a rather sad and weary life. He did not analyse the cause of this; he was content to accept it without comment, and to take the good that fell to his share with quiet gratitude, as he took the evil with manly resolution and resignation.

Between Reinée and Wulfric a bond of sympathy and mutual comprehension had sprung up as it were very early in their acquaintance and only grew stronger with time. Single-hearted, and simple, and quietly in earnest, they recognised in each other qualities that drew them together, and now that circumstances were leading their paths to cross so often, they were learning to love one another without being in the least aware of it themselves.

Matters were much upon this footing at St. Hilda when Mrs. Dumaresq returned, her round of visits paid, to take up her abode once more at the Hall. It was December by this time, and the long winter sleep had settled down over the face of nature. Clive, who found Scotland too cold for his taste, came home likewise, and Arthur Trevelyan was expected shortly on another visit.

It could not be avoided without "a row," Clive told his sister. Mrs. Dumaresq would invite him herself if he did not: he must come, but Reinée should not be bullied if he could help it.

Reinée had no intention whatever of engaging herself to Arthur Trevelyan to please her mother. Greatly as she liked to do what was told her, and to give pleasure to all about her, and especially to her parents, she knew that there must be limits to submission and even to filial obedience. Her father she now felt certain would not urge her against her better feelings, but, if he fully understood the matter, might even take her part against the marriage, and Clive was certain to stand by her; yet Reinée shrank from the approaching contest with her mother, and wished that the visitor might elect to stay away.

Mrs. Dumaresq came back full of plans and projects for her daughter's aggrandisement. A return to the old life of social pleasures had awakened within her all her old ambitions, and had strengthened her former determination; other girls, far less attractive or well-dowered than Reinée, were marrying on all sides—some of them making brilliant matches—and people began to wonder how it was that Mrs. Dumaresq's charming daughter did not "go off." Mrs. Dumaresq felt a good deal of irritation at hearing such remarks, and blamed herself for having been so easy with Reinée, and for not taking a higher hand with regard to this tacit engagement. No girl with any sense of honour could possibly refuse a man who had been waiting for her for years, and that upon the well-known understanding that she would marry him when of a suitable age. Had he not been detained by the fascinations of travel in foreign lands he would have carried off his wife as soon as she attained her majority, as had always been arranged, but he had not come back for more than a year after that time, and then there had been an odd reluctance on Reinée's part to give him the least encouragement.

But things could not possibly drift on in this way any longer. In all probability Arthur Trevelyan would succeed to the peerage to which he was heir before another twelve months had passed; and Mrs. Dumaresq was feverishly anxious that her daughter should share the elevation with him.

So she came home full of plans and schemes, and did her utmost to excite in her daughter some of that social ambition that had been so vehemently aroused in herself. Reinée listened to her mother with interest and attention, when she talked of the visits that had been paid, and of the people she had seen and met; but she did not identify herself with the gay life that had been once so familiar. Her interests lay around the house and within it, and when playfully asked if she was not tired of rustication, she would answer with pretty eagerness, that she had never before been so happy as in her country home.

Mrs. Dumaresq was keenly alive to the increase of sweetness and gentle womanly dignity in her daughter; yet it gave her some uneasiness as well as gratification, for it seemed to indicate a quiet reserve of power that might not be altogether easy to manage.

Reinée, however, was always gentle, loving, and dutiful, and her father could not be brought to see that she was anything but faultless. He indulged her in every possible way, and nothing made him happier than being asked favours or taken into her confidence.

She was very busy now with preparations for

a Christmas festival for all the poor of the neighbourhood; and Clive entered with zest into the project, and became its very life and soul. He and Reinée were as happy as two children, planning, contriving and devising; and the result certainly repaid their labour and forethought.

There was a Christmas tree for the children, and a tea in the barn; and more substantial repast for adults in the laundry, whilst doles were sent round to the sick, or infirm, that they too might share in the general enjoyment.

Reinée and Clive were in their glory, and by the frank kindliness of their manner, and the unaffected interest they took in everything and everybody, won golden opinions from all.

Barbara and Wulfric came in to watch proceedings for a time, as did also Celia and Frank Leslie, and Reinée was pleased that they had cared to do so, and watched with bright eyes and a happy smile whilst Wulfric went about amongst the children, evoking shouts of laughter by his sallies and funny questions. There was no doubt as to his popularity amongst the poor of all ages and sections. Glances of gratitude followed him as he moved, and broken words of thanks—broken because he always stopped the speaker with some question or comment—were poured upon him, so to speak, from almost every person present. Reinée felt a curious sort of warm, personal pride and gladness, as she saw and heard all this.

Arthur Trevelyan was likewise present, for he had come to spend Christmas at the Hall, determined not to leave until he had won from Reinée the promise she had withheld so long. He did not mix in any way with the people, but stood aloof as a spectator merely, and with eyes only for the fair girl who attracted him more and more, the further she seemed to withdraw herself from him.

He was not unobservant and he was not slow of comprehension, and he was intensely jealous, with the jealousy of a small and unworthy nature. What he saw or thought he saw that evening, gave him ample food for meditation and meditation of no pleasant kind.

But he kept silence and bided his time. On twelfth night there was to be a ball at the great house—a dance in honour of Reinée's birthday, that occurred very early in the year and was generally marked as a fête day—and he resolved that upon that night he would speak to her and claim her as his own. She must surely have forgotten the episode that had made an unfavourable impression upon her six months ago, and she could hardly refuse a man who had been waiting for her for so many years.

So at least Trevelyan argued, and was most careful of his conduct and language during the days that intervened. When she was his wife he would perhaps revenge himself for the constraint she made him put upon himself, but in the present it behoved him to act very discreetly and circumspectly.

Had Reinée trusted him or liked him a little better than she did, she might have been deceived by the outward show he made of sympathy and interest in her thoughts and pursuits. But she was too intensely sincere and truthful herself not to be very quick to detect the least taint of insincerity in others. Trevelyan's professions did not impress her as genuine. She knew enough of life to distrust the appearance of changes that came so suddenly and with so little effort. Convictions of a lifetime do not alter so readily as his seemed to have done. But to tell the truth she thought but little of him in any way, her mind was occupied by matters in which he had neither part nor lot.

Her ball, however, was a great success, and much appreciated in a neighbourhood where such entertainments were rare. Mrs. Dumaresq was gratified by the way in which everything went off. Reinée looked lovely, and her manner and bearing were perfect. She was just a little too gracious towards Dr. Meynal to please her mother, but as the young doctor did not dance but only came to look after Mr. Dumaresq a little, this was of small consequence.

The evening was over. Clive was busy seeing the last guests to their carriages. Mrs. Dumaresq had the little cosy inner drawing-room all to herself and was resting after her exertions, when Arthur Trevelyan suddenly appeared, his face as black as a heavy thunder-cloud.

Immediately the mother divined that something was amiss, and her face grew anxious as she asked—

"What is the matter? what has happened?"

"What has happened is that Reinée has given me my *congé* in most unequivocal terms. Is this the result of your boasted skill and influence?"

The young man flung himself into a chair and fiercely bit the ends of his moustache. His words were rude and his manner uncourteous; but Mrs. Dumaresq made allowances for him. Indeed she was too much amazed herself to notice trifles.

"Reinée refused you!"

"Most emphatically. She would not hear a word—at least words were simply thrown away upon her. She was—she was——"

"Not insolent, surely—to you."

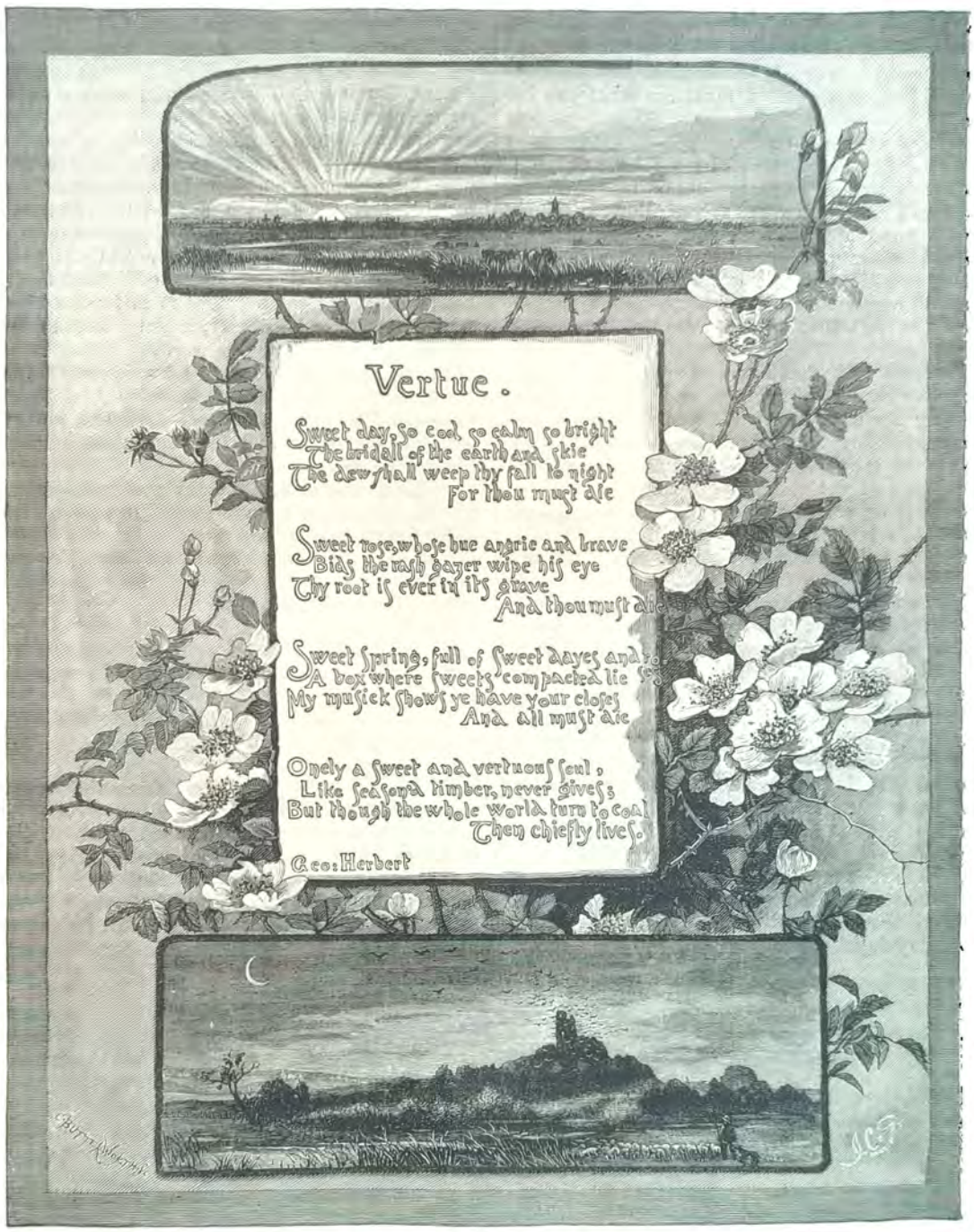
Trevelyan laughed mirthlessly.

"Insolent! Do you know Reinée so little as that? She was courtesy, dignity and sweetness itself. That girl was born to be a queen—her manner is perfection; she holds her own with the grace and self-possession of an empress—and with the same inexorable firmness. What has come to her? She was always lovely and bewitching; but there is that about her that makes her absolutely irresistible. Why cannot I win her? I can make her a countess in time? What more does she want? Will nothing but a kingdom satisfy her?"

Mrs. Dumaresq pressed her hands together in intense irritation and agitation.

"She cannot know her own mind. She must not be allowed to play with you. It is intolerable to be thwarted like this! What can have come over her? I cannot understand it. She has got beyond me, and I know no more how or why than you do."

"Oh, I have a very good idea how and why it has all come about," answered Trevelyan with a


Vertue.
Sweet day, so cool, so calm, so bright
The bridall of the earth and skie
The dew shall weep thy fall to night
For thou must die
Sweet rose, whose hue angrie and brave
Bids the rash gazer wipe his eye
Thy root is ever in its grave
And thou must die
Sweet spring, full of sweet dayes and roses
A box where sweets compacted lie
My musick shows ye have your closes
And all must die
Only a sweet and vertuous soul,
Like seasoned timber, never gives;
But though the whole world turn to coal
Then chiefly lives.
Geo: Herbert

fierce sneer. "She has got some fanatical religious notion into her head, and nothing is thought of but how to square the world to a miserable superstition. I warned you long ago, but you smiled at my fears. Perhaps, now that the mischief has been done past remedy, you will wish you had listened to me to better purpose when there was still time."

"But is it past remedy?" questioned Mrs. Dumaresq with feverish vehemence. "I am not convinced of that yet. I must see what can be done."

Trevelyan sneered again.

"You will pardon me if I say I have not the same confidence in your powers of management that once I had. How was it you allowed Reinée to get so completely beyond you?"

Mrs. Dumaresq winced, yet she was fond of Arthur, and did not exactly resent the question. Tears of anger and mortification stood in her eyes. She felt that things were going cruelly against her.

"I cannot tell what has come over her," cried the mother, her usual firmness and self-possession deserting her at this crisis. "She has changed so imperceptibly that it has been impossible to note anything at which one could take reasonable exception, and yet she has grown so strong, or self-willed, or something, that I do not know what to do with her. But I will talk to her, Arthur, I will see if I cannot bring her to reason."

"You may talk—I have talked too—" answered Trevelyan gloomily, "but you will talk in vain. She has an answer ready for everything. The long and the short of it is, I am not good enough for her; nobody is who does not share her new-fangled notions of religion and philanthropy. I did try what toleration and conformity would do; but that was not one tithe of what my lady demands. It is too absurd! too ridiculous! What have you all been about to let her get so eaten up with fanaticism?" and he started up and paced the floor in unconcealed irritation.

"I am sure it is no doing of mine," answered Mrs. Dumaresq, roused to defend herself. "I have steadily discouraged anything of the kind from her nursery days. Active opposition is never any use in such cases, but all that I could do I have done."

"Which means in plain words that you have done nothing," answered Trevelyan with a sneer. "Why did you not take her away earlier from a place where she was exposed to such influences?"

"Influences? I do not know of any. She has been nowhere and made no intimate friends."

"What about that apothecary doctor-chap and his sister? Are you blind, my dear madam?"

Mrs. Dumaresq looked at him with a sudden contraction of the brows.

"What do you mean, Arthur?"

"Mean? oh, nothing. It is all nothing to me now. My game is played out, and I am not going to risk being refused a second time; but take care that your sweet, docile daughter does not foist upon you a son-in-law you would little relish. Fanaticism is liable to take odd freaks. You had better look to it before it is too late," and with that Arthur Trevelyan flung himself from the room without another word.

In the hall Reinée and Clive were standing together, but he did not observe them as he passed. The last guest had departed, and the girl had come out and laid her hand upon her brother's arm.

"Clive," she said, "I want you to come with me to mamma. I have something to tell her. Will you come and help me?"

"To be sure. Is it about Trevelyan?"

"Yes."

"He has spoken?"

"Yes."

"And you?"

"I think you know that, Clive, I have refused him."

"You have done quite right, little sister. You could never love a man of his stamp."

"Never, never."

"No. He is very different from the man he was in old days. He is not worthy of you."

"Will you come with me to mamma? I must tell her; but I am sorry to have to grieve her. She always was so fond of Arthur."

"You cannot marry him on that account," said Clive gravely. "Come, then, we will go and tell her at once."

HOSPITALS AND HOSPITAL WORK.

BY MRS. BREWER.

CHAPTER III.—A GLANCE AT THE WORKERS.

HOSPITALS of the present day are as a rule built and supported by the people, by voluntary contributions, and in a large proportion the givers and receivers are one and the same.

The sick in all ages have been regarded as specially entitled to sympathy and help, but there were no hospitals in the East, where the Great Physician became a healer of bodies as well as souls and set us an example that we should follow His steps. His healing touch was always accompanied by words of comfort, and it is to His followers we are indebted for the first hospitals in which from that day to this the double work of healing body and soul has been steadily carried on.

The emperor Julian, it is recorded, was constrained to point out to his subjects the excellence and utility of the hospitals built by the hated and despised Christians.[1]

It is remarkable that hospitals, like churches, were in former years named after some special saint, and in Paris, a city which we are apt to regard as given up entirely to pleasure, there is a noble hospital bearing the proud and significant title of "*Hôtel Dieu*," or "Mansion of God." This speaks for itself.

Notwithstanding the earnestness and responsibility of hospital work, it is so popular that no class of people like to be excluded from it, and it is wonderful how much room it affords for the exercise of diverse talents.

First, there are the doctors, whose skill, time, talents, and even lives are entirely devoted to its service. Then there are the nurses of various grades, each with the work assigned to them that they can do best. Again, there are those who, having leisure and possessing certain gifts for reading, singing or comforting, become visitors in the hospitals; and if with these gifts they combine judgment, the good they may do is unspeakable.

This class of workers become acquainted with the histories of the patients, they learn the anxieties which produce restlessness and baffle the doctors, and between one visit and another they will frequently go to see the children or belongings of these sick people and bring back such accounts as put the anxious hearts of fathers and mothers to rest and thus give them a chance of being cured. If space would allow, I could tell you of such acts of heroism, love and courage performed in the courts and alleys of what are called the worst parts of London as must make the angels in heaven rejoice.

It is well known that many patients leave the hospitals long before their cures are effected and quite contrary to the wishes of the doctors, simply because their young children are left without any supervision, and in too many cases without the means of obtaining the necessaries of life while they, the breadwinners, are lying in the hospitals. Thus it is they go back to their cheerless homes only half cured, without strength to work, and with the same liability to disease as before, and which, ere long, necessitates a return to the hospitals.

A loving-hearted, judicious visitor may help in this direction. The good really done, and the variety of ways in which it is done, would fill a volume.

Many patients, both men and women, find these visitors waiting for them on the day of their discharge, in order that they may see them home, and make the way clear for them to start afresh. *In* the hospitals and *out* of them these loving men and women spend and are spent for the sick poor.

Two or three years ago a young woman received her discharge from one of the London hospitals on a day when it was usual for a young lady to visit and sing to the patients. She asked if she might defer her departure until she could see the lady again, as she so much wanted to hear her sing once more, "Safe in the arms of Jesus." Of course permission was granted, the visitor came, and ere she went into the ward she sat down by the young woman and began in her sweet voice to sing the hymn she desired to hear; but before the last note died away the spirit of the girl had gone to her rest.

To come to another class of helpers. There are those of every rank and position from the very poor to the very rich who take their part by giving according to their means for the support of hospitals—and I think if, on Hospital Saturdays and Sundays, we could see the contributions of many who scarcely know where to get a meal, we should be reminded of the widow's mite.

Little children do not like to be left out of this work, but what can they do? Rather ask, how much they do? Their help could not be dispensed with; it is like themselves, full of life, brightness and beauty, and brings a smile to many a wan and pain-stricken face lying in the hospital wards.

Love to the sick is very inventive, and if it cannot be shown in one way it finds another.

Children of all ranks, royal and poor alike, pluck flowers for the hospital patients, the poor children getting theirs from the woods and hedgerows; the better off from their gardens; the rich from their greenhouses. These they tie up in bunches, and attach to each a text prettily illuminated by the elder children.

These are sent to certain hospital visitors, who undertake to distribute them in the various wards, where many who may never again see God's good gift of flowers growing in hedgerow or garden may yet enjoy them by sight, smell, and touch.

Many of our earliest primroses and violets thus find their way to the hospitals.

One of the visitors whose pleasant task it is to distribute the flowers, mentions going up to a poor girl who had lain a long time in one of the wards. She had neither father nor mother, and all her young life, previous to her admission into the hospital, had been spent in a squalid London alley where things beautiful found no entrance. She offered her a bunch of primroses with the dew scarcely off them, saying, "I have brought you some flowers."

"Are they for me? Oh, how lovely! How beautiful!"

"If you look," said the visitor, "you will find something else for you."

The girl turned the nosegay round and read slowly, "God so loved the world——"

"This is not for me, thank you, ma'am, it is for the great people; but I'd like to keep the flowers."

The visitor, you may be sure, used her opportunity. The next time flowers were sent for distribution the lady gave the girl a bunch of lilies of the valley, with the text "Jesus called a little child to Him."

[1] The first hospital is said to have been built in Rome at the end of the fourth century. A little later Pulcheria, sister of Theodosius the Younger, built and endowed several at Constantinople; they increased under later reigns.—*Gesta Christi.*

"Oh yes, that's me, I know," said the girl eagerly. So in this as in many another instance, the children's work of love became a messenger of life.

How surprised the children would be if only one little nosegay with its text could return with its experience and explain to them where it had been and the character of the work it had done since the day it had been sent to the hospital ward!

I will tell you why I say this.

Not long since a clergyman's son, a boy in a public school, met with an accident on the cricket ground and was taken to one of our London Hospitals. His mother came up from the country to see him, and in talking with her he mentioned in a shy sort of way that boys have, that a visitor had been in the ward and had spoken to him, offering for his acceptance a bunch of spotlessly white flowers with the text attached, "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 visitor, I do not know whether it were a lady or a gentleman, spoke some few words which made an impression upon the boy, and as he related to his mother, gave to the text a power, and a contrast which he had not noticed before.

"What were the words which impressed you?" asked the mother.

"That scarlet and crimson were the fastest dyes that were made, that they were in fact double-dyed, and that no power could either erase or wash them out. Don't you see, mother, that being so, the promise of being whiter than snow shows infinite love and power?"

"I cannot quite explain," continued the lad, "but the words seem to me to have more force now."

The mother of this boy came straight from the hospital to see me. While taking luncheon she related all this before three or four visitors, and before the maid who was waiting table. All were impressed and each went their several ways to convey to others what they had heard: and thus will the message be carried on and on, and who can calculate the result?

One word more of the children's work. I know that those young enough to love their toys dearly, willingly give them up to the sick children in hospitals—not their broken or cast-off toys, but those they most prize.

Another set of workers there are whose contribution would be ill-spared, as there are so few who are in a position to give it.

These are ladies having country estates and who do their part by inviting the tired, worn-out nurses to come to them as guests for two or three weeks that they may regain strength and begin the work anew. Not only so, but they have convalescent patients down for the same purpose, making them most comfortable in cottages on the estate. You can see for yourselves how great is the benefit accomplished by this set of workers.

Then, again, there are those women and girls—two thousand in London alone—who contribute their portion by standing at the corners of the streets of great towns on Hospital Saturdays to plead silently for funds for these institutions, whose doors are open night and day for the relief of pain and suffering, no matter of what country, creed, or occupation the sufferer may be, so long as there is an empty bed on which to place him.

This feature of hospitals and hospital work holds good in all countries. Let me give an example.

On our way to Mürren last July we paused at Basle for the Sunday. The English chaplain, who was returning on the morrow, told me of a sad accident which had occurred to an English woman, a lady's maid, who, in driving from one station to the other was thrown out on to the bridge and so severely injured that for some time she was thought to be dead. She was taken at once to the hospital, a quarter of a mile distant from the bridge, where without question she was received and placed in the accident ward and cared for with the utmost skill and tenderness. He asked me if we could possibly remain in Basle a few days and visit her and help the nurses, as no one in the hospital could speak English, and the patient knew no word of German. This, of course, we did, until a responsible friend came to her from England. The time thus spent afforded us the opportunity of becoming acquainted with this admirable "Burger Hospital." Had there been no hospital near she would probably have died, and even had she lived would have been crippled and disfigured. Now she is back in England and writes me word that she is well.

We were quite sorry to leave Basle, for we had made friends with all in the accident ward—three dear children, and two women beside the English girl. Their faces, pale and drawn though they were, lighted up as we entered and laid roses on their beds. They were so beautiful and abundant in Basle just then, and the pleasure they gave in the ward was great.

Nothing could exceed the kindness of the authorities, who set aside all laws and allowed us to go in when we pleased.

The hospital itself is a grand building in the form of a square, with extensive grounds and gardens in the centre. I learned that out of the number of patients received here during the year, a hundred and forty-two were foreigners, many of them English.

Hospitals are not a far-off object; the need of them is felt in every street, square, and alley; in every occupation and under all circumstances. Their benefit is acknowledged in every home. Their value can only be fully known where they do not exist. For an example of this my mind goes back to that horrible German War of 1866, when I myself was present at Aschaffenburg, Wurzburg, and Botzen, and saw poor soldiers, whose wounds had been undressed for days, jolted along for miles and miles to the nearest hospitals or places of help.

Oh! what would we not have given for efficient medical help—for hospitals such as are to be found scattered over London! What would we not have contributed even to our last farthing for one on the spot! In their very absence we learnt their value. They are the people's own

institutions, supported by the people for the people, and the variety of work connected with them opens up a way for every class and age of the people to give their mite, if not in one form then in another.

Although they are the people's institutions, they have royal workers in them. First among these stands the Queen of Saxony, who goes to the hospitals two or three times a week, helping with her own hands, visiting every patient, no matter what the disease may be. She seems utterly fearless. It was she who formed the Band of Nursing Sisters in Dresden, and in time of war or epidemic she may be seen working among them in like dress and with the same self-denying devotion.

The people of Dresden would find it impossible to think of hospitals or hospital work without at the same time thinking of their queen. The beautiful hospital just outside the city is called after her the Carola House. I went over it last August. It is built in pavilions, and bears a high name for skilful treatment and administration. The part near the front block contains a number of moderate-sized rooms, daintily furnished for paying patients, one of whom at the time of my visit was an Irish lady. The doctor and sister who showed me over told me that one of their best nurses was an Englishwoman. It seemed curious to see a sister in the drug department, but everything is managed by ladies.

It has been the queen's great desire to have planted in the midst of the hospital grounds, which are large, an isolated building for the treatment of diphtheria and small-pox. This building was nearly completed when I was there. It had every improvement which could be suggested to ensure the comfort and isolation of patients and attendants, and so this good queen will have her heart's desire. Our own Princess Alice was making her mark in the same direction in Darmstadt, and many a sick person *in* the hospital and *out* bore testimony to her gentle touch and kind word.

I had an interesting conversation a few days ago with Sir William Gregory, late Governor of Ceylon, about the hospitals in that island. He says they are admirably conducted, and that the nurses, who are all natives, are thoroughly well taught and trained, and he said that had he been ill there, he would just as soon have been nursed by them as by our English nurses at home. The Leper Hospital he mentioned as being extremely good, and doing immense service. This surely is a step forward when we think of the deplorable condition of these outcasts hitherto, whose "unclean! unclean!" has made many a traveller's heart sad in the midst of hallowed spots in Palestine.

Concerning many of the public institutions in various countries, a lukewarm feeling takes the place of enthusiasm as time goes on, probably because the institutions fail of the promise with which they started. This can never be brought against hospitals, because the need of them grows with the growth of the population, and disease and accidents being every-day occurrences, the hospitals are the friends to which people fly.

Taking London as a centre for observation, we see that the hospitals contain 6000 beds which are in constant use. This means in round numbers, and considering the average stay of each patient, 68,000 persons annually housed, fed, cared for, and tended with the highest skill our country can boast. Why, it is a population equal to that of a large town—almost as large as Plymouth, for example.

You must take in at the same time the army of workers, medical men, nurses and attendants required for such a permanent population before you can realise the picture.

Beside this number of 68,000 relieved within the hospitals, and known by the name of in-patients, 1,168,000 out-patients are on an average relieved in the year, and the number of attendances registered is about four millions.

Out of a population of over five millions in London, one and a quarter millions of the inhabitants receive actual benefit from the hospitals.

It may be of interest to see what the cost of the relief thus given amounts to in a year. I could scarcely have done this but for the kindness of Mr. Frewer, the Secretary of the Hospital Saturday Fund, who has devoted much time to this question.

The cost of each *in* and *out* patient varies considerably in the various hospitals. Taking the average, we obtain a good idea of the money spent.

Every bed occupied costs

	£	*s.*	*d.*
£1 14*s.* 4*d.* a week. Total for year	535,600	0	0
Total cost for year of out patients	137,550	0	0
	£673,150	0	0

The income of the seventy-two hospitals and thirty-nine dispensaries of London is about 675,000*l.* per annum, barely covering the expenditure, and allowing no scope for extending the relief so needed. It is nonsense to talk of people seeking out-door relief from hospitals who could afford to pay a doctor. Let any one who thinks this, go and take his or her place among the groups waiting for advice and medicine, and the opinion would not be held for a moment. It is not reasonable to suppose that people willingly leave their children or their work to walk perhaps a long distance, and then wait about for an hour or two amongst disease and sorrow, if they could at all manage to pay for a doctor at home. The worst of it is that the majority of us are compelled to form our opinions without seeing with our own eyes the actual state of things. I happen to know that among the out-patients there are those who cannot even afford to buy the bottle for the medicine, and that it is not a rare thing for the poor people to help each other with farthings to buy it.

THE LADY ELFRIDA.

CHAPTER VII.

RUTH, as they journeyed silently on, grew more hopeful than she had been since she left the castle. The Master who had shaped and guided all for her so far, would shape and guide still. If she could but reach the sea coast undiscovered, there was every probability that she would soon find means, at the little port, of gaining a passage in a ship to the Netherlands, whither she knew her husband and mistress were sure to have gone. There was, of course, still a fear that they might not have escaped after all, and that her devotion had been vain; she had not the faintest tidings of what had befallen them. There was, of course, still danger for her and the child that they might be arrested before they reached the coast, as having something to do with the Lady Elfrida; but she had a strong bright faith that all would now be well.

It was a crisp, glowing autumn morning, a morning when summer seemed to have returned to pay the earth a brief visit. The yellow leaves shone, as if the corn, which had but lately, in these high regions, been gathered in, had left them its golden tints. The rain had freshened the fields and spread over them a green mantle: the streams were laughing and sparkling, as though they were exulting in in their autumnal fulness: the air was so clear, that the distant hills were all visible standing out in sharp outline, and in strangely varied form and shape: the deep lanes, through which the cart frequently passed, were still, in their sheltered recesses, all draped with delicate ferns and soft mosses, and here and there starred with late flowers.

At intervals the cart would draw up to do its many commissions by the way. Now it was a grey-headed serving-man, with stately mien and pompous voice and manner, who came issuing forth through a high gateway to fetch some parcel for his master, and who plainly deemed himself doing the carrier an unspeakable honour when he exchanged with him a dignified "Good morrow." Now it was a rosy village dame, who regaled Oliver with a jest and a cup of posset, and seemed very ready to forget her household duties as she gossiped with him. Here a little bright-eyed maiden came running out of a cottage to stop the carrier and assault him with eager questions. There an old countryman stood making wild gestures with his crutch, in order that the carrier might make an exhaustive search among his piles of luggage for a minute bottle which was sent him by a wise woman of the neighbourhood, and which contained a certain cure for his rheumatism. Wherever the cart passed there were inquiring, waiting faces peeping out from every door and window, as though each man, woman, and child in the villages and on the road had, at least, a vague hope that the wonderful vehicle might bring them something new and strange.

Ruth Redwood lay quietly enjoying the varied sights and sounds around her; she knew that a time of difficulty and effort, and perhaps of danger, must be near at hand for her in the future, but she thanked God for the present calm and rest, and took courage. Sometimes she would, wearied as she still was with last night's hardships, fall off into a light doze, lulled by the monotonous chorus made by the hoofs of the horses, and the jingle of their bells, and the humming of an old air by the carrier. Sometimes she would rouse herself, and watch with interest the faces of the different people who came to the side of the cart, and form, in her fancy, little histories about them. Sometimes she would whisper to her child sweet words about the father and husband from whom they were parted; and baby would do her portion of the conversation by a crow or a smile.

Nothing so far had happened to disturb the fugitives, or rouse feelings of alarm or even anxiety in Ruth's mind. They were nearing by this time the little seaport which was the bourne of their journey, and she was beginning to think what she had best do on her arrival there. All at once she noticed that the carrier was turning round to look at something behind him, with an earnest, half-troubled expression in his face.

"What is it you see?" she asked, her fears, naturally enough, aroused in a moment.

"I see three horsemen riding quickly after us," he answered, in a calm, yet grave tone. "Now my pretty mistress, don't you go a-leaping into the river to meet trouble halfway, as most womenfolk are inclined to do. These men may have something to do with us, or may not; anyhow, when they overtake us, and especially if they stop us, you show that you have a few ounces more of sense and courage than most dames and damsels have, and keep yourself and the child hidden in the bottom of the cart as long as you can, and if you must speak, speak with man's judgment and woman's gentleness. There ban't a woman in our village that I could talk like this to, but somehow I do fancy you be different from other womenfolk; there be something, I can't exactly say what, in your eyes, that be so calm and restful-like, something that do remind me of the moon-light. It do come, I'm beginning to see, from Him above that you do serve; He do make them brave and steadfast in all danger and difficulty, who do love and serve Him with all their hearts and lives. I have not been bold enough yet in His cause; I do know, it's been in secret that I've been His disciple, like him that laid His blessed body in the garden tomb; but, with His dear help, I'll be braver for Him from henceforth, now that I have seen in you what a true servant of His can be."

"Praise be to His dear name, if through me He has let a Christian soldier be taught to be more loyal to Him," she answered, with serious sweetness in her eyes; and then added, after a moment's pause, "If danger is indeed near for my child and me, I will lay myself and her in His dear arms in prayer, and, after that, I will wait what is to come, as calmly as I may. If I must speak, He will give me the right words at the right time."

"You've agot hold of the right, Christian way of looking at it already, my girl. Now here they be close to us, and a-bearing down upon us, that's certain; put your trust in Him Who died that we might live, and be sure that old Oliver will do his best to shield you and your pretty blossom."

The horsemen were now in truth close to the cart, but the carrier showed no signs of fear. He went jogging on his usual steady, regular pace, and seemed to be taking no heed of them or their movements.

"Pray, my girl, pray; now's the time for not forgetting

that you're a daughter of the King," whispered the old man, turning round for a moment to Ruth, and then fixing his eyes again on his horse's ears, as if he had nothing but them to think of.

"Stop, in the queen's name," cried out one of the riders, for they were now near enough for their voices to be heard by those in the cart.

The carrier drew up with an air of the coolest assurance; Ruth lay perfectly still with her child under the loose straw and sacks which the cart contained, and which she had carefully and dexterously disposed so as to hide them both completely from view.

"What is your business with me?" asked Oliver in the most unruffled tone.

"We have heard in one of the villages which you have driven through," answered the same horseman who had spoken before, and who was apparently the leader of the little party of soldiers, for soldiers they were, "we have heard that you have a woman and a child in your cart, and we want to have a look at them, for there be certain contrabrand goods just now going about the country in the shape of run-away heretics, and we misdoubt that your passengers may be something of the kind; besides, we have heard that there is a Mistress Ruth Redwood, who belongs to the household of the Lady Elfrida Acland, and who answers exactly to the description of this woman; and we have a keen suspicion, moreover, that this same Mistress Redwood has played justice a villainous trick in helping towards the escape of the lady, she, Mistress Ruth, being, we hear, a woman of most shrewd and malapert wit."

"I know nothing of any Mistress Redwood," replied the carrier, who, in truth, did not know Ruth's name, or where she came from, though he began to suspect that it was, in reality, Mistress Ruth Redwood whom he was befriending.

"Aye, but if you don't, the inside of your cart may," rejoined the soldier, dismounting and darting a sharp, inquiring glance towards it.

"Well, my good sir, have any of my bales or parcels the look of a petticoat heretic, think you?" asked the carrier, with a smile.

Ruth had, in truth, so cleverly concealed herself and the child beneath the varied contents of the cart, that it was impossible to perceive the slightest trace of their presence. She lay very still, holding even her breath, and the child was asleep.

"No, by the Mass, I can see no trace of so much as the gleam of a shoe-buckle," cried the Papist soldier, half disappointed, half laughing.

He was just about to turn away, when the child woke, and uttered a low cry. A spark of mischievous intelligence flashed into the soldier's face.

"Aye, master carrier," he exclaimed, "some of thy goods do consist of strange wares; babies in their cradles, belike."

Then he stretched out his hand to remove some of the articles in the cart, but the carrier resisted him steadily.

"All that travels in my cart is under my sole care!" he cried, "and I allow nothing to be touched till it reach its destination."

Hereupon there began a struggle between the two men which might have ended in bloodshed, for the soldier raised his musket to his shoulder, when, all at once, like a vision of God's own sending, the young mother sat up in the cart, holding her child in her arms, her face all sweetness, her bearing all womanly dignity.

"Master Oliver," she said, "let no violence be done; I am ready to answer for my action done in God's own cause."

Both men turned to gaze at her involuntarily, and, as he gazed, a bright thought darted into Oliver Oatway's mind. With the handle of his heavy whip he struck the soldier, who was just then off his guard, a blow which made him fall to the ground stunned and senseless. Then he sprang to his seat, and turning his horses down a narrow side road, which by good fortune, however, was broad enough to admit the cart, urged them onward at their utmost speed; they were two spirited little animals of hill-country breed, and at once obeyed their master's voice and whip.

The other soldiers were some little time in following in pursuit. They had dismounted to assist their fallen leader, and thought soon to overtake the audacious waggoner; but they were mistaken—the cart was out of sight in the deep lane when they were again in their saddles. When, at length, they rode after the fugitives, they became perfectly entangled in a network of winding country roads, each more stony than the one which went before, roads where their heavy cavalry horses stumbled at almost every step.

That evening the Lady Elfrida and Harry Redwood were standing on the deck of a vessel with the shores of England rapidly receding from their sight, when the ship hove to for a few minutes to wait for a boat which had put out from the land. Out of that boat got a woman and a child, and a moment after young Redwood found his wife and his little daughter lying on his breast, while she cried out with joyful tears—"Oh! my love, my love! The dear Lord is almost letting us know beforehand what the bliss of meeting in heaven will be like!"

Through by-ways, across fields and streams, the brave carrier had brought the mother and child to a little village on the sea coast, from whence they had taken a boat to reach a ship which was known to be just then sailing for the Netherlands.

Several years after, when the accession of Elizabeth enabled the Lady Elfrida and her friends to return to England, good old Oliver praised his Master above for letting him hear once more the happy voices of the mother and child.

NATURAL HISTORY NOTES

ON THE REVISED VERSION OF THE BIBLE.

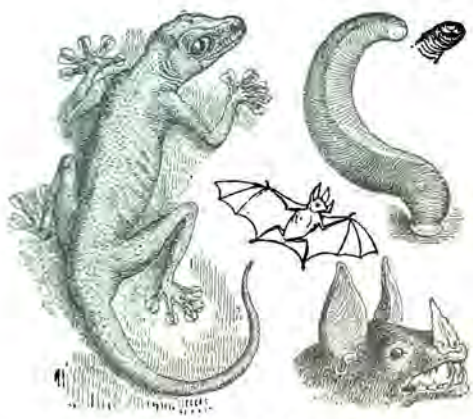
NO. IV.—SPIDER.

THE 30th chapter of Proverbs contains the names of several animals which the revisers have found it necessary to alter. In ver. 28, for instance, we have what seems to us a very natural mention of the *spider*: "The spider taketh hold with her hands, and is in king's palaces." Knowing, as we do, that the spider is found in almost every house, and that the palace of royalty is no exception, it does not seem at all out of place to find this allusion. There are other passages, viz., Job viii. 14 and Isaiah lix. 5, where no doubt a common spider is meant, and any one reading the passages will see the resemblance at once. But in the Proverbs, above quoted, it should be the *lizard*. This is an animal scarcely known in England; indeed many persons would hardly believe that it is found here at all; but it may be seen sometimes sunning itself in a warm nook, just as its fellows do in warmer countries. The species alluded to in the Proverbs is apparently one of the kind called Geckos. Some have thought that the Bible words indicate a power of walking up walls and along ceilings by means of apparatus like that on the foot of the common house-fly. More likely it means only that the feet of the animal spread out very much like a fan, so that it has the appearance of taking hold wherever it walks. Its food is flies and small insects, which of course are to be found in king's palaces as elsewhere.

Next we notice the *greyhound*, v. 31. Here the margin

tells us it may be a *war-horse*, but it also tells us that the Hebrew really means "well girt about the loins." We cannot then be sure of either greyhound or war-horse; but we can see how it is that those words are put here. When a man girds up his loins, as Elijah did on one occasion, it is that he may run fast. So the word has been understood to indicate an animal of great speed, such as a greyhound would be. Again, the war-horse was often covered with fine trappings, tasselled with gold and silver, hanging over his loins. That is why the word *war-horse* is proposed instead of the *greyhound*, though as far as speed is concerned the latter would do just as well. Others have said that it means a wrestler, who bound up his loins tightly before entering upon a trial of strength. If this is not very satisfactory, it may yet help us to understand the difficulty the revisers have often had in performing their task.

In the 15th verse of the same chapter we have the word *horse-leech*. The revisers have not altered this in the text, but in the margin they have put a word that was not there before: *vampire*. Many people will be quite satisfied with



GECKO, HORSE LEECH, VAMPIRE, BAT.

the original word. Leeches are not so well-known to young people of this day as they were to their fathers and mothers in their young days; still everybody knows that a leech is a blood-sucker, and will not let go till he is full of blood. A horse-leech of course is a bigger leech than usual, fit to draw a horse's blood. Tristram says, "It is very common in all the stagnant waters of Palestine; it is in the habit of entering the nostrils and mouth of the horse when drinking, and attaches itself firmly to the inside of the nostril or to the palate, causing much pain and loss of blood." The animal is taken as an example of insatiable thirst or covetousness, and its eagerness for gain is set forth by the mention of two daughters, as though it was not one alone, but a mother and two daughters that have to be satisfied. The alternative word proposed by the revisers gives us the same idea. The vampire is one of the bat tribe, the curious bird-quadrupeds that flit in the dusk round houses in the country. In the east there are other kinds—the delicate flying foxes, which some may have seen at the Zoological Gardens, and the terrible vampire. This, like the horse-leech, is said to be a blood-sucker, and very horrible stories have been told of its settling on people when asleep and sucking their blood. Scarcely any instances have been reported by persons whose word is to be relied on, though it has certainly been known to fasten on horses. Indeed, the whole of its ill repute seems to arise from foolish stories about dead men coming out of their graves and sucking the blood of sleeping people. The vampire has been taken to represent these, and hence its bad name.

QUESTIONS.

1. On what occasion did Elijah "gird up his loins?"
2. When were the Israelites told to eat with their loins girded?
3. Why is the trust of the wicked said to be as a spider's web?
4. In what part of the Bible is there a full description of a war-horse?
5. Give the passage where we are told to gird up the "loins of our mind?"

SCRIPTURE ENIGMA

NO. XII.

A man of Macedonia Paul baptised,
And held in high esteem?
River which Naaman, angry and surprised,
Preferred to Jordan's stream?
City that fell before the Hebrew's sword
And changed its name to Dan?
A country cursed from whence a crowd outpoured
To see the Son of Man?
Home of a prince's son whom David sought,
Though lame on both his feet?
A priest who, when disastrous news was brought,
Fell backwards off his seat?
Prophet of God whose heaven-directed hand
A spring of waters healed,
And turned a city's dry and barren land
Into a fruitful field?

First and last letters now two districts show,
Each bears a well-known name;
To Jesus' presence when He dwelt below
They owe their lasting fame.

L. T.

ANSWER TO SCRIPTURE ENIGMA.

NO. VII. p. 224.—HEZEKIAH.—2 Kings xviii. 1-3; xx. 10, 11.

H-erod	Matt. ii. 1-3.
E-sar-haddon	2 Kings xix. 37.
Z-ebah	Judges viii. 4, 21.
E-sther	Esther ii. 17, 20.
K-ish	1 Sam. ix. 1, 2, 17.
I-mmanuel	Isa. vii. 14.
A-zariah	2 Kings xv. 1, 3, 5.
H-iram	1 Kings v. 1, 10.

ANSWER TO SCRIPTURE ENIGMA.

NO. VIII.—p. 240.—REPENTANCE.—2 Peter iii. 9.

R-omans	Romans ii. 4.
E-sau	Heb. xii. 16, 17.
P-eter	Mark xiv. 37, 66-72.
E-lizabeth	Luke i. 13; Matt. iii. 2.
N-oah	2 Peter ii. 5.
T-hief on the cross	Luke xxiii. 42, 43.
A-bsalom	2 Sam. xv. 10, 30; xviii. 14.
N-aaman	2 Kings v. 11-14.
C-apernaum	Matt. xi. 23, 24.
E-zra	Ezra ix. 6.

THE SUNDAY AT HOME

O DAY MOST CALM, MOST BRIGHT! . . .
THE WEEK WERE DARK BUT FOR THY LIGHT.—*Herbert.*

BARBARA'S BROTHERS

CHAPTER XXI.—SURPRISES.

JULIET'S RETURN.

"I WONDER you are not ashamed to look me in the face after your wilful, headstrong, disobedient conduct," said Mrs. Dumaresq as she raised her eyes and saw Reinée standing before her. "Do you want to break my heart by thwarting the most cherished plan of a lifetime?"

"Mother, dear," said Reinée gently, "I cannot bear to distress you. It hurts me as much as it hurts you. I would do very much to please and gratify you, but I cannot marry Arthur even to do that. If you knew my feelings towards him, I do not think you would even wish it."

Mrs. Dumaresq lifted her head with a gesture indicative of displeasure.

"And pray what are your objections to him?

I have known him intimately nearly all his life and I have no fault to find with him. What have you to allege against him?"

"I do not wish to say anything against him: but I do not love him. I do not even like him. Surely that is reason enough against promising to be his wife?"

"Pardon me, but it is not. You have been partially bound to him for years. He has been waiting for you during the best years of his youth. Something more than childish caprice is wanted to justify you in throwing him over at the last."

The colour deepened in Reinée's face, but her glance did not waver nor her voice falter.

"That provisional engagement was no doing of mine," she answered steadily, "and I cannot accept the responsibility as if it were. Nor is it caprice that makes me refuse him now. It is an absolute conviction that we are entirely unsuited to each other, and could never be happy in a united life. How could I vow to love and honour him, knowing that I could do neither?"

"And pray why could you do neither? Who are you to set yourself up as a judge of a man who has been a friend to your parents for many years?"

"I do not want to judge him, but I cannot blind my eyes."

"Really! And pray what do those eyes of yours see?"

"I see a great deal I would rather not," answered Reinée regretfully. "Mother, dear, do not turn away from me so sternly. Let me try to explain a little. I have tried to like Arthur and to believe in him—indeed I have; but I cannot. When Clive was nearly killed before his eyes he stood by without lifting a finger to help him, and had only sneers for the man who had risked his life in averting the accident. Who but a coward, a man without any sense of nobility or manliness could sink so low as that? It opened my eyes to his true nature as nothing else perhaps could have done so effectually. And then—and then——"

"Well, what then?"

Reinée looked wistfully at her mother as if doubtful how far to venture.

"Mamma," she said softly, "do you think he is—a good man?"

"What is your definition of a good man? A sort of religious fanatic, I suppose?"

"No," answered the girl quietly. "I think I mean a man who is perfectly upright and sincere, acting in all things according to his conscience, and always striving after a high and noble ideal. *I* think that a religious man is most likely to be all this, for I am sure that it is loving God and trying to follow His footsteps that helps us most. But it is not because Arthur is not religious exactly that I cannot trust him. It is because he is not truthful, not sincere. He pretends to be what he is not when it suits his purpose, and he simulates thoughts and aspirations that in his heart he scorns and detests. Oh, yes, mother, he does—I know it well. That is what I cannot and will not stand. Many noble-hearted men whom we love and reverence have been troubled by doubts, have never been able to share our confidence in unseen things, but then they would scorn to pretend it was otherwise with them. Their doubts are honest and sincere like themselves, and we respect and honour them even if we disagree. Arthur is not honest, he is not truthful. He is a time-server and does not regard the truth. He is a coward too. How could I ever be his wife? Mother, if you knew him as well as we do, I think you would not even wish it."

"I think not," said Clive, who had stood beside his sister all this time, but so far without speaking. "Trevelyan has been my friend, and I have no wish to bear witness against him now. But he is not worthy to be Reinée's husband. I think I would sooner see her laid in her grave than married to him. He would break her heart and blight her life. I have suspected as much some time. I am sure of it now."

Mrs. Dumaresq looked as if she had no power to say more. She had had such blind confidence in her own power, and in Reinée's eventual obedience to this great wish of hers, that when she realised herself to be powerless she was strangely crushed and unnerved.

Clive thought he saw his advantage, and stepped forward and took his mother's hands in his.

"Now, mother, dear," he said in the playful, caressing way, so characteristic of him, "you must not worry yourself any more about this, nor make Reinée unhappy. You would not, believe me, have liked Trevelyan as a son-in-law, nor I him as a brother; and we are none of us in a hurry to get rid of our little queen, are we? Let Trevelyan go, and we will settle down and be happy and comfortable as we used to be before he came to trouble us. The father will be delighted to think that he is not going to lose Reinée, and so am I, and so I think are you. So we will forget our annoyances and take the good things of life as they come."

Now Mrs. Dumaresq idolised Clive, and could seldom resist his pleading, moreover as a wise woman she was not given to the error commonly designated as "crying over spilt milk," so that she was not altogether deaf to this appeal to her better nature.

"Well," she said, drawing a long breath like a sigh. "It is a dreadful disappointment to me, and I cannot help feeling it. However, there are other men in the world besides Arthur Trevelyan, and other good matches to be made. Reinée," she added with some energy, looking full at her daughter, "if I consent to say no more about this, I shall expect a promise from you in return."

"What is that, mamma?"

"Promise me that you will never marry without my consent—mine as well as your father's."

The colour rose in Reinée's face, as she looked steadily at her mother.

"I promise," she answered quietly. "I shall never take any step so important as that without your consent. Are you not my mother? I know you will always put my happiness and welfare first."

There was a sort of pleading sweetness in Reinée's eyes and voice that touched the mother's heart in Mrs. Dumaresq's rather cold breast. She kissed her daughter with unwonted gentleness.

"You are a good girl, Reinée, even if we do not always agree. Well, we will let the past go, and I will try to hope that all has turned out for the best."

So Arthur Trevelyan vanished from the house and from the lives of those with whom we are concerned. He went away deeply offended, and Clive hoped that there would be no need to keep up a friendship he little valued or desired.

Life went on very quietly in that quiet place. Reinée was happy and busy, and Clive amused himself by desultory shooting and hunting, and in assisting his sister in her many duties and pleasures.

Little Jack Stone was still his favourite protégé, and he had already promised him a berth on board his yacht as cabin boy next time she made a voyage. Lame Alice, though distrustful of all the world besides, was faithful to her love for the young Squire as the people were beginning to call him, and he always treated her to just the amount of notice that suited her erratic temperament.

At the Meynal's house life was running more smoothly and pleasantly than in times past. Celia's marriage began to be talked of, and Barbara's engagement to Fergus Thompson had become an established fact. Both sisters were happy, and had drawn much together in their happiness and mutual confidence; but the lines of care had deepened in Wulfric's face, for a sort of mystery seemed to hang about Gerald, and it had become impossible to hear anything at all about him.

Very gradually his letters ceased. He was so bad and irregular a correspondent that a long silence did not surprise them, but when at last they grew uneasy and wrote again to him, the letter was returned through the post-office. He had left the lodgings he had occupied so long, and his present address was not known.

Hector Thompson knew nothing of his whereabouts. Inquiries elicited no information. Wulfric made a journey to town to try and trace him, but the attempt proved altogether unsuccessful. It seemed as if he had vanished utterly, leaving not a trace behind, which was the more remarkable, as this disappearance deprived him of the pecuniary assistance he had been in the way of receiving from his brother.

Juliet knew nothing of him. He had ceased to correspond with her. She had herself been very silent of late, but St. Hilda was soon to see and hear more of her again.

One fine mild evening early in the spring, Mrs. Granby was sitting in the bow window of her cosy parlour, resting alike her hand and eyes during that space of time generally described as "between lights."

It was growing a little late for visitors and therefore she was rather surprised to see the Meynal's carriage draw up at her gate; but she was more than ever surprised to see Wulfric Meynal descend and assist out a girl who appeared to be somewhat feeble and shaky.

Mrs. Granby's eyes were clear and undimmed. In a moment she had recognised her granddaughter Juliet, and she went out into the porch, full of wonder, and in some little anxiety of mind.

Next moment a pair of warm arms were clasped about her neck, and Juliet was sobbing in a silent, convulsive way on her grandmother's shoulder.

Mrs. Granby gently led the agitated girl into the parlour, laid her tenderly upon the couch, and still standing beside her and caressing her tumbled hair from which she had removed the hat, she looked up at Wulfric Meynal for an explanation.

"That is right, Mrs. Granby," he said, "let her keep quiet, and give her a glass or two of port wine these next days. She will be all right again very soon."

"What is the matter?" asked Mrs. Granby.

"Nothing very much. She has got a bad throat—a 'hospital throat' as we call it, but rest and fresh air will be all the medicine she wants. She has had rather a rough time of it at Aylcester—I was afraid it might be so. Someday she shall go on a visit to the lady superintendent of my hospital in London—one of the most delightful women I know—and see the more favourable aspect of hospital life."

"Why was I not told that my child was ill?" asked the old lady, bristling up, metaphorically speaking, at the thought that Juliet had been neglected.

"Because your granddaughter, like a silly little Spartan, said nothing about her increasing feeling of illness, and in the busy life there if people are quiet they are likely to be overlooked. It was my lecturing day there to-day, and I went to see how Juliet was getting on as I generally do, found her just ready to drop, and her throat as raw as a piece of meat out of a butcher's shop. So I just took law into my own hands and brought her straight off home. My own impression is that home will be the place for her for some while to come."

"I am very much obliged to you, Wulfric," said Mrs. Granby. "If you have time will you look in to-morrow to see the throat?"

"Certainly," answered Wulfric, as he shook hands, "but I leave her in excellent keeping. I have no uneasiness about her now. Good-bye, Juliet, keep up your heart; you will soon feel ever so much stronger and better."

Juliet's answer was an inarticulate murmur, and as soon as he had gone the sobs burst out once more in that painfully convulsive way.

"Grandmother, oh, grandmother!" she said, and once more she flung her arms about Mrs. Granby's neck and wept upon her shoulder.

Gently and tenderly the old lady soothed the agitated girl. She made her swallow a glass of wine, bathed her hot head and feverish hands, and insisted on her keeping perfectly quiet without attempting to talk.

Juliet, worn out and exhausted, was glad enough to obey these injunctions; only from time to

time she would glance up wistfully to say, "How good you are to me, grandmother!"

Later on, when the girl was lying in her own spotless bed, with a fire burning cosily in the polished grate, and all the dainty prettiness of her own room surrounding her—and how pretty and dainty it did look after the bareness of the little narrow cell she had left behind!—the tears started once more to her eyes.

"Grandmother, dear," she said softly.

Mrs. Granby came and leaned over the bed. Juliet's glance was touching in its shy humility.

"Grandmother, dear, can you forgive me?"

"Forgive you for what, my dear?"

"I think you know, grandmother—for going away as I did."

"But you had my permission to enter the hospital, my dear; it was done with my full consent."

"Yes, I know, grandmother; you have always been so kind. I can see it now, you had given me everything you could to make me contented and happy. But you must know how much I need forgiveness, not, perhaps, for the going away, but for the way in which it was done, for my wicked discontent and ingratitude."

Mrs. Granby took both the girl's hot hands in hers. Her face was grave, yet very gentle and loving.

"My dear," she answered, kindly and quietly, "I do know what you mean, and I forgive it all fully and freely. If you have learned a lesson of contentment by your experiences, you will not have bought it too dearly."

"Grandmother," said Juliet, looking up through blinding tears, "I have learned to love God since I have been so unhappy and so much alone. Some day I should like to tell you all about it, but it is *that* that has made all the difference, I know."

There was a sparkle too in Mrs. Granby's eyes as she bent to kiss her granddaughter.

"God bless you, my child," she said softly and tenderly. "I think we shall understand one another now."

"You always understood me," answered Juliet with a little tremulous smile. "It was I who could not or would not understand."

"Ah! my dear, you are young, you know. There is a great deal that only time and experience can teach us."

And then Mrs. Granby laid her hand softly upon the girl's lips, and bid her try to sleep, and not talk, or even think any more that night.

For two or three days Juliet continued weak and feverish, and spent a good many hours of each day in her bed, but nevertheless the days were very happy ones.

It was such luxury to lie there in that quiet, pretty room, to feel that there was no rush of work going on below, no need for her to worry herself over neglected duties, for which she was not fit, or dread a return to the interrupted work of the ward.

She could lie still in this quiet place, and be glad and grateful for its dreamy repose. She recalled almost wonderingly her old irritation and distaste, her restless longing for change, and her absolute conviction that she could be happier anywhere else. A thrill of shame ran through her sometimes as she recalled the past, reviewed all the unfailing kindness she had received from her grandmother, and the ingratitude with which it had been received. Once she quite disliked to have to sit with the old lady or talk to her, now her happiest hours were those spent in her company.

She liked telling Mrs. Granby all about her hospital life, its interests, its trials, its pleasures, and its difficulties. Now that the girl had frankly recognised the radical defect of her nature, and had learned to see herself more as others saw her, many points that had puzzled her before now became clear, and she was not disposed to put any false gloss upon her story, or to lay upon others the blame that attached to herself.

Juliet had learned a lesson of self-distrust in a hard school, but she had learned it effectually; and she had learned another lesson too—the lesson of contentment. Her nature had not radically changed; but she knew now that change of scene and place alone would not satisfy the longings of the heart or cover the defects of nature, but that to those who had learned to love God, and to live their lives for His glory all places could furnish a round of daily tasks that should not be despicable in His sight,—could give us

> Room to deny ourselves, a road
> To bring us daily nearer God.

St. Hilda might or might not be the spot where her future lot would be cast. Juliet had not altogether renounced her wish to live in a great city where life would stir more rapidly round her; but she was prepared too, to look with kindlier and less blinded eyes upon the duties of a quiet life, and not to fall into the old blunder of overlooking little things in the search for big ones.

She had had experiences in her hospital life of which it was rather hard to speak frankly and openly. She had known all along that insubordination and carelessness as to rules could not be really right; and yet her love of independence, her confidence in her own powers, combined with a consciousness of mental superiority over those placed above her had led her into all manner of difficulties, had made her very unpopular, and had placed her many times in false and unenviable positions.

Self-will had been too strong to be easily crushed, yet the girl had been very unhappy, and her loneliness and depression had done more for her than perhaps any happiness could have accomplished.

When she once made up her mind to confide fully in Mrs. Granby, the very painfulness of telling all put many things before her in a clearer light than she had ever been able to see them before; and her grandmother was so kind, so gentle, so full of sympathy and comprehension, that the girl's love and gratitude sprang up towards her as it had never done of old, and the hearts that had long been sundered drew very close together now.

St. Hilda was rather disposed to make a heroine of the girl, who had returned from her hospital duties knocked up, as it was reported, by the zeal and ardour she had displayed at her post.

She was not, however, puffed up at all by all this notice; and although it was only to Barbara and Reinée that she told the whole story of her folly and obstinacy, she never forgot the humiliation she had been through, and knew better than to believe that to get her own way was to reach the summit of human happiness.

Mrs. Granby was very kind and judicious with the girl. She did not urge her to lay aside all her old ideals, or to make up her mind never to leave the beaten track of an uneventful country life. On the contrary, she told her plainly that if she felt any real call of duty elsewhere, or even a very strong desire for change, she would do her best to gratify her, and with far more confidence now than she could have done in old days when the girl had so very very much to learn and so little disposition to learn it.

Wulfric after a while renewed his offer of introducing her to the lady superintendent of his old hospital, and getting her on a visit there where she could see everything and be in the wards as much or as little as she chose, without the necessity for so much menial work, and with the addition of the companionship of other girls —lady probationers of her own social standing.

This idea, coupled with the prospect of seeing something of London, pleased Juliet, whose interest in hospital life had not been quenched by hard experience, and who was still eager to fit herself as a nurse in case of any outbreak of war. Mrs. Granby quite approved the plan, and would not hear of Juliet's giving it up on her account. The months of her absence would pass very quickly, and she should be a great gainer when the girl came home full of interesting information.

So Juliet at last looked forward to seeing London and learning more of nursing at one and the same time, and very pleased she was with the prospect. The project however was delayed for the present by a new turn in the aspect of affairs.

It was upon a warm day in April that Juliet first heard the news that resulted in her detention at St. Hilda.

She was sitting in the garden with a book, when she was aware that Barbara Meynal was hurrying towards her.

"Ah, Juliet," she said, "I am glad you are at home. I wanted to consult you, because I think you will know most and be most useful if you are not afraid of infection. Diphtheria in a very bad form has broken out in the hamlet. Three children died to-day and more are sickening; and it has attacked some of the grown-up people too. Wulf thinks it is caused by the drains, and that there will be a regular epidemic."

THE BEATITUDES.

BY THE REV. RICHARD GLOVER, BRISTOL.

I.

"Blessed are the Poor in Spirit: for theirs is the Kingdom of Heaven."—*Matt.* v. 3.

WITH fear and trembling I would attempt to expound and enforce the great Beatitudes. The Sermon on the Mount is not the opening utterance of the Saviour's ministry. He first gathers disciples and appoints apostles, and then in this ordination charge, gives His New Testament Church her great prescriptions. Since it was delivered, successive generations of all classes and kindreds of men have felt the authority of God in its tone. Since it was spoken, mankind has found in it, their law of duty, their light on God, their consolation of sorrow. Not merely all who went before but all instructors of men who followed after have fallen short of this great teaching. It has quickened the universal conscience, raised the general hope, enriched all men with the consolation of the living Providence of God. The great throne-speech of Christ—it is the great date of history, when old things began to pass away and all things to become new.

The Sermon on the Mount summing up the the Saviour's teaching, the Beatitudes sum up the Sermon. For the qualities Christ blesses are the essential graces elsewhere enjoined in more detail; and the Benedictions He utters are the promises elsewhere more fully made. It is therefore impossible to do justice to their wealth of meaning. At the same time their very wealth makes it easy to draw some comfort and quickening from them. This latter is all I dare hope to realize.

The crowds are becoming impracticable in their thronging, their excitement, and their vulgar curiosity in His works of healing. It will relieve Him of the more listless and worldly if He removes His quarters to a higher altitude and a distance from the throng of men. He goes therefore "up into a mountain," or "the mountain;"—up, that is, from the low shores of Gennesaret to the upland plain which stretched away from seven hundred to one thousand feet above it—with mountains on every hand rising higher still. To one of these summits He

repaired—perhaps alone—to pray; and, after a night of prayer with God, in the morning came down from the summit to the elevated position where He had left His disciples. There He chose and ordained the twelve, and there preached this sermon to them and the multitude.

The Beatitudes are His Salutation to mankind. Entering the world He greets it with His peace. It seems at first as if He had forgotten for a moment the world in which He was and used the familiar salutation of the world of light. But the description He gives of those He blesses, and the nature of the blessings He proclaims reveal that there is no mistake. The congratulation is given and benediction addressed to large classes of this suffering world.

John the Baptist gazing on the world saw little in it but sin, and his greeting was the cry Repent. The great and gentle Gaudama—the founder of Buddhism—gazing on the world, saw little but its misery, and proclaimed Patience as the great wisdom, and hope of ultimate extinction of conscious life, as the great consolation of man. But the Saviour sees more than sin, and more than misery. In His Divine Heart, He feels a Boundless Love. In the heart of man, He sees a boundless capacity and a responsive life. He has such Divine energy of faith and hope that He can greet class after class, as "Blessed," as rich in joy, possessed or within their reach; as having a life grandly worth the living; as being bathed in and filled with the benediction of God.

The Lament over Jerusalem is not uttered over the world at large. He can look on its misery without shame, and without despair. The verdict, "Very good," which He passed on the glories of creation he finds not altogether unsuitable for the results of providence. This brightness of the Saviour's view is so marvellous that we should note and copy it. We look on the very classes which He greets, and their apparent misery drives us to despair. It is exactly the sight of the poor in body or soul, of the sorrows of the bereaved, the ill-usage of the meek, the seemingly fruitless hungering after righteousness, the impotence of the merciful to effect their purposes, the solitude of sanctity, the distresses of the peacemaking, the sufferings of the godly, that moves men everywhere to feel "the world is out of joint," and to gather despair alike of the reality of Providence and the sufficiency of Grace. But here those features of the world that move your compassion or despair receive Christ's congratulations. He reverses all current estimates, and corrects our erring pity and our needless despair, as He exclaims, happy are the poor, the mourners, the meek, the pure, the persecuted! He, whose heart melted with pity over every woe, sees, notwithstanding, mercy in all misery, advantage in loss, privilege in all hardship, right ordering in confusion, the success and wisdom of God in what seems the failure of human history.

It is something in a world where Pessimism is a sin that easily besets us, to draw nigh to these utterances of comfort, and try to look below the surface of manifest misery, till we see the secret roots of compensating good.

For these words are not lightly uttered. They are not the paradoxes of conceited contradiction. They are not the satire of some heart cursing the hollow gladness of the world. They are not the poetry of inexperience. As man He shared every sorrow He felicitates and knew its anguish. As God, the woes of men had sought refuge and relief in His heart. And it is with the profoundest knowledge of their working that He speaks. Yet class after class, multitude after multitude, He hails as blessed, happy, enviable!

These words which treat our calamities as kindnesses, our woes as mercies, and argue hope from the premises of despair, are to be our theme.

The first is given in briefer form by Luke: "Blessed are the poor." I prefer that of Matthew, for he probably heard the sermon, was possibly converted by it, and certainly reports it more fully. He gives the first benediction in the words, "Blessed are the poor in spirit: for theirs is the kingdom of heaven."

This word confronts us in its simple majesty. Let us endeavour to understand it: not diluting it, to make it more credible and intelligible, but wistfully and devoutly addressing ourselves to learn its mystery.

At the outset, we mark that here we have evidently the keynote of the whole series. All the classes successively named, might be included in the description "poor in spirit." For the "mourners" are "poor" for want of gladness: and the "meek" for want of their rights: and the "hungerers after righteousness" for want of grace. And all the blessings named are included in "the kingdom of heaven," for it brings comfort, righteousness, mercy, rewards in heaven. So that if the Beatitudes sum up the sermon: this first Beatitude presents us with the sum and essence of the rest.

In endeavouring to attain its meaning, consider: First: THOSE BLESSED:—"BLESSED ARE THE POOR IN SPIRIT." Second: THEIR BLESSING:—"THEIR'S IS THE KINGDOM OF HEAVEN.

I. And first: THOSE BLESSED: "THE POOR IN SPIRIT." The strangest of all paradoxes! If the benediction stopped at the word "poor," and meant only the indigent, it would have been more intelligible. For we see the perils of wealth: its tendency to produce worldly content, to foster pride, to permit men to take liberties with duty, to divide us from our fellows and from our God. And we all can discern in the roughness of earthly discomfort, an influence waking better longings and raising looks for help from heaven.

But poverty in the soul, is a kind of indigence which seems to have no redeeming feature, and all wise men shrink from it. To be rich in soul is what our wisdom aspires to—for who is blessed, if not he who is rich in power of will; in glow of feeling: in light: in happy memories: in buoyant hope?

Yet the Saviour here says, "Blessed are the poor in spirit;" not those who "feel poor," not merely the lowly; but those with poverty-stricken souls—souls in want of all things; those starving for want of bread of life, sinking for want of wine of life: those poor for want of light on God; poor for want of light on duty; those so

poor in strength, that they dare face no temptation: these so poor in soul-forces, that every duty strains them: those without raptures, without complacency, without joy in God or in success: without serenity, without satisfaction in the past, or confidence for the future!

If any are pitiable is it not such? And every one of my readers who feels heart and soul poor within him, feels himself one to be commiserated and presents this poverty as a plea for sympathy for pity, for help. His poverty is his despair. If he were only rich in soul, he would be indifferent to any poverty of body—but to be without the qualities, the forces, the faculties we most of all desire, is to be poor indeed.

Yet the Saviour says: "Blessed are the poor in spirit." What does He mean? How can the pitiful Christ speak thus?

The secret comes out in the reason He assigns. He saw what we see not—an infinite wealth of God available for all; surpassing all conceivable wealth of soul or circumstances. He saw a heart of God bent on imparting this wealth to human hearts; but, baffled in its efforts to do so, by finding them pre-occupied and satisfied with the poorer wealth of earth, and only succeeding where some aching void was craving for help and strength, and love. To His eye, therefore, wealth was poverty, as it tended to keep out the truest wealth, and to His eye poverty of soul was wealth, as that which, ready to admit, was certain to secure the true wealth of God.

He speaks from the consciousness of bringing infinite wealth within reach of the souls of men, and, from His point of view, those were most blessed who had most room within them for the heavenly wealth He brought. Possession seems to him the real poverty, for the lesser wealth tends to prevent the getting the higher, and the lesser comfort to prevent the getting the heavenly comfort, and the common strength of character tends to prevent the gaining of a higher strength of grace, and natural hope prevents the finding a hope in the smile of God. The Pharisee's self-righteousness tends to prevent the attainment of "the righteousness of God." As what is glorious has no glory in the presence of a glory that excelleth, so what is rich has no preciousness if it prevents our gaining something richer still. We are the poorer for having our hands full of silver, if that prevents our getting them filled with gold. And because the Saviour felt Himself the bearer of divine delights, of infinite salvation, richest pardon, all-conquering grace, He pitied all who had no room for His gifts, and congratulates all the hungry-hearted on the wealth now near them.

This is most solemn as well as most comforting. For it warns us in our contentment, as much as it cheers us in our despair. "What is gain to us," we, like Paul, perchance, should count as loss, as damage, as something standing between us and true wealth. Many a man's wisdom prevents his seeking and finding inspired wisdom. Peter's strength moved him to presume and ended in a fall, where weakness might have watched and prayed, and found a strength which overcame. Our great possessions may make us, like the young ruler, turn away from "the treasure in heaven" the Saviour promises to us. Like the Pharisees, we may, in our complacence reject the counsel of God against ourselves, while publicans and harlots in their despair welcome and enter His kingdom. Like Paul, when weak, then are we strong, for weakness supplies the occasion for "the power of Christ to rest on our hearts." And so constant is the connection between self-emptiness and the fulness of God's power resting on us that we like him would do wisely to welcome, and even glory in, the infirmities that attract the great forces of God to our hearts.

We have therefore to take this word in its simplest, strangest, fullest meaning as the truth of God. Blessed was the woman who washed Christ's feet with tears; blessed, the dying thief; blessed, the Syro-Phœnician woman in her grief; blessed, Zaccheus in his contrition; for the soul-emptiness, yearning, necessities, permitted the wealth of heaven to flow into them.

And blessed to-day are all those in deep soul-need; most blessed, the most needy. Fear not to take this comfort, ye "poor in spirit." You to whom life is a great struggle, who yearn for more vitality, who have not strength for your cares nor for your duties; you, who have deep sorrows needing solace; you who have neither plea, excuse, nor sufficiency; you who have not sufficient light to see what you should believe; you who want all things for earth and heaven, blessed are you—for Jesus brings nigh a great salvation, forgiveness, grace, comfort, light—all. And if there is only room in us for His mercies, He will fill us with all the fulness of God. O mourn no longer your poverty, but claim your share in the great benediction of God.

In marking those who are truly blessed, we have necessarily anticipated a good deal concerning the Benediction. I need add therefore only a very little on my second point. Consider—

II. THEIR BLESSING: "THEIRS IS THE KINGDOM OF HEAVEN." By "the Kingdom of heaven," the Saviour always means that kingdom of grace—which He, man's true King, sets up in the world. The kingdom whose subjects serve God, find now and here His protection, His salvation, His guidance, His mercies; and find all these in fulness and perfection hereafter. The kingdom of heaven is, therefore, in the experience of men, grace, life, righteousness, peace, joy in the Holy Ghost; every blessing of relationship and grace.

And the Saviour proclaims that this Great Kingdom in all its great mercy belongs to "the poor in spirit." It is theirs, as meant for them. The citizenship is open to them. Christ's demand is only need. Grace, like air, fills every vacuum of the heart. Not righteous only, but sinners are called to it, and for them are the gates opened, and to them the welcome given. The infinite treasures of the kingdom are for these, the great atonement, the everlasting pardon, are for all, but specially for those in deepest need. Peace with God, God's love shed abroad in the heart, hope full of immortality, life abundant, grace sufficient, power of victory, power of usefulness, power of prayer, the great employments of the

kingdom, its highest equipments, and its great rewards, all these are for the poor in spirit, all these things are theirs, in the great sense of being provided for them, brought to them, pressed on their acceptance "without money and without price."

And this being so, every sort of soul-poverty is a blessing, as giving room for the grace and wealth of God, and the more large the need, the better for him who has this wealth within his reach.

Thank God, that when none are worthy, all are welcome, and that the more needy the more welcome we are to Him. And the provision being so rich and free, and God's love so great, multitudes of poor souls have entered the kingdom, and been enriched with all its wealth! Some chiefs of sinners, some waifs and strays, some wrecked and seemingly ruined, some bankrupt backsliders, some despairing doubters, multitudes that none can number have felt their poverty, have carried it to their Saviour and lost it in the kingdom of heaven!

Blessed are the poor in spirit still, and if you have room for more light, for protection, for increase of strength, help in self-mastery; if you need more peace, more joy, more hope, more feeling; if you have room, in a word, for salvation and the love of God, blessed are you, for the kingdom of heaven is for you.

LIFE IN NEW GUINEA.

BY THE REV. JAMES CHALMERS.

II.—THE INHABITANTS.

I LOVE savages, not with a sentiment born of philanthropy or Christian zeal, but as the result of experience gained during many years of happy intercourse with them. Although they are unvarnished, and have many dark spots which the arts of civilisation would fain teach them to hide, I prefer real things; and a simple savage, if he seldom has noble traits, is intensely human and capable of sincere and enduring friendship.

It is often said, "Why not leave the savages alone in their primitive state? They only are truly happy." How little do those who thus speak know what that life really is. A savage seldom sleeps well at night. He is in constant fear of attacks from neighbouring tribes, as well as the more insidious foes created by his superstitious mind. Ghosts and hobgoblins, those midnight wanderers, cause him much alarm, as their movements are heard in the sighing of the wind, in falling leaves, lizards chirping, or disturbed birds singing. If midnight is the favourite time for spirit movements, there is another hour when he has good cause to fear the first-mentioned enemies. It is the uncanny hour between the morning star and the glimmering light of approaching day—the hour of yawning and arm-stretching, when the awakening pipe is lighted, and the first smoke of the day enjoyed. The following will show what I mean.

Some six years ago, the people of the large district of Saroa came in strong battle array, and in the early morning ascended the Manukolo hills, surrounded the villages, and surprised and killed men, women, and children, from the poor grey-headed sire to the infant in arms. About forty escaped to Kalo, but were soon compelled to leave, as Saroa threatened to burn Kalo if it harboured the fugitives. They pleaded for peace, but without avail. Saroa said, "Every soul must die." The quarrel began about a pig.

Here is another incident—alas! only one of many I could narrate—equally demonstrative of the dread fear attached by them to that early hour of day.

Paitana is a village situate on one of the creeks running from Hall Sound. It is surrounded by mangrove swamp, but in the village cocoa-nut, betel-nut, and breadfruit trees grow luxuriantly. The inhabitants have always been regarded as a treacherous crowd; but, having visited them, I hoped they would become more friendly. Returning several months after, I found that some had arranged during the first visit to have my head, and I now remember many things which then appeared very suspicious.

Several years ago two foreigners were killed in Hall Sound by the Paitana natives, and they have also killed people from Delena, Maiva, and other villages. The climax was reached in September, 1883, when they killed a man from Lese, who was visiting them as a friend. When the news of the murder reached Lese, the people there determined to wait until planting season was over, and then to take their revenge.

To the Papuan mind, the duties of friendship are of a sacred character, and this violation of them appeared the most flagrant transgression of their savage code of honour. For a long time the people of Paitana, fearing an attack, lived away from their village, but thinking that the Lesеans had in their delay given up all thought of "payment," they returned to their home. Meanwhile the people of Lese were preparing revarevas (war canoes), and keeping very quiet about their intentions. The blow fell at last, and a terrible retribution it proved to be. Paitana fancied her peculiar position rendered her secure. The village lay far up a creek, and had to be approached through very long grass; it was surrounded by a thick mangrove bush.

[From a photograph.

NEW GUINEA WOMEN GOING FOR WATER.

The sleeping inhabitants little dreamed of what the early morning would yield.

Twenty-four revarevas were prepared by Lese. These are made by lashing poles across two long canoes, and upon these poles a platform is erected. Men with paddles sit at the head and stern, whilst the platform is crowded with warriors in full war paint, armed with spears, bows, arrows, and clubs. This fleet started, and pulled all night. Arriving on the south-west side of Yule Island, they remained there until the following night. After sunset, when quite dark, they advanced up the creek, where they met a canoe with a man and two women in it, belonging to Lolo. They made the man a prisoner, saying, they did not wish to kill him, but to save his life and the women's, he must be their guide. To this he consented, and after leading them to the village, was allowed to return. The village was surrounded, and a strong party sent into the main street. All sat down quietly. The morning star was up, and soon there would be sufficient light for their dreadful work.

A native awakes, lights his baubau (pipe), has a smoke, a yawn, a stretch; then looking out, and seeing people in the village, calls out—"Who are you?"

"We are Leseans come to pay for our friend you killed. Long have we waited to see you punished for your murdering propensities, but all seem afraid of you. You have tried your hand on us, and now we will take the matter up."

In other houses the aroused natives are now in a state of confusion. Already the arrows fly in showers, and men, women, and children are wounded. Many flying are caught and clubbed. Others remain in their houses, hoping to be omitted in the general carnage. The houses are entered, everything valuable is carried away, and speedily the whole village is in a blaze, when the dead, the wounded, and the living are all burnt in the one great fire.

I asked a native who got through the environment how many were killed. He said, "It is impossible to tell the number of the dead, only ten who slept in the village that night escaped."

Flushed with victory, and weighted with loot, the Lesians returned to their revarevas, pulled down the creek and along the coast, with horns blowing and men and women dancing and singing on the platforms. Their return was celebrated with feasting and dancing; and again and again in the midst of the festivities the scenes of that morning were recounted with pride.

Ah! savage life is not the joyous hilarity some writers depict. It is not always the happy laugh, the feast and the dance. Like life in civilised communities, it is varied and many-sided. There are often seasons when tribes are scattered, hiding in large trees, in caves, and in other villages far away from their homes. Not long ago, inland from Port Moresby, a large hunting party camping in a cave were smoked out by their enemies and all killed but one. Once when travelling inland, I found the Makabili tribe in terrible weather living in the bush, under shelving rocks, among the long grass, and in hollow trees. The people at Port Moresby say that now for the first time they all sleep in peace, and that as they can trust the peace of God's word, they mean to keep to it. This is significant, coming from those who not long since were the most noted pirates, robbers, and murderers along the whole coast of the peninsula.

But I must hasten on to describe as succinctly as possible some of the traits in these interesting people.

Upon this immense island the two types of Malay and Polynesian seem to meet, and often to commingle. There is no homogeneous race forming a national transition from one to the other, like the Anglo-Saxon. The Malay, of medium height, slender build, small head, straight hair, and regular features, is found settled in many communities along large tracts of coast. These vary in colour from light slate to dark brown. The Polynesians are tall, muscular, hard-working people, very excitable; they range from dark brown to deep black in colour, and have the head large, with bushy crinkled hair often very long. There are also to be seen in small numbers among some of the hill ranges and on certain islands the remnants of a negro race, in some respects but little above the aborigines of Australia, and possessing some striking resemblances to them. I believe this race to be the original inhabitants of the country, and that they have retired before the advances of superior tribes.

The Motu tribe is one of the most important at present known on the peninsula. They stand first both in energy and mental power. As they were once pre-eminent in wickedness, now that the Gospel is exercising its sway over them they are an example for good, enabling the missionary when speaking to other natives, to point out the great change wrought in them by its power.

Childhood is a happy period in New Guinea. Many of their games resemble those of English children, and rounders and skipping are just as much appreciated there as here.

Boys early learn the use of weapons, and miniature bows and arrows, spears and clubs are made for them by their fathers; whilst a girl is soon initiated into the arts of cooking, planting, weeding, manufacture of pottery, and other duties which are woman's lot in life.

The people are usually of a very lively temperament. They love excitement, and revel in fighting and rows. Some tribes gesticulate much when speaking, and it is most laughable to observe them when excited. Their grimaces are remarkably expressive, and not a few possess great powers of mimicry. When bartering, they haggle very much, and depreciate the articles offered. A market is almost as noisy as a fight, and behind each long row of buyers or sellers stands a line of sentinels, spear in hand, ready to settle any dispute in the most summary fashion.

Parents are very fond of their children, and the affection is reciprocated with interest in the shape of a profound veneration which deepens with years. Lads of twenty will not engage for a few days' trip unless mother consents, and often a man of forty, while willing to be employed, will say, "Let me first go and hear what my

mother and wife say, and if it be all right I shall be back in a few minutes." The trouble of maternity is comparatively a light one, and often on the coast a mother will immediately walk down to the sea and bathe herself and new-born child. Families, as a rule, consist only of four or five children. Occasionally one with eight or nine is found. There is no infanticide in any of the tribes known to me.

The New Guinea woman does not think herself overwrought, and will not allow any interference in her own departments of work. Her cooking duties are not heavy. It is, however, right to remark on this point that the people are very hospitable, and their chief method of welcome is the readiness and promptitude with which they set to work to prepare food. They never seem weary of cooking for friends who come from a distance.

The food is usually cooked in earthenware pots, after the fashion of Irish stew. These pots are made only by certain tribes, and when war arises near the manufacturing districts, the pottery business is seriously hindered, much to the disgust of the makers, and the inconvenience of their customers.

A place for cooking is made of stones and earth in the centre of the floor of the house. A circle of stones being formed, wood is placed within it and lighted, and upon that the pot stands. Inland, ovens are made by digging a trench, and filling it with wood and with hard stones. When the stones are brought up to a white heat, the remaining wood is withdrawn, the stones are spread out, and banana leaves placed upon them. On these is placed the food to be cooked; it is then all covered up with banana leaves, whilst on the top is heaped all the burning wood which remains. The chief foods are sago, bananas, bread-fruit, yams, and taro.

Inland from the coast, ginger is used with food and much relished with salt. I like green ginger and salt. They have a great distaste for the red pepper berries.

Pork is very seldom used, and pig-killing affords an opportunity for inviting many friends to partake. Annual feasts and house building are occasions for such display.

They all like fish, especially in times of sickness, when they have a failing appetite. The species caught on that coast are mullet, roach, cod, &c., together with many kinds of shell fish.

They have no intoxicating drink, and very little water or cocoa nut milk is drunk at any time. This is very significant when the great heat is considered, and can only be accounted for by the quantity of water contained in their usual articles of diet.

One meal a day is the universal rule, and that is taken in the afternoon. Father and sons eat together, and the mother and daughters do the same in another place. Children at certain ages can only eat particular kinds of food. When the husband is tabooed, his wife must not cook food for, or hand it to him, neither may she speak to or even look at him. His daughter, niece, or other female relatives may do it. Men tabooed can only eat certain kinds of food, and will have no other sort. I have been troubled often with my boat's crew and carriers in order to secure food for those who were tabooed for any particular reason.

In the Gulf cannibalism is of old standing, the habit of many generations. It is scarcely sixty years since it was introduced into the East end of the peninsula. But human flesh cannot be said, in the most inveterate cannibal districts, to be a staple article of food. The Motuans when amongst the cannibals will not use the pots of the latter, lest they should have been used for cooking human flesh. An old chief who was much attached to Mrs. Chalmers brought her a very dainty bit, the breast of a man, as a proof of his affection. It was laid at her feet. She spoke kindly to her cannibal friend, gave him a present, and asked him to take with him that which he had apportioned as her share, saying that we never partook of such, and hoped he would soon give it up. I do not think the old man again tasted human flesh until the day of his death, which happened some years after.

In speaking of native dress you touch upon a slender topic, so slight indeed that it almost eludes description. Everywhere the women wear a grass petticoat, varying in length and thickness according to their tribal custom. The only exception I know of on the coast is that of some of the old women in the Elema district, who are content to wear only a flat white shell. At the east, in the Milne Bay and Dahuni districts, the men make a maro from the young sago palm leaf, and are well covered. I do not think they require much more dressing; what they wear they attend to well, and it becomes them. Others have a narrow strip of native cloth, but in the districts further west the men only sport a string. "Attention to dress" or otherwise consists in the varying degrees of slackness or tightness with which the string is worn, and in a slight increase or diminution in the width of the cloth. In all the districts where the string is used it is amusing to see the care they take in adjusting it, and they would as soon think of being without it as more civilised nations would of going without their trousers or kilts.

The women are the burden-bearers, both on the coast and inland. When travelling I have seen them with loads piled high on the head, and with infants on the top, climbing 1600 feet apparently with as much ease as they would walk along a good road.

In many tribes the women are tattooed on the face and body, some in lines and in a Z pattern, others in a style something like a Maltese cross.

The men do the fighting and hard work of planting, such as clearing the ground, first planting and fencing, fishing, house-building, canoe-making, and weapons of all kinds.

THE HYMN-WRITERS OF WALES AND THEIR HYMNS.

V.—DR. WILLIAM REES—EMRYS—ISLWYN—HYMNS OF TO-DAY.

IN some respects the Rev. Dr. William Rees (*Hiraethog*) ranks as the greatest Welshman of the nineteenth century. Preacher and lecturer, journalist and reformer, poet and essayist, there are whole pages in the national history of Wales covered with his broad and sturdy handwriting. But his poetical genius was too massive to produce hymns of the first order. Most of them lack the smoothness of expression and neatness of form so necessary in the making of a good hymn.

One of the gifts of his muse is a new poetical version of the Psalms. How the ministry of affliction helped him to accomplish this undertaking is told in his own words:—

"Failing health kept me almost wholly at home during the winter and spring of 1872-3, even as late as the middle of the month of April scarcely venturing out of the house, except on the Sabbath. I consecrated every hour of every day that my weary nature could endure, through the space of the time mentioned, to the task of completing what remained of this work, together with attending to the calls of the pulpit:—and when the clock was striking four, in the afternoon of Friday, March 21st, 1873, I was letting the pen out of my hand, having written the last line of the versification. It would not be easy for me to forget how I felt that moment. I gave thanks from my heart, I believe, to the Father of all mercies for having suffered me to live to see this labour completed; and I tried to dedicate it to the blessing of Him who had supported and strengthened me to carry it through, with a degree of confidence that some might derive benefit and pleasure from its perusal through that blessing. Many a time when, suffering and afflicted, I was at the task, I thought of the words of the Psalmist—'Unless Thy law had been my delights, I should then have perished in mine affliction.' So I said:—Had the Psalms not been my delights, I would have perished, from suffering of body and depression of spirit, many a day during that season when I was like Paul, to some extent as it were a prisoner in my own hired house."

Of the two Psalters of the present century that of Nicander is more marked for smoothness and more likely therefore to enrich church-song; but that of Hiraethog possesses more originality, and makes a very useful companion of the Psalms in the study.

The hymn-poem, of which a version is given below, gains an additional interest from the undertone of personal experience easily recognised among the broader movements of a universal theme. Its dramatic cast, however, renders it, like his Psalter, more useful for private devotion than for public worship. It has found its way into most of the later hymn-books of Wales, and is known far and wide.

THE SEARCH OF A TIRED SOUL FOR REST.

I went searching through creation
For my soul a place of rest—
Disappointment and vexation
Everywhere repaid my quest.
From the world and flesh to tempt me
Came a thousand promised joys;
But I found them false and empty,
Lying dreams and gilded toys.

Then I asked the white and holy
Angel-thousands of the skies—
"With a sinner poor and lowly
Have you one will sympathise?"
Gabriel answered my appealing—
"Not with us; no, there is none
That can have a fellow-feeling
With a soul unclean—undone!"

Hope in utter darkness vanished,
And I cried in agony—
"All deliverance is banished!
It is over now with me!"
Stormy clouds on Sinai setting,
And my spirit trembling sore—
Oh! there can be no forgetting
Of that anguish evermore!

On the throne of high possession,
Through my tears at last I see,
In His robes of intercession,
Him who bowed the head for me:
"There He is!" my soul exclaimèd,
"I can read it in His face—
He will never be ashamèd
To receive me in His grace."

To His throne my soul proceeded,
Deigning at His feet to fall;
And for love and pardon pleaded
Through the blood that saveth all:
"What?"—I mused—"Should I conceal it,
All this grief and broken cheer?
Hide the wound while He can heal it?
It is Christ!—why need I fear?"

When I opened, slowly, sadly,
My dark bosom, sin-oppressed,
Then He opened quickly, gladly,
For my shelter His own breast:
All my burden He removèd,
Yea, He gave me full release;
With the smile of my Belovèd
Came the joy of perfect peace.

Body, spirit, now I owe Him,
I belong to Him henceforth—
Oh, that I might live to show Him
Everywhere in all His worth!
When I join the host surrounding
His serene, eternal throne,
I shall sing of grace abounding,
And the song shall be His own!

Dr. Rees was born in the month of November, 1802, at the foot of Hiraethog hill, near Denbigh. It was in the same month, eighty-one years later, that he fell asleep in the city of Chester. "The search of a tired soul for rest" came to an end, when the Saviour met him at the door and asked him to come in.

A close friend and fellow-worker of the last was the Rev. William Ambrose (*Emrys*). He was born at the Penrhyn Arms Hotel, Bangor, August 10th, 1813. The course of his life was even and calm as the flowing of a river through a level land; his death alone adding an incident of startling impressiveness to his earthly story. He was preaching in his own pulpit at Portmadoc, on Sunday, April 27th, 1873. For some time he had been suffering much from the effect of a paralytic stroke; but that was a day of marked power, and the people felt the peculiar nearness of the spirit land. The text of the evening sermon was Isaiah vii. 15: "For thus saith the high and lofty One that inhabiteth eternity, whose name is Holy; I dwell in the high and the holy place, with him also that is of a contrite and humble spirit, to revive the spirit of the humble and to revive the heart of the contrite ones." It was a remarkably powerful sermon; and hundreds were rejoicing that night in the hope of restored eloquence and further guiding of their soul through him into the doctrine of Jesus Christ. But he had scarcely come down from the pulpit when he was seen to grow pale and lean heavily back. It was the final stroke—the hand of death was laid upon him as he was coming out of the shining cloud. For six months he lingered; and all that time the silver tongue was speechless. It was on the 31st of October, the same year, that the silent Hand once more was laid upon him, and more heavily. But it was only to make his spirit free, and to lead him to the land where the word of eloquence can never be hushed any more.

His poetry, like his life, is beautifully clear and tranquil. This hymn, for instance, does it not sound like the footsteps of the Spirit of Peace in the house of life?

Give me quiet resting-places,
Lord, beneath the shade of palms:
Where the heavenly pilgrims gather,
Where they sing their joyful psalms:
There they linger to make mention
Of Thy faithfulness and grace,
Till their sorrows are forgotten
In the pleasure of Thy praise.

Happy is the brethren's discourse,
They who seek the better land;
Not an evil tongue to flatter,
Nor a traitor's cruel hand:
Heavenly dew on each experience,
Words of faith in glad refrain—
All are filled with sweet home-longing,
Where the end is glorious gain.

Lord, until we reach uphold us!
It is but a little while;
When the journey darkly closes
Let Thy sunlight on us smile:
Let the breezes of the Home-land
Meet us in the valley's gloom;
Till our feet are safely treading
Hills of light and fadeless bloom.

The Rev. William Thomas (*Islwyn*) was born at Mynydd-islwyn, in the county of Monmouth, April 3rd, 1832. His life was spent in the secluded and undisturbed neighbourhood of his birth; and there he died November 20th, 1878. Purposing in his early youth to become a land surveyor, at the age of twenty-two the inward impulse led him to the pulpit. He was ordained at Llangeithio Association in 1859, but he never took a pastoral charge. He suffered much from melancholy. In consequence his preaching engagements were not kept as faithfully as they should have been. Sometimes an elder would announce him in the following significant terms: "Islwyn will preach here next Sunday—if he comes." His poetry stands among the best in Welsh literature; deeply tinged as it is with the unfamiliar idealizings of a mystic soul. Only three of his hymns are published. The one given below has already found a place in the hymnody of the Welsh church, and has its record among the songs ordained of the Holy Spirit to give stay and patience of hope to the righteous in the hour of sorrow and death.

See, my soul, the land of brightness
Far above the clouds of time;
Where the breeze with balmy lightness
Bloweth through a genial clime;
Joyful thousands!
Moving in its rest serene.

Life has there its crystal fountains,
Peace—whose rivers softly flow,
To refresh its vales and mountains,
To immortalize its glow;
And salvation
On the sunny shores is breathed.

Never can a mortal arrow
On its nearest province fall:
Death's dominion is but narrow—
There it cometh not at all:
Life abundant;
Immortality at home!

Every breeze of winter changes
On the shore to heavenly calm,
O'er its fields no sorrow ranges,
Where each sigh becomes a psalm:
Into Jordan
Falls the last most bitter tear.

There—there is not one that mourneth,
There—there is not any sad;
There—the gall to honey turneth,
There—the bound is free and glad:
Joyful thousands,
There abiding evermore!

Now my heart is filled with blessing,
And a sacred joy is mine,
In the hope of my possessing
That inheritance divine:
Joyful thousands,
Drawing near that promised land!

So far, for the present, these sketches of the

singers of the church of Christ in Wales. No one must for a moment suppose that the list is exhausted. Some names have been omitted, it may be of equal honour with some of those included. The Rev. B. Francis, of Horsley, Gloucestershire; Mr. Edward Jones (*Maesyplwm*); Mr. Peter Jones (*Pedr Fardd*); Rev. W. Hughes, Dinas; Mr. T. Lewis, Tal-y-Llychau—such names may appear to an English reader as a chance group out of some dusty chronicle of forgotten names. But had their hymns not been in the possession and ritual of the Welsh church, its anthology would be so much the poorer. In most cases their verses did not adapt themselves for translation. Enough, for present purposes, that all our readers should know how many hands—known or unknown—have touched the harp of Zion in the Principality; and left melodies which can only die with the ancient language of the land. And may that fate be *sine die!*

There is also a later generation of Welsh hymn-writers; but to these I may return at some more convenient season. Their songs are under probation; and some, at least, appear to have in them the hope of permanent service. In the meanwhile I select a hymn written by a preacher, as well-known almost in England as he is in Wales—the Rev. Herber Evans, of Carnarvon.

Keep me very near to Jesus,
Though beneath His cross it be;
In this world of evil-doing
'Tis the cross that cleanseth me:
Should there come distress and darkness
Let this hope with me abide—
After all the gloom and sorrow,
Light shall be at eventide.

Bring to mind my past experience—
That shall take my fears away;
For Thy goodness and Thy mercy
Shall be mine till close of day:
Through the tears, the clouds, the tempest,
Shine on me, O Crucified!
There's a promise in God's rainbow—
Light shall be at eventide.

Lead me onward to the future,
Where I fear one step to move;
Still the love of God upholds me—
Love beyond a mother's love:
Calvary enough has proved,
Hear the song on yonder side—
Though the cross stand in the pathway,
Light shall be at eventide.

For all the hymns which have been written, there is room in the Wales of to-day for a new school of hymnody. Every age has its peculiar mode of religious expression; the age now dawning in Wales emphatically so. It will be an age of transition and suspense; it will claim the guidance of strong, progressive thought. I trust the Eisteddfod will not exhaust the muse of all its bards. Some of them, surely, will not consider it a vain thing to give the church of Christ the psalm that will sanctify its anxiety, that will teach it where to find rest and hope and light.

H. ELVET LEWIS.

Things New and Old.

BILLS OF CREDIT FOR THE FUTURE LIFE.—About sixteen miles east of Ningpo, China, lies a noted mountain, Ling Fông, to which tens of thousands, from all parts of Chekiang, go up yearly to worship. The first day of the ceremonies few besides women attend. Although the path up the mountain was paved, and the steeper ascents were furnished with steps, still it was a tedious climb, even for one with natural feet. The wonder grew upon us how the women, with their little bandaged stubs, could not only climb the mountain, but walk miles to reach it. As we neared the place we were beset by vendors of incense sticks urging us to buy. Arriving at a level space, about half-way up the mountain, we found rows of wretched straw huts on either side of the path leading to a building scarcely more than a shed, containing one large room. In it were a few small, dilapidated idols, before which the people burnt incense sticks and made prostrations. A desire to worship was by no means the only motive that brought these eager throngs hither. They had come to make preparation for death. And the preparation considered necessary was not purity of heart and life, but money. These multitudes had left their homes and busy pursuits to come hither for the special purpose of buying bills of credit to be burnt at death in order to secure a large sum of money in the next world. These bills of credit, costing twenty-four *cash*, or about two cents, are small strips of yellow paper, upon which are roughly printed a few characters. These are supposed to be good for about thirteen hundred dollars after death. Behind tables stood men selling these bills. Others were busy stamping with red paint pieces of cotton cloth, which were carried away as evidence that they had been to the sacred spot. The more years they make this pilgrimage, and the more bills of credit they get, the greater will be their merit and wealth in the next life.—*Woman's Work in China.*

DILIGENCE.—"All the water is lost that runs beside the mill, and all thy thoughts are waste which help thee not to do God's work withal in thy general or particular calling. The bee will not sit on a flower where no honey can be sucked, neither should the Christian."

"SEEK YE FIRST THE KINGDOM OF GOD, AND HIS RIGHTEOUSNESS; AND ALL THESE THINGS SHALL BE ADDED UNTO YOU."—Matt. vi. 33.

Would you the Kingdom of Heaven possess?
Would you that Christ your soul should bless,
And save you out of all distress?
Then make Him "First."
He left His throne that you might be
Rescued from death, from sin set free;
He suffered death upon the Tree,
And Satan's worst.

Would you the Holy Spirit gain;
To sanctify, reprove, restrain,
And cleanse your soul from every stain?
Then make Him "First."
For He alone can make you pure;
By Him you may all scorn endure;
Heaven's glory by His aid insure;
No longer curst.

J. Turn.

Upon the sadness of the sea
The sunset broods regretfully,
From the far lonely spaces slow
Withdraws the wistful afterglow.

So out of life the splendour dies,
So darken all the happy skies,
So gathers twilight, cold and stern,
But overhead the planets burn.

And up the east another day,
Shall chase the bitter dawn away,
What though our eyes with tears be wet;
The sunrise never failed us yet.

The blush of dawn may yet restore
Our light and hope and joy once more,
Sad soul, take comfort nor forget
That sunrise never failed us yet.

Celia Thaxte.

LIPHOOK'S FLATS.

NATTY lived in Liphook's Flats. She was a little cripple scarcely nine years old. Some people pitied her, as the "stump, stump" of her one crutch—she had not a pair—was heard on the staircases. But as a rule the tenants of the "Flats" were too much taken up with their own trials to trouble themselves much about the little crooked creature with the golden hair.

And such hair it was! There was one little old man in the buildings who said that he had never seen such hair before, and he had been in the world a very long time. He was a hawker by trade, and he used to stay at home sometimes in his one room making his stock of microscopes, which were nothing more than little glass globes filled with water. His window was opposite Natty's, and now and then he would pause in his work to take a look at the little golden head which was peeping out of the window of room 417.

The "Flats" were such a large place. Room 417 was on the ninth floor, and when you reached the top landing it was a matter of some little difficulty to get one's breath. It was especially hard for Natty's mother, with her racking cough. She was a sempstress in a clothing factory; so that she was away all the day long, leaving little Natty in charge of their one-room home. This room was not much larger than a cupboard, and it was on the inner side of the quadrangle, in which Liphook had planned his "Flats." The only prospect which the apartment had was a dreary view of the opposite side of the court, a great wall with so many windows that they were quite tiresome to gaze at.

Outside the hawker's window the old man himself had placed a small shelf, upon which stood a pot with some plant growing in it. What it was little Natty did not know, it was too far off to tell the shape of its leaves; and even if she had been closer to it, she would not have been able to say whether the pot held musk, creeping-jenny or mignonette. It was rarely that the crippled girl could get into the streets, where it was possible for stronger children to see sometimes the plants "all a-growin' and a blowin'" upon the costermongers' barrows. She envied those boys and girls whose shouts echoed in the court, as they romped in the playground which they made of it. They were free, out of Board School hours, to come and go as they pleased, and for them the steep stone staircases, with their many landings, were no hindrance to their enjoyment. But a journey to the ground floor, and the climbing back again, was a painful and laborious task for Natty, and there was little pleasure to be had, for she found herself roughly pushed about by the youngsters in the yard. They would pull her hair through their coarse fingers, in rude admiration of its silkiness, but such behaviour was not altogether pleasing to the child. They said, too, for they were Londoners, bred and born, and in spite of their tender age, fully alive to the practical side of life, that Natty was an "odd young 'un." She had too many dreams to suit them, and they could not understand the contemplative look in her blue eyes.

If it had not been for the little old man who made and sold the "magnifiers," as he called his globes, Natty would have felt very lonely and sad. These two became acquainted. One day he had come up Natty's staircase to see a lodger on that side of the "Flats," and he had saved her from falling. Her crutch had slipped upon a piece of orange peel which some careless tenant had dropped upon the stone steps, already sufficiently dangerous. It was on that day that the old man had told her about her hair. Not long afterwards he sent up one of his magnifiers with a request that she would have it. I fancy, too, that "Old Phil" brought and fixed up the flower pot outside his window principally for Natty's sake.

"You're a little lonesome this morning," said Natty's kind friend, as he pushed open the door of No. 417.

"Oh, no," replied Natty with a sudden smile, as she recognised old Phil, "at least, not now."

"Yes, yes, you are," the old man persisted; "you must be in this poky little place. I wish old Liphook hadn't been so werry anxious to put us up in the sky, afore our time."

The old fellow was catching his breath as he spoke.

"How kind of you to come so far," said Natty; "it's a dreadful long way up. But it ain't so noisy as down below, do you think?"

"Well, I don't take much note of noise; I am pretty nigh used to it by this time, and old 'uns don't hear so well as young folk."

"Won't you come in?"

Old Phil was all this while at the door, fumbling with something which he held behind his back. There was a chirp heard as he took a step into the room.

"There," chuckled he, "he was in too great a hurry. He's let the cat out o' the bag of hisself; leastways, he don't mean to be hid any longer. Ain't he a beauty?"

"Why it's a bird!" almost screamed the little cripple in her delight, as Old Phil took out of his handkerchief a battered cage, with its feathered inmate hopping about on the perch.

"A bird, and that it is," answered he, placing the cage in the girl's hands.

"For me?" she asked.

"Yes, my girl. I thought you might be a bit lonesome, and I picked him up cheap, 'cos he's moultin'."

The bird was indeed moulting. He was a sorry specimen, with rusty plumage and no tail worth mentioning, but he seemed to liven up every moment. Perhaps he mistook Natty's golden hair for the sunlight. At all events he made a feeble attempt to pipe his song.

"I'll be going now," said Old Phil. "I am working Cheapside to-day. I hope it'll keep fine."

"Thank you, thank you, oh, so much," said Natty. "I'll kiss you, if you like."

The old man bent his weather-worn cheek toward her and she kissed it, twice. And so they parted.

That day a dreadful thing happened. There was an accident in Cheapside. An old man was knocked down by a restless horse. His stock of "magnifiers" was scattered, and Old Phil, for it was he, was picked up, crushed to death by the wheels of a heavy van.

There was a formal inquest at the hospital—one of half-a-dozen "accidental deaths" disposed of in half an hour by an over-worked coroner—the customary verdict was returned, and nothing more. Old Phil's empty attic in the "Flats" was speedily re-let, for recent improvements in the neighbourhood had led to the pulling down of a considerable number of the dwellings of the poor, and their tenants were obliged to crowd wherever lodgings could be got.

The new occupier did not care for flowers; and the plant

which had been carefully tended by the old man soon withered. It left a great blank in little Natty's life. The patch of green on the dull brickwork amidst the blaze of windows had been a sort of companion to the girl, and had mutely spoken to her of Old Phil's kindness when he was absent. But there was one bright spot in the cloud which had fallen upon Natty's life. Tim, as Natty called the linnet, thrived splendidly. He was as happy as a bird could be, within a cage. Sometimes Natty's mother hung it outside the window, and once, when Natty dozed, some perky sparrows came down to the cage from the roof and did their best to pick a quarrel with the prisoner. But Tim was not in the least afraid, although he was a country cousin and not used to London ways at all.

"I don't know," said Natty one day to Tim, "I don't know why the sparrows seem so fond of London. Oh, dear, if I had wings, wouldn't I fly away—that's all."

Tim looked wise and put his head on one side. He could not speak, but he seemed to think, if the quick turn of his bright eye meant anything, that the sparrows knew their own business best. And I dare say they do.

It would be a long story to tell how day by day Natty became fonder of her bird, and how Tim grew to love his mistress. In Natty's belief there never was such a songster, although as a linnet Tim was poor enough in all conscience. A rude boy who lived on the same floor in the block, strove his hardest to tease Natty, and once when her mother came home from work she found her little girl sobbing, and clutching to her breast the cage in which Tim fluttered about in a state of great alarm. The rude boy, it seemed, had shouted through the keyhole that the caretaker of Liphook's was coming up to seize the bird, under the rule which said no pets were to be kept. But the porter did not do anything of the sort.

Through the long winter, Natty and her mother passed, stinted in the few necessaries which they were able to buy when times were good, for lighting and firing were expenses which made a great inroad into the widow's slender earnings. But there was always a crumb for Tim. Seasons made little difference to Natty, for they brought her no change in the courtyard. It was either cold or warm, that was the only difference between winter and summer, except that when the days were longest for a few short weeks the sun contrived to send a shaft into the courtyard to flicker on the wall for a little while sometimes.

Soon when the summer was at its best, a startling story was told in the Flats. It was brought to Natty's ears by the rude boy, who shouted through the keyhole one morning:

"We're going to the Forest, all us kids, we are."

To the Forest! Natty had heard of such a place. She had a dim fancy that there were lots of trees there, like those that were shown in a picture on the paper in which her mother had fetched some food. The child had not seen many trees, but if they were like Old Phil's plant they must indeed be beautiful.

These bright visions, which quickly passed through her mind, were as quickly driven away by the cruel boy who yelled again: "We're a-goin' to the Forest, we are; but cripples can't go—Yah!"

He was a young savage, full of brute strength, and showing it by tyrannising over the helpless. And he went away well-content when he overheard the sobbing behind the door of room 417.

The young savage was wrong. A kindly missioner found his way to Natty's abode. Her lameness should not prevent her, he said, from enjoying the treat. He was determined that it should not, and he was as good as his word.

I wonder if those good people who subscribe to "A Day in the Country" fund at all know the amount of pleasure which is given to the little ones of the great city by such an outing. To pass from the noise and bustle to the stillness of the woods, to breathe the pure sweet air instead of the smoke-laden atmosphere of London, to hear the myriad sounds of the insect world, to note the varied colours of the landscape, and above all to span with roving eye the wide firmament above, this is indeed liberty.

But of all the delights which Natty felt, none was greater than that given her by the songs of the birds. Their music thrilled her soul, and it was almost with sorrow that she lost sight of a lark in the fleecy clouds, that soaring upwards shook out its song as it rose. Her pleasure was not without distress. The lark seemed to throw a shadow upon the day, but she scarcely knew why.

On the road homewards she was trying to puzzle it out. The red sun sank, and the crimson clouds grew grey. There was silence in the gloaming, and it was quite dark when Natty was home again in Liphook's Flats. She was very tired, and No. 417 on the ninth storey was still a long journey off; but the good-hearted missioner carried her up as he brought her down.

"Chirp, chirp." Tim awoke to welcome his mistress. It was a very poor note, after the brilliant singing of the lark. But it sounded homely. Poor Tim! The thought suddenly came into her heart. Poor Tim, he was a prisoner!

During the long night the little crippled girl thought the matter out. Tim a prisoner; Tim, who should be free as the air. How cruel of her to keep him in the cage. She thought about the country scenes through which she had driven, and compared them with the monotonous surroundings of Liphook's Flats. It was now dawn, and very grey and cold the deep well of the quadrangle appeared. Her resolve, however, was taken. Tim must be freed. To his mistress full liberty was impossible, but she could restore his liberty at least.

It cost her a severe struggle. Not until her mother was gone did she make the final effort. She opened the window and took up the cage. Poor Tim hardly understood matters. Then she set the door wide open and cried, "Tim, Tim, please fly away. Be quick, my heart is breaking!"

Tim was only a bird. He prized his liberty as you do yours. So when he saw the door wide open he gently hopped out. He hopped upon the window-sill and pecked up a crumb or two with superb indifference. His poor little owner meanwhile hid her face in her hands. Tim next flew out in the yard, circled round as he felt the almost forgotten sensation of flying. Then he stopped on the roof. His old enemies, the sparrows, found him out. They did not want him there. And Tim, thinking that he was safest in his cage, flew back to that prison. A prison, it was plain, he did not consider it; and what is more, he could never be got again to leave it. It was his home. Tim was a wise bird to be contented with his lot; at any rate, that was the lesson which he taught poor Natty.

HIDDEN TEXTS.

NO. IX.

Write out these texts, and then mark one word in each line, so as to form another text.

1. Behold, now is the accepted time.—2 *Cor.* vi. 2.
2. God be merciful unto us, and bless us.—*Psa.* lxvii. 1.
3. Thy lovingkindness is good.—*Psa.* lxix. 16.
4. The world is Mine, and the fulness thereof.—*Psa.* i. 12.
5. The Lord is my helper, and I will not fear.—*Heb.* xiii. 6.

THE SUNDAY AT HOME

O DAY MOST CALM, MOST BRIGHT! . . .
THE WEEK WERE DARK BUT FOR THY LIGHT.—*Herbert.*

THE PSALMS FOR THE DAY.

"When the child, with grave, fresh lip,
Youth, or maiden fair;
When the aged, weak and gray,
Seek Thy face in prayer . . .
Hear then, in love, O Lord, the cry,
In heaven, Thy dwelling-place on high."

No. 1726.—MAY 28, 1887.

BARBARA'S BROTHERS.

CHAPTER XXII.—THE DOWNWARD PATH.

AND how was it meantime with the gay and brilliant Gerald? Where was the missing one all this time? How was it he had broken off all communication with his old home? What was he doing with himself, and what giddy scenes of pleasure were alluring him from his old associations, and alienating him from all family ties?

Let us leave, for a brief space of time the peaceful surroundings of St. Hilda and the doings of those with whom we are mainly concerned, and enter the great tumultuous city into whose mighty vortex hundreds of lives are drawn each year only to be hopelessly crushed and wrecked.

There is something unspeakably sad and terrible, as well as grand and wonderful in the teeming life and ceaseless movement of a great centre of civilisation. Good and evil, happiness and misery, wealth and penury are so inextricable, mixed up and jostled together that there seems no avoiding those strong contrasts that fill the soul with a sort of awe. Life seems to whirl along at a breakneck pace, like the water at the Falls of Niagara, and it appears sometimes as if helpless lives were swept relentlessly to destruction without power to struggle or to save themselves.

Gerald Meynal, untrained, undisciplined, gay, heedless and headstrong, had flung himself blindly into this mighty stream, having neither experience nor moral stamina, neither rudder nor compass of any kind to guide him, filled with blind self-confidence and youthful pride. And now at the end of many months, let us see where the stream of pleasure had landed him, that stream along which he hoped to float in a halcyon existence whose joys should be always fresh and new.

In a dismal London attic, the top apartment in one of those peculiarly sordid, miserable places designated as "lodging houses for single gentlemen," sat Gerald Meynal in front of a canvas some two feet square upon which he was busily engaged in painting fruit and flowers in peculiarly gorgeous and vivid colours.

It would require a keen glance to recognise in this pinched and haggard young man the once brilliant and handsome Gerald, who had been the pride of his mother's heart and the spoilt darling of his native place. His face was thin and hollow, his eyes were large and bright, yet wearing that uncertain look so characteristic of a man who habitually drinks spirit. Moreover, the eyes were red-rimmed and bloodshot, the thin white hands were tremulous and hardly equal even to the coarse kind of painting upon which they were engaged with feverish activity and energy. His figure was thin and shrunken as if from want of proper nourishment as well as from chronic ill-health. Altogether he presented a pitiable appearance, and it would almost have broken his mother's heart to see him as he sat there in that cold and cheerless place.

How was it that he had fallen so low as this? How was it that he had sunk so rapidly from the ease and luxury to which he had always accustomed himself, to this melancholy condition of indigence and poverty? And how was it that when he was in a state of such need he did not write for assistance to those who, he must have known, would be so ready and willing to tender it?

To answer these questions it will be necessary to cast a brief backward glance over Gerald's career during the eight or nine months of his "emancipation and independence."

It is not a pleasant task to follow in the steps of one who is carelessly yet deliberately treading the downward path towards physical and moral ruin, and yet it is impossible to avoid doing so sometimes in order to make clear what is to come.

Gerald had plunged with all the eagerness of a pleasure-loving nature into the life of dissipation and excitement to which his friend Hector Thompson had introduced him. He spent his days upon the race-course, and his evenings in every sort of amusement that gamblers delight in.

He won and lost money with equal *insouciance;* and ran into debt with the recklessness so characteristic of those whose lives are spent in the excitement of speculation. His rooms were not paid for after the first few weeks with any regularity. He ordered in furniture and forgot the bills, bought everything he fancied, whether he had money or not; made payments at intervals to his creditors when he had made a "lucky stroke," and on the strength of success plunged more deeply into debt than before.

On the whole, during the first few months of his life in London he was unusually fortunate, and his handsome face and pleasing manners made him a favourite with his companions. He and Hector Thompson soon became estranged. The latter was a hard-headed cautious man—cautious even in his illicit pleasures, he never lost sight of the main chance, and always contrived to get out of any situation before it had entailed upon him any trouble or loss. He had been pleasant and genial to Gerald at first, but he took less and less notice of him as time went by, and often talked to and of him in a patronising or slighting way of which that young man did not at all approve. Moreover, Gerald, though reckless and unscrupulous enough, had still a code of honour of his own, and that code of honour was perpetually being broken by Hector,

who seemed to have no scruples at all, save those of self interest.

So the two friends rapidly cooled towards one another, sharp words passed between them, and when Gerald's good fortune seemed on the wane, Hector turned his back upon him altogether and lost sight of him as completely as his family had done.

It was about Christmas-time that the tide of good fortune seemed to set steadily against Gerald. He did not attribute this to anything save a passing cloud, and played on against odds, feeling certain that the luck would turn again soon. But the luck did not turn, and he became every day more and more heavily involved. He had been an excellent billiard player at first, his eye was true, his hand steady and his nerve excellent, because he felt no undue anxiety as to the result of the matches in which he played. His most regular winnings had been at the billiard table, and he had always calculated on maintaining himself comfortably by his play. But Gerald did not take into consideration that he could not indulge his appetite for strong drink and for the perpetual excitements of fast living and yet keep his steadiness of hand and eye and nerve. His opponents took advantage of his weakness to urge him to drink and to "enjoy life whilst he was young," and little by little his skill forsook him, and yet he was too blind to understand the cause aright.

When the new year came in, his bills came pouring in by every post. He was appalled at the magnitude of his liabilities. He had no means of meeting them, and in his frantic endeavours to win back some of the money he had lost, and to drown the remorse and sense of desperation that was dominating him, he plunged deeper and deeper into the slough in which he was involved, and every step sank him to a lower level of bodily and mental abasement.

The inevitable crash came at length, when Gerald had to fly from his creditors, leaving his comfortable lodgings by stealth, with only a couple of pounds in his pocket, and the clothes which he stood up in. It was the only way, as he told himself. He must cut adrift from everything and everybody connected with his disastrous past. He would try to make a fresh start elsewhere, and when he had retrieved his fallen fortunes, he would pay off his creditors and show his face to the world once more. The young man had lost almost everything, but he retained his sanguine self-confidence yet. And why at this juncture did he not return to St. Hilda to recommence life; knowing as he could not fail to do, how gladly he would be received by his mother —possibly by all his family? Why was it that in the time of his sorest need he cut himself completely adrift from his own people and became at once an alien and outcast?

The motive for this course of action was strangely mixed. To do Gerald justice, it is only fair to say that one very strong feeling was shame and remorse. He felt he had disgraced himself so entirely that he resolved he would never entail upon his family the distress and misery of knowing all his folly and wickedness. His pride, too, revolted against confessing the fiasco he had made of the life that was to have been so successful and enjoyable, and he could not bear the thought of having his affairs looked into by Wulfric and his debts paid off by the elder brother, as he knew would be done, if he were to return home at this crisis.

No, he would not face his family and St. Hilda in his present pitiful plight. Shame, pride, and a sort of mistaken sense of good feeling and lingering affection all combined to bring him to this conclusion. He would even give up receiving remittances from Wulfric sooner than have his failure and disgrace canvassed all over the place where he was known and where his family still lived.

Hitherto Gerald, in spite of adverse circumstances, had never known the bitterness of actual want, and he was unfit, indeed, to battle with privation and misery. His experience during the months that followed he could never afterwards recall without a shudder. He knew what it was to be hungry and homeless on freezing winter nights, to receive shelter at pauper refuges and to accept alms from the charitable who judged by his looks that he had "seen better days," and pitied him accordingly.

And yet in the midst of all this misery and degradation, the passion for drink seemed still to grow upon him. It was only when indulging this craving that he forgot for awhile his own hopelessness and destitution, and could feel again something of the joy of existence. He seldom sank to the stage of intoxication; but whenever he had money to spend, it was spent in drink instead of in the food that would have strengthened him to resist the demon within him.

If he would ever have survived the bitter winter may well be doubted, had it not been for the interest of a chance stranger, who introduced him to a picture dealer, from whom he obtained employment in the manufacture of those glaring and incongruous pictures that sometimes adorn the walls of well-to-do small tradesmen and people of their class.

By this work, he was enabled to rent a small attic, and by means of unremitting labour to keep himself from actual starvation. But he suffered almost more during this period of his life, than he had done in the preceeding months; for then there had been that element of uncertainty—the belief that something would turn up for his advantage—that makes so strong an element in the gambler's life, and gives a certain zest even to the most miserable existence. Then he had occasionally won money at cards or billiards in some of those places that he still frequented whenever a stroke of good fortune gave him the opportunity. He had known moments when he had deluded himself with the hope that fortune was about to smile upon him once more, and with the strange infatuation that often possesses an ill-balanced mind, he had told himself, and sometimes believed, that the uncertainty and excitement even of this precarious existence was preferable to the dull monotony he had known at St. Hilda.

But when he was driven to constant mechanical drudgery as the only means of staving off starvation, and the sense of relief he had experienced at first in the finding of regular employment had worn off, then came a sort of despairing misery and hopelessness that not even recourse to the brandy bottle could drown.

Again and again he resolved when he took home a batch of work, never to apply for another, and again and again did absolute hunger, and that yet more terrible thirst drive him to take up palette and brushes once more, and set to work with feverish energy. The misery and degradation of such a position ate into his very soul, and yet —yet still the old feelings of pride and shame withheld him from communicating with his friends; and it seemed to him now, that whatever happened he could never bear they should know the truth about him. St. Hilda must never, never hear how he, Gerald Meynal (though he called himself George Mays now) had worked ten hours a day in a dismal attic, painting glaring daubs for a picture manufacturer! He should never survive the disgrace of feeling that such a thing were known. He would rather die of want and privation in his cold attic, as it seemed likely enough he would do.

Poor, unhappy Gerald! he was indeed reaping a bitter harvest from the seed he had sown. He had reached that apathetic stage of misery when it was easier for him to go on toiling and starving than to make the effort that would have put an end to this poverty and brought his friends to his side.

Yet as he sat hour after hour with numb fingers and aching brow, doing the work that revolted him, he had leisure for thought and reflection such as he had never known before, and the memories of the past rising up before him would often bring the tears to his eyes and show with a startling clearness the side of affairs that he had steadily ignored in old days. He saw his old idleness, self-indulgence, and conceit as others had seen it, only in far stronger colours. He saw the wasted opportunities, the slighted kindness, the good things he had scorned and refused to touch, as perhaps he never would otherwise have seen them; and he would often bow his head upon his hands and weep like a child over the past that never could return.

And then would come surging over him an intense longing to retrieve the past, to return—as the prodigal son returned—to the home he had despised and the parent he had slighted, and in ever so humble a fashion atone for the sins and follies he had committed. But mingled with this longing was the old sense of pride and shame, together with a haunting fear that he would never, never be anything but a source of misery and disgrace to them, and that if he went back repentant in his misery, the old craving for excitement would conquer him again so soon as fortune smiled once more upon him, and that he would plunge again into wild courses which would entail upon his kindred worse misery than ever.

Gerald had no faith in himself because he had had no faith in God, and therefore no sheet anchor on which he could rely to hold him back from drifting to destruction. And yet this very realising of his weakness was an advance upon the buoyant self-confidence with which he had started in life; it was the beginning of that repentance without which no sinner can turn from his sin or be reconciled with God. The poor, unhappy Gerald was nearer grasping the forgiving love extended to him by his Saviour in the hour of his deepest dejection than he had been since he had knelt at his mother's knee and lisped his baby prayers with the earnestness of a little child.

It was in this mood, torn by conflicting doubts and fears, and tossed on a troubled sea with no love human or divine to uphold and comfort him, that the early summer tide found Gerald Meynal. The winter and spring had been peculiarly cold and ungenial, and summer when it came, came all at once with a sudden burst of heat that was neither healthy nor agreeable, at any rate to the dwellers in crowded cities.

Gerald's health had been undermined by a long course of dissipation and privation, and both the wildness of the former days and the sedentary habits of the latter had told heavily upon him. His appetite had forsaken him—even that craving for drink had left him somewhat of late; his fingers grew so weak and nerveless that he could hardly hold his brush, and, despite the increasing weariness that bore him down like a leaden weight, he could get no quiet sleep either by night or day, but only such as was attended by feverish disquieting dreams and left him more exhausted than it found him.

Gradually he seemed to lose all consciousness of his present life and surroundings. He used to fancy himself back at St. Hilda, playing in the fields with his sisters; or painting the immortal works of which he had once been so fond of talking in that luxurious studio where so much time had been idled away. He still sat with his canvas before him and painted away at the gorgeous blossoms; but when he staggered down the stairs and mechanically found his way to the shop where his work was received, the master looked sharply from the picture to his face and back again, and remarked that if he could not keep sober during working hours he need not expect further orders.

He only received half pay that day, and no more canvases were given him to decorate; but he was in no condition to be troubled by either of these facts. He stumbled blindly back to his room, threw himself down upon the bed, and fell into a heavy stupor which seemed to him to last for days and nights.

He was aroused by hearing voices about him, and by feeling himself shaken, but in a quiet and kindly fashion as if merely to arouse his attention. He opened his heavy eyes with difficulty and saw as through a mist that one or two people were in the room with him. He fancied that in one he recognised his landlady, and some instinct told him that the young-looking man bending over him was a doctor; but all the rest was hazy and confused, and, although he could hear that questions were addressed to him by the medical man, and could vaguely understand their import, yet his tongue was so heavy and his throat so

dry that he could frame no reply, and could only lie back with half closed eyes vaguely taking in what was spoken by those about him.

"No other case of illness in the house?"

"No, indeed, sir," this from the landlady in a shrill aggrieved voice. "It's always been a healthy house, and I call it most uncalled for for attic lodger who pays least to go and get took by a fever and give the house a bad name for the season."

"Pooh—pooh, my good woman, don't worry yourself, typhoid fever is not catching, and if your drains are all right, which the sanitary inspector has come to ascertain, there is no reason why another soul in the house should take it or even be alarmed by it. He may have taken the infection anywhere. It doesn't follow its anything wrong with the house. He looks half starved; but I suppose that is no concern of yours."

"He's always in work when he choses to do it. He can paint beautiful pictures."

"Well, well, the thing is now to get him downstairs to the hospital fly as quickly and quietly as may be. Have you a husband or a son who can lend a hand?"

And then Gerald was conscious of being lifted and carried with some difficulty down the steep ill-lighted staircase of that sordid house. He was so giddy and exhausted by the time he was put into the vehicle in waiting that he lapsed into a species of unconsciousness from which he only awoke to find himself in the unwonted luxury and cleanliness of the ward of a large hospital. He was faintly aware of a sense of unspeakable relief at feeling himself thus cared for and thought for. He was dimly alive to the fact that he was considered in a very critical state; and he closed his eyes and hoped he should die quietly there, uncared for and unknown and never awake again to the hard battle of life from which it seemed as if he had escaped at last.

And there for the present we must leave him.

LEAVING HOME.

A SHADOW of pathos falls over the brightest domestic scene, if, as we gaze upon it, we reflect that it cannot last long, for if death does not enter the little circle, withdrawing one after another until it shrinks to nothingness, then life will beckon each away, to form new circles elsewhere.

> Father and mother, many a year
> In rain and sunshine we have lived here
> And the children—
> And now that the winter days are come,
> We wait and rest in our own old home;
> But where are the children?

Sometimes, while there are only babies in the cradle or wee toddlers on the floor, the father and mother will indulge in dreams of their children's future: they will guess which boy shall be "the parson" and which the doctor, they will call their tiny daughter, hugging her doll, "little mother:" perhaps they will even get up a lively interest in educational theories or emigration enterprises with "an eye for the children." They can enjoy the excitement of an event which is too remote to make them feel its pang. That comes first when the children are old enough to discuss plans and projects for themselves. And the children do so, in their grand ignorance, regarding years as cycles, and knowing nothing of all that even the smallest change involves. "I shall be leaving school in two years" says the boy "and then I shall get father to let me go abroad." He speaks in careless sincerity—two years seem to him much the same as a century, and "going abroad" is a confused picture of a ship in full sail, a tiger hunt, and a welcome home, with a handkerchief full of curiosities, while father and mother are just as they are now and all the loved companions are still boys and girls! There is a glorious incompatibility in youthful aspirations which a sweet woman writer has well set forth in her humorous lines, rounding into pathos in the last couplet:—

> I'll never go to bed till twelve o'clock,
> I'll make a mud pie in a clean frock;
> I'll have a rose tree, always in bloom,
> I'll keep a dancing bear in mamma's room;
> I'll scold the housemaid for making a dirt,
> I'll cut my fingers without being hurt;
> I'll have a language with not a word spelled,
> I'll ride on horseback without being held;
> I'll hear mamma say, "My boy, good as gold,"
> When I'm a grown-up man, sixty years old.

But the sudden determinations and the wild wishes strike a blow on the parents' hearts. And yet if they are wise, they will strive to check the quick protest or the depressing sigh. Change must come, in whatever modified form, and they have to take care that they do not alienate confidence, by any rasping contradiction, or even check it, by too plain manifestations of the pain it gives.

Children who are good and dutiful may yet give their parents curious disappointments. Perhaps the father missed a scholastic training in his own boyhood, and having gone all his life regretting this, has secured the possibility of it for his own lad. Lo, the boy wishes to emigrate, to be a farmer in the far west or a lumberman in the Canadian backwoods. We remember hearing of the astonishment and dismay with which a worthy man, dwelling on a modest property which his forefathers had owned from generation to generation, and not without his sense of family

pride and propriety, received a son's announcement that he was determined to be a butcher! An elder son was already a clergyman, with poetic and philosophic proclivities.

It was a curious case of deliberate choice of one of those callings into which it may be supposed men are generally drifted by circumstances or necessity. Why the choice was made, remains a mystery; the boy was a healthy ruddy young Englishman, fond of animals and children. He married young, and in the end, flourished as an honest purveyor of wholesome food in a big country town. Is it possible that by some sheer simple instinct, for which possibly he could not have found verbal expression, he had dumbly reached the wisdom which Ruskin inculcated when he endeavoured to console a gentleman for what he considered the perverse inclinations of a young relative, who preferred the life of a salmon fisher in American wilds, to all the prospects of a fashionable profession. The great critic and philosopher pleaded that he could not see why it was not as useful and honourable a public service to prepare potted fish as potted talk! Our young butcher belonged to a race which had done its share in defying public prejudice in creeds and politics wherever it thwarted common sense and right. And perhaps this was the fashion in which the spirit of his forbears came upon him in those days. And his good father looked into the matter with plenty of silence, and came to the conclusion that prejudices only exist to be overruled,—even one's own, which always seem so reasonable!

So the lad got his way, and the family peace and unity were preserved. And all the friends and neighbours wondered and whispered. And then somebody asked why it was less gentlemanly to kill animals with mercy and decency for food, than to kill, and hunt, and maim them for "sport"? And somebody else said it was surely as reasonable for a young man to get his living in this way in his own country, as somewhere else, out of sight, and what but this was the meaning of cattle ranches in South America or pork-packing in Chicago? And so the youth at last illustrated what has been wittily enumerated as one of the advantages of having odd people among us, viz. that they set us thinking.

Or it may be the possessor of some vast business, stretching its feelers over the world, and manipulating finances of almost princely proportions, finds his queer quiet boy thinking of nothing but how to withdraw from it all, to cultivate some artistic taste, or prosecute some scientific enquiry! Mind, this is a blow to such a father, whose life's labour and ambition are built into the organization which his son so lightly purposes to turn over to strangers. It speaks well for him if he endeavours to comprehend and respect objects so remote from his own. It means that he has mastered the true signification of wealth, if he can cheerfully submit that the pile he has made, shall not roll on increasing, though it crush his boy's life beneath it, but shall stand still (with the inevitable result of dwindling), so that his son's best manhood be developed, and he be permitted to do for the world that which he can do best. There was humour of a tragic kind in a little domestic drama we once saw enacted. A boy, one of the few heirs to an income which was counted by many annual thousands, displayed a decided talent for sculpture. His father discouraged the exercise of his gift, because sculpture is not a lucrative employment! Poor rich man!

The wisest father and the tenderest mother are those who are careful to remember that their children are God's children as well as theirs, and that His will is to be sought for them even before the parental wishes. While scrupulously training and advising and influencing the young ones, they are schooling their own hearts to accept the deep, pathetic wisdom of the poet, when she sang:—

Can I teach thee, my beloved?—can I teach thee?
If I said, "Go left," or "right,"
The counsel would be light.
The wisdom, poor of all that could enrich thee;
My right would show like left,
My raising would depress thee,
My choice of light would blind thee,
Of way, would leave behind thee,
Of end, would leave bereft.
Alas, I can but bless thee.
May God teach thee, my beloved—may God teach thee!

But at last, the decisions are made: the life-paths are decided on,—though where they shall lead, who may tell? for the most loving foresight cannot penetrate, in the words of the old song, to

The lands that I shall travel in,
Or the death that I shall die.

Only one thing is certain,—the end has come to the happy old child-life. The boy or the girl may be going across the wide ocean, or up to the great capital city, or only over to the next village—it is all one:—what St. Augustine called "the dear and sweet habit of living together" is over. The little household ways have to break off. Who will feed the dog now? who will take the letters to the post? or fetch the books from the library? The seats at the family meals will have to be set wider apart to hide the gap. There is a delegation of little duties and privileges to the younger children. There is eager talk of future days and future prospects, in which the father and mother can only join cheerfully by supreme effort. For their thoughts are rather with the past: that peaceful past from which the young ones seem to turn so readily.

But let the parents be assured, that past has left a mark never to be effaced. For good or for evil, their child's mind has received impressions which will stay forever. When the boy is far away from home, when he has made friends whose faces he has never seen yet—when he has made that dearest friendship of all, which shall be half his own life, when having been "diligent in business" he shall "stand before kings, of what, think you, will he make the scenery of his dreams by night? Of your old house, my friends—the place where he lived when he was a boy. In the land of slumber he shall commune with all the dearest affections of his heart and shall re-live all the proudest moments of his existence, in your

old rooms, however cramped and dingy they may be. The great men with whom he may make acquaintance he shall see in his dreams, sitting in your old chintz-covered chair or leaning over the old garden gate. More than this, whatever has been the peculiar shadow of those early years, the sight of care-stricken faces, the struggle with unfit lessons, the terror of somebody's violent or cross-grained or captious temper, will come back in slumbers, whenever the heart is low or the nerves worn. "I must really do something to pull myself up," we have heard one say with a piteous smile. "I knew I was running downhill, because all labour was done with an effort, but I tried to believe it was fancy, till last night I dreamed of my sister, and I never do that except I am in a very bad way." How awful to be somebody's night-mare! Think of the drunken fathers, the scolding mothers, the quarrelling relatives, who must rise to haunt many a sick and weary vision! There may be such spectres in the memory of some, whose present surroundings seem peaceful and pleasant enough, and they may account for many a fitful or desponding mood which taxes the charity of those who cannot know all about them.

There is, of course, a brighter side to this fact of the permanence of youthful impressions. We can recall one, received by a little child of about five years old. She was awakened by a kiss in a room bright with morning sunshine, and she lay watching as an elder sister (dead nearly forty years ago now) went to and fro, singing in her sweet girlish voice, the old morning hymn of Bishop Ken:—

> Awake, my soul, and with the sun
> Thy daily stage of duty run;
> Shake off dull sloth, and joyful rise
> To pay thy morning sacrifice.
>
> All praise to Thee who safe hast kept,
> And hast refreshed me whilst I slept;
> Grant, Lord, when I from death shall wake
> I may of endless light partake.
>
> Direct, control, suggest this day,
> All I design, or do, or say;
> That all my powers, with all their might,
> In Thy sole glory may unite!

And on how many hours of grief and struggle has that memory flashed back—a thought of God and of effort folded between His best revelation and inspiration—sunshine and love! Those whose childhood has known the warmth and purity of a genuinely Christian home, however far they may wander from it and its ways, will never be tempted to think that religion is nothing but a cloak wherewith some choose to hide worldliness. They have been wrapped inside the cloak, and they know that a living and loving heart beats there. The church bell on a foreign shore will have its peculiar message for those who have their memories of a family pew, and Sunday evening hymn singing. Every good man and woman they meet,—every godly household they enter, will seem not quite strange, but somehow related to father and mother and home.

There is a story of a poor prodigal, who, straying into a mission meeting of a somewhat social character, was observed to come again and again, and to show evidences of a renewed struggle towards better things. What was it that had touched him? All he could explain was that "the teacups were like those mother had used, and they had made thoughts come over him!" Let us think on these things while the children are with us. Every day of home life is being written out on their memories in invisible ink, and the records shall start to view in the heat and glare of life's noontide. Let them be such as shall serve for inspiration, for soothing, for comfort, for assurance that there are good people in the world, and that the best is but a very broken reflection of the Father who is in Heaven!

Yes, it is well for us, while the children are round us, to remember the day when they will go away. For a due preparation for life, consideration of its changing scenes and thoughtful self-discipline for the playing of our own parts therein, are the best signs that we are prepared for death too. The parting time will have great agony for us, but its pain should be "growing" pain. Our love and theirs will rise to its highest mark. The simple barriers of wholesome household reserve will be washed away. There will be confessions and confidences—a great glow of yearning love, which will seem for the time to annihilate age and experience, and all the distinctions between us. Parting, when a great distance and a long time are involved, is invested with many of the dignities and privileges of death. It spiritualises love. It has its solemn exhortations and injunctions, its "last words." How we remember them! As I write, a picture rises before me. Pale sunbeams play across a long avenue of stately trees, the ground is yellow with leaves swept down by the autumn breezes. A carriage laden with luggage, is slowly driving down it, its occupants a white-haired lady and a lad. As they drive through the lodge gates, the youth bends forward to say a last good-bye to the old gardener standing there. And then as home is left behind—the house to which in less than an hour, she will return alone—the lady lays her hand on the young man's hand and says: "If I have ever spoken sharply to you, forgive me. I feel as if I had often been too severe! It was so hard to be severe at all." And the young man clasps her light, thin fingers and says: "I always knew you were kind to me, but I don't think I have been always kind to you." Yes: that is the bitterest pang of parting—the consciousness that the happy days together might have been happier still! Each thinks then only of his own failures. And this is how it may lighten parting, if we consider it a little beforehand.

And how our thoughts will go out after the children! How we shall pray that somebody will be kind to them—will notice that they are lonely and homesick—will take heed to them on those anniversaries when hearts may grow tender even to soreness—will give them a word of counsel in emergencies which not even our foresight could foresee—aye, that somebody will be

Paris Salon, 1885.]

[*After T. E. Rosenthal.*

LEAVING HOME.

self-denying enough to give them a good honest scolding, when they require it, and will yet have patience with the faults and follies that they strive to cure. Let us think how we shall feel about our children when they go away—how we do feel about those who are gone away—and let it help us to see our duty to other people's children whose "going away" from their homes, has brought them to our own gates.

The girl in your kitchen has come fresh from her father's house, and that is the dear vision of her slumbers, though you may be apt to think that your trim chambers are a good exchange for its blurred and broken squalor. Your children's foreign teachers are strangers in a strange land, —perhaps grown contented, cheerful and prosperous,—yet see how they brighten and soften if you talk to them about the customs or the scenery of their Swiss valley, or their Italian town? Think of the clerks in your counting house, the men in your shop, the very lads who leave parcels at your gates, in this connection. Can you not somehow link your disciplines and charities, your hospitalities and courtesies, with the old memories and emotions which lie within them, perhaps dormant for lack of a friendly arousing touch? Do unto these as you would like others to do unto yours, when they are parted from you. Think out the matter in each individual case and in every little detail. So may we help forward the coming of that Kingdom of God for which we pray, when

Parting dies outside the door
Of Universal Home.

I. F. MAYO.

OUR ENGLISH HYMNS.

FIRST PAPER.

A HUNDRED FAVOURITE HYMNS SELECTED BY OUR READERS.

THE invitation given last January to readers of the SUNDAY AT HOME, to send lists of the best English Hymns, has met with a response so general and eager as to show how strong a hold this form of sacred literature has taken upon the minds and hearts of thoughtful Christians. Between 3400 and 3500 lists have been received, by far the greater number prepared with intelligence and care, several of them accompanied with letters indicating the pleasantness and interest of the task.

Thus, one correspondent says: "The writer has found much delight in reading and thinking over the glorious hymns from which the selection has been made, and fresh cause for love and adoration to the precious Inspirer of the songs." Another writes: "The difficulty has really been to decide which beautiful hymns to leave out; some I have been specially sorry to omit, but I thought it best to have as wide a range of subjects as possible." "For the pleasure afforded me," writes a third, "in going over so many old favourites, as well as others of more modern date, I beg very heartily to thank you." A valued correspondent, in sending a list of hymns from the interior of Asia Minor, expresses the hope "that this is the first of a series of competitions." Many others have written to a similar effect. A parent says: "This is a subject in which our little ones have taken great interest: they would like to have had many of their own children's hymns included, but I have told them that the next competition may be for theirs only." On the other hand, "A Sexagenarian" writes: "I forward the enclosed list, fully aware that it will be considered 'out of touch' with the present age. The hymns spontaneously rose to my mind after reading the paragraph in the SUNDAY AT HOME. Many of them are to me almost sacred, as having cheered the last days of loved ones gone before."

Several correspondents speak of spiritual blessings received by themselves and others, by means of the hymns selected. Some have suggestions to offer. One "would have liked the favourite tunes to have been appended to as many as possible of the favourite hymns. The old-fashioned and heart-stirring tunes," he adds, "are for the most part consigned to oblivion in these strange days, and the baldest possible ones substituted in their room." Another suggests "whether it would not be well to offer some stimulus to a collection of *little known* hymns," remarking that there are many "to be found only in very old collections, or printed only once or twice." Copies of any hymns under this description we shall be very glad to receive.

More than one of our friends propose that a selection of the favourite hymns should be published by the Religious Tract Society. "Such a small collection," writes one, "would come within the means of hundreds, aye, thousands and tens of thousands, and be used daily as a means of prayer and praise." "It seems to me," another says, "that a little book of selected hymns, chosen and approved according to your plan, would be a very useful pocket hymnal for cottage-lectures, Bible-classes, and prayer meetings." These suggestions may yet bear fruit. At present we publish only the first lines of the hymns that have received the largest number of suffrages, with their authors' names. These names, we may add, are very correctly given by most of our correspondents. One has taken the trouble to trace every hymn sent to the book in which it originally appeared—a labour of love for which especial acknowledgments are due.

We must defer to future articles any detailed comments upon the following list, as well as a reference to beautiful and valuable hymns not included. From the comparative numbers of the votes it will be clear that opinions are by no means unanimous as to what are really "the best." As to the first four there can be no question; and hardly any as to the first fifteen. Then considerable divergence begins. No competitor has specified as many as eighty of the collective list; and no doubt every reader would remove some hymns in favour of others. The list of the next fifty, which we hope hereafter to publish in order, will be seen to comprise many also of high excellence. Still, a *general* approval is more significant than any individual preference: and the largeness of the area of competition would indicate that an average of appreciation has been attained. The list, in this view, is of remarkable interest: and it seems especially to prove that the Christian sentiment of our day in regard to hymns is on the whole a healthy one. The tone of these Hundred Hymns is in general true and high. The false notes and unrealities of expression are few; and it is especially gratifying to note the clearness and joyousness with which the great verities of Evangelical truth are set forth in these varying yet kindred strains. It is this, which above all makes a hymn acceptable, that it is full of CHRIST.

The list contains hymns from fifty-five different authors; of whom, as might be expected, Dr. Watts and Charles Wesley stand at the head, each contributing *seven* to the aggregate. The favourite among Watts's hymns is, by general consent, his best—"When I survey the wondrous Cross"; and Wesley's greatest is as unquestionably—"Jesu, Lover of my soul." Cowper and Dr. Horatius Bonar have each *five* hymns, and few will question the pre-eminence among the hymns of these respective authors assigned to numbers 9 and 12 in our list. *Four* hymns each are from Bishop Heber and John Mason Neale; the great Missionary Hymn of the former being placed first among his compositions, while from the translations of the latter, the "Art thou weary" is selected for preference even over his rendering of Bernard's "Jerusalem." *Three* hymns are given, severally, from Tate and Brady, from Dr. Doddridge, from James Montgomery, from Frederick William Faber, and from Charlotte Elliott. Bishop Ken and John Keble each have *two*, the Morning and Evening Hymns, in which these saintly poets, if rivals to each other, are unrivalled by any besides. It is singular to see that our readers' votes have placed the "Evening" higher than the "Morning" Hymns, and have assigned to the authors, in the two instances, a reverse order. *Two* hymns each are also given from John Newton, Henry Francis Lyte, Edward Caswall, Samuel J. Stone, W. Chatterton Dix, Frances Ridley Havergal and Mrs. C. F. Alexander. The remaining authors have each but *one* hymn: and indeed there seems to have come to many a Christian poet some moment of intense feeling, or of vivid insight, or of rapture in the contemplation of Divine truth, which has lifted him out of his ordinary self, and has enabled him for the first and last time to bequeath to the Church an immortal song. The hymn at the head of our list (of which we have more to say hereafter) is a case in point; and there are others only less remarkable.

We may refer to a few examples. A youth of twenty-four, a student, poor and out of health, is one day melted to unusual tenderness of feeling, and without an effort writes down in his pocket-book the hymn, *My faith looks up to Thee, Thou Lamb of Calvary.*

An English clergyman, of high intellect and deep, if misguided, religious fervour, longing to understand the times in which he lives, yet doubting what is to be his task in life, is becalmed in a boat upon the Mediterranean. Here he beguiles his time by "writing verses," and among them the hymn, *Lead, kindly Light, amid the encircling gloom.*[1]

A devoted pastor, about to leave his people in almost hopeless quest of health, has preached his farewell sermon and for the last time administered the Communion. He then retires to spend a long solitary Sabbath evening in his own room, and when he comes out again he hands to a friend the newly-written hymn *Abide with me: fast falls the eventide.*

Many of these utterances come to us from the past; lovely stars of poesy, like the *Adeste fideles*, or *Jerusalem, my happy home*, telling of some sudden light breaking here and there upon souls that had else passed away unknown. Some again are nearer our own time; and amid such memorable hymns must be classed that finest of Christmas carols, *Christians, awake*, by John Byrom, who perhaps is best remembered for the system of shorthand which he taught the Wesleys, and in which Charles Wesley was accustomed to dash down his own hymns as they framed themselves in his devout and affluent mind; with "the English *Te Deum*," as it has been called, of Edward Perronet, among whose immemorable "Occasional Verses Moral and Sacred" there appears the Hymn *All hail the power of Jesus' Name;* also that sweetest of hymns to the Holy Spirit, *Our blest Redeemer, ere He breathed*, the one inspiration of a quiet Hertfordshire lady, Harriet Auber,—the writer of many hymns, but of none comparable to this; and if we may include two living names, that perfect hymn of the Rev. Henry Twells, *At even, ere the sun was set;* and that simple song which has given thoughts of rest and hope to thousands, *Safe in the arms of Jesus;* the sweet soul's-utterance of a blind lady, who has written, we are told, some five thousand "hymns and pieces" besides, and who composed this one hymn in twenty minutes.

To have given to the churches but a single good hymn is an honour almost beyond all others. "In all my preaching," said the Rev. Henry Venn Elliott, "I have not done so much good as my sister has been permitted to accomplish by her writing her one hymn, *Just as I am.*" Of Charles Wesley's *Jesu, Lover of my soul*, the late Henry Ward Beecher

[1] This hymn was written by Mr. Newman, June 16, 1833: before the "Oxford Movement" had fully begun, and twelve years before he entered the Church of Rome.

said: "I would rather have written that hymn than to have the fame of all the kings that ever sat on the earth. It is more glorious. It has more power in it. That hymn will go on singing until the last trump brings forth the angel band; and then I think it will mount up on some lip to the very presence of God."

Twelve only out of the hundred hymns are versions or paraphrases of the PSALMS. This number is less than we had expected; but all readers will agree that the specimens chosen are among the best. The Psalms are the 23rd, the 34th, the 63rd, the 72nd (two versions), the 84th, the 87th, the 90th, the 100th (two versions), the 104th, and the 136th. That the chosen version of the twenty-third Psalm should be Sir Henry Baker's "The King of Love my Shepherd is," shows how swiftly a really good hymn will often gain general acceptance. It dates only from 1868, and is in comparatively few hymn books. Many readers will still prefer Rous's simple and beautiful version, sometimes called "Scottish," although in fact pre-eminently English:[1] "The Lord's my Shepherd, I'll not want;' or Keble's:

> "My Shepherd is the Lord, I know
> No care nor craving need":

sung with exquisite appropriateness at the poet's funeral; or Addison's florid strain "The Lord my pasture shall prepare." Yet, in some particulars, the paraphrase of Sir Henry Baker may vie with any of them. It is said that the author's last words were a quotation from his own Psalm—the dying man gently murmuring:

> "And on his shoulder gently laid,
> And home, rejoicing, brought me."

Of the thirty-fourth and sixty-third Psalms (80, 47, in our list), as paraphrased by Tate and Brady, we need say no more than that they reach a level nowhere else approached by these writers, save perhaps in their Christmas Hymn (82) which also is a rhythmical transcript from Scripture; and all three are accordingly included in the "hundred." That grand missionary Psalm, the seventy-second, has been attempted by many paraphrasts; but the two versions selected by our readers, Watts's (32) and Montgomery's (49), remain unsurpassed. The latter was first recited by the poet at a missionary meeting in Liverpool, April 14, 1822. Dr. Adam Clarke was in the chair, and begged the MS. for publication in his Commentary, where the verses first appeared. The eighty-fourth Psalm by Lyte (50) has in it a rich fulness of evangelical thought which places it at least among the finest hymn-renderings of this Psalm, although (perhaps from old association) we should assign an equal place to Watts's "Lord of the worlds above." Newton's paraphrase of the eighty-seventh Psalm (96), though unequal, is on the whole a noble rendering of the inspired song. For the ninetieth Psalm, the one version that stands out beyond all others (19) is very properly given by our contributors as Watts's second finest Hymn. Another rendering by Bishop Bickersteth, "O God, the Rock of Ages," almost too recent for a place in many of our hymn-books, is also destined to live. Of the hundredth Psalm, of course we have William Kethe's "All people that on earth do dwell" (80) sublime in its rugged simplicity; with Watts's more paraphrastic but still noble version "Before Jehovah's awful throne." This line, by the way, we owe to John Wesley, who in his hymn-book omitted Watts's first verse, and substituted for the opening lines of the second the couplet as it now stands. It is remarkable that the hundred and third psalm appears to have no version reckoned worthy to stand among the best; but the hundred and fourth has inspired Sir R. Grant with what is unquestionably the finest production of his genius (45) as it forms one of the most inspiriting of our hymns. And, finally, the sublimest of our English poets has given us a rendering, grand in its almost boyish simplicity (92) of the hundred and thirty-sixth Psalm, with its refrain "For His mercy endureth for ever." This version was written by John Milton at the age of fifteen, while he was a scholar in St. Paul's School. As no hymn-books contain this Psalm unaltered and entire, it must be sought for in the poet's works, where it will be found in twenty-four stanzas.

We now subjoin the list of selected hymns, in their order, with the number of votes given to each. In subsequent papers, we hope to make some further comments on these hymns, with references to several not contained in the chosen "Hundred."

No.	First Lines.	Authors.	Votes.
1.	Rock of ages, cleft for me	*A. M. Toplady*	3215
2.	Abide with me, fast falls the eventide	*H. F. Lyte*	3204
3.	Jesu, Lover of my soul	*C. Wesley*	3126
4.	Just as I am, without one plea	*C. Elliott*	3093
5.	How sweet the name of Jesus sounds	*J. Newton*	2972
6.	My God, my Father, while I stray	*C. Elliott*	2956
7.	Nearer, my God, to Thee	*S. F. Adams*	2912
8.	Sun of my soul, Thou Saviour dear	*J. Keble*	2889
9.	I heard the voice of Jesus say	*H. Bonar*	2858
10.	Art thou weary, art thou languid?	*J. M. Neale*	2620
11.	For ever with the Lord	*J. Montgomery*	2597

[1] Francis Rous, the author of the so called "Scottish Version" of the Psalms, was a Cornishman, an Oxford graduate (Pembroke) Provost of Eton, and afterwards member of Parliament for his native county. His version of the Psalms was recommended by the House of Commons to the Westminster Assembly (1643) and was approved by the General Assembly of the Kirk of Scotland in 1649.

No.	First Lines.	Authors.	Votes.
12.	God moves in a mysterious way	*W. Cowper*	2581
13.	From Greenland's icy mountains	*R. Heber*	2581
14.	When I survey the wondrous cross	*I. Watts*	2569
15.	Lead, kindly Light, amid the encircling gloom	*J. H. Newman*	2513
16.	Hark! the herald-angels sing	*C. Wesley*	2494
17.	Glory to Thee, my God, this night	*T. Ken*	2492
18.	A few more years shall roll	*H. Bonar*	2462
19.	O God, our help in ages past	*I. Watts*	2435
20.	Our blest Redeemer, ere He breathed	*H. Auber*	2388
21.	All hail the power of Jesus' name	*E. Perronet*	2367
22.	Eternal Father, strong to save	*W. Whiting*	2339
23.	Holy, Holy, Holy, Lord God Almighty	*R. Heber*	2318
24.	Guide me, O Thou great Jehovah	*W. Williams*	2170
25.	There is a fountain filled with blood	*W. Cowper*	2156
26.	Lo! He comes, with clouds descending	*C. Wesley*	2087
27.	At even, ere the sun was set	*H. Twells*	2071
28.	Awake! my soul, and with the sun	*T. Ken*	2052
29.	Hark! my soul, it is the Lord	*W. Cowper*	1986
30.	All people that on earth do dwell	*W. Kethe*	1962
31.	Brief life is here our portion	*J. M. Neale*	1913
32.	Jesus shall reign where'er the sun	*I. Watts*	1878
33.	Jesus, the very thought of Thee	*E. Caswall*	1844
34.	Hark! hark! my soul, angelic songs are swelling	*F. W. Faber*	1776
35.	Jerusalem, my happy home	*F. B. P.*	1751
36.	Jerusalem the golden	*J. M. Neale*	1742
37.	Oft in danger, oft in woe	*H. K. White*	1736
38.	Come let us join our cheerful songs	*I. Watts*	1689
39.	Thy way, not mine, O Lord	*H. Bonar*	1688
40.	Father, I know that all my life	*A. L. Waring*	1601
41.	Come, ye thankful people, come	*H. Alford*	1582
42.	Onward, Christian soldiers	*S. Baring-Gould*	1575
43.	I lay my sins on Jesus	*H. Bonar*	1574
44.	O for a closer walk with God	*W. Cowper*	1563
45.	O worship the King, all glorious above	*R. Grant*	1555
46.	Brightest and best of the sons of the morning	*R. Heber*	1534
47.	As pants the hart for cooling streams	*Tate and Brady*	1508
48.	Sweet Saviour, bless us ere we go	*F. W. Faber*	1505
49.	Hail to the Lord's Anointed	*J. Montgomery*	1503
50.	Pleasant are Thy courts above	*H. F. Lyte*	1491
51.	Great God, what do I see and hear?	*B. Ringwaldt*, tr. *W. B. Collyer*	1472
52.	There is a land of pure delight	*I. Watts*	1455
53.	New every morning is the love	*J. Keble*	1447
54.	Christians, awake, salute the happy morn	*J. Byrom*	1425
55.	Prayer is the soul's sincere desire	*J. Montgomery*	1387
56.	Saviour, again to Thy dear name we raise	*J. Ellerton*	1384
57.	The Church's one foundation	*S. J. Stone*	1383
58.	Soldiers of Christ, arise	*C. Wesley*	1369
59.	Weary of earth, and laden with my sin	*S. J. Stone*	1331
60.	Christian! seek not yet repose	*C. Elliott*	1322
61.	O day of rest and gladness	*C. Wordsworth*	1303
62.	Christ the Lord is risen to-day	*C. Wesley*	1296
63.	O Paradise! O Paradise	*F. W. Faber*	1290
64.	I need Thee, precious Jesus	*F. Whitfield*	1258
65.	Safe in the arms of Jesus	*F. J. Van Alstyne*	1245
66.	O for a heart to praise my God	*C. Wesley*	1235
67.	Hark! the glad sound, the Saviour comes	*P. Doddridge*	1232
68.	Come unto Me, ye weary	*W. C. Dix*	1209
69.	My faith looks up to Thee	*Ray Palmer*	1174

No.	First Lines.	Authors.	Votes.
70.	There is a green hill far away	*C. F. Alexander*	1130
71.	Before Jehovah's awful throne	*I. Watts*	1101
72.	O Jesus, I have promised	*J. E. Bode*	1095
73.	The Son of God goes forth to war	*R. Heber*	1085
74.	Not all the blood of beasts	*I. Watts*	1084
75.	I was a wandering sheep	*H. Bonar*	1077
76.	O God of Bethel, by whose hand	*P. Doddridge*	1075
77.	Peace, perfect peace, in this dark world of sin	*E. H. Bickersteth*	1052
78.	O come, all ye faithful	*Old Latin Hymn* tr. *F. Oakeley*	1044
79.	The King of Love my Shepherd is	*H. W. Baker*	1023
80.	Through all the changing scenes of life	*Tate and Brady*	1023
81.	Take my life, and let it be	*F. R. Havergal*	1023
82.	While shepherds watched their flocks by night	*Tate and Brady*	1015
83.	My God, and is Thy table spread	*P. Doddridge*	992
84.	Jesus Christ is risen to-day	*Old Hymn*	972
85.	I could not do without Thee	*F. R. Havergal*	961
86.	Jesus lives! no longer now	*C. F. Gellert*, tr. *F. E. Cox*	950
87.	Come, Thou fount of every blessing	*R. Robinson*	943
88.	As with gladness men of old	*W. C. Dix*	943
89.	O for a thousand tongues to sing	*C. Wesley*	940
90.	Saviour, breathe an evening blessing	*J. Edmeston*	927
91.	Sweet the moments, rich in blessing	*J. Allen*	926
92.	Let us with a gladsome mind	*J. Milton*	914
93.	O happy band of pilgrims	*J. M. Neale*	912
94.	Days and moments quickly flying	*E. Caswall*	909
95.	Jesus calls us o'er the tumult	*C. F. Alexander*	896
96.	Glorious things of Thee are spoken	*J. Newton*	890
97.	O Lord, how happy should we be	*J. Anstice*	889
98.	Tell me the old, old story	*C. Hankey*	882
99.	Lord, I hear of showers of blessing	*E. Codner*	879
100.	Sometimes a light surprises	*W. Cowper*	866

Sabbath Thoughts.

HOPE, JOY, PEACE.

"Now the God of hope fill you with all joy and peace in believing, that ye may abound in hope, through the power of the Holy Ghost."—*Rom.* xv. 13.

IS this a religion of gloom, this religion of Jesus Christ? Shall we not rather say is there any religion like it—any other Gospel to compare to it in the rich blessings of hope, joy, and peace in believing? The apostle prays for his beloved converts to the "God of hope," for in this God is all his trust, and he knows this trust will not be disappointed. The God of hope had made Paul the apostle of the Gentiles (Gal. ii. 7, 8), that he might make known to them the salvation freely offered through Jesus Christ, the "Root of Jesse, and He that shall rise to reign over the Gentiles," according to the prophecies of the ancient Jewish Scriptures. And this revelation was made not to bring the Gentile world into bondage but into freedom giving light for darkness, joy for mourning, life for death.

Are we as Christians realising our privileges and living as those ought to do whom the God of hope, in answer to prayer, fills with joy and peace in believing? If we are not doing so we are not glorifying God for His mercy (v. 9). His Gospel to us is designed to raise us; why should we by our doubts or half-beliefs sink down into a state which knows neither joy nor peace? The Christian graces of a holy life cannot flourish unless animated by a holy faith; this is that abiding in Christ which bears much fruit, and the fruit that it bears through the Holy Spirit are love, joy, peace. (Gal. v. 22.)

HOMELY LIGHTS ON HALLOWED TEXTS.

NO. IV.

"The Lord hath done great things for us; whereof we are glad."—*Psalm* cxxvi. 3.

THIS Psalm is called a song: a song of "degrees."

It is one of the songs which the captive Jews sang, on their return to their own land, and it is radiant with gladness. We can imagine how joyfully it would be sung by those who had been delivered from cruel bondage, and whose mouths God had "filled with laughter," and their tongues "with singing."

We may all sing praises to God for the great things He hath done for us, if we be taught of His Holy Spirit. No life is too humble, no heart too unworthy, to feel the joy of those great things which God does for those who truly trust Him. He works in every life, but our hearts are so cold, and our eyes so dim, that we often fail to recognise His loving hand. May the Holy Spirit help us to see Him in everything.

It is told of Frederick the Great of Prussia, that having rung his bell one day, and no one answering, he opened the door of his apartment, and discovered his page fast asleep in the ante-room. Going over to awake him, he discovered a letter sticking out of the young man's pocket, and, prompted by curiosity, he took it out and read it. It proved to be a letter from the young man's mother, thanking him for having sent her so large a share of his money, and telling him that God would reward his filial affection. Stealing softly back into his room, the King took a bag full of ducats, and these he placed with the letter, in the page's pocket. Then, returning to his apartment, he rang his bell violently, and the startled sleeper came hastily into his presence, betraying by his looks, that he had been sleeping.

"You have had a sound sleep," said Frederick.

In his confusion, the young man thrust his hand into his pocket, and discovered the bag. He took it out, looked at it with apprehension, and then burst into tears.

"What is the matter?" asked the king.

"Ah, sire!" said the page, as he cast himself before his sovereign, "some one seeks my ruin. I know nothing of the money I have just found in my pocket."

"My young friend," said the king, "God often does great things for us, even in our sleep. Send that to your mother, salute her on my part, and assure her that I will take care of both her and you."

We forget that God uses many instruments. Sometimes it is a king, sometimes it is a raven. To Elijah the Tishbite, God said, "I have commanded the ravens to feed thee."

Let me tell you a story of a raven, which may help you to understand how in all things, great and small, those who look for God's providence are sure to find it.

In a village near Warsaw, there lived a pious peasant, of German extraction, by name Dobry. Without any fault of his own, he had fallen into arrears with his rent, and the landlord determined to eject him. He went to him three times in vain.

It was evening, and the next day he was to be turned out with all his family. As the family sat in silent sorrow, the church bells pealed out for evening prayer, and Dobry knelt down in their midst, and they sang—

"Commit thou all thy griefs,
And ways into His hand."

and as they came to the last verse—

"When Thou wouldst all our need supply,
Who, who, shall stay Thine hand?"

there was a knock at the window. It proved to be an old friend—*a raven!* Dobry's grandfather had taken it from its nest, and tamed it, and then set it at liberty. The window was opened, and the raven hopped in, when lo! it was found that in its bill was a ring set with precious stones.

The poor peasant was sorely tempted to sell the ring, and thus relieve his immediate distress, but being a God-fearing man, he felt it to be his duty to make known the fact, and he took the ring to the minister, who saw at once by the crest, that it belonged to King Stanislaus, to whom he took it, narrating the whole story.

The king sent for Dobry, and rewarded him, so that he was no longer in danger of being turned out of his home, and the following year he built him a new house, and gave him cattle from his own stall.

And over the house door there was placed an iron tablet, on which was carved a raven, with a ring in its beak, and underneath this verse:

"Thou everywhere hast sway,
And all things serve Thy might;
Thy every act pure blessing is,
Thy path unsullied light."

So, if we truly commit our ways into His hand, we shall be often singing in our hearts the words which are our text to-day.

All who have ever trusted in God have found it true in their lives: "The Lord hath done great things for us, whereof we are glad."

May all who read these words be able to bless and praise Him for having given our dear Saviour to die for us. That was the greatest of all His great things, and should surely make us glad. And having given Him, He can give us all lesser things.

"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?"

SCRIPTURE CHARACTER.

NO. IV.

1. She belonged to one of the nations that bordered upon Canaan.
2. She married an Israelite who came to stay in her country.
3. After his death she was very kind to his mother.
4. She worked for her after they went back to the land of Judah.
5. She afterwards married one of her late husband's relations.
6. The Lord Jesus was one of her descendants.

ANSWER TO HIDDEN TEXT.

NO. VII.—p. 240.

In Him was life; and the life was the light of men.—*John* i. 4.

ANSWER TO SCRIPTURE SCENE.

NO. I.—p. 240.

Naaman . . . . 2 Kings v.

ANSWER TO SCRIPTURE ENIGMA.

NO. IX.—p. 256.

Jonathan . . . . . 1 Sam. xiv. 44.
Nathan . . . . . 2 Sam. xii. 13, 14.
Jonah . . . . . Jonah iv. 3.
Noah . . . . . 2 Peter iii. 5.
John . . . . . John xxi. 23.

Monthly Religious Record.

THE Ecclesiastical Bill, recently under discussion in the Prussian Upper Chamber, marks a noteworthy change in the relations between Germany and the Pope. The particular modifications which it makes in the famous May Laws are, perhaps, of less general interest than the avowed motive by which the Imperial Chancellor justifies them. The committee have proposed a clause authorising the re-admission of religious orders and bodies devoting themselves to the instruction and education of girls in the higher schools. Prince Bismarck declared that he regarded the matter from a purely political stand-point. "I desire," he said, "to conclude peace with the Curia, as with every other Power, in the interest of our country. It seldom happens that everybody is satisfied. How long peace, or what is next to peace, the *rapprochement* to the Romish Curia for the purposes of peace which we are trying to obtain, will last cannot be calculated beforehand. We must only consider the present, and accept that. I undertake no responsibility for the future."

THE Vatican has lost its ablest diplomatist, by the death of Cardinal Jacobini in his fifty-eighth year. The adviser of Pio Nono as well as of the present Pope, he gave proof as Pontifical Secretary of great capacity in many delicate negotiations. The death of Father Beckx, General of the Jesuits, is also reported. The principal organ of that body states that since he took office the number of those who have joined the Society has been more than doubled, that many new Provinces have been formed and new missions instituted. He was also instrumental in the beatification or canonization of from seventy to eighty saints. To him may be attributed the increased activity of the Order and the influence it has regained over the Papacy. It was at his own instigation when he felt himself unequal any longer to carry on his work, that a congregation of the Order was summoned to elect a Vicar, who at his decease should succeed him. Anton Anderledy, a native of Brieg, in the canton of Valais, was chosen, and there seems little doubt that this appointment will be confirmed. Since the foundation of the Order by Ignatius Loyola in 1541, there have been twenty Generals, of whom only three have been Spaniards, his two immediate successors, and Gonzales elected in 1686. Of the other seventeen—ten have been Italians, one a German, one a Bohemian, one a Pole, one a Dutchman, and three Belgians, including Father Beckx. At his own desire his funeral was very simple, and he was carried to the grave in a fourth-class hearse, such as is used for the poor. He had reached the age of ninety-two.

THE Religious Book Society of Toulouse, which was one of the first in France to interest itself in the moral and religious instruction of the working classes, has now completed its fifty years of labour. Looking back on its beginning, its promoters recall how at that time they found themselves confronted by a bad literature which, even then, was making every effort to extend itself among the masses, and by Roman Catholic fanaticism, from which the scattered Protestants specially suffered. Yet religion was still generally respected and atheism had not yet gained hold on public authorities; immoral novels were not as numerous in those days, and they did not then in penny numbers reach the poorest at remotest homes. Nor were the half-penny journals with which now the country is flooded then in existence, to tell the working classes, as they now do daily, that the only way of freedom is to throw off all religion. In spite of many and changing difficulties, the work has grown into strength. Suitable books have been published, libraries founded, and a wholesome Protestant literature created. There is a vast field yet to occupy. Meanwhile, many facts attest the power of the truth as thus brought into circulation.

WHILE the Egyptian question still remains unsolved, it would be lamentable if our long British occupation bore no fruit of permanent good. General Haig, who has been exploring both sides of the Red Sea with a view to evangelisation work, states that European habits and ideas are more and more spreading in the great towns, and that all the atheism and profligacy of the Levant are being poured freely into the country. At the same time he thinks the present movement better than the old stagnation. Among the people there is gross ignorance, with its natural accompaniment of fanaticism; but the popular feeling varies much in different towns and villages. His own opinion is that the British occupation is slowly preparing them to lend a more favourable ear to Christianity. The immense improvement that has been effected in the irrigation of the Delta is a thing which cannot but be widely and gratefully appreciated. The abolition of the greater part of the "corvée," or forced labour in clearing out the canals—a reform which has been carried out at an annual cost to the Government of 250,000*l.*—is another most important benefit, removing a grievance which inflicted immense loss and suffering upon the population. Large sums have been spent upon education, and still larger would be devoted to this object were it not for the existing financial pressure. Even the army, which was, and indeed still is, abhorred above all other things by the Egyptians, who looked upon enlistment as merely a step to a speedy grave in the Soudan, is in its reorganised form, under British officers, becoming an important means of training for the population. The men are now taught in school, learn habits of order, neatness, cleanliness, punctuality, and begin to feel something like self-respect. These acquirements they carry to their homes and introduce there, while they are themselves raised a step in public estimation. Meanwhile, the American Mission is beginning to make itself felt. That Society occupies seventy different stations, most of them on the Nile south of Cairo, between it and Assiout, and in fifty-seven of these has distinct Native congregations, numbering 3300, of whom 1800 are communicants. It has sixty-five schools with 5414 scholars, and no less than fifty-seven of these schools are entirely supported by the fees and the Native congregations. In the Delta the Mission has stations in Cairo, Boulac, Kafr-el-Misht, Zagazig, Tanta, Mansourah, Damanhoor, Alexandria, and other less-important places. Its converts are indeed mostly from among the Copts, but the Mohammedans are not neglected. There are 600 Mohammedan boys, and in Cairo and its suburbs at least 350 girls in its schools. If its converts from Mohammedanism are few, we have to remember the enormous difficulties in the way of an open profession of Christianity. But the truth has been widely spread, at least in Cairo and other centres, and prejudices have been broken down to a remarkable degree.

As regards the influence of Mohammedanism in Syria, the Rev. Dr. Jessup, writing in 'Woman's Work for Woman,' says: "If it be asked whether Mohammedanism is stronger or weaker than it was forty years ago, I should say, both; it is stronger in some points, and weaker in others. It is stronger through the efforts of the Government to revive the old war-spirit of Islam. The army is a Moslem army, not a national army made up of all classes, but a class army, the army of the prevailing sect. The military and civil-service schools are almost exclusively for Mohammedan youth, and the evident intent of the authorities is to favour one sect, to the disadvantage of all others. And in the civil courts, the testimony of Christians and Jews is not received. Only Mohammedans can testify, and this in spite of various firmans declaring that Christian testimony shall be received. All these things tend to strengthen the hold of Islam upon the Mohammedan population. It is for their interest to remain Moslems. On the other hand, they feel their inferiority as a nation to Christian nations, and find their religion an insuperable barrier in the way of progress. Many of them are disgusted with polygamy and its attendant evils, while they find it commended in the Koran. The Scriptures in Arabic have opened the eyes of not a few who read God's Word in secret and await the day of deliverance. The Moslems find it necessary to defend their peculiar doctrines in newspapers and tracts, quite a remarkable concession, yet we are not

allowed to answer them. The repressive measures used to prevent printed discussions are justified by the authorities on the ground that they would occasion riot and bloodshed. This is probably true in the present state of society."

THE schools of the Society for Promoting Female Education in the East are threatened in Palestine by the revival of Turkish intolerance. A notice has been issued imposing conditions that cannot be accepted. It is required that their teachers should pass the Turkish standard, which would necessitate study and residence at Constantinople; next, they are ordered to furnish a programme of their daily work, to be submitted to the Turkish Board. This would mean doing away with religious instruction. The first indication of coming trouble was given at Nazareth; the work at Bethlehem had since been threatened. A serious check is feared, unless it can be averted by diplomatic influence.

FROM the scene of the recent persecutions in Uganda, the last accounts report that the English and French missionaries were well, and quiet restored, but the converts still hiding. Mr. Mackay, writing nearly three months earlier, when the fierce storm was abating, speaks of visitors coming every day, with some of whom he had read and re-read two or three of the books of the New Testament. Sometimes a fair number gathered for a prayer-meeting or address. He was himself resuming the translation of St. Matthew. "The sun," he writes, "will rise to-morrow morning. How do we know? By no great process of faith or reason. It has always done so. History repeats itself: rather, the calm and regular working of God goes on with the same unerring grandeur in both worlds—the natural and the spiritual. We will not hasten the sunrise by rushing eastward to help it: the chances are that we shall stumble in the dark. When the day begins to dawn, we can see where we are going, and can rightly recognize the lay of the land. Night has its value; but we all laugh at a cock beginning to crow at midnight. Our midnight will, however, soon be morn, and all our dark be light."

THE China Inland Mission reports numerous baptisms at various points; thus, ten at Ts'in-Chau, six in P'ing-yang, and fifty-six at Hung-tung; thirty are reported ready for baptism west of the Fen river; and already, before this news arrived, more than a hundred persons had been baptised in South Shan-si. Dr. Wilson mentions a painful instance of Chinese filial piety at Han-chung. An aged Chinaman was dying. "The family being in great consternation, the eldest son a thousand miles away, and thus unable to perform acts of filial devotion, his wife in his place performed the act which is supposed to propitiate heaven; with her own hand she cut a piece of flesh out of her own arm to have cooked and administered to her father-in-law that he might recover."

THE condition of affairs in Japan is curiously illustrated by the fact that a daily paper at Sendai not long since published two editorials on Christianity, urging all young men to press forward, be baptized, and become openly members of churches; asserting, however, that real belief was unnecessary—"only become nominal Christians, and that's enough." The Rev. T. H. Pettee appeals to America to come forward with additional missionary aid. "It was American pluck," he says, "courtesy, shrewdness, and perseverance which opened Japan to the world a third of a century ago. An American was the first representative of a foreign government to take up his residence in Japan with a completed treaty in his hands. Commodore Perry built the first railway and set up the first telegraph line in Japan. In 1872 the Japanese Government, believing the American school-system to be the best in the world, re-organised their own, using ours as a model. The new scheme has been carried out with remarkable fidelity as well as success. To-day there are nearly, if not quite, 3,000,000 enrolled students, out of a population of 37,500,000 people. Many of the earliest teachers were Americans. In literature, American missionaries and others, have done much. No help is more gratefully received and no example more carefully followed. As to distinctively religious work, Americans were engaged in it ten years ahead of other missionaries." We abridge his words, but on these general grounds he pleads with his country to recognise their Christian responsibilities. "To-day," he continues, "250 out of 300 Protestant missionaries are Americans. The type of Christianity in Japan, so far as it takes on any foreign hue, is decidedly American. In the present tremendous crisis, when native religions are losing their hold on the people faster than Christianity can get its grasp, what is needed for the next few years is a little more union of effort, and less of 'isms' in Christian work. Buddhists and Shintoists still make their 'heave offerings' of rice and money at the temples, but the quantity grows less each year and will soon reach starvation point for the poor priests. Foreign customs prevail everywhere. Priests and people alike need a new faith. They know this, and are calling for a better religion. But they will not wait. They must have it at once or they will conclude there is no true religion."

THE London Missionary Society laments the death of the Rev. Benjamin Rice, at Bangalore, after more than fifty years of service. Replying, one short month before, to an address presented to him on the occasion of his jubilee, the veteran missionary dwelt upon the advance made since he first reached India. "It is not sixty years," he said, "since an order was issued by the Indian Government that 'missionaries must not preach to natives.' Now the officers of Government themselves praise the work done by missionaries. *Then* it was with difficulty that Hindus could be induced to send their children to Christian schools. *Now* they flock to them by thousands. *Then* few natives would take Christian books, even as a gift. *Now* they buy them in great numbers. *Then* the education of women was looked upon with utter contempt. *Now* the education of the girls of India receives more attention than did that of the boys forty years ago. Nor is the increase in the number of native Christians less encouraging, the number in Protestant missions having risen from 27,006 in 1831 to nearly 500,000 in 1881, when the last census was taken."

THE thirty-fourth annual meeting of the Open Air Mission was presided over by Sir Douglas Fox, who said he thought the Gospel met with a better reception in the streets than formerly. The report stated that there are now 1086 members on the roll. Last year about 200 preaching stations were maintained in London, and 797 towns and villages reached in the country. The number of races, fairs and other holiday gatherings visited was 794, in addition to 1160 special missions and services conducted. The number of tracts distributed during the year was 1,001,075, and a total of 19,608,695 from the commencement of the mission.

A LIFE of more than ordinary promise has been brought to its close in the death of the Rev. Evelyn F. Alexander, at the early age of thirty-six. In the late autumn of 1880 he was appointed to fill the vacancy at St. Paul's, Walworth, which he undertook in the face of many difficulties. In five years' time he filled his church with a reverent and devout congregation, reorganised his voluntary school, filled the Sunday-schools with over 2200 children and 160 teachers, built a new mission-hall, and purchased another accommodating 1300 persons; and during his last year of illness comforted himself by collecting funds for a youth's institute and a new infant school. He was a man of cultivated tastes, fond of music, and a skilled draughtsman. His chief characteristics are said to have been utter unselfishness, a wonderful power of sympathy, great tact for which his own natural sensitiveness educated him, and a simple, deeply spiritual preaching. The Bishop of Rochester, who spoke at his funeral, said that he could not imagine a more beautiful testimony to the reality of his work than the way he thought of his people during his last twelve anxious months of illness. Almost the last day of his life he was painting a picture to be sold for the benefit of his parish, and he had seen him working with his own hand at needlework, making articles that should warm some of his poor people in the cold winter time. He passed away in perfect peace. "I'm so happy; so happy," were some of his last words. He died clinging to his Saviour. One who loved him with unspeakable love whispered in his ear, "Do you love Jesus?" "I trust in Him," was the faint response; and so he fell asleep.

WE note with regret the death of Bishop Titcomb. Long well-known by his ministrations in Lambeth, he became Bishop of Rangoon; and after his return, was appointed to the superintendence of the continental stations of the Church of England as a deputy of the Bishop of London. He was for a long time an active member of the committee of the Religious Tract Society.

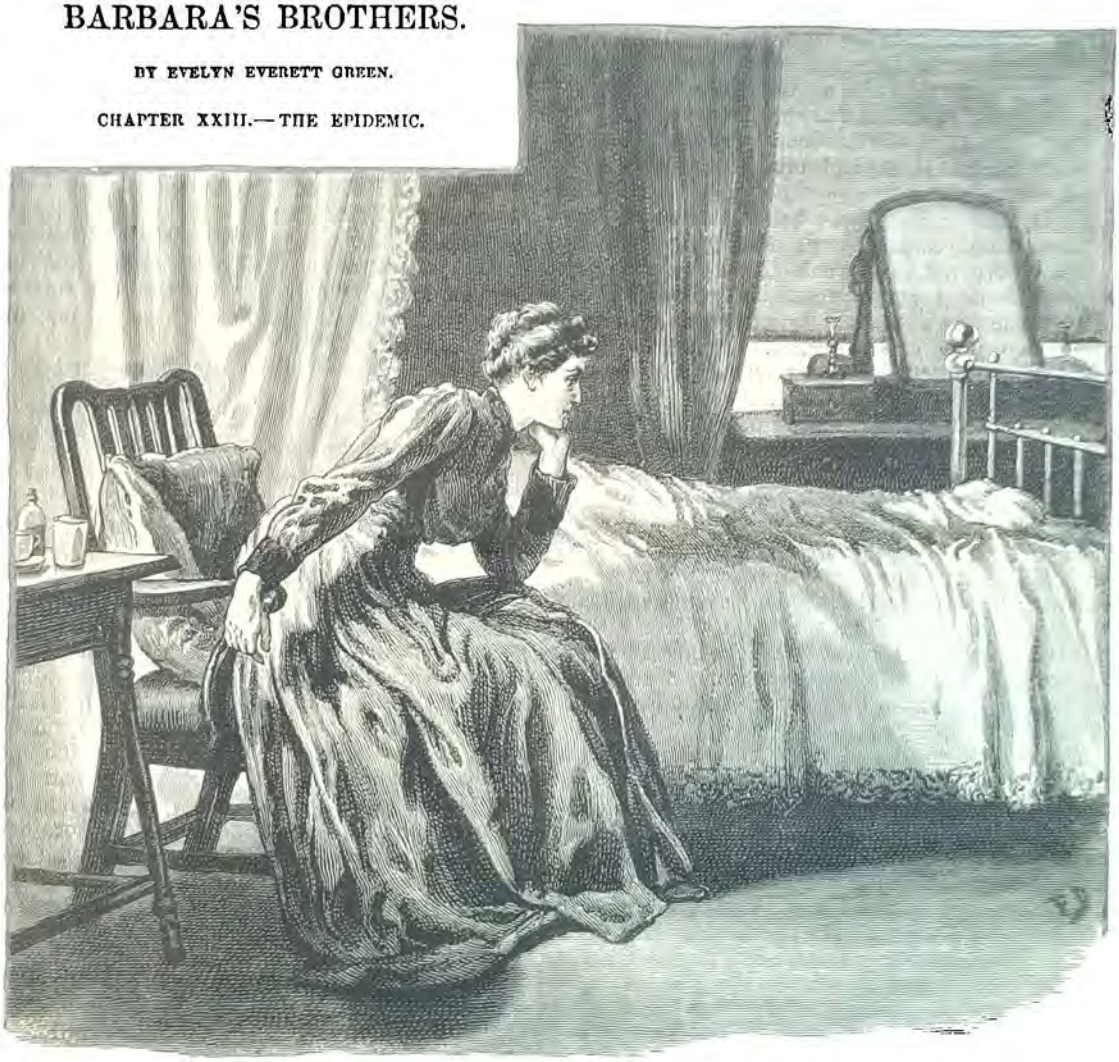
THE SUNDAY AT HOME

O DAY MOST CALM, MOST BRIGHT! . . .
THE WEEK WERE DARK BUT FOR THY LIGHT.—*Herbert.*

BARBARA'S BROTHERS.

BY EVELYN EVERETT GREEN.

CHAPTER XXIII.—THE EPIDEMIC.



REINÉE WAITED IN A FEVER OF ANXIETY FOR HIS OPINION.

THERE was no lack of employment at St. Hilda now, for all who were willing and able to work.

The outbreak of diphtheria was no mere panic. Wulfric Meynal had not overstepped the mark when he had spoken of it as an epidemic. The deadly disease had broken out in a bad form in the ill-drained, over-crowded fishing hamlet beneath the cliff, and threatened to spread into the town itself. The children were attacked most frequently, sickening one after the other with an alarming rapidity, and dying sometimes almost before help could be obtained.

If help was to be afforded to the sufferers it must be given promptly and courageously.

And, as is generally the case at such times, brave and devoted assistance was not lacking. Many volunteers came forward to give their help, and amongst these were Barbara Meynal and Juliet Granby, both well qualified by previous experience to do excellent service.

Wulfric Meynal gave to all his assistants clear and concise directions how to avoid the infection, directed them never to take the patients' breath, never to go to work fasting or exhausted, and laid down a few of the like simple rules, by which,

if attended to, all real danger might be avoided. Some risk each one ran, and did not shrink from it; but the doctor told them that by care and watchfulness they would in all probability escape taking the complaint, as nurses and doctors generally did. Also, as the infection could not be transmitted through a third person, no isolation from their families was necessary.

Gladly indeed would Reinée Dumaresq have joined this band of workers, but her mother would not hear of such a thing, and was with difficulty brought to consent to remain at the Hall at all. Mr. Dumaresq, however, declared against a move at such a time, and encouraged his daughter to do all in her power to relieve the sufferers from the epidemic, without exactly going amongst them and ministering to them personally.

So Reinée—*carte blanche* being thus extended to her—took counsel with Mrs. Granby and Barbara Meynal, and established a sort of kitchen-dispensary that proved all but invaluable during the weeks that followed. The laundry was the centre of operations, for it was conveniently situated in the rear of the house buildings, and had an entrance of its own opening directly into the lane which led to the hamlet, as well as the ordinary communication with the house.

In this great building Reinée was queen and reigned supreme. Here the poor people came for the strong beef-tea or port wine, that kept alive the flickering flame of life in many a little sufferer, who must inevitably have sunk without prompt assistance of such a kind. Here disinfectants were given to all who asked, and firing, and even blankets, to such as came armed with an "order" from Dr. Meynal or one of his band of assistants.

For convalescents, stronger nourishment was provided in cases where actual poverty made it necessary; and there was so much distress and misery in the place at this time, that, but for assistance, that might under other circumstances have been condemned as indiscriminate, the people must have died by the score.

The epidemic spread quickly to the town, and the well-to-do families soon had their hands full. So the care of the hamlet fell very much into the hands of the few residents there; and Mr. Dumaresq came forward with noble liberality as far as money was concerned, whilst Reinée, under Mrs. Granby's superintendence, took charge of the practical part of work.

The servants of the household, who loved their sweet young mistress with all their hearts, entered heart and soul into her plans, first to please her, and later on out of a real sympathy with the sufferers and a wish to help them. The housekeeper never grumbled at the raid made upon her stores, or at the extra work involved in the keeping up of the dispensary; whilst the cook of her own accord told off a kitchen-maid for the making of beef-tea and soup, and the under-housemaid rose, unasked, an hour earlier each day, to get the laundry swept out and put to rights before her ordinary work began.

When a labour of love is entered upon in this spirit it has every chance of success, and not one of those who visited the sick at that time, but could speak with a keen sense of personal gratitude of Reinée's ably-conducted branch of the work. To feel in entering a cottage, where misery and sickness and death were all struggling together, that a few lines despatched to the Hall would at once bring forth a prompt response in the form of such things as were absolutely necessary at such a moment, was invaluable indeed; and so quick and capable and intelligent an insight did Reinée soon obtain into the working of the cases, that what was needed seemed to arrive almost as it were by magic, and a hundred times a day the girl was blessed by those whose sufferings were relieved or whose labours were lightened by means of her unwearied efforts.

"Ah, but I should like to share your work," she said to Barbara and Juliet one day, as they came up on their return from their daily round at the hamlet for the tea Reinée always had waiting for them. "Any one could order stores and give them out. I want to work as you do; only I am not allowed."

"I am very glad you are not," answered Juliet, with a smile many degrees more bright than used ever to be seen upon her face. "We could not do without her up here, could we, Barbara?"

"No, indeed! Reinée, you need not mind not visiting the people. We have a good staff of nurses and visitors; but nobody to take your place."

Reinée smiled sweetly, yet with a touch of sadness.

"It seems as if I were destined always to play the part of 'Lady Bountiful' as you once called it when we were talking together of ideals, Juliet. And after all, it is my father's bounty, not mine."

"But yours is the management; the quickness and invaluable promptness and despatch with which everything is done," cried Barbara. "I wish you could hear Wulf speak of you and your laundry. He says you have saved more lives than he has already—not just because you have the things to give away, but because there is no blundering; because the right thing comes at the right moment, and nothing is ever omitted or forgotten."

The colour rose slowly in Reinée's face, and a smile shone out of her eyes.

"I am very glad," she answered simply. "I will not be discontented any more. Perhaps it is better for us to take the work that offers, than to try and choose our own."

"I think that now," answered Juliet, her face flushing somewhat, "although I always feel that it is not for me to talk."

Reinée smiled, and then turning to Barbara, asked, "Have all the Stones kept well? I see the man so seldom, now that he works on the lower farm. I hope my little Jack keeps out of harm's way."

"His mother has sent him to an aunt some twenty miles away. She was afraid he would be always getting down amongst the other children, and I think she was wise. She and Alice are in the cottage. I hope it will escape; it is isolated from the village pretty well."

"Yes; I would go to see Alice, only perhaps mamma might not even like me to go that little way towards the beach; besides, Alice never will speak to me; it is Clive who has won her heart. She has always a smile and a flower for him. I wish I could get her to make friends."

"She is odd—not quite right in the head, I fancy," answered Barbara; "she will not look at me, though she does not mind Wulf much; but she has never made friends with any one but your brother."

"I call it Clive's conquest," answered Reinée, with a little smile. "He is kind to the poor little girl, and often stops to sing her a song as he goes by. It is wonderful how her face lights up when she hears music. It seems a sort of passion with her. Poor child, she will be rather dull without Jack, for she is fond of him. I must tell Clive to take her on his mind a little."

Clive Dumaresq had been away from home during the first outbreak of the epidemic, but he had lately returned, and had entered with great zeal into his sister's labours, and by his unfailing flow of bright spirits had at the same time lightened her toil and cheered her up in every way.

Mrs. Dumaresq would have liked to circumscribe Clive's wanderings as she had done Reinée's, and confine him closely to the park and its immediate surroundings; but sons are less amenable than daughters on such points, and the young man laughed playfully at her fears, and went about much as usual. He sometimes indeed visited a sick man, to carry him one of Reinée's doles, or asked after any one whom he knew to be dangerously ill, and ascertained that the family had all they wanted; but he took care not to expose himself needlessly, and had no intention of running risks for no good reason.

Clive was fond of boating, and was often up and down the cliff path on his way to or from the beach. It was in this way that he had so completely won the heart of the little cripple-girl, for he seldom passed by without pausing to say a few words, and his appearance was hailed as the main event in a somewhat sad and colourless life.

One sultry afternoon in May, when a sort of haze seemed to hang over sea and land, and to suggest ideas of sickness and infection, Clive was slowly ascending the cliff path from the beach.

He had been out in his boat, but the heat had driven him home. The day was peculiarly oppressive, and he felt tired and disinclined for exertion. As he reached the little cottage where the Stones lived, he thought he would rest for a few minutes in the shade, and sat down accordingly on the low stone wall where he had often paused before.

He had not been seated there long before he became aware of a low, continuous moaning proceeding from the cottage. He glanced round, but nobody was to be seen, and only these distressful moans broke the silence of the hot summer-like afternoon. Somebody must be ill or in trouble or pain, and, as it seemed, alone too. Clive was too kind-hearted to go away without trying to do what he could to mend matters, so he swung himself over the low wall and knocked at the cottage door, which stood wide open.

No answer was returned, but the moaning continued as before, and was more distinctly heard. It proceeded from the inner room, and after a moment's hesitation he entered the cottage and crossed the space that divided him from the sufferer.

Upon the low truckle bed in that close, airless little room lay the crippled Alice—dying. Yes, even an inexperienced eye could see at a glance that the child was dying fast. Her lips were black and parched, her eyes were dim and glazed, her breath came in painful gasps, and the efforts to swallow brought on paroxysms of pain.

Clive could well understand what had happened. The girl had fallen a victim to the fatal malady, perhaps, a day or two ago, and had been taken suddenly worse to-day. The mother had run for assistance of some kind, and meantime the poor child, growing rapidly worse, was likely to die quite alone.

A great wave of pity swept over Clive. He was not in the least disposed to run needless risk, and yet it seemed to him an absolute impossibility to go away coolly and leave a sick child to die unwatched and untended. The mother would not be long gone; at least he would stay till she came back.

At that moment the girl looked up, and murmured a hoarse petition for water.

Clive moistened the parched lips, and propped up the gasping child in an easier position. He would have opened the window if he could, for the air was very foul and turned him rather sick; but he could not manage it. The bed was in the way, and the patient too ill to be disturbed.

As he moved about Alice looked hard at him with her dim, failing eyes, and suddenly a smile like a shadowy sunbeam flickered over her face.

"It's him!" she gasped, hoarsely yet joyfully, "him—as I thought—I'd never see no more—I begged and prayed as I might say good-bye. God does hear us—after all—I do believe!"

Clive was much touched, more by the look upon the dying face than by the blunt words barely articulated. He took the girl's hand in his kindly.

"I am here, Alice," he said; "can I do anything for you?"

She looked up with more of consciousness than before.

"I'm a-dying, ain't I?"

One moment's pause, and the simple, truthful answer, "I think so."

"I'm glad on it too. I'd like to die, if God really cares for us, as Jack says. I think perhaps He do, as He's sent you. Will you stay with me—till I die?"

All this was spoken with great difficulty; it seemed almost as if every breath drawn with such pain must be the last. Clive could only stand by helpless and watch the terrible struggle.

"I will not leave you, Alice," he said.

She understood and looked her gratitude, but strength and life were ebbing fast away. With a great effort she got out two more words:

"Music—sing!"

Her eyes sought his face imploringly. It seemed as if she wanted the help of some sweet sound to smooth the rough path she was treading. Strange as was the request at such a time and in such a place, Clive did not hesitate, and his clear sweet voice sounded forth in the notes of that great and beautiful song, "I know that my Redeemer liveth."

He sang it with a strange new sense of its wonderful truth and power, and the dying girl listened with her soul in her eyes.

"It is—like—angels," she whispered with a little smile, and then, gazing into his face, she tried again and again to say some words that her parched lips refused to utter. It was a message to Reinée poor Alice wished to send—a message asking for pardon for the ingratitude with which her many acts of kindness had been met. But though Clive bent down very close over the dying girl, he could barely catch the drift of what she wished to say; yet his smile and gentle words penetrated the cloud that dimmed her sight and hearing, and it was with a smile upon her lips that the child laid down the burden of a life that had known but little of joy in this world. He—her idol—had been with her in the hour of death, and his presence had made very bright for her the dark, rough passage. To her clouded mind it was the foreshadowing of the eternal love that would meet her upon the farther shore.

Clive Dumaresq, although saddened and shocked by having for the first time in his life witnessed death, did not feel any personal alarm at having encountered the infection, nor did Reinée, to whom he told the tale, express any particular fears. She saw so many every day who were constantly with the sick, that she had begun to lose the first sense of fear lest they should take the infection.

But two days later, just when her labours for the poor of the hamlet were being lightened, a terrible trouble at home fell upon the girl.

At the dinner table that day Clive sat looking white and strange. He could not eat, and presently excused himself on the plea of headache and left the room somewhat abruptly. Reinée felt a curious thrill of cold dismay run through her. She seemed to know from the first what was about to befall them; she followed him the moment she could do so without disturbing her father by showing undue anxiety, and found him already in bed, his white face oddly flushed despite its pallor, and his whole frame shivering convulsively.

"Don't come near me, Reinée," he said, with chattering teeth. "I am afraid I've got it."

"We will send for Dr. Meynal," answered Reinée quietly, "it may be only a chill."

Brother and sister looked at each other for a moment, and sudden tears started to Reinée's eyes. Each read the thought of the other—each knew that Clive had caught the malady from the cripple-girl, who had had it in its worst form. In her case it had proved fatal in three days' time. What would it do in his?

Mrs. Dumaresq came in at this moment and saw at a glance that her son was ill. A spasm of pain crossed her face, for Clive was the idol of her heart—not otherwise very susceptible to love—and a cold wave of fear swept over her too.

"Has he been near any infection?" she asked softly of Reinée.

Clive heard the question and answered it for himself.

"Yes, mother. I saw a child die three days ago. There was nobody else there. I could not let her die alone."

Mrs. Dumaresq made no reply. A settled gravity was in her look as she went away to despatch a summons for the doctor. Clive looked after her with rather wistful eyes.

"Poor mother," he said softly.

Reinée choked back an inclination to sob, and approached the bed with gentle steps. He put out his hand as if to keep her away; but she smiled and sat down beside him, taking the hot hand in hers.

"I know all about it," she said quietly. "I will not do anything rash; but you must not send me away, Clive."—She stopped suddenly, and he added the words she had not dared even to think.

"We may not have so very much longer to be together."

There had been so much of death all round them lately, that it was not strange for such thoughts to occur to them, even in the first moments before they had had any medical opinion. Clive, with all his vigour and brightness, had never been robust. He had seldom ailed anything serious; but there had always been an undefined feeling in the minds of his family that a severe illness would go rather hard with him.

Reinée sat beside him holding his hand, and trying by prayer to school herself to calmness and resignation. Clive lay in the passive state engendered by the lassitude of fever. He had struggled hard all day against an overmastering oppression of illness, and it was almost a relief to give way at last. But for the rapidly increasing pain in his throat he could have been absolutely comfortable.

Wulfric Meynal came quickly. Mrs. Dumaresq accompanied him to the room. His experienced eye took in his patient's condition in an instant. It hardly required a glance at the throat before the diagnosis was complete.

"I know I've got it," said Clive hoarsely. "Don't let Reinée catch it; but don't banish her altogether if you can help it."

"We will try to compromise matters," answered Wulfric in his steady tones, with one of his most kindly and reassuring glances at the girl. Reinée met his eye with a quiet, trustful smile, and they shook hands, which they had not done upon his entrance.

Then with a few friendly injunctions to his patient to keep quiet Wulfric withdrew, together with Mrs. Dumaresq, and Reinée waited in a sort of fever of anxiety for his opinion of the case. The housekeeper had come in—an old and faithful

servant, invaluable in times of sickness; and Reinée slipped away to hear the doctor's report. He was in the hall when she reached the foot of the staircase. She went straight up to him with the confidence of an old friend.

"Tell me, please, Dr. Meynal."

He looked at her gravely, kindly, even tenderly.

"I am afraid your brother is very ill."

"I thought so—is it the same form as the one little Alice died from?"

"I fear it is."

"Do you think he will die too?"

The question was very simply asked, perhaps that was why it sounded so infinitely pathetic. Wulfric took in his warm clasp the two little cold hands that had pressed themselves closely together as she spoke. His voice shook a very little as he answered in deep and quiet tones—"We are in God's hands, and He is very good. We will ask Him to bless the means we use and to make him well. I would lay down my life to save him, if I could."

Reinée looked up gratefully. Something in the face of this strong man touched her very much. She had always felt him a true friend—at a time like this she seemed to need his presence in a way she could not have explained.

"Thank you," she said softly. "I believe you would. You love Clive, I know."

"Yes," he answered very quietly. "I love Clive—and I love you too, Reinée." He bent his head as he spoke and kissed the hands he held tenderly and reverently, and without another word or look he was gone, leaving Reinée standing where he left her as one in a dream.

Clive, as Wulfric Meynal had anticipated, passed the night fairly, but towards the following evening worse symptoms began to set in, and strong and painful measures had to be resorted to, that had the effect of exhausting him fearfully, leaving him sometimes almost more dead than alive.

He never, however, lost consciousness, and although speech was all but impossible, his glance would follow Reinée with loving tenderness, and she could understand his unspoken wishes better than any one else could do. He often wanted to be read to—to hear the word of life from the Book that seems so beautifully appropriate to all the needs of this life, and especially to those of the sick and suffering.

Mrs. Dumaresq would sit silently by whilst Reinée read to her brother and talked to him softly of the thoughts and feelings they shared together, and of the great eternal home where partings were no more. What passed through her mind at these times no one could say; only there was a strange new gentleness in her manner, and a peculiar tenderness not only to her son, but to her daughter, which they had never received from her before.

Wulfric Meynal was backwards and forwards at the Hall continually during these trying days, and for two nights he sat up with Clive, battling against the terrible foe with a determined skill and power that seemed as if it must win the victory at last. Those who helped to nurse Clive said within themselves that if human skill could avail to save him, Dr. Meynal would pull him through.

One point in Clive's favour was his quiet resignation and willingness to die if the summons should come for him. Bright as had been his life, and happy as he had always been, he was yet ready to lay all down without a murmur if it should be required of him.

This phase perplexed Mrs. Dumaresq not a little. She was alone with her son for a brief space one evening, she was murmuring to herself half unconsciously:

"Oh, hard, hard, hard! Too terribly and cruelly hard."

Clive's eyes flashed open quickly.

"It is not hard to me, mother," he whispered faintly.

"What is not, my boy?"

"Death," he answered, and a strange gleam of bright light seemed to flash over his face.

"Not hard to leave us all, and go away no one knows where?"

"Ah, but I do know," he answered; the light deepening strangely in his dark eyes. "It is to be with Christ, which is far better. And I shall not be lost—only gone—before."

Many words were impossible; even these few had exhausted him; but they gave food for much meditation to the mother who watched in silence by his bedside.

There came a crisis in the case at length—a terrible night never forgotten by any of those that shared Wulfric's watch. Mrs. Dumaresq and Reinée never left the sufferer that night, and many times it seemed as if he must die in those terrible paroxysms of breathlessness; but Wulfric's skill and strength and tenderness seemed still to triumph over the relentless foe, and as the morning dawned they saw a change pass over the loved face.

The lines of pain and distress were smoothed away, a look of peaceful relief took the place of the old expression of resolute endurance. The breath came more easily and slowly, and the dusky flush faded to a marble whiteness. The watchers almost held their breath as these changes very gradually became apparent. Their eyes sought Wulfric's face, as if imploring him for a sign as to what this change might portend; but he stood beside the bed motionless as a statue, his fingers on the patient's pulse, watching, listening intently.

"Mother!" Clive's eyes flashed open suddenly and fixed themselves upon Mrs. Dumaresq, who approached and bent over him. What whispered petition he poured into her ear neither Wulfric nor Reinée could hear, as they stood together a little apart. They saw Mrs. Dumaresq raise her eyes and flash a quick glance at them. They saw a tremor cross her face; and they heard her say quietly, "I promise, Clive."

Then the old sunny smile played once again over the still face. Was it the last flicker before the light went out?

"Kiss me, mother; kiss me, Reinée," he said.

And after they had done this his eyes closed, and presently Wulfric said in low tones:

"Thank God, that is a natural sleep; the crisis is over, and I believe that he will live."

THE STORY OF MR. FEARING.

A STUDY FROM BUNYAN'S "PILGRIM'S PROGRESS."

BY THE LATE REV. EDWIN PAXTON HOOD.

ONE of the most delicate and dramatic of all the portraits drawn by the great dreamer in the "Pilgrim's Progress," is that, in the second part, of Mr. Fearing; by which very useful picture I suppose Bunyan intended to sketch a very common character, an intense conscience in a narrow mind, and a very feeble frame. It is curiously said he was born in the town of Stupidity. The population of that town, according to any census, is very large. It is well described as lying in the Arctic Zone, far from the sun; cold, and its inhabitants senseless, most of them described by the Psalmist as "like unto the beasts that perish." Looking back to his experience in that town, it was another Psalmist who said: "So foolish was I and ignorant, I was as a beast (that is, as a thoughtless creature) before Thee." Some have little sense beyond that of merest nature. It is said "they have cast off all fear, and restrained prayer before God,"—that is, they have no spiritual relationship with invisible things; all things are estimated by a low standard; there is little light and little heat. This country lies further north than the city of Destruction, not that it is less the city or country of danger, but its dangers differ; the City of Destruction is in danger from fire, the country of Stupidity from ice; one is in danger from sensation and passion, the other from inertness and dulness. Yet there have been noble pilgrims who have left that region, though carrying with them much of their native fear, and cold, and even sluggishness.

That was the country in which Mr. Fearing was born, concerning whom one of his fellow-townsmen and fellow pilgrims, old Honest, says: "He was one of the most troublesome pilgrims that I ever met with in all my days;" and of whom the great Captain Greatheart says: "He was always kept very low, and that made his life so burdensome to himself and so troublesome to others."

Now in the religious life this must be a very real character, for the Bible addresses itself to human fears more than any other book. It is implied all along that man is a child of many fears, and that every thing in the world is calculated to excite them. Fear holds a stern dominion over the mind, over the conscience, over the affections, and it is implied that if all be well with these, *all* will be well; hence from first to last, words roll forth to allay fear. Thus, in Genesis xv. 1: "Fear not, Abraham, I am thy shield, and thy exceeding great reward." In Exodus xiv. 13: "Fear ye not, stand still, and see the salvation of the Lord." In Lamentations iii. 57: "Thou drewest near in the day that I called upon Thee: Thou saidst, Fear not." And Christ said: "Fear not, little flock; for it is your Father's good pleasure to give you the kingdom." Thus to gird up the loins of the mind, this is the burden of the book; it is a remonstrance with human fears. It was the boast of Obadiah: "I, thy servant, fear the Lord from my youth." It was the glory of Nehemiah: "So did not I, because of the fear of God."

We are not, I know, so much the subjects of religious fears as in Bunyan's day. The strife of life—the conflict of the fittest—eats up our soul, creates new diseases, furnishes our hospitals—our lunatic asylums, creates heart diseases, lung disease, brain disease. Yet man has a conscience still, and relations to God.

Now there are six stages in the history of Mr. Fearing.

First: He fears for the impossibility of rising out of Nature into Grace; is there a kingdom of Grace at all? Is it not all a kingdom of Nature? Thus we read of him, that "he lay roaring by the Slough of Despond for months together, nor durst he, for all he saw several go over before him, venture." He was dejected at every difficulty that came in his way, and stumbled at every straw. After he had been in the Slough of Despond a great while, one sunshiny morning he ventured, and so got over; "but," says Bunyan, "he could scarce believe it: he has a Slough of Despond in his mind—a slough that he carried everywhere about with him." But what can we say of this Slough of Despond but that it is a thick swamp of doubts, and especially of fears? There are those who are free from doubts in the intellectual sense, who are still the victims of fears. "Fears are in the way;" they feel nothing strong within them, so it seems there is nothing strong above them: they have not learned the power of Divine grace; yet, at this point, this and this only is the strength of Mr. Fearing. Think of a swift, quick conscience making itself felt in nervous fears for the future of this life even: then asking "How shall I do in the swelling of Jordan?"—with fears especially for eternity, and what is to be the end. So it sometimes seems as if we are delivered from fear to fear, as if life is made up of fears. Thus we live on from day to day, but we know not when the stroke falls which shatters happiness and hope; it seems as if the ground were strown with snakes; we know not whence the arrow flies. So the word is perpetually addressed to us, "Fear not!" And at the most, life is but a moment, and yonder, all is well.

And what more is that, "Strengthen ye the weak hands and confirm the feeble knees." I once heard a conversation going on between the various members of the body, as to which of them bore the greater share of the burdens of life. The back complained that it bore all the burden. The shoulders said: "Nay, but we bear

and equalise the burden." The hands said they lifted it. "Ah, but," said the knees, "you never think of us, and yet, if we gave way, all would give way; and how weary we become!" Life is full of fears when the knees are weak, when "the strong men (by which no doubt the knees are intended) bow themselves;" but "strengthen the feeble knees," and all goes well then. As we read in Philippians iv. 6–7: "Be careful for nothing; but in every thing by prayer and supplication with thanksgiving let your requests be made known unto God. And the peace of God, which passeth all understanding, shall keep your hearts and minds through Jesus Christ." Let us therefore come boldly to the throne of grace that we may obtain!

And now we find the second thing to observe in this same Mr. Fearing,—he shrank from the personal obligations of a religious life. Like Joseph of Arimathea, he is "a disciple of Jesus —but secretly." Shaking and shivering, he feared to take the hammer in hand, and to knock for admission at the gate. He went in trembling, and when he was in, he was ashamed to show his face; but it is well said his weakness arose not from weakness of spirit, as to the practical part of the pilgrim's life; he feared the inward, not the outward. He had a kind conscience, and a kind, perhaps a narrow mind; but, as the proverb has it, "he could have bit a firebrand had it stood in his way." The things by which he was oppressed no man could throw off with ease. When he came to the hill Difficulty, he did not much stick at that, nor did he much fear the lions; his fear was, in the old language of that time, as to "his acceptance with God;" "his acceptance at last." So, in the Valley of Humiliation, says Greatheart, "he went down as well as any man I ever saw in my life, for he cared not how mean he was, so he might be happy at last." "There seemed a sympathy between himself and the valley. He would lie down and embrace the ground, and kiss the very flowers; and was up every morning at break of day, walking to and fro in the Valley." A beautiful spirit to meet in the king's highway; one of whom the Pilgrim's master might say,

> Thou, the more fully thou humblest thee here
> All the more perfectly shalt be my peer;
> This is the royal road leading above
> Which mine elect tread to the kingdom of love!

The third great characteristic of this Fearing is, or was, his inability personally to appropriate the spirit of grace, and all the merits of his Master and Saviour. Thus he quenched within himself the comforts of the Spirit. Thus we read of his "lying in the dark and cold outside the interpreter's house, and the nights," says his biographer, "were long and dark and cold then." And, indeed, Nature is one long, dark, cold night, until we not only find Christ, but, by the help of the Comforter, make all His work ours. It is something like this which Cowper describes:

> How blest Thy creature is, O Lord,
> When, with a single eye,
> He views the lustre of Thy word,
> The Day-spring from on high!
>
> That glorious orb, whose golden beams
> The future years control,
> Since first, obedient to Thy word,
> He started from his goal,
>
> Has cheered the nations with the beams
> His orient rays impart;
> But, Jesus, 'tis Thy light alone
> Can shine upon the heart.

There is no comfort so great as making the merits of Christ ours. We remember Luther's great words—"Last night when I awoke the Devil came and began disputing with me, and cast up at me that I was a sinner. I said, Tell me something new, Devil; I have committed actual sins, but the sins God forgives, for His dear Son's sake, are not sham sins but actual sins!"

A fourth feature of Fearing's character was that he found it easier to see himself in the sins, and infirmities, and frailties of others than in their virtues and graces: "When we were come to the place—the gibbet where three fellows were hanged—he said he doubted that would be his end also."

> When any turn from Zion's way—
> Alas! what numbers do—
> Methinks I hear my Saviour say,
> "Wilt *thou* forsake Me too?"
>
> Ah, Lord! with such a heart as mine,
> Unless Thou hold me fast,
> I fear I must—I shall decline,
> And prove like them at last!

This timidity has its unhealthy as well as its healthy side. "There goes John Bradford but for the grace of God!" said the great martyr, when he saw a felon led to execution. But this should not make us unjust to the grace of God, or willing to grieve the Spirit by which we are "sealed unto the day of redemption."

Fearing starts at shadows because he does not front the shadows with substances. "When," says Greatheart, "he was come to the entrance of the Valley of the Shadow of Death, I thought I should have lost my man; not that he had any inclination to go back, but he was ready to die for fear." But this was because his fears had taught him the dreadful reality of spiritual evil. Many of these fearful ones fear because they live in the constant clearer vision of the spiritual world. Some things so shake them because they are "not ignorant of Satan's devices;" nay, do they not "know the depths of Satan"? Therefore they tremble; their conscience is tender, and it is "conscience that makes cowards of us all." I have said that Fearing fears not the outward, but the inward. Yes, we have a haunted mind, like his who said—

> Is this a dagger which I see before me?
> Let me clutch thee:
> I have thee *not*, and yet I see thee still.
> Art thou not, fatal vision, sensible
> To feeling as to sight? *Or art thou but*
> *A dagger of the mind?* A false creation
> Proceeding from the heat-oppressed brain?

So it is with all of us; we want something to lift us above ourselves; so long as we are perpetually turning to ourselves we are miserable. We dwell in a haunted house. We are a kind of walking thermometer; when the weather is warm we ascend, when it is cold we go down, a sensitive thermometer, never in one stay; like the thermometer, we seem upright enough, but we feel every variety of the weather. Nothing is well with us until we rest in Him who is without "a shadow of turning." Firm health, and all things agreeable to the feelings, then the quicksilver is up; troubles come, and it is down; therefore let us never fetch our happiness, however we may our comfort, from our own frame, not from a changeful creature, but from the changeless God. In reference to the trials of life, the apostle says to the Hebrews (xii. 5), "Ye have forgotten" the exhortation, encouragement, consolation.

And the last feature of this portrait is that it was consistent with his whole character that Mr. Fearing should be in bondage to the fear of death; one of whom the apostle speaks as "all their lifetime subject to bondage." When he was come to the river, where there was no bridge, he was in a heavy case; now, he said, he should be drowned for ever, and so never see that face with comfort which he had come so many miles to behold; and so he seemed likely to fulfil the fears of his life, for he could never leave to-morrow's doubts until to-morrow. Most of the people in the Country of Stupidity have no thought for the fear of death; they die "as a fool dieth;" but a Christian cannot die so—cannot die like a brute. "But," says Greatheart, "here also I took notice of what was very remarkable, the water of the river was lower at this time than I ever saw it in all my life; so Mr. Fearing went over at last not much above wet-shod." When he was going over, Greatheart said to him, as he took his leave, he hoped he would have a good reception above; and he answered, "I shall, I shall;" then the waters parted them asunder, and he was seen no more. And so Fearing got safe home; of him, and the like of him, it is written, "Come, see the works of the Lord; He turned the sea into dry land for them; they went through the flood on foot. There did we rejoice in Him!" I think that will be the triumph of many a fearing one, "through the flood on foot."

> The great and terrible land
> Of mildness and drought,
> Lies in shadow behind me,
> But the Lord hath brought me out.
> The great and terrible river
> I stand by night to view,
> Lies in the shadow before me,
> But God will bear me through.

There are those who taste God's grace chiefly thus, like Mr. Despondency, and Mrs. Much-afraid, his daughter, of whom I should like to give some further account; they belong to the same family as Mr. Fearing. Despondency exclaimed as he stepped into the river, "Farewell night, welcome day!" and his daughter, Much-afraid, went through the river singing, though none could well understand what she said then, "through the flood on foot!"

Such was Bunyan's Fearing, and for him there were provisions made all along. He who "tempers the wind to the shorn lamb," and "stays the north wind in the time of His east wind," made Divine provisions for him all the way. He was given a sunshiny morning to escape from the Slough of Despond; neither he nor any knew how, but a hand was sent to pull him through the gate. For him there were special regalements at the interpreter's house. The fiends were hushed for him in the Valley of the Shadow of Death. And we have seen that when he came to the river's brink the waves were at low water-mark. Therefore let us bless Him who rules the tides for human souls; bless Him who meets the fears of human souls. Blessings on the faith which lifts us above our fears. Blessings on the Author and Finisher of our Faith, who calms our fears. Blessings on the Book which is our staff as we pass through the flood on foot, though neither on the Horses of Intelligence, nor in the Chariots of Comfort—on foot—obtaining joy and gladness where all fears shall fly away!

A Palace for a King.

"When a strong man armed keepeth his palace, his goods are in peace. But when a stronger than he shall come upon him, and overcome him, he taketh from him all his armour wherein he trusted, and divideth his spoils."—*Luke* xi. 21, 22.

> OH, a Palace for a King
> Is this goodly soul of mine,
> And none but He shall dwell there
> Who has the right divine.
> The reign of the usurper
> Shall now for ever cease,
> And He shall take the empire
> Who is the Prince of Peace.
>
> The splendour of the Palace
> Was ruined by the foe,
> And long the rightful monarch
> Has mourned its overthrow.
> Restore, O Royal Owner,
> The glories of its state,
> Triumphantly re-enter
> Thy goodly palace-gate!
>
> And overcome the strong one
> Whose spoils are all Thine own,
> And take away his armour,
> O Warrior of Renown!
> O Thou who com'st from Bozrah,
> In garments dyed in red,
> All gloriously apparelled,
> Through all Thy palace tread!
>
> Now let Thy courts re-echo
> With melodies divine;
> Let harmonies celestial
> Possess this soul of mine!
> And every power its homage
> In duteous measure bring
> To make his habitation
> A Palace for a King!

CLARA THWAITES.

First Flights.

FAR through the boundless realms of light,
In warmth and beauty glowing,
The eager nestlings take their flight,
Their lowly home outgrowing:
So, Lord, to know the things above,
May our first quest be given,
Till, through the sunlight of Thy love,
We learn the way to heaven!

M. R.

HOSPITALS AND HOSPITAL WORK.

BY MRS. BREWER.

CHAPTER IV.—ST. THOMAS'S HOSPITAL.

LET us now describe a visit to a representative Hospital of each class. We may take St. Thomas's Hospital as one of the endowed; the Westminster and the London as representatives of the general; the Consumptive Hospital at Brompton as an example of those for special diseases; and Great Ormond Street as the mother of Children's Hospitals.

St. Thomas's, which is an endowed hospital, has many privileges. It is of ancient lineage, and its history throws light on the growth of these institutions. It does not live from hand to mouth, but has a settled private income. It is independent of public caprice, and it has a history, all of which declares it an aristocrat among the hospitals.

It was an ancient building, even in 1207, when it was destroyed by fire, with the priory of which it was a part, having been founded for converts and poor children, by Richard, a Norman Prior of Bermondsey.

In the year 1228, Peter, Bishop of Winchester, after many and great efforts, succeeded in rebuilding it, not on the same ground, where it had formerly stood, but on the eastern, or opposite side of the highway known to us as High Street, Borough.

A letter which he addressed to "All the Faithful in Christ, in the Diocese of Winchester," is a very interesting one in many ways, and explains how he obtained funds for the new building. In it he sets before them the six works of piety commended by our Lord when on earth. "I was an hungered and ye gave Me to eat; I was thirsty and ye gave Me to drink; I was a stranger and ye took Me in; I was naked and ye clothed Me; I was sick and ye visited Me; in prison and ye came unto Me"—and he exhorts them to be active in the exercise of these works that they may obtain a blessing. Having impressed this upon them, he proceeds to give them an opportunity of exercising these works of love.

"Behold," he writes, "at Southwark, an ancient hospital, built of old to entertain the poor, has been entirely reduced to cinders and ashes by a lamentable fire; the place whereon it formerly stood was not suitable for entertainment and habitation, because of the straitness of the place and because of the lack of water, and many other conveniences, and by the advice of wise men we have decided to transfer and transplant it to another more commodious site, where the air is more pure and calm, and the supply of water more plentiful."

Having related so much, he goes on to say that the building of the new hospital will be very expensive, and cannot be done without their help. He hopes therefore that they will stretch forth the hand of pity to the building of the new hospital, and give according to their ability from the goods bestowed upon them by God. And he further begs of them to receive and entertain the messengers of the hospital who come to them for their offerings, and that it shall be put down to them as a work of piety; nay, further, that those who give shall share in the prayers made in all the churches of the diocese.

And by these means the hospital was at length built and richly endowed.

We hear of it again in 1507, nearly three centuries later, "that it had become dilapidated, and was insufficient in size for its work," and great efforts were made in the country to rebuild and enlarge it.

A very interesting fact in connection with this hospital is that within its walls the first English Bible printed in England was printed by James Nycolson, of St. Thomas' Spyttell, in Southwark, by means of his famous printing press. The Bible bore the inscription: "Imprynted in Southwarke, in St. Thomas' Hospitale, by James Nycolson. Dedicated by M. Coverdale to the King, 1537."

About this time there were in the hospital a master, brethren, and three lay sisters. Forty beds were made up for poor, infirm, and impotent people who were supplied with food and firing —no word at present of its being a medical school.

Now came a very chequered time for St. Thomas's, for it will be remembered that Henry VIII. when excommunicated by the Pope declared himself head of the church and proceeded to dissolve the Catholic houses, of which a hundred and ten were hospitals of various kinds whose large revenues went to the Crown.

Sir Richard Gresham, an able and upright man, who was then Lord Mayor, seems to have been in favour of a change; at all events we find him signing a petition to the king that he would, by his high authority as supreme head of the Church of England, grant and order that the Mayor and Aldermen of the city of London should have supreme control over the lands, tenements, and revenues belonging to this and other three hospitals. The reason given for this request being that "there were now a small number of canons, priests, and monks found in them for their own profit only and not for the common utility of the realm" and that they "would see that for the future the poor, needy, sick, and indigent persons should be refreshed, maintained, and comforted; that they should also be healed and cured of their infirmities by physicians, surgeons, and apothecaries, who should have stipend and salary for their work, and that all persons unable to work should be helped, while sturdy beggars should be punished."

The king certainly intended to grant this petition, but his death occurred before it could be carried out.

The connection of this hospital with the city of London commenced in the reign of King Edward, with whose sanction the citizens instituted an enquiry as to the needs of those who had formerly depended upon the religious houses.

They found that about 2100 fatherless children and invalids were fit recipients of relief, while the remainder were idle rogues of both sexes levying contributions by feigned tales of sorrow.

The Lord Mayor and Aldermen received a grant of the hospital of St. Thomas by charter from King Edward, and everything belonging to it, with the declaration that the right of the citizens should never be disputed or meddled with by any of his successors.

In 1552, the Lord Mayor and certain citizens met and constituted themselves, by royal permission, governors of the hospital, and almoners of the money collected. In compliment to the king they named it at first the King's Hospital, though it was afterwards called St. Thomas the Apostle. At this meeting it was ordained that the hospital should receive 260 wounded soldiers, blind, maimed, sick, and helpless objects. Further there were secured to the citizens the possession of all the estates and revenues appertaining to the hospital by previous deeds of gift.

Thus the Royal Hospital was founded.

The great fire of London caused some injury to the revenues of the hospital, but the great fire in Southwark, which occurred ten years later, ceased, "as if by divine interposition," at the hospital, which was probably a very solid as well as an isolated building.

In 1693 it was found necessary to rebuild it, and in two years the list of benefactions reached the sum of £37,769.

In 1707, Mr. Guy, the founder of the neighbouring hospital, erected three wards in the new hospital of St. Thomas at his own expense. And this building, with some additions, seems to have remained until it was purchased by the Charing Cross Railway Company, in 1862, for the sum of £296,000.

It is difficult to trace at what date a medical school became connected with the hospital; it existed certainly in 1702, and in 1718 we know that medical lectures were given within the hospital. The famous Sir Astley Cooper served his apprenticeship here.

From the year 1228 to 1862 the hospital stood on the same spot, near London Bridge, when, after the purchase of it by the railway company, it was temporarily removed to the Surrey Gardens, where it was carried on until 1871.

In the meantime the governors and directors purchased of the Board of Works eight and a half acres of river-side land (half reclaimed) for £90,000. On this site the hospital was rebuilt on the pavilion system, but before this was adopted, continental hospitals were visited and well studied.

The essential feature of pavilion construction is the breaking up of a large hospital into a number of separate detached parts. Each is complete in itself, having nothing in common but the common administration; each division is as distinct in its ventilation as if it were miles away; and yet communication can be kept up with all parts of the hospital by means of light covered corridors.

In 1868 the first stone of the new hospital at Westminster Bridge was laid by the Queen. I do not suppose that any one present on that occasion will ever forget the sight. It was the first time our Queen had appeared publicly since her great sorrow, and the delight of her subjects collected under that tent, tempered with deep sympathy, was most touching.

In the short space of three years, the building was completed and also opened by the Queen.

In 1871 the patients were admitted, and the Medical School was opened.

The magnificent blocks of building which face the Houses of Parliament form one of the chief features of the river-side, but the work which goes on within is known only to a few.

It would take a year's steady labour to get a full knowledge of all which goes on night and day within these buildings; and therefore it cannot be expected that a few visits will produce a very large bundle of sheaves. But we will tell faithfully what we have seen, what we have gleaned, and what the impression upon us has been.

THE HYMN-WRITERS OF WALES AND THEIR HYMNS.

VI.—VERSES WITH A HISTORY.

NO story of the Welsh hymns would be complete without a note on the influence of single verses. The hymn book in the pew is an innovation—quite within recent years—of Welsh church-life. The hymn-book used to be the private property of the pulpit. Consequently the people had to learn their favourite hymns by heart; and a very profitable exercise it always is. A hymn in a book, however admirable its composition may be, is at best only a work of religious art. A hymn within the heart is life. But in learning hymns a special verse of each often stands out from among its sister verses. The latter may be forgotten; the one clings to the memory. This single verse of Williams, Pantycelyn, has been the password of many a powerful revival; the last two lines being doubled and trebled over and over again, as the

hearts of the congregation were moved by the breath from Calvary.

Jesu's blood can raise the feeble
As a conqueror to stand;
Jesu's blood is all-prevailing
O'er the mighty of the land:
Let the breezes
Blow from Calvary on me.

It is an old funeral custom in country districts of the Principality to sing on the road from the house to the churchyard. The funerals are mostly public, and there is generally a large concourse of people. The procession moves slowly on, singing here and there, as it moves, some measured, mournful melody, with a wondrously touching effect. If any one has ever heard this music of the dead coming with muffled far-off tones from some narrow, lonely glen, he will never forget it. It is a minor melody that is sung; but the words are probably the language of hope triumphant, such as the following verse:

There shall be thousand wonders,
At break of day, to see
The children of the tempests
From tribulation free;
All in their shining garments,
Possessing perfect state:
Upon their Saviour's likeness,
They leave the prison-gate.

But no single verse has such a romantic incident in its history as the one given below; written, as it was, by Williams on the occasion of the memorable Lisbon earthquake:

If Thou wouldst end the world, O Lord,
Accomplish first Thy promised word·
And gather home with one accord
From every part Thine own:
Send out Thy word from pole to pole,
And with Thy blood make thousands whole,
Till health has come to every soul,
And after that—come down!

In February, 1797, the French effected a landing near Fishguard, in Pembrokeshire. Napoleon was then a name of terror to England; and the news of the landing spread through the country with the rushing violence of a prairie fire, bringing with it wherever it went an overwhelming sense of doom. Mounted heralds posted through the length and breadth of Wales, without waiting to ascertain the force of the enemy. In every village and town the terrible message was left, and people generally made ready for the bitter end of all things. One of these fiery heralds happened to pass by the Independent Chapel at Rhydybont, Cardiganshire, where a preaching service was being held at the time. Mysteriously he whispered his wild message to some one near the door, and away he went again to scatter broadcast the seeds of a storm. From one to another in the chapel the news mysteriously flashed—the curiosity of those who did not know being almost as tragic as the consternation of those who knew. The preacher was confounded, and he was compelled to stop and ask for the cause of such unseemly commotion. Some one shouted—"The French have landed at Fishguard!" Bad before, it was worse now. Had a lightning struck the house, the panic could scarcely have been more overpowering. No one durst move or speak; the preacher himself sat down in the midst of his sermon utterly overborne. Only one soul was found equal to the occasion—and that a woman's soul. Let the name of Nancy Jones not be forgotten in the chronicles of noble women who have dared and endured. She never for a moment slackened her hold of the Higher Will. She was a true daughter of the Great Revival: a neighbour, too, of David Jones, of Cayo. At many a service before that day, her voice had been sweetest and fullest in the fervour of song. She called to the preacher when he stopped—"Go on: if the French are at Fishguard, we have God to take care of us." But the preacher still declined. A neighbour of hers—David John Edmund by name—was present, remarkable for his gift in prayer. To him she turned next, and asked him to pray. But even he was not one of five that could chase a hundred that day. "Well, then," she said, "give a verse out for us to sing." No; David John had no heart for so much as that. "Very well," this mother in Israel added, "I shall give out a verse myself, and you start the tune." Calm and solemn and sweet echoed the words through the building—

If Thou wouldst end the world, O Lord,-

and so on to the end of the verse. Great was the fall of David John; even his tunes had taken unto themselves wings. She had to start the tune herself; but scarcely had she struck the first notes before her courage with an electric thrill restored the congregation to spiritual consciousness. They joined in the song of their new Deborah; faith grew more steady and clear; the French were well-nigh forgotten in the glorious inspiration of "the promised word." A woman's faith has often in it something of a miracle.[1]

H. ELVET LEWIS.

BIBLE NOTES AND QUERIES.

J. B. quotes Matt. x. 28 (Luke xii. 4, 5), which literally, and in the R.V., reads: "Be not afraid of them which kill the body, but are not able to kill the soul; but rather fear him which is able to destroy both soul and body in hell (Gehenna)." Our correspondent asks: "Does *him* refer to the devil, as has been stoutly asserted, or does the original admit of two opinions on the matter?"

UNDOUBTEDLY, the words of the original may be construed either way, and Stier, in his "Words of the Lord Jesus," strongly contends that the reference is to Satan. But in this the great German expositor stands almost alone. The sense of the passage, and its parallelisms, seem to us decisive of its reference to God. Some-

[1] It should be noted that the specimens given in these papers are all original translations.—ED. S. H.

thing in the turn of expression is concealed in the ordinary version. The disciple is not to be "afraid of" his enemies, but he is to "fear" One greater than they. Compare Isaiah viii. 11–13: "Neither fear ye their fear nor be afraid; but let Jehovah be your fear." Nowhere is Satan represented as an object of fear as contrasted with those who are but his tools and emissaries. Again, the two kinds of fear would not, according to Stier's interpretation, be contrasted; but would rest substantially on the same ground, being different degrees of the same dread of evil. Then, it is not Satan who "has power to cast into hell" (Luke). This is the doom of sin divinely inflicted. "According to Thy fear, so is Thy wrath." The Apostle James may have had our Lord's words in mind when he wrote, "There is one Lawgiver, who is able to save and to destroy" (iv. 12). Christ is speaking of the Father throughout, to be trusted for His love, to be feared for His power.

A correspondent asks: "How is Matt. xxvii. 5 to be understood in connection with Acts i. 18?"

These passages describe the death of Judas Iscariot: and there are two main differences. 1. According to Matthew, the chief priests bought the potter's field; according to Luke (a parenthesis in the discourse of St. Peter) Judas himself appears to have purchased it. But it should be noted that the literal rendering of Acts i. 18 (R.V.) is "This man obtained a field with the reward of his iniquity." It was regarded as his, because bought with his money; as much as to say, "This was all that came of his bargain!" 2. The two accounts of the traitor's death plainly supplement each other, and if we knew all the facts we should be able to place the incidents together. Most expositors have adopted the supposition, which is likely enough, that the suicide first hanged himself,—possibly on some tree,—and that the cord or the branch gave way, with the terrible consequences described by St. Luke. Dr. Hackett, "Commentary on the Acts," writes of his visit to the valley of Hinnom: "As I stood on the rocky terraces which hang over it, I felt that this proposed explanation is entirely natural. I measured the precipitous, almost perpendicular, walls in different places, and found the height to be, variously, 40, 36, 33, 30, and 25 feet. Trees still flourish on the margin of these precipices, and in ancient times must have been still numerous in the same place. A rocky pavement exists also at the bottom of the ledges; and hence, on that account too, a person falling from above would be liable to be crushed and mangled as well as killed."

A. P. quotes the words of Satan in the Temptation (Luke iv. 6.): "All this power will I give Thee, and the glory of them, for that is delivered unto me, and to whomsoever I will, I give it," and asks: "Is all the power and glory of the world really delivered unto Satan?"

Assuredly not! He who uttered the words "standeth not in the truth, because there is no truth in him. When he speaketh lies, he speaketh of his own, because he is a liar and the father thereof" (John viii. 44). It is here that Satan is, practically, ruler of "this world," i.e., of the system of things opposed to God and righteousness (John xii. 31; 2 Cor. iv. 4; Eph. ii. 2, vi. 12). Scripture teaches us not only that this power shall come to an end, but that even now Christ is rightful King. There has been no "deliverance" of the kingdom to Satan, only an usurpation. True, in the willingness of men to submit to him, it has often seemed as though the bowing down to him is the surest way of success. There is some colour for the Satanic boast "Worship me,"—submit to my methods of force and falsehoods, and you will win honour, wealth, power: and there is undoubtedly a form of power and glory of the world that comes this way. But even in the present condition of things, that power turns to feebleness, that glory to shame. Only truth, and righteousness, and love, are lastingly mighty, and the cross is the way to the crown.

A. P. asks for an explanation of the words: "And the Lord added to the church daily such as should be saved." (Acts ii. 47.)

Our correspondent probably finds a difficulty in the suggestion of *purpose* in the words "such as should be," and may therefore be referred to the Revised Version, where the correct translation is given: "such as were being saved." So 1 Cor. i. 18; 2 Cor. ii. 15. It is not affirmed that they had been saved, or that they would finally be saved, but that they were in the way of salvation. They had not finished the journey safely, nor is it affirmed that they would infallibly so finish it, but they were on the road.

The same correspondent asks the meaning of Acts xiii. 48: "And as many as were ordained to eternal life believed."

"Set in order for eternal life" is the exact meaning of the expression. There is no reference here to predestination, only to the fact that the persons spoken of were disposed (Alford), as soldiers are disposed in array to march to a given point. The contrast is between the ready preparedness of these persons and the recusance of those Jews who "judged themselves unworthy of eternal life." [The reason why the word *disposed* would be an unsuitable rendering is, that it suggests the thought that the believing is the result of a person's own "disposition" in the ordinary sense; that is, of his own thoughts and purposes.] Another form of the same word is found in 1 Cor. xvi. 15, "addicted themselves," more literally "set themselves, to ministry for the saints."

In the sealing of the tribes of the children of Israel (Rev. vii. 4–8), why is the tribe of Dan omitted?

Probably because this tribe had become long ago practically extinct. In the genealogies of

Israel (1 Chronicles iv.–viii.) Dan is likewise omitted. The territory of this tribe was divided into two parts, the southern portion being soon absorbed by Judah; while the northern, at the extremity of Palestine, lost its separate existence, its memorial existing only in the name of the frontier-town (as in the phrase "from Dan to Beer-sheba"). But the ancient expositors generally explain the omission mystically. Dan was a tribe specially noted for idolatry (Judges xviii.). Hengstenberg, following in part the old interpretations, remarks, "The declaration 'without are idolators' (Rev. xxii. 15) is symbolically represented by the exclusion of Dan." And Bishop Wordsworth writes: "We have here a protest against idolatry, as wholly disqualifying for admission into the number of God's saints." In Jacob's dying address Dan is described as "a serpent in the way, an adder in the path." Hence it was surmised that the Antichrist would spring from Dan, as the Christ from Judah. We need not go into these theories: the explanation above given seems sufficient. As twelve tribes were to be enumerated in the ideal Israel, and Joseph reckoned for two (Ephraim, here called "Joseph," and Manasseh), one other tribe must be omitted; and the smallest is marked for the purpose.

THE KING'S CUP-BEARERS.

"I DO wish it would clear up, Aunt Kate! Are those clouds never going to break?" cried a girl of seventeen, as she stood drumming with her fingers on the window-pane of a comfortably furnished morning-room, looking out on a neatly kept garden.

"I expect they will by-and-by, if you will only have a little patience, dear," said her aunt with a smile, as she looked up for a moment from an infant's robe she was embroidering.

"I can't think how you can go on stitching at that frock so hard, Aunt Kate. I am sure you must be tired to death of it."

"No, I am not," said her aunt cheerfully, "and even if I were, you know there is not much time to spare; it is the only thing left now, and I must get it done before we go next week."

"Yes, I suppose so!" said the girl listlessly. "I wonder you ever undertook it—really it was very good of you," she added with more animation, as she glanced at the neatly folded pile of little garments that lay on the table beside her aunt.

"I am only too glad to do what I can to help your dear mother; with so many at home, and her delicate health, I often wonder how she gets through all she has to do. But, no doubt, you are a great help to her, Gertrude," she added with a smile; "she must miss her eldest daughter."

Gertrude was silent, though a blush overspread her features, as she flashed a quick glance at the speaker, who however continued her work without raising her eyes.

"I dare say she does, in a way, Aunt Kate," she said, after a moment's pause; "but I don't think—that is—I'm afraid, I am not so much use as you think."

"Surely you must be mistaken, my child," said her aunt. "There are so many ways in which you may lighten your dear mother's burden."

"Yes, I suppose there are," said Gertrude slowly, "but you know, auntie, the boys are dreadfully tiresome, and Edith never will do what I tell her, nor let Helen if she can help it. So I find the less I have to do with them the better; I go my way, and let them go theirs; it is much the easiest plan."

"The easiest for yourself, no doubt, my dear," said her aunt, "but surely not for your mother?"

"Well, auntie, I'll just tell you how it was. When I left school, mother thought I might teach the little ones, and I did try it for a few months, but it was no use, so I gave it up."

"It requires a good deal of patience, I know, dear," said her aunt gently.

"Indeed it does, auntie," exclaimed Gertrude eagerly, "and that's just what I haven't got."

"All the more need to strive for it, my child; don't you think so?"

Gertrude coloured. "Oh, but you don't know how hard it was," she exclaimed, "and mother said she was tired of seeing the children so often in disgrace. I'm sure it wasn't my fault. I was obliged to punish them when they were naughty, or I should never have got them to do anything; but mother said at last that she thought I wasn't old enough—it was her doing that I gave it up."

"No doubt, my dear, she was certainly the best judge; but that is not the only way you can help her, is it?"

"I don't know anything else I can do; at least, I don't think . . . You know I don't like work, and I don't do it well—and mother says she would rather do it herself than see it badly done."

"I quite agree with her, my dear. I should say the same in her place. But——"

"Well, then, auntie, what else is there? I did say when I first came home, that I would have one of the little ones in my room, and look after her clothes, and be a sort of mother to her. I thought it would be rather nice, and mother was quite willing; so I chose Marcia, but I soon found that she meddled with my things, and woke me too early in the morning, and was always wanting to come in and fetch something when I was there, so that I never could feel that the room was my own. I really couldn't go on with it, so mother said she might go back to her dressing-room where she was before."

"Then your mother doesn't mind not having her room to herself, I suppose, dear?" said Mrs. Etheridge quietly.

"Oh, I don't know, auntie. I never thought about it, but you see she is used to it; she has always had one of them."

"Ah, just so—perhaps that makes it easier."

Gertrude looked up at her aunt with an uncomfortable feeling that her meaning was not what the words seemed to imply; and for a moment the wish arose in her heart that she had borne more patiently with her little sister's presence.

Mrs. Etheridge glanced at her niece, and was about to say something more, when she checked herself, and, gathering up her work, exclaimed: "See, Gertrude, the clouds are breaking at last. If you will put on your things quickly, we shall still have time to take the jelly to little Willie Marsden before dinner. A breath of air will be pleasant, and the rain must have laid the dust thoroughly."

"All right, auntie, I'll be ready in a moment," said Gertrude, as she sprang lightly upstairs, glad in her secret heart that the conversation had been brought to an end.

Mrs. Etheridge had been a widow for many years, and still lived in the house which had been the home of her happy married life. Her husband, a doctor with a considerable country practice, had been deservedly loved and respected alike by rich and poor. Gertrude Loxale was the child of his favourite sister, and was bound to her aunt not only by the ties of relationship, but by one yet stronger. She was Mrs. Etheridge's godchild; and not having seen much of her during school-life, her godmother had petitioned for a long visit from her, and Mrs. Loxale willingly consented, hoping much from her sister-in-law's influence over the girl, and thinking that after the unsuccessful start she had made in her home life, it would be better both for her and her sisters that there should be a break before the experiment was tried again. She had been staying at Kirkdale for nearly three months, during which time Mrs. Etheridge had carefully watched her, and though owing to the desire to please her aunt, and the absence of those peculiar trials which inevitably fall to the lot of the eldest in a large family, she had appeared to much more advantage than she did at home, Mrs. Etheridge, who was a keen observer, had nevertheless formed a pretty correct estimate of her character, and being really fond of the girl and deeply interested in her welfare, determined if possible to be the means of opening her eyes to the selfishness that lay at the root of all her failures.

The visit was drawing to an end, and Mrs. Etheridge was about to return with her niece to Rushmoor, where Gertrude's parents lived. She had often led the conversation to the subject of home duties, but Gertrude had never spoken so openly as this morning, and as she went upstairs to dress for her walk Mrs. Etheridge pondered anxiously on the best means of helping her to become a comfort to her over-taxed mother.

The fresh breeze that had sprung up during the last half-hour had scattered the clouds and was fast restoring the roads to their normal condition of powdery whiteness.

As Gertrude and her aunt walked briskly along they met the rector, who had just turned out of his garden gate, and was advancing rapidly towards them.

"I was just on my way to see you, Mrs. Etheridge," he said, holding out his hand in greeting, "or rather," he added with a smile, "my errand was more to this young lady."

Gertrude looked inquiringly.

"I am almost ashamed of coming upon you again," he said hesitatingly. "You have been so good in helping before; but I want to know if you would mind taking Mabel's class in the Sunday-school to-morrow. She has a very bad cold, and her mother is afraid of her being laid up again. We are obliged to be very careful, you know, since that attack of rheumatic fever last winter."

"Certainly," said Mrs. Etheridge, "you are quite right. I am sure Gertrude will be pleased to do it; won't you, dear?" and as the girl smilingly assented, the rector said heartily: "I wish we had you always at hand, my dear; I can always find plenty of work for willing workers; but we should have your mother down upon us for taking away her right hand! Well, after all, it doesn't matter where we work so long as we do what comes to hand. The honour of being the King's cup-bearers is open to us all, isn't it?" he said, glancing at the basket in Gertrude's hand. Remember me very kindly to your mother, my dear, and tell her she is very good to have spared you so long. I know she must miss her eldest daughter!"

Gertrude made no reply, but the colour rose to her cheek as for the second time that day the same words sounded in her ears, and she walked silently by her aunt's side as the rector turned back with them towards the village.

"We are going to lose you for a while, I hear, Mrs. Etheridge," he remarked, "but I hope you will not desert us for long. Kirkdale looks very forlorn when you are away."

"I hope to be back in six or seven weeks, but I cannot tell exactly. Circumstances will determine the length of my stay."

"Well, there will be plenty to welcome you back, whenever you come," said the rector heartily. "Our roads part here, I see; there is a short cut across this field to Widow Hartop's, where I have to go; but I shan't say good-bye now, we shall meet again before you go," and shaking hands heartily with both, he crossed the stile, and in another minute was out of sight.

As Gertrude and her aunt reached the cottage where lay the little invalid they were on their way to visit, the door opened, and a girl rather younger than Gertrude came out carrying a baby, and leading by the hand a little boy just able to walk; while another, a year or two older, clung to her skirt.

"Is your mother in, Maggie?" inquired Mrs. Etheridge. "But I needn't ask," she added, with a smile, "as I see you are going out. I know you never both leave Willie—how is he?"

"Very sadly, ma'am, thank you. I'm just going to fetch some stuff from the doctor's now. He was in this morning, and says he won't last long; it has put mother about sadly," and tears filled her eyes as she spoke.

"You must be brave, Maggie, for her sake, and I know you will," said Mrs. Etheridge kindly, laying her hand upon the girl's shoulder. "She has often told me what a comfort you are," she added, bending down to look at the sleeping infant, and with a grateful look at her, Maggie passed hastily out.

When Mrs. Etheridge, followed by Gertrude, entered the cottage, she saw no one, but directed by sounds overhead, she advanced towards the staircase that led to the upstair rooms. Half-way up, her face covered with her apron, sat the poor mother, trying in vain to stifle the sobs that would have their way.

"I have just seen Maggie," said Mrs. Etheridge gently, "so I know what troubles you; but I am sure you wouldn't keep poor little Willie suffering here, when the Good Shepherd wants him in the fold above."

The sobs ceased as the mother looked up, though her tears still fell fast, as she said, "It is sad to see him suffer so, poor lamb; he has just dropped asleep, and I've put Rhoda to watch by him. He had a bad turn an hour ago; the doctor was in, and says he'll maybe go off in one of 'em," and she burst into a fresh flood of tears.

Mrs. Etheridge did not attempt to check her for awhile, but as the sobs grew less violent, she spoke a few soothing words, and gently led her on to speak of her other children.

"I saw the baby with Maggie," she said. "She seems to be very fond of him."

"Fond of him!" echoed the mother; "she's that fond, I believe she'd give her life for him any day. But there, she's like a mother to them all, and she don't mind how she slaves and works if she can help to make them comfortable. I often say I never saw her like."

"No wonder you can't spare her to go to service, Mrs.

Marsden. I have sometimes thought of offering to get her a place."

"Well, ma'am, I'm had it on my mind a goodish bit as she'd ought to be doing something for herself, and I've said as much to the father, but he is loth to part with her, and me being in such poor health and all, we've put it off time upon time."

"And does Maggie herself wish to go?"

"Well, it is but natural, as she should like to be earning a bit you know, ma'am; but she never seems to give a thought to herself so long as she can help her father and me. It is always 'Plenty of time, mother—I'll wait till you're a bit stronger, and the children are out of hand,' whenever we talk about it."

"Rhoda is getting on now—she will soon be able to take Maggie's place and set her free, I should think," said Mrs. Etheridge inquiringly.

"I wish she may, ma'am, but I'm afraid she is another sort. She's clever enough with her book, and likes to go to school and that; but she makes a trouble of everything she has to do at home, and hasn't Maggie's way with the little ones at all. I'd rather by half do a job for any of 'em myself than put Rhoda to it. She might go to service for the use she is at home, only it don't seem fair to Maggie."

"Well," said Mrs. Etheridge, "depend upon it Maggie won't lose anything by being a comfort and help to her parents; she is but young yet, and when the time comes that you can spare her, I will undertake to find her a good place."

"Thank you kindly, ma'am," said Mrs. Marsden, "and though I say it as perhaps shouldn't, whoever gets her will get a treasure; it don't seem to matter to Maggie who it is as wants help. She's always ready to give it to any as stands in need."

"Ah!" said Mrs. Etheridge with a smile, "then she's one of 'the King's cup-bearers' that our good rector was speaking of this morning. You needn't fear for her, Mrs. Marsden; we have the King's own word for it that 'they shall in no wise lose their reward!'"

No word was spoken on the way home on the subject that was uppermost in the mind of both aunt and niece. Mrs. Etheridge rightly judged that the lesson had gone home, and wisely left it to do its own work. Two or three days passed away, and still Gertrude was silent; but the night before they were to leave Kirkdale, Mrs. Etheridge, who had been helping her niece with the preparations for her journey, turned to leave the room, saying as she did so, "Good-night, my child, we must be up betimes to-morrow, so get to bed early. I am glad I am going with you," she added cheerfully, as she saw tears in Gertrude's eyes. "I hope you have given a good look round, dear, so as to leave nothing behind."

"Indeed, auntie," said Gertrude, hiding her face on Mrs. Etheridge's shoulder, "I hope I have left one thing behind, and that is my selfishness. I do mean to try when I get home, God helping me, to be one of 'the King's cup-bearers.'"

E. PROSSER.

SCRIPTURE ENIGMA.

NO. XIII.

A tent in which was placed the sacred ark?
Its special holy chamber, veiled and dark?
Where did this treasure pass to alien hands?
And whither carried by those warlike bands?
What, with the manna, does this chest enclose?
Where did it rest when fetched from Israel's foes?
When taken thence what beasts the burden drew,
When God, in anger, sinful Uzzah slew?
And, when the sacred ark the Levites bare,
What did king David and the singers wear?
What building formed its latest resting-place?
A youthful priest who died in sad disgrace?
When God smote Gath where was the ark conveyed?
What figures for the mercy-seat were made?
Who took the ark (when David did not dare)
Home to his house, and found a blessing there?
What, worked with purple, scarlet, white, and blue,
Concealed the holy ark from public view?
Who, when the ark was taken, backward fell?
The number of his years correctly tell?
Who stood within the veil, the ark beside?
Whose threshing-floor was near where Uzzah died?
Abinadab received with reverent care
The ark; how long the time it tarried there?

With golden censer, and with Aaron's rod,
And manna, too, is named this ark of God
With tables of the law which Moses bore
One verse suffices to recount them o'er;
Find it within a letter to the Jews,
Which Moses' ceremonial law reviews,
And shows it all completed in the day
When Christ, once offered, bore our sins away;
The name by which the ark therein is known
By those initial letters will be shown.

L. T.

SCRIPTURE CHARACTER

NO. V.

1. He was a king of Judah.
2. His father was a very pious king.
3. His name as king was not the one he had borne before.
4. He protected one of the prophets.
5. The same prophet gave him good advice.
6. He disregarded that advice.
7. He lost his kingdom in consequence.
8. The conqueror treated him with great cruelty.

ANSWER TO SCRIPTURE SCENE.

NO. II. p. 256.

Jesus and the young ruler. Matt. xix. 16–22.

ANSWER TO SCRIPTURE CHARACTER.

NO. III. p. 256.—LABAN.

1. The Syrian, Gen. xxviii. 5.
2. Gen. xxviii. 2.
3. Gen. xxix. 15.
4. Gen. xxxi. 7.
5. Gen. xxxi. 9.
6. Gen. xxxi. 30, 32.
7. Gen. xxxi. 48.

ANSWER TO SCRIPTURE ENIGMA.

NO. X. p. 286.—ENDURE HARDNESS.—2 Tim. ii. 3.

E-liab	1 Sam. xvii. 28.
N-aomi	Ruth i. 2, 17.
D-elilah	Judges xvi. 18, 19.
U-z	Job i. 1; ii. 7.
R-hoda	Acts xii. 13–15.
E-sau	Gen. xxvi. 34, 35.
H-annah	1 Sam. i. 13–15.
A-ntipas	Rev. ii. 13.
R-immon	2 Kings v. 18.
D-avid	2 Sam. xv. 7, 8.
N-ebat	1 Kings xii. 2, 28.
E-gypt	Gen. xxxix. 1.
S-ychar	John iv. 5, 6.
S-amuel	1 Sam. vii. 15–17.

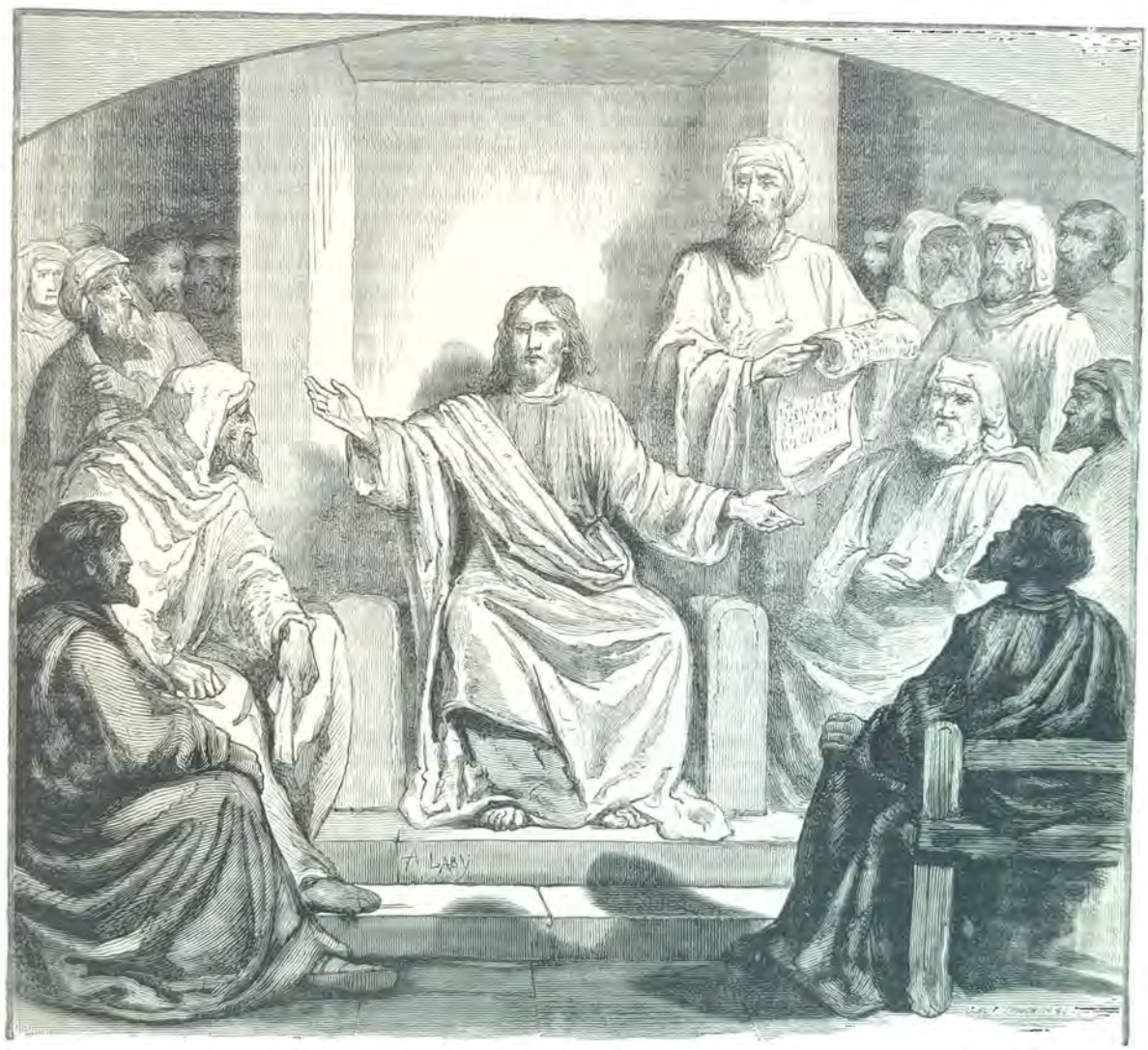
THE SUNDAY AT HOME

O DAY MOST CALM, MOST BRIGHT! . . .
THE WEEK WERE DARK BUT FOR THY LIGHT.—*Herbert.*

CHRIST THE COUNSELLOR.

BY THE VERY REV. G. A. CHADWICK, D.D., DEAN OF ARMAGH.

"His name shall be called . . . Counsellor."—*Isa.* ix. 6.



"AND THE JEWS MARVELLED, SAYING, HOW KNOWETH THIS MAN LETTERS, HAVING NEVER LEARNED?"

THIS title is second among those by which Isaiah proclaimed the Son bestowed upon mankind, the Mighty God who was to be our Child. He knew that the Spirit of the Lord God which was upon Christ was the Spirit of counsel as well as might. And whether we observe or neglect the fact, it remains true that the wisdom of our despised and rejected Master inspires whatever is happiest and most prosperous, as well as holiest in the modern world. Do we think enough of His wisdom? We speak of Him as Redeemer, but His work avails for them only who hear His voice and follow Him.

We acknowledge Him our example; and thus

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What it was that she had promised to her son upon that night when all had believed that he must die, none knew save themselves. Reinée never asked, but the day was coming when she was to know, and when that promise was to be kept.

Clive's was the last serious case of diphtheria that occurred in the place. It had been on the decline before, and by the time he was convalescent, the malady had quite disappeared, and under the improved sanitary conditions which Wulfric had urged upon the authorities, it seemed probable that the place would be more healthy than it had ever been before.

Wulfric had not spared himself during this time of sickness and trouble. He had worked hand and head, night and day, against the common foe, and had won golden opinions from his townsfolk as well as from the sufferers themselves. No one attempted to deny or even to doubt that it was to his forethought, skill, and indomitable energy that they owed the salvation of many valuable lives, as well as the prevention of the spread of infection, and if the young doctor's popularity had been doubtful before, it was an established fact now.

But Wulfric was not to escape scot-free from his unremitting exertions during this trying time. He did not indeed fall a victim to the scourge itself, being, as he expressed it, infection proof; but when once the strain had passed, and the need for such ceaseless labour abated, then the reaction began to set in, and the intense personal anxiety he had suffered on Clive's account helped to exhaust such strength as was left him after the month of perpetual toil.

He did not break down altogether, but he went about looking like the shadow of his former self, and each day found him more unfit for his work and more worn out at its end than the one before had done.

Barbara and Celia pleaded in vain that he would spare himself and go away for a change and rest. He replied with unwonted irritability that he was quite well, and told them "not to bother him any more."

Mrs. Meynal was less observant than usual at this time, being much engrossed by the preparations for Celia's marriage, which was to take place some time early in the autumn, as Frank Leslie had had the presentation of a small country living bestowed upon him, and was to enter upon his duties early in October. He wished to take Celia with him to the new home, and the marriage was consequently to take place about the middle of September. This approaching event occupied the minds of mother and daughter very much, and it was only Barbara who had leisure to feel really distressed by fears for Wulfric.

But there were others upon whom his wan looks and visible failure of strength were not lost. Reinée's sweet eyes rested upon him sometimes with a vague sense of trouble, and as Clive recovered more and more of his normal strength he too would look sharply at Wulfric and draw his own conclusions about him.

And when the day came on which the young doctor recommended for his convalescent patient a change to a more bracing air, Clive stretched his limbs and laughed as he answered, "I'll go gladly on one condition, Meynal, and that is that you go with me."

"I?" questioned Wulfric rather sharply.

"Yes, you," returned Clive. "I've had the idea in my head ever since a friend of mine wrote to offer me the use of a shooting box of his in Scotland that he won't want till the twelfth of August—a good six weeks off. It is a jolly place, all amongst the moors, where the air is like new wine, and will make new fellows of both of us. Come, Meynal, be reasonable; you want a change more than I do, and you know it. Come with me to Scotland next week."

Wulfric drew a long breath.

"There is nothing I should like better—if——"

"If what?"

"The practice I was thinking of."

"Oh bother the practice! You must get a *locum tenens*. You know as well as I do that you are horribly seedy, and will break down sooner or later if you go on like this. Be a sensible fellow, and give up before you are forced."

Wulfric rested his aching head on his hand.

"I believe you are right, Clive; and it is inexpressibly tempting. When do you propose going?"

"Can you be ready by Monday morning? To day is Thursday."

"Yes, I'll try. I dare say I can. It is very good your asking me, Clive. I shouldn't have energy to make a start alone."

"Exactly, and I don't feel man enough to travel without a medical attendant," answered Clive, his eyes twinkling with a sort of sleepy humour. "Then that is all settled. You'll be ready to start on Monday for town, and we will go north in a sleeping-car that night. Leave all the rest to me. You'll have quite enough on your hands without being bothered by plans."

This was true enough. Wulfric was feeling wretchedly ill and exhausted, and the very sense of relaxation that came with the resolution to give up work and take a holiday seemed to make any kind of exertion the more difficult. But when he went home and told Barbara what had happened, he was relieved of all further trouble in the matter. She wrote the needful letters, securing him a substitute, let people know of the arrangement, settled matters as to the housing of the new comer, and promised to look after things in his absence as far as the poorer patients were concerned and keep him well informed of everything.

Wulfric was very grateful for the capable energy thus displayed by his sister, and his quiet thanks and the smile with which he told her that Fergus would find himself a lucky fellow some day, was reward enough to the warm-hearted girl, who was never happier than when actively engaged in some service for her favourite brother.

Mrs. Meynal had no complaints now against Wulfric. She was thoroughly aroused to anxiety by his looks, and entered with more energy than was usual with her into the arrangements to facilitate his early departure.

He was very listless and unwell himself, so

much so that it was difficult for him to regard with much sense of pleasure the proposed change; still the idea of rest was very welcome, and he knew that when once he had got away from the association of the place where he had worked so hard, and known so much of anxiety and distress, he should be his old self again. Change and bracing up were all he needed, and he was glad that they were forced upon him without any need for exertion on his part.

Clive and his mother had a long talk after Wulfric had left that day, the result of which was that Reinée and Mr. Dumaresq together with a good many servants started for Scotland the next day, whilst mother and son remained at the Hall till Monday, and took Wulfric Meynal with them.

Wulfric was feeling so languid and ill that he hardly troubled his head over the unexpected presence of Mrs. Dumaresq and her maid. He supposed at first that they were only going up to town; and even when he found out that they were in the Scotch express with him and his friend, it never occurred to him that it was a family party he was invited to join at the shooting box. He quite believed that he and Clive were to share it together.

They arrived there rather early in the morning, and both he and his patient were sufficiently fatigued with the long night journey to go straight to their rooms, and Wulfric slept until wakened by the westering sun, which was now slanting into the room and glinting upon his face from the half-opened casement.

He found that it was seven o'clock and that he had slept nearly twelve hours. He felt better already. The keen sharp air blowing off the heathery moorland stirred his pulses and gave him a new feeling of vigour. He was glad to think that the dinner hour could not be very far distant.

Remembering Mrs. Dumaresq's presence in the house he dressed himself with scrupulous propriety and descended to the drawing room, but at the open door-way he paused with a start of surprise, for there was Reinée, the only occupant of the room, standing beside the long French window and singing softly to herself.

In a minute she had seen him and had advanced with a graceful and gracious welcome.

"But, Miss Dumaresq, how came you here? I thought it was only Clive who was coming north."

"Oh, no," answered Reinée with a bright smile, "did you think we could spare our boy and lose sight of him whilst he is still so much the invalid. Not even our confidence in you, Dr. Meynal, could quite reconcile us to that. Did you think it was to the luxury of a bachelor-household you were coming? Clive should not have deluded you by that tempting proposition only to disappoint you in the end."

Reinée spoke with the frank gaiety so natural to her, but the light in the dark eyes bent upon her made her suddenly pause and colour. They had not been alone together, those two, since the day on which Clive had been stricken down so nearly to death, when he had pressed his lips upon Reinée's hand and told her that he loved her.

Neither of them had forgotten that moment, and it was suddenly present in both their minds this evening as they stood together in the sunset glow.

"I am glad you are here, Reinée," said Wulfric very quietly, with just a little hesitation upon the Christian name which robbed his use of it from the least suspicion of undue familiarity, "for I have something to say to you—something to explain—and this meeting will give me my opportunity."

Her eyes had been cast down, but now they were raised for a moment to his, and something in the sweet serenity and trustfulness he read in their calm depths made his heart beat with unwonted rapidity. The entrance, however, of Mr. Dumaresq put an end to the *tête-à-tête*, nor was it renewed during the pleasant evening that followed. Reinée played and sang to them, whilst Clive lay on the sofa and teased his sister, or caressed the deerhound whom they had found as a fixture in the house. Wulfric played chess and talked politics with Mr. Dumaresq, and he was somewhat closely watched and listened to by his hostess, although he was not in the least aware of it.

That night Mrs. Dumaresq followed Reinée into her room, and began to speak with an abruptness unusual with her.

"Clive tells me," she said, looking straight at her daughter, "that he believes you and Wulfric Meynal to be mutually attached. Is this so?"

Reinée's fair face flushed, but her glance did not falter.

"Mamma," she said, with a little quiver in her voice, "that is a very hard question to answer now. Please do not ask me any more, but trust me to tell you everything, if there is anything you ought to know; and to keep the promise I made you, never to—to—to act in great things without your consent."

Mrs. Dumaresq looked at her daughter steadily, her own lips quivering slightly; then she took Reinée's face between her hands, and kissed it.

"You are a good child," she said, with more of feeling than was expressed by the words alone. "You have always been a loving and dutiful daughter, and I will not stand in the way of your future happiness. I can keep a promise, too, and it is after all less hard to sacrifice pride than love. If you discover in days to come that you and Wulfric Meynal love one another, you may promise yourself to him with my free consent. Yes, child, I have learned some lessons of late, and I would rather, I trust now, see you married to a good and a God-fearing man than the wife of one who could only bring you wealth and rank without happiness and peace."

"Mother! mother!" cried Reinée, breaking into sudden happy tears. "Oh, dear, dear mother, you have made me so happy—so very happy. I can never be glad or grateful enough."

The days that followed seemed to fly upon wings. It was not easy for Wulfric to see Reinée alone, for he was in great request himself, and she was more shy than was usual with her. But in the cordial unconstrained atmosphere of that house it was impossible to be anything but happy

and content, and Wulfric was for once ready to let himself drift along and make no great efforts to take the management of events into his own hands.

His bodily health established itself rapidly, far more rapidly than did that of Clive, who still looked white and frail, and was incapable of any prolonged exertion. Wulfric and Reinée were his devoted slaves, and it would be hard to say which of the three enjoyed this close companionship the most.

And Clive, who watched these two with the keenness of an unselfish love, was convinced of the correctness of the conclusion at which he had arrived before, and was anxious for an understanding to be arrived at between them, as he had a lingering fear lest some scruple on Wulfric's part should allow him to consider her wealth and birth as a barrier between them.

It was his doing at length that an excursion was planned to a distant ruin, to which he and his parents should proceed in a carriage, and the other two on horseback. This arrangement would give them the opportunity to say anything that might be upon their minds; and yet there was nothing strained in the situation. Wulfric could speak or be silent as he chose.

Had Clive but known it, there was little need for words now between Wulfric and his sister. That sympathy of soul that seems so often to bind two natures together, had, during the past week, been exercising its sweet spell over both their hearts; and the footing on which he was placed in the house made it plain to Wulfric that he need not let pride or humility (it is sometimes hard to know which it should be called) stand in his way. He loved Reinée—he believed himself loved by her in return; and now he felt certain that her parents would not attempt to oppose her in following out the dictates of her own heart. A deep sense of happiness and well-being had settled upon his spirit; and for this each day of his life he thanked the great Giver of all good things.

As they rode over the wild, trackless moor together, and watched the wavering lights and shadows, as the sunshine chased the clouds across the quivering blue sky, a great sense of peace and delight came over them both. It seemed as if they two were in some beautiful new world, alone with each other, and with Him Who had made it very good.

At the top of a moorland ridge which commanded a wide view over ranges of purple hills and dark fir-crowned ridges, they drew rein by mutual consent and gazed before them as in a dream.

"Is it not lovely?" said Reinée softly at length.

Her voice seemed to break the spell of silence. Wulfric took off his hat and shook back the tumbled hair from his brow, drawing a long breath as he did so. Then he turned and looked at her.

"Reinée," he said.

Her eyes sought his with a sweet trusting confidence. She knew what was coming, and yet she did not blush or tremble. It seemed to her as if this supreme moment of her life had been lived many times over before.

He wheeled his horse round till he could look into her face, held out his hand to meet hers, and lifted it to his lips.

"Reinée," he said, in his deepest, lowest tone, "my Reinée—is it my Reinée?"

"Yes, Wulfric," she answered with a smile quivering over her face like moonlight upon rippling water, whilst the dew of happy tears stood in her eyes. He bent his head and kissed her, and lifting his hat again, he said very quietly and reverently:

"Thank God."

Perhaps no words could have chimed in better with Reinée's own feelings, or have set so sweet a seal upon their unspoken vows. She looked up in his face and read there all that depth of love that his lips could never frame in words, and which she felt it sweeter to be understood rather than spoken between them.

Perhaps no woman was ever more silently wooed and won than Reinée Dumaresq; but to her that silence of unutterable love was golden indeed, and she did not wish it to be broken.

He read her thought in her face, and smiled with a tender love and pride.

"You understand me, my Reinée," he said at last very gently. "I need not try to tell you how I love you."

"No," she answered softly. "I understand; I love you too."

And then in the sweet silence of unspeakable content, they rode on together over the sunny moorland.

IN THE PAYS DE VAUD.

BY ANNE BEALE.

CHAPTER I.—THE VILLAGE SCHOOL.

FROM the plateau of Villars-Chésières, in the Canton de Vaud, one looks upon scenes that are not only romantically grand, but homelike and interesting. Hotels and chalet-pensions command views of mountains and valleys, towns and villages, road and river, which are, at the same time, wild and cultivated. It is all unquestionably Swiss, but lacks some of the awful grandeur of the snow mountains and glaciers that the tourist loves to explore. Not that glacier and snow-mountain are altogether absent; for the glacier de Trient shows itself;

and on the three giants, the Dent du Midi, the Dent de Morcles, and the grand Muveran, lie crowns and garments of eternal snow, intermixed with the sterner grey of the bare and rugged rock.

The hamlet of Villars is over four thousand feet above the sea-level, and it takes four good hours to reach it in diligence from Aigle. Its twin sister Chésières lies below it, and both are picturesque with their surroundings of pine-forests, flowery slopes, and Alpine range. But from the Hôtel Grand Muveran at Villars, you look down upon the valley of the Rhone, and wonder that so famed a river should become so insignificant by distance, and resemble a straight road through a fertile vale, with the town of Monthey beyond it. Yet how glorious is the scene, with its amphitheatre of mountains in front, and its pine-clad slopes at back and sides! But one tires of descriptions of scenery, and turns, naturally, to human interests in connection with Nature; they are manifold in the huge hotel; but people are almost as weary of accounts of hotel life in these days, when everybody travels, as they are of scenery, so we will look abroad at the dwellings of the Swiss peasantry.

The village of Villars lies below the tableland on which are situated the more ostentatious abodes built to attract the tourist. These consist, as we have hinted, of hotels and pensions, where charges are reasonable, food and attendance good, and where that desideratum, rest to the weary worker, may be obtained. Rest! Yes, you may have it if you choose, but you must resist, as we did, the temptation to climb to the Diablerets, or the Chamossaire, whence Mont Blanc may be seen in all his grandeur, and be content with what is around and beneath you. "This Pays de Vaud," said the celebrated Charpentier, who would not quit the neighbourhood to accept an honourable post in his own Germany, "contains all that man could desire." We did, however, manage to catch sight of one of the shoulders of the giant.

The inhabitants were so friendly and hospitable that there was no difficulty in becoming acquainted with them. They are, moreover, Protestants, and speak French, so we were quite at home with them. The Canton de Vaud is one of the Protestant Cantons, and we only once or twice encountered a German-Swiss, whose patois was very difficult of comprehension. One of these, an old woman, had shown us over a chalet that she had built with her savings, between Chésières and Villars, and was not a pleasing specimen of the antique. She used the word *Monat* for month, and told us that she lived forty miles away, and had only come to let her house to any of the visitors who chose to take it. The influx of foreigners into these parts induces speculation, and the natives either build small chalets or do up their own dwellings in the hope of gain. The house was prettily ornamented with carved balcony and outer staircase, and might attract the unwary for the summer months; but comfort, there was none! Money, however, she would have, and the peasant is not quite untainted by avarice.

Of the flowers, who shall speak or write so as to convey a clear idea of their beauty and luxuriance? Haymaking had not yet begun, but the grass was ready for the sickle. Grass it could scarcely be called, since the flowers appeared to outnumber the green blades. The fields were ablaze with colour, and as we threaded the narrow paths that led through them, we walked in a huge garden of wild-flowers and tall grasses. A fine was imposed on all who should tread down these treasures, or stray from the paths; but we had only to stoop and pluck them as we kept the narrow way. Immense Easter daisies or marguerites towered above the grasses side by side with ranunculuses. and bell-flowers of every size and hue. Gems of every colour—pink, purple, blue, yellow, crimson, even delicate green—grew together in this idyllic profusion, the names of which we could not even guess at. One curious specimen, a peasant told us, was called *gueule de chèvre*, or goat's throat; and an apt name it was. As to the mountain violet, it was so large and "deeply beautifully blue," that we scarcely recognized the "violet by the mossy stone." So were the campanulas—gigantic harebells indeed!

While gazing, amazed at this profusion of Nature, her many voices haunted us. As to the grasshoppers their shrill chirp was audible everywhere, and we wondered what would become of them when the hay was mown—the corn-crake also mingled his hoarse voice with theirs, and it seemed as if they could not make noise enough. As to the hum of insects, it was as remarkable as their number. And we heard the cuckoo. Why was its plaintive cry almost unnatural up there among the pinewoods on that glorious June day? All is comparative, and to us the musical cow-bell echoing among the hills, sounded more appropriate than the cuckoo's call. Cows and goats were, however, for the most part imprisoned in those picturesque cattle chalets that dotted the hills, "until the hay was mown." They, like ourselves, were interdicted tramping down those huge flower-beds of the mountains.

Why no gleam of light was permitted to enter their sheds was incomprehensible. A flood of sunshine poured into one of them when the door was opened, and revealed to us two purely-white goats which advanced, ready either to escape or butt at the strangers who obstructed their exit. Their large dark eyes were dazzled by the light, and for a moment they seemed uncertain, but were soon reassured, and licked the hand of her who kept them so imprisoned.

"They come out sometimes," she said, "and are tethered near at hand; but our winters are cold, and we should all die if we let in the frost and snow."

The truth of this was as observable in chalet as shed. The windows, and there were but two, were little more than loop-holes, and all besides was contrived so as to keep out the cold. The fire-place was a large flat stone hollowed like a basin at the top for the fuel, and the chimney was a hole in the roof whence the smoke escaped into the curiously-shaped and roofed construction which received it without. Although it was

summer, cheerful flames ascended from the hollowed stone, and the wooden dwelling was not over-heated. Furniture and rafters were black as ebony from the smoke, and the two small rooms, with their earthen floors and primitive hardware and crockery, suggested that the inmates were, indeed, "inured to toil and bitter bread." And what of "the over-crowding"? A goodly show of children were at play without, and were very friendly and by no means shy. Indeed the children came round us wherever we went, examining our clothing, and taking great interest in our sketching. They were very well mannered, and looked picturesque in their blue pinafores and wide straw hats—or, in the case of the girls, tight-fitting, crocheted caps.

memorializing the Swiss government; but it was suggested that no earthly government could regulate the intense cold of the mountains. We learnt with pleasure, that cows and horses were transported to the milder shores of the Lake of Geneva, when the Villars season ended, and the dairy was closed with our hotel, for those bitter months when they were surrounded by dashing cataracts and frozen snows.

Wandering from wooden chalet to chalet we came upon the one stone house of the village, the school-house. The chalets are all of wood, and the surrounding pine-forests supply the material. The roofs are also of wood, laid like bricks, piece lapping over piece, and maintained intact by big stones laid at intervals on the curiously constructed roofage. We saw the master or régent, as he is called, and obtained permission to visit the school during class-time. At the moment, the scholars were dispersing with the customary glee of freed prisoners.

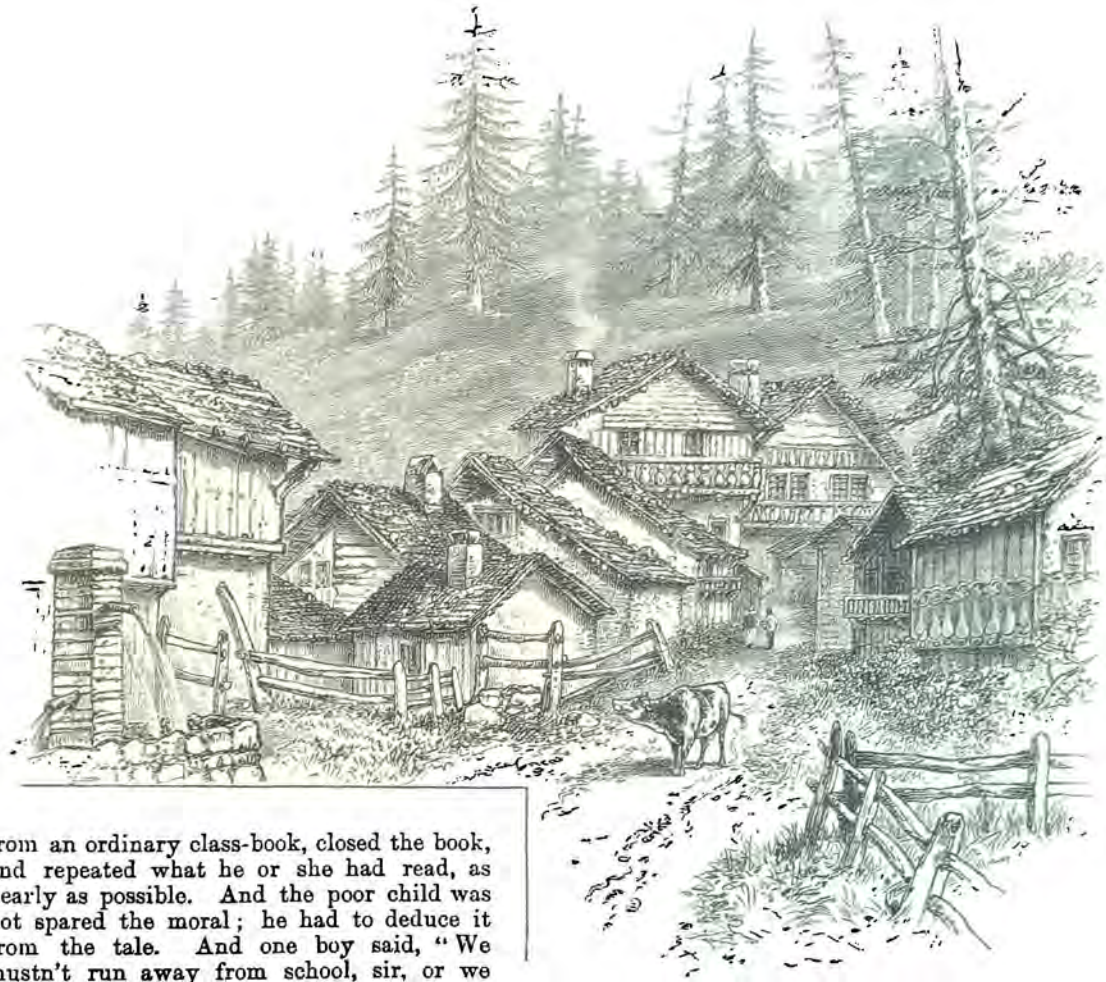
VILLARS.

It is always delightful to receive the hearty welcome of the poor, and the Swiss peasants are friendly and kind as any. Save during the three or four months of the tourist season, they must be an isolated class; for there were few, if any bettermost abodes. If a chalet of any pretension appeared, it was merely a summer residence, let to a family or a school come to Villars-Chésières for change and mountain air.

We could not get over the dark dens of the cattle, and were much afflicted when, subsequently, we visited the pretentious cow-houses, piggeries, and even stables of our host. Magnificent milch kine stood munching or chewing the cud, in the darkness of night, and with an exemplary patience; and it was a marvel how they ever got milked; but as for the swine, their grunts and groans, and efforts to get out were awful. One of our trio, a devoted lover of animals, was for

It was breaking up day when we "interviewed" the young people, and a great many were absent because the haymaking had just begun, and they were wanted to assist. The summer holiday is so timed as to give them a chance of bodily instead of mental work. The schoolroom was much like an ordinary English one, only through its many windows appeared views of mountains and valleys, any one of which would have made a glorious sketch. Desks, forms, maps, and black board were in no wise different from our own. And the children went through much the same curriculum, only their language was French. They were proficients in

mental arithmetic, and did the sums on the blackboard readily. They read and recited; displayed copy-books and sum-books, and went through an effort of memory, all of which proved what has been affirmed concerning the superiority of Swiss education among all classes. The effort of memory was original. A scholar read a short story or fable from an ordinary class-book, closed the book, and repeated what he or she had read, as nearly as possible. And the poor child was not spared the moral; he had to deduce it from the tale. And one boy said, "We mustn't run away from school, sir, or we shall be taken by the giant;" which the régent improved upon by setting forth the snares in the paths of the young, and how to avoid them.



ARRVEYES.

(From a sketch by A. Beale.)

We three friends were all snares that day, for heads and faces were turned aside from the proper outlook, to gaze at us, and many unusual smiles passed between ensnarers and ensnared. The latter were not so rosy and robust as mountaineers ought to be. They were, on the contrary, rather pale and weakly to look at, bespeaking hard living and early work. Some few were very pretty, and one or two girls had flowing hair, and hats, instead of the tightly-fitting caps that cover their head from babyhood upwards. Blue blouses and pinafores were worn by each sex.

They sang several native hymns and songs very respectably, but the voices were scarcely to be called sweet, though true. The French was pure, and there was no symptom of a peculiar patois. When all was over, we wondered what we could do in return. Two of us had a magnificent scheme to be worked out by the aid of the régent; the third placed in his hand sufficient francs to afford to each child the large sum of two sous, when the said francs could be changed into Swiss money. As there were only forty present, the gift was not large, but it was electrical; and during the remainder of our stay at Villars, whenever we met the recipients, we were greeted with nods, smiles, "Bon jour, mesdames," and other reminders of our extraordinary generosity.

While the régent showed us over his living rooms, introduced us to his wife and child, and explained the difficulties in the way of the regular attendance of children living in villages two or three miles distant, the "grand scheme" was propounded. Of this, more anon.

Leaving the school-house, we came upon the fountain which supplies the village with water, and enables the inhabitants to wash clothes or vegetables, and the cattle to quench their thirst. Every village has this peculiar blessing in its centre. From the fountain, or pump-like pillar spout four jets of ever-flowing water, which falls

into long troughs of stone or wood. These are always full, and round about them stand women and children, with clothes, pitchers, or such green garden-stuff, as may need attention at the moment. They are singularly picturesque; and it is curious to note that one of the troughs is usually the huge trunk of a tree, hollowed by age or industry, to receive the crystal fluid that pours down from the mountains on which it probably passed its youth and maturity. A fine chattering goes on round about the fountain, and children and dogs swell the chorus.

The carvings on the balconies and wooden eaves of the chalets often attracted our attention and were typical of Swiss talent and industry. It is interesting to look out for this carving. We found it in all sorts of out-of-the-way places: notably in the lonely and picturesque village of Arrveyes. The rougher specimens are often the work of the same hands that fashion the exquisite ornaments sold in the towns. Imagination ran riot at sight of some of the artistic carvings of the overhanging eaves, doors and balconies of the poor, homely chalets we came across. The interior of one we explored contained stores of curious furniture and household utensils which the good housewife displayed in the hope of a recommendation to a lodger. Simplicity and shrewdness are united in the character of the mountaineer: but they are in danger of being alloyed by the common lust of gain. Poverty is a stern searcher of purpose; and he who can keep a "conscience void of offence" under its temptations, is a happy being, dwell he in crowded city, or isolated village among the glorious mountains of Switzerland.

CHAPTER II.—A TEMPERANCE MEETING.

The twenty-first annual fête of the Swiss Alpine Club was celebrated at Villars-Chésières in the autumn of 1885. M. Eugène Rambaut,[1] the president, in his inaugural address, not only describes graphically the Vaudois mountains, but tells us how they were originally framed. The peasant has still a latent belief, he says, that they were built by the Giant Gargantua. The legend is, that this fabulously big personage carried a hotte or oblong Swiss basket at his back, containing the materials with which he fabricated them. There is no certainty as to the tools he employed, one controversialist suggesting a wooden sword, the other a shovel; but the hotte is beyond dispute. With its contents Gargantua formed the mountains, and it is suggested that the breaches in them are due to his various humours. But what about the lesser eminences below them? What of the small hills that dot the Rhone valley? There happened to be a hole in the bottom of his hotte, through which earth and pebbles fell as he strode along. They became hills, and the lovely acclivities that gently rise from the valleys below the mountains are the pebbles and mound that fell from the hotte of Gargantua. We are further told that he was born a giant, and Rabelais informs us that "for his first dress nine thousand six hundred yards of crimson and blue velvet threaded with gold, was necessary; and for his belt, a ribbon of silken serge, half blue, half white, three hundred yards and a half long, and proportionably wide." These colours suggest the hues of the sky at sunrise and sunset.

As said the President, in his address, the semicircular terrace on which Villars-Chésières is situated might be an English park, so beautifully diversified is it with meadows, groups of trees, and a verdant background of sloping pasturage. "It is easy to understand," he adds, "that the Vaudois are extremely attached, not only to their blue Leman, but to their mountains. Attached is not a sufficiently energetic word: they are by them *entichés*." Our translation of entichés—"infected by them," scarcely conveys M. Rambaut's meaning, but we understand by it the *mal du pays* of the mountaineer.

When Sunday came we encountered our scholars again. Most of them had been far up the mountains to gather the Alpine roses or small rhododendrons so prolific in those parts. They, like Gargantua, had hottes slung to their backs, but theirs were filled with the floral treasures springing from his mountains. We might have had all their contents if we would, for said one, "I was close to you, madame, that day in the school." A few more sous completed our conquest, and we separated, soon to meet again.

This was in the afternoon at Chésières. There, on a sort of village green beneath a large tree, a truly picturesque scene awaited us. The Swiss Temperance Society had a réunion there, and delegates from many of its branches came to strive to spread their doctrines among the people, who are *grands buveurs*, they say, both in mountain and valley. We arrived as they were singing a temperance hymn, and while the united voices of the assembly rose from mountain to mountain, we watched the group.

Most of them were gathered underneath the wide-spreading tree, some seated, some on foot, sharing hymn-books, or singing from memory. In the centre of those seated was a young lady with broad brimmed hat, who was leading the hymns, and near her were half-a-dozen bonny children, *nés* English, but naturalized in France and Switzerland. The delegates stood in the centre and sang heartily, while the outsiders joined in the chorus. These delegates of the Société Suisse de Tempérance came from various parts of the Canton de Vaud, and were making a tour from village to village. The centre of their operations was Geneva. They were very much in earnest, for many of them had been awful drunkards, and had been restored to sanity by enforced temperance. When the hymn ended, one after another of these converts gave an account of their conversion, and the stories they told were similar in kind to those related at any English Temperance meeting. The scene and language alone were diverse. A Swiss chalet on the right, a Swiss village at the back, and a range of glorious mountains in front was the scene—French the language. The human nature was identical, albeit inanimate

[1] The death of M. Rambaut has been announced since this was written.

nature differed. The word *ivrogne* was constantly repeated instead of drunkard: and instead of appeals to an impoverished, woebegone, city population, these were made to the hard-living dwellers among the snow-capped, precipitous, ice-bound mountains.

"We love our mountains," pleaded one energetic speaker. "Quit them, and we should die of ennui. The higher the happier. Ask the women of these grand mountains if they are not happy. The answer is, 'Oui, si mon homme ne buvait pas.'"

"We were three brothers, all ivrognes," spoke another. "My mother prayed for us twenty years. I have been often manacled and in prison. I was the oldest and the worst. But God found me, and I am a new man. One of my brothers was converted from seeing the change in me, and the third is about to give up the drink. Our aged mother's prayers are answered."

"I used to lure all my friends to the auberge and the balls, and spent every sou on pleasure," argued a third. "Now I work always, and do not lose an hour. I give my money to the baker instead of inquiring, where is the tobacconist's? I am strong for labour."

A fourth: "I believed in no God; I never prayed or read the Bible. But now I have taken the Blue Cross for badge, as the ambulance corps have taken the Red Cross, and I am free to go to any church, instead of spending my Sundays and weekdays in riotous living. My wife and children are happy: we have ease and comfort. Oh! on peut se passer d'eau de vie."

It seems that the curse of the mountains is a hot, inflammatory brandy. The ordinary wine of the country, both red and white, is comparatively innocuous, the white made in the neighbourhood of Villars resembling a light cider in flavour. But this does not satisfy the ivrogne.

Many hymns were sung between the various addresses, and during one of them a procession was seen winding along the path between the villages of Villars and Chésières. It finally defiled into our green. It consisted of the school-children with the régent and the monitrice marshalling them. They were all smiles as we approached them, and the régent apologised for arriving late, stating that they had all been at Sunday school, and could not finish earlier. The secret understanding between the régent and two members of our united trio began now to be divulged. They had hinted a Treat à l'Anglaise, if masters and scholars would come first to the réunion. They were all for forming a Band of Hope, then and there. But the Société Suisse had not, as yet, embraced the children. "They were too young to understand," suggested the leader of the delegates, a shrewd and practical man. "Prevention is better than cure," was the reply. He gathered the children around him, however, and spoke to them kindly and persuasively. Meanwhile, some of them whispered to us aside that they had received their sous. The speaker caught at the word, and smiling said that "sous," and "treats" would make any number of juvenile teetotallers.

What a pretty scene it was! Régent, monitrice, delegates, friends, for the moment engrossed by the children, whose future, qui sait? might depend on an impression made then. Through the huge tree streamed the sunbeams, and the faces were kindled by their light. So were the mountains which suddenly became golden as the sky.

An English pastor, residing in a chalet close at hand, was asked to say a few words and give the blessing. He did so in French. Then he invited all the members of the Société who had come from a distance, to his chalet, together with the régent, monitrice, and ourselves.

Here was genuine English hospitality in a Swiss abode. How, first, can we describe the chalet? It was one of those embellished for hire by the proprietress who retained a portion of it for her own use, and our friends had twice tenanted it during the summer months. The balcony was actually framed and glazed into a sitting-room, which was alternately schoolroom and dining-parlour. The dark central apartment, which ran the length of the chalet, was the owner's living-room, round about which were three or four small, low apartments, appropriated to the lodgers for sleeping. One of these, however, was painted and papered, and otherwise adorned as "our drawing-room," and was furnished with sofa, easy chair, and piano.

Abundance of tea, cocoa, and cake was provided, and the chalet swarmed with human bees from the great non-alcoholic hive. The big kitchen, or house-place, was the scene of the general meal; the outsiders enjoyed theirs in the glazed balcony. It was a suggestive assembly, and represented several branches of the great Christian family.

All were able to join in the hymns that succeeded the repast. Within and without the carved wooden balcony surrounding the chalet, stood the singers, books in hand. The inspiriting "Peuple Helvétien," and the calming "Paix vous soit," resounded from chalet to mountain, and from mountain to the heaven of heavens, while the inhabitants of the village below also heard. A never-to-be-forgotten Sunday.

Before the gathering dispersed—or rather proceeded to another distant Alpine village to preach their gospel of temperance—they proffered the warmest thanks to their host. We shook hands all round, and found that the Swiss are quite as capable of the friendly grasp as the English. We watched them from our elevation wind down the valley, and pictured the banks of the blue Leman whence many of them had come. We were four thousand feet above it, and we could but respect men who thus laboured to entreat their fellow-creatures to share the blessings they had themselves received.

As we returned from Chésières to Villars—past the big cattle-chalet, past the picturesque water saw-mill, through the pine walk, and up the steep mountain road—we entered the English church, but there the service was half over. The first tablet placed in this simple edifice is to the memory of Harry McInnes, who was killed in a fall from rocks in this neighbourhood.[1]

That Sunday closed with a glorious sunset.

[1] See SUNDAY AT HOME. July, 1886.

Mountain and valley were suddenly bathed in rosy, ethereal light. The snow on the crest of the Pic du Midi and his fellows, the ice of the glacier de Trient, the waters of the Rhone, reflected the marvellous colour of the sky, and vivid carnation overspread the scene. A sense of awe silenced the spectators, and a wonderful peace hovered over Villars.

CHURCH NEAR VILLARS.

HOSPITALS AND HOSPITAL WORK.

BY MRS. BREWER.

V.—ST. THOMAS'S HOSPITAL (*continued*).

OF the eight blocks, the one nearest to the bridge is St. Thomas's Home, or what is called the *pay block*; the one furthest from the bridge is the infectious block. Not that any infectious case is ever admitted into the hospital, but it not unfrequently happens that such cases develop in the hospital, and whether this occurs in the pay block, or in the general wards, or among the nurses, the patient is at once removed.

And now we go to the pay block. This consists of two large wards and five private rooms, fitted up and furnished expressly for the use of those who belong to the upper and middle classes, and who are willing and able to pay.

The ward on the ground-floor is for females. It looks curious as you enter. Each patient, of whom there are sixteen, has a separate sleeping-room, curtained off from the others by thick impervious red-and-white striped linen curtains. Each compartment is lighted by a large window, and is comfortably furnished. The ward above this is for men, differing only in containing eight more beds. To each ward is attached a day or sitting-room, for the use of those able to sit up. At the further end of the wards are the baths and sanitary arrangements. At the entrance from the hospital corridor, is the sister's room on one side, and the little kitchen on the other, called the ward kitchen, for making tea and coffee, or keeping hot water or beef-tea.

This block is complete in itself; it has its own sister, its own resident medical officer, its own kitchen; and its accounts are kept separate from those of the hospital. It is, however, under the control of the matron.

The weekly payment for each patient in the ward is three guineas, and for the use of one of the private rooms seven guineas a week. This sum secures to the patient, board, medical and surgical attendance, medicine and appliances, and also the nursing and attention of trained nurses.

As we left the home and passed into the corridor, I said to the sister: "All is very clean and orderly, and restful in the home, but I think I would rather be in a general ward. What exemption or privilege does the patient here possess over those in the general ward?" Her answer was: "There is no lecture on her case given by the surgeon or physician to the students at her bedside; and a patient may at her own expense call in a medical man from outside to consult with the medical man of the home."

We find ourselves now in a long corridor running parallel with the river, and pause at the first door on the left hand side, which admits us into the Nightingale Home.

As the history of this will come in our chapter on nursing, we will only stay to remark that this is a standing testimony of England's gratitude to Florence Nightingale. It was founded and is supported by the public subscription, raised at

the close of the Crimean War as a tribute to that lady, and called the "Nightingale Fund."

The object of the home is to give to women desirous of hospital work a thoroughly practical and scientific training.

It became located at St. Thomas's because this hospital seemed to offer certain advantages which the home required, and certainly the advantages have not been all on one side, as the nursing in St. Thomas's Hospital proves.

From this home there is a private door leading into the wards. We do not intend to pass through this, but continue along the corridor where there is much to see. On the other side, and nearly opposite the Nightingale Home, is the Ophthalmic Ward. This has a wooden division down the centre to divide the men from the women—fortunately there were not many cases at the time of our visit. This has a little theatre of its own.

The next door on the right of the corridor leads to the matron's office, and the linenry, where all the linen of the hospital is kept and mended, and given out, and under these rooms is the large dining-room of the hospital nursing staff. The matron, has held the office for the last thirty years, and to her gentle, but strict supervision, added to her power of organisation, is owing much that has gained for St. Thomas's so high a character.

The arrangements for out-patients are very good. Men and women have separate waiting-rooms, and definite hours are fixed for them to see the doctors, so that the time of waiting shall be as short as possible. After seeing the doctors they take their prescriptions to the wicket of the dispensing room, where three or four dispensers attend to them.

Out-patients are kept strictly apart from those in the hospital. A special sister and nurse attend to them, and as soon as they are gone men thoroughly clean out the apartments they have occupied with wet sawdust.

Another very important apartment is in this corridor, viz., the kitchen. Cooking in a hospital is a very essential part of the general administration, and requires to be done with the utmost regularity, efficiency, and economy.

We found ourselves in the kitchen about half an hour before dinner—there was no bustle. Potatoes were steaming, joints were roasting, fish was frying in such quantities as quite to astound us. By the way, Miss Nightingale says there should be no frying in a hospital, except fish. There are three kitchens in the hospital. One, as I have said, in the home, or paying block; a second in the Nightingale Home for the probationers, and this large one for the hospital under the steward. I asked what was done with the broken food. The steward said there was very little, as great care was exercised in the amount prepared, but such as remained each day was purchased by the milkman, for a certain annual sum, for his pigs.

We saw in the steward's office a large slate divided into squares, in which are written the quantities of food required for the day.

From this, lists are made and sent into the kitchen, and the cook sees at once how many are to have full diet, how many to have fish and fowl.

The fish comes in from the fishmonger already cut up in diets of half a pound each.

The meat is carved in the wards at dinner-time, those who are well enough sitting at table, and helping the nurses to serve it.

The orders for meat, fish, and vegetables are given daily. We saw the order going to the butcher on the Friday for Saturday and Sunday. It was sixteen stone of beef, ten stone of mutton, fourteen stone of gravy beef, and eleven chops.

Milk is used in great quantities, as much as eight or nine hundred gallons a week.

Seeing how many fires there were in various parts of the hospital, I asked how many coals were used in the year. The answer was, "About 1400 tons."

We go next to the wards, of which there are twenty-three. I am sorry to say that three of these are closed at present for want of means, for St. Thomas's Hospital, being a landed proprietor, has suffered equally with others in the depreciation of land, and for the time being expenses must be kept down.

A great grievance among the governors is that money which might be applied to the relief of pain and sickness, has to go in very heavy rates. I only state the fact, as others are taking up the question whether hospitals should not be exempt from taxation.

The wards are beautifully fresh and airy, being 128 feet long, 15 feet high, and having balconies towards the river for convalescent patients. The ventilation is perfect, but peculiar; the hot or foul air passes out of the wards, and is received in what is called the common extraction shaft which carries it quite away.

The number of beds constantly occupied varies from 360 to 390.

Since the opening of this hospital one ward has been set aside for the children. Into this we go first, and see written up Victoria Ward. Here we found thirty-nine children under six years of age, one only a few days old on this our first visit. It made one's heart ache to see little mites of babes subject to operations and so much pain. The matron and sisters alike told us how wonderfully good and patient they are in suffering, and how quickly they forget it, cooing and laughing as soon as the pain is over; and that during the night there is scarcely a sound of any kind among them. I was grieved to hear that a great deal of this pain and misery was brought upon the children through the carelessness and recklessness of parents. Many of the cases were hip disease.

The sisters seemed to understand every look and cry of the little ones, and their very touch seemed to soothe and mother them.

There were six beautiful chairs for babies in this ward, made and presented to the hospital by the employés of a furnishing warehouse.

This, like every other ward we went into, was bright with birds and flowers, and, for the children able to play with them, plenty of toys, many of which are yearly sent by "Truth."

We next go into one of the men's wards. Here

we found a boy about eight in a pretty cot suffering from spinal abscess, not able to rest, and with such a patient suffering little face. This is an extra cot bought and fitted up entirely by two poor men who were cured in that ward. One gave two guineas towards it when he left, and the other, who was very clever in making "peep-shows" sold them and gave the produce to be added to the two guineas for the cot. "This extra cot would not be here," said the sister "but for the gratitude of these two poor men."

In this same ward there are a book-case and library presented as a token of gratitude from a father whose son was cured here.

Going from bed to bed, I was struck with the marks of self-control in pain, and the patient endurance of the men, and I asked as I left the ward, "What sort of patients do the men make?"

"Oh, very good," was the answer, "there is a chivalry in working men which makes them give less trouble than women."

It seems that some of the worst accident cases come from the Waterloo Station, and the nurses say that of all their patients these are the best, so obedient, so grateful, so strong to suffer and endure. Every year the railway employés make collections among themselves, and present to the hospital a hundred pounds and sometimes more, to shew their gratitude for the benefits received.

I asked how and what preparations were made for the reception of accident cases, and learned that there are four male surgical wards, each of which takes it in turn to be an accident ward. Every Tuesday, at nine o'clock, the ward is cleared of patients, who are taken on their beds by lifts to other wards while the emptied one is prepared and made ready to receive accidents. For a whole week it is thus occupied, when surgical ward number two commences on the following Tuesday morning at nine to receive the accident cases, and so on till, at the beginning of the fifth week, number one is ready to begin again. Thus the intense strain is divided.

Nurses have prayers night and morning in the wards. There are two chaplains, and a beautiful church in the hospital.

The wards are all more or less alike in look and in administration.

From the moment you put your foot into the hospital you are struck with the contrast it affords to like institutions of thirty or forty years ago. It is so clean, so orderly, so roomy, so free of bustle and excitement in every department; a sense of strength, capability, and gentleness seems to pervade the whole place. And the nurses of to-day with those of by-gone times are altogether beyond comparison.

Speaking of nurses, I find that several have been trained here for the Crown Princess of Germany, who thinks very highly of this hospital and always comes to see it when in England.

The matron tells me there have been seven hundred applications from gentlewomen during the past year to be received as nurses. The percentage of deaths in this hospital is eleven. I enquired if any Convalescent Home was attached to the hospital. The answer was, "No, but we have a Samaritan Fund, which was founded in 1852, and kept up by Voluntary Contributions, which enables us to send poor patients to Convalescent Homes, and further to assist out-patients with surgical appliances, with artificial eyes and with spectacles."

I should say that never in the course of its long career has this hospital done better service than it is doing now, and with all earnestness we wish it Godspeed!

THE QUEEN'S GIRLHOOD.

SIXTY-EIGHT years ago, a baby was born at old Kensington Palace about whom the world thought very little at the time, although she brought great joy to the hearts of her loving father and mother. Her father was the Duke of Kent, fourth son of the reigning King, George III.

Of course the royal family took some interest in the arrival of the little stranger, and her grandfather, the King, wanted her to be named Georgina. Her father wished her to be called Elizabeth, because it was a favourite name among English people; but her uncle, the Prince Regent, insisted that she should be called Alexandrina, after the Emperor of Russia. Victoria, her mother's name, was added as an afterthought, but 'Little Drina' was her name through all her early years.

'Little Drina' was the first member of the royal family that was vaccinated; and soon after this had been done she was taken by her father and mother to Sidmouth, on the coast of Devon. Here the baby had a very narrow escape of being shot in her own nursery. A young man went out to shoot small birds, and was so unskilful in the use of his gun, that the shot went through the cottage windows, and passed quite close to 'Little Drina's' head, who was in her nurse's arms at the time. Shortly after this, the Duke who had been out for a walk, returned home very wet, but could not be persuaded to change his clothes before running up to the nursery to see that his little girl was safe. 'Little Drina' was eight months old at the time, and knew her father the moment she saw him. She kicked and crowed with delight, and the Duke stayed with her a few minutes; and, sad to say, that few minutes cost him his life. The damp clothes were changed too late. A violent cold was taken, inflammation of the lungs set in, and 'Little Drina' was fatherless and her mother a widow.

Very lonely must the poor Duchess of Kent have felt, for she was almost a stranger in England; but she and her husband had often talked over the future of their little

girl, and she knew how he wished her to be brought up.

Victoria was to be educated carefully and religiously as a simple English lady. Her father had always taken great interest in every philanthropic movement for the benefit of the people, and at the time of his death was officially connected with sixty-two societies, having for their object some noble or religious work. He was very generous—too generous for his means—and left the Duchess anything but well provided for at the time of his death. Fortunately, his widow had no wish to shine in Court circles; she was quite content to retire to the comparative solitude of Kensington Palace with her two little girls—for this was her second widowhood, and by her first marriage she had had another daughter, Feodora, two or three years older than 'Little Drina.'

As soon as the child was old enough, and before she could read the Bible for herself, the Duchess used to read a few verses to her every day, and taught her to say her prayers at her knees. Indeed, 'Little Drina' was left but very seldom to the care of servants. There was no nursery breakfast in that household, but the child's bread and milk and fruit were served at eight o'clock in the morning beside her mother's; and in the summer-time breakfast was often placed out on the lawn facing the windows, where they could hear the songs of the birds, and watch them among the branches of the trees, or talk about the flowers that were blooming all round.

In this way the little lady acquired a taste for simple, rural pleasures; and when she was old enough to commence regular lessons under the care of a governess, her recreation was to walk or ride in a little carriage round Kensington Gardens, or have a scamper through the rooms and passages of the palace. Very little of Court life was the child permitted to see. There was an old soldier named Hillman, a pensioner of her father's, whom he had settled with his wife in a cottage not far from the palace, and to go and see these worthy people with her mother and governess was a treat indeed. Hillman had a daughter greatly afflicted, and the little Princess was very much interested in this poor girl—the more so, perhaps, that she had so few companions of her own age.

One day the Duchess, to amuse her little daughter, invited a girl prodigy who was playing the harp with wonderful skill at all the concerts in London, to come and perform at the palace. During the time Lyra—as she was called—was performing, the Duchess was called away on business, and when she came back the two little girls were sitting together on the hearthrug, which was scattered with toys, Drina dividing them between herself and Lyra.

For some years people generally thought little of the Duchess of Kent, living so quietly and unostentatiously at Kensington. This secluded life was varied by occasional visits to such places as Broadstairs, Ramsgate, and other country or seaside resorts. But as one after the other of the royal family were carried away by death, it began to seem possible, and even probable, that 'Little Drina' might become the Lady of England.

The Princess Victoria was growing fast; she was not very tall, but upright and graceful, with a fresh pink-and-white complexion, and large well-opened blue eyes. She was about thirteen when some one told her she might one day become the Queen of England. The girl looked very serious when she heard this. 'If the honour is great,' she said, 'the responsibility is greater.'

When Dr. Davys became Victoria's teacher, her mother desired that other studies should not be allowed to crowd out the study of God's Word, but that he should read the Bible with his pupil every day. There could not have been much idle time in the Princess's day at that time, for there were French, German, and Italian lessons to learn, drawing, painting, music and singing to practise, besides mathematics and other things to study.

But it was not the head only that Dr. Davys sought to educate, for we know the girl was taught to set the highest value on self-control and self-restraint, and that she honoured it in others while striving to attain it herself. We learn this from various incidents, and this little story among others:—

Drina was very fond of going out shopping with her half-sister and governess, and the three often went, as other ladies do, to various shops at the West End. One day they went to a jeweller's to make some purchase, but the attendant was busy serving another young lady with a gold chain. She was some time selecting one, and when at last

THE QUEEN AS A GIRL.
(From a painting by Anthony Stewart.)

the choice was made and she asked the price, a look of great disappointment overspread her face. 'It is too much,' she said; 'I cannot afford such a high price,' and a less costly chain had to be selected.

Drina and her friends had been watching all this, and as soon as the young lady had left the shop the Princess asked if the shopman knew her. 'Oh yes, I know her; she is one of our customers,' he said. 'Then send her the chain she wished so much to possess, and I will pay for it. Tell her the Princess Alexandrina wished her to accept it for her self-control in resisting the temptation to buy what she could not afford.'

This incident shows something of the Princess's character. Thoughtful, sympathetic, impulsive, she was also warm-tempered, and sometimes imperious in her manner, which was scarcely to be wondered at considering what an important individual she had now become. When she was about seventeen her two cousins Prince Ernest and Prince Albert of Saxe Coburg-Gotha came with their father to pay a visit to the Duchess of Kent at Kensington Palace. Of course the young people saw much of each other. They went about to see all the sights of London together, and among other places they attended the service at St. Paul's Cathedral when the children of the charity schools went there, and the singing greatly moved all the young people. Princess Drina, however, observed that her younger cousin Albert paid very marked attention to the sermon as well as

the singing. From this time, although Prince Albert went back to his home in Germany, they frequently heard of each other through friends. They also exchanged messages and little tokens of regard.

From the time of this visit Princess Drina went more into society. Towards the end of the reign of William IV. he insisted upon her going to Court sometimes whether her mother liked it or not. He paid very little deference to, and certainly disliked, the Duchess of Kent, but he was charmed with his niece, who was now next in the line of succession, and he would have had her at Court constantly if he could. The King greatly desired to live until his niece came of age—which would be at the age of eighteen—so that she might herself ascend the throne without the need of a regency under the Duchess of Kent; and the wish was gratified. Princess Drina came of age May 24th, 1837, and William IV. lived until the 19th of the following month.

Although his death had been almost hourly expected for some days previously, the little household at Kensington Palace went on as usual until it was aroused by a loud knocking at the outer gate in the summer dawn of June 20th, when the porter hastily summoned some of the servants and told them that the Archbishop of Canterbury and the Home Secretary had come to see the Princess.

"But she is asleep, and it is only five o'clock in the morning," said the surprised servant.

"No matter what the time is. I must see the Princess at once," said the archbishop; and so the servant went to summon her.

The lady did not keep him waiting so long as her servants had done. In her white night-dress, with a shawl drawn round her shoulders and her long, fair hair falling down her back, she hastened to the parlour where the archbishop was waiting, and there received the news that she was now Queen of England.

The news soon spread through the household, and there was plenty of coming and going for the next few hours before the young Queen received the Council. Lord Melbourne was the premier, a gentle, childless, old man to whom the young Queen could look up as to a father. Much speculation, of course, had been rife as to how she would bear herself in the strange situation she was so suddenly called to fill, but her gentle, dignified manner, the calmness she displayed, and the tender solicitude she expressed for her aunt, Queen Adelaide, won all hearts, and the most carping of critics had nothing to say but in praise of her.

The sudden elevation to such honour was enough to turn older and wiser heads than hers, but the Queen had learnt the lesson of self-control; and though she could not but be greatly moved at the change in her state, she was anxious to let her friends know that she was not likely to forget them through it. The very day after her accession, in the midst of all the bustle incident to it, she thought of Hillman's daughter, the poor suffering girl at Kensington, and sent her a psalm-book with passages marked in it, and a peacock marker that she herself had worked, with a kindly message that she would never be forgotten.

It was a gracious act graciously done, and carried a store of comfort to the poor lonely heart, and it spoke volumes for the noble lady.

Until after her accession it was not known that we should have a Queen Victoria. All the documents had been prepared in the name she had hitherto been known by—Alexandrina—but after her first Council meeting, when called upon to sign her name for the first time as sovereign, she wrote "Victoria."

As Sovereign of the realm the young Queen for the first time acted as mistress in her own household, and she soon made it known that she would not tolerate unpunctuality. One of the ladies in attendance upon her commenced her duties by being a few minutes behind the time appointed. The third morning the young Queen met her standing with her watch in her hand. The lady was dreadfully confused, and the Queen seeing it presently said a few kind words to set her at ease again, feeling sure she would not need reminding a second time about unpunctuality.

Possibly many supposed that a young girl only eighteen would be willing to do exactly as she was told by her Council and the Prime Minister, but Lord Melbourne soon discovered that she had a will of her own. When a document was brought to her to sign she not only insisted upon reading it through, but asked questions about its details, and sometimes declined to affix her signature until she had had further time for consideration. "It is with me a matter of paramount importance whether or not I attach my signature to a document with which I am thoroughly satisfied," she said one day when her Minister was urging her to sign her name at once. Another time he submitted an Act for her signature and urged expediency, when she stopped him, exclaiming, "I have been taught my lord, to judge what is right and wrong, but expediency is a word which I neither wish to hear nor understand.' No wonder Lord Melbourne exclaimed after this that he would rather have ten kings to manage than one queen, for such uncompromising behaviour in political matters was a thing almost unknown.

The Coronation took place in Westminster Abbey on June 28th, 1838. It was a wonderful and impressive scene, and the young Queen went bravely through her part in the long series of ceremonies connected with the service.[1]

SCRIPTURE CHARACTER.

NO. VI.

1. He was a prince in Israel of the royal line.
2. He is mentioned in the line of our Saviour's descent.
3. He led a portion of the Israelites on an important mission.
4. He encouraged them to undertake a more important work.
5. He is mentioned by name in two of the prophets.
6. One says that mountains shall be levelled before him.
7. The other says that God will make him as a signet, that is bear him, as a ring upon his hand.

HIDDEN TEXT.

NO. X.

Find a saying of Solomon by taking one word from each line.

1. *Fools* despise wisdom and instruction.—*Prov.* i. 7.
2. Lord make me to know mine end and days.—*Psa.* xxxix. 4.
3. Wine is a mocker, strong drink is raging.—*Prov.* xx. 1.
4. Fools make a mock at sin.—*Prov.* xiv. 9.
5. Neither be thou envious at the wicked.—*Prov.* xxiv. 19.
6. The thought of foolishness is sin.—*Prov.* xxiv. 9.

ANSWER TO NATURAL HISTORY NOTE.

NO. IV.—SPIDER.—p. 320.

1. 1 Kings xviii. 46.
2. Exod. xii. 11.
3. For two reasons. 1. Because it is drawn entirely from themselves, as the spider's web from her own body. 2. Because it is soon brushed away, and gone.
4. Job xxxix. 19-25.
5. 1 Peter i. 13.

[1] From "The Life and Reign of Queen Victoria." By Emma Leslie. (Religious Tract Society.)

THE SUNDAY AT HOME

O DAY MOST CALM, MOST BRIGHT! . . .
THE WEEK WERE DARK BUT FOR THY LIGHT.—*Herbert.*

BARBARA'S BROTHERS.

CHAPTER XXV.—THE RETURN OF THE PRODIGAL.

"MOTHER, I HAVE COME HOME."

WULFRIC MEYNAL was not destined to enjoy undisturbed the six weeks' holiday he had promised himself.

Within three weeks of the day upon which he and Reinée had plighted their troth on the sunny moor, he was summoned to St. Hilda on important family business. It was Mr. Dart, the solicitor, who had written in the first instance, and he implied that the matter he had to communicate was of an agreeable nature, and advantageous to his old friends and clients.

Wulfric had entirely recovered his wonted health and strength. Happiness is the best tonic in all the world, and he had been enjoying life during the past weeks as perhaps he had never done in all his life before. A gracious sense of well-being had settled down upon him. He felt within him the spring of hope and confidence that makes a man strong to labour, that sweetens toil, and gives a zest to life, and does not fail nor falter, but strengthens with time and deepens with years. Love had come into his life, a deep,

true, God-given love, and it had transformed him at once into a new being.

He left Reinée at the call of duty, and proceeded home to learn what it was that had happened.

A wealthy bachelor uncle of Mrs. Meynal's had died. He was an eccentric old man, and had taken no notice of his niece during his lifetime, save by an occasional present of game, but at his death he had bequeathed his entire fortune to her and her children, raising them at once to wealth and independence.

The bulk of the property was Mrs. Meynal's for her lifetime, afterwards to pass to her children; but there was a substantial legacy to each one now, and to Wulfric was left the plate, pictures, and furniture of the old man as well as a valuable library. This bequest had been added in a codicil shortly before his death, with an intimation of the satisfaction it had given him to hear of his great-nephew's skill and success at St. Hilda, as well as of his benevolence and philanthropy.

The old man's affairs were in scrupulous order, and the legal formalities would be concluded as soon as the opening of the session permitted the transaction of business, and meantime the family could draw upon the bankers for any advance in reason that they wanted, and felt at once what a difference to each one of them this unexpected access of wealth would make.

Of course it relieved Wulfric at once from the onus of the support of his mother, and the establishment she required for her comfort. He was no longer tied to St. Hilda, but could seek a wider sphere of action as soon as he chose. He had private means of his own now, as well as excellent prospects for the future, and was, even from a worldly point of view, no such very unequal match for Reinée Dumaresq.

He had, however, no immediate idea of quitting St. Hilda. He had grown attached to the place where he had first met the woman he loved, and he knew that he had grown into the hearts of many there, and that he should be missed if he left them suddenly without first training a successor who should be able and willing to take up the duties he had laid upon himself.

Moreover, there was his mother to think of—the mother who leaned upon him now, and clung to him with loving dependence, and had forgotten the old feeling of fretful irritation against him. She must not be left quite alone. Her daughters could not stay much longer. Celia was to leave the old home very soon; Fergus, though very patient and considerate, could not be expected to wait on indefinitely before he claimed Barbara; the girls must go, as Wulfric told himself, and the mother could not be expected to leave the home that had been hers for so many years; neither ought she to be left alone in her feeble state of health. Reinée saw everything as he did and it was agreed between them that so long as his mother needed him their home should be at St. Hilda.

"With you, Wulfric, is home and happiness to me," she wrote, for they had not yet returned to the Hall, but were visiting friends in Scotland, and that exactly expressed Wulfric's own state of mind. Let him once have Reinée for his wife, and he had no wish left to satisfy, save that he might do his duty by her and all those entrusted to him in whatsoever relation it might be.

Yet in the midst of all this brightness one dark shadow lay upon the home. Nothing had been heard of Gerald all through the year. It seemed as if he had vanished utterly from the face of the earth. They had learned enough of his past life since he had left home to be filled with the greatest anxiety; but over his present hung mysterious silence that seemed as if it would never be broken.

It was a trouble they did not speak of very often, it seemed to lie too deep for words, but it was very keenly felt, and every possible step was taken to find him, and taken in vain. It sometimes seemed as if the certain news of his death would be a relief.

But all dark days have an end at length—and so did this one.

Autumn had followed the footsteps of summer, a bright, dry, healthy autumn that swept away all the illness that had hung about during the spring. The trees were yet in full foliage, the world was bright and sunny, and it seemed as if trouble and sorrow ought to be banished from all hearts.

Celia had been married that week, and had gone away to the new life and new home awaiting her. Wulfric was thinking of the day when he should claim Reinée as his very own, and he smiled a little in the twilight as he often did now when alone. He was sitting beside his mother's couch, and Barbara was reading at the window by the fading light.

Suddenly the door opened softly and Juliet Granby entered the room. She was closely followed by some one else, and she hung back a little in the shadow; but the other advanced quickly and knelt down beside Mrs. Meynal's couch.

"Mother," said a familiar voice, but there was a new ring in it since last it was heard, as well as a quiver of deep feeling—"Mother, I have come home."

There was a deep silence then for many minutes, broken only by the sobbing of both mother and son.

"Gerald! My boy—my boy!"

"Mother, mother, can you forgive me? Ah, if you only knew all you never could!"

"My boy! My boy! Oh, my Gerald, you have come back to me! What does anything else matter, so long as I have you safe?"

Feeling that mother and son should be left alone for awhile, Wulfric and Barbara softly withdrew, together with Juliet Granby who had brought the wanderer home.

They turned to her eagerly in the lighted hall without, to know the meaning of this strange, sudden return. It was soon explained.

"You know I went up to town three months ago to your hospital, Wulfric; what a different place it was from the Aylcester Infirmary! you cannot think how kind they all were nor how I enjoyed my visit. I had the run of all the wards; I might go anywhere and see everything.

It was most interesting. A week ago I went to visit the Convalescent Home out in the country, and there it was I found—Gerald."

"Found Gerald!"

"Yes, getting better from a long illness, brought on he says by his own excesses in the first place, and then by the poverty and privation into which it led him. He was living there under another name—every one knew he was a gentleman, but he would say nothing about himself. He has told me his tale, it is very dreadful and sad, but he has repented, oh, so humbly! I am sure the past must all be forgiven." Tears stood in Juliet's eyes, but she dashed them away and went on bravely, "He had resolved never, never to go home until he had redeemed the past, and won back for himself the position he had lost. He was so humble and yet so firm that I hardly knew him again. We had both learned the same lesson I think," she added with a tremulous little smile.

"But in a very different school," said Wulfric gravely. "And so you brought him home, Juliet?"

"Yes," she answered, her colour rising slightly. "He saw, by-and-by, that it would be right to do it, so he has come."

The drawing-room door opened and Gerald appeared.

"Juliet," he said, "I want you."

He took her by the hand and led her towards his mother's couch. Wulfric and Barbara followed at a little distance.

"Mother," he said, "it was Juliet who found me, and it is she who has brought me home to you. We love one another, and she is going to trust me, and to wait for me until I can make her my wife. You will love her as a daughter, will you not?"

Mrs. Meynal opened her arms to embrace the girl, and Gerald continued speaking in a more manly way than they had ever heard him do before.

"We came home yesterday," he said. "Mrs. Granby welcomed us, and to-day I went to see Mr. Dart. He has promised most kindly to receive me exactly on the same footing as he would have done eighteen months ago, when I finished my articles, if I had not been so obstinately set against the law, and so conceited about my talents. He told me about the legacy that has come to me. It will take about two-thirds to wipe out the miserable debts I have contracted, and which I thought would weigh me down for years. The rest will be a sort of nest egg, and in a few years' time I hope to make a home which I can ask Juliet to share with me; mother, you will give me your blessing, I know. I dare not ask to live under your roof again, but at least I may hope to see you often, and to show by my future life how utterly I repent the past."

"My boy, my boy, come to me now," cried the mother, in deep yet happy agitation, "your mother's house shall always be your home—come to it now, and bring your wife with you; it shall be her home too, as soon as she is yours. Listen, my dear, dear, boy; I am a rich woman now, but what are riches to me if I am to lose all my children? Celia is gone already; Wulfric will soon make a home of his own, and everybody tells me that he has a career before him and cannot always hide his talents here. Barbara must leave me shortly; I do not wish to stand in the way of her happiness—but you, Gerald, can you not stay and let Juliet be the daughter of my old age? My dear," she said, stroking the girl's bowed head, "they have told me that you do not like the quiet life at St. Hilda; I do not want to be selfish or unreasonable—but—but——"

"Oh, Mrs. Meynal—mother, if you will let me call you so—please do not remind me of those foolish, wicked thoughts of discontent and pride of which I am so heartily ashamed; I love St. Hilda now. I know that it is not where we are but what we are that makes us happy or miserable. If you want me, I will come; I will love you and nurse you, and be a daughter to you, if you will let me. I have never known a mother of my own, but Gerald's mother will be mine now!"

Mrs. Meynal clasped the girl in her arms. She had known her from childhood and had been fond of her; but this bond was something altogether new and sweet.

Gerald turned to Wulfric and held out his hand.

"I have not had time to speak to you yet," he said; "I am quite ashamed to look you in the face, but you are a brother that gives one confidence. You never bear malice."

His voice shook with a feeling he was afraid would over-master him. This home-coming tried his self-command sorely.

Wulfric smiled in cordial brotherly fashion.

"I should not be worth much if I did. My dear boy, I need not say how glad I am to welcome you back—like this."

Gerald's face quivered. He drew his brother aside and said in low broken tones: "If you knew all the slough I have been dragged through, I wonder if you could welcome me still."

Wulfric laid his hand upon Gerald's shoulder and looked earnestly at him.

"It has at least taught you a lesson you are not likely to forget, Gerald. Let bygones be bygones; we did not quite understand one another in old days, and the fault was mine as well as yours. Had I been wiser I might have helped you more; but at least for the future we will be friends, and that will atone for much."

"You are worth calling a friend, Wulf," said Gerald with a dawning smile; "you are the best fellow that ever lived, and I am proud to call you my brother. You are going to get your reward now, though, so I hear. I wish you joy, old fellow, with all my heart. You deserve it if ever any man did."

A light shot into Wulfric's eyes and illuminated all his face.

"Thanks, Gerald," he answered heartily, "I don't deserve it; but I am very happy."

That evening sitting round the fire all together, they listened to Gerald's tale. He told it with a quiet simplicity and unvarnished truthfulness that made it sound doubly sad and

pathetic, yet it gave them all a confidence in him that perhaps nothing could have so quickly established.

Mrs. Meynal sobbed aloud when she heard of the privations which her son had endured, and Barbara put her arms round his neck and cried vehemently: "Oh Gerald, Gerald if we had only known!"

But he answered with a grave gentleness new and very strange in him: "It was better as it was, Barbara. My motives were not pure, some were very unworthy, and yet I am glad they sufficed to deter me from appealing to you. I wanted a very hard lesson, and I have had it. I do not think anything much lighter than what I suffered would have made a lasting impression on me. Sometimes I am afraid to trust myself, even now; but—" he paused, glanced at Juliet whose eyes were bright with unwonted tears, and added in very low, yet firm tones, "Juliet and I have talked it over together, and she has helped me to understand. It is not in my own strength I trust now; but in something better."

Barbara's lips caressed his hair, which began to show silver lines here and there.

"Dear, dear Gerald!" she whispered. "If only I had been a better, kinder sister to you in old days. If you only knew how it has grieved me since! Can you forgive and forget?"

He took her face between his hands and kissed it. A smile played about his eyes and lips, something of the old mischievous smile—though only a shadow of its former self.

"Most fiery of Babs, I do not know you again, so tame, so gentle, so womanly! Is it Fergus who has so metamorphosed you? My dear little hot-headed generous sister, do you think I cannot see now whose fault it was we bickered and quarrelled so in old days? Yours were home truths, Barbara, but they were truths; my arguments were shallow sophistries, and you had wit to know it if I had not."

"Some home truths are better left unsaid," answered Barbara smiling, "I was very hasty and hard in those days; but I was punished when we thought——"

"That I should never come home? So you are really glad to have the black-sheep back? Little sister, you do not know how very humble, yet how very happy such a welcome makes a man, who has gone through experiences like mine."

Later in the evening he sought his brother in his study and spoke to him with great seriousness about his future prospects.

"It seems altogether so much more than I ought to have. I am half afraid to take the good things offered me," he said with a thoughtful humility that was perfectly sincere. "Wulfric, do you think I ought to make Juliet my wife soon, and come and live here with our mother, as she has begged me to do? Ought I to yield to her wishes and to my own, or would it be more wise and right to wait—to insist on a time of probation—to prove to myself and others that I am—fit—for such a position?"

Wulfric looked at his brother with a grave smile in his eyes.

"My dear boy," he said, "I look at things in this way—our lives are not our own to plan out just at will. We are surrounded by interests of others and by circumstances beyond our own control. We believe—I think I may say *we* now, Gerald—that there is One who, if we will let Him, guides and rules our lives, and gives us happiness or sorrow as He sees it best. To my thinking, it seems just now as if your path were being smoothed out before you. Perhaps the living presence of wife and mother in your home will be your surest safeguard—save One—from ever falling into temptation again. Take your happiness as God's gift Gerald, and use it in His service."

Gerald grasped his brother's hand and held it in his.

"Thank you, Wulfric, I will try to do so."

And then he went to find Juliet, to talk to her of the future.

"It does not seem a dismal life to you, I hope—that of life at St. Hilda, as the wife of an embryo solicitor?"

Juliet looked at him rather as Wulfric had done.

"No, Gerald. I have learned my lesson better than that. There is work for us all to do wherever we are and whatever are our circumstances. St. Hilda is very dear to me now," she held out her hand which he raised to his lips. "I think I am quite cured of my discontent now, Gerald."

And when Juliet went home and told her grandmother all that had happened, the old lady held her in her arms, and then looking into her face with that peculiarly bright smile of hers, said, "And so I am not going to lose my granddaughter altogether? My dear, your news is very pleasant to me; and I believe that a happy and a useful life is opening before you. God grant it may be so, and that many may bless the day when first you elected to settle down amongst us. St. Hilda will be glad to keep you, I know, and I think you will, after all, be pleased to stay."

"Yes, grandmother," was the answer. "I am very glad indeed and very happy."

CHAPTER XXVI.—CONCLUSION.

On board Clive Dumaresq's yacht one lovely day in late November, stood Wulfric and Reinée Meynal leaning over the rail of the captain's bridge, watching the blue waves race past their light little vessel.

Clive himself, sailing master of his own craft, was lying in a hammock upon deck, lazily enjoying the sunshine and fresh breeze. He was still rather wan and weak, despite the months that had elapsed since he was smitten down by illness. He was always merry and bright, and made a joke of his slow recovery, saying that it was only an excuse for being lazy and having a pleasant fuss made over his interesting self. But the fact remained that he did not pick up as he ought to have done, and that is how it came about that Wulfric and Reinée spent their honeymoon upon his yacht, and that he accompanied them upon the cruise.

Wulfric was convinced that the sea would set him up as nothing else could do, for he could get

all the needful fresh air and change without any exertion whatever. But he was manifestly unfit to be alone, so the only thing to be done was to find congenial company for him. Scotland grew too cold for him, and visiting became a fatigue. His old companion, Trevelyan, was out of the question now, for he had taken the greatest umbrage at Reinée's engagement, and repudiated in consequence the friendship of the whole family. They took his desertion with an equanimity that would greatly have enraged him had he been aware of it, and especially would he have resented the popularity with all the family that Wulfric had now attained. Clive liked him so much that there seemed nothing strange to either in the final settlement of the plan which made him a participator in the wedding tour. As for Reinée her love for her brother was so great that his presence only enhanced her happiness.

Clive had justified Wulfric's expectations, and had picked up with most encouraging rapidity when once they put to sea. There seemed no reason to doubt that before the close of the voyage he would be quite his old self again.

The Mediterranean was very blue that day; the white crested waves leaped high in the golden sunshine; the breeze whistled past and hummed in the rigging with a dreamy soothing music.

Clive dozed luxuriously in his hammock below, and Reinée and her husband stood together on the bridge above. They had put into port that morning for their letters, and had been discussing the satisfactory items of home news.

"I am glad Fergus has got so good an appointment. I think Barbara will rather enjoy going abroad and seeing new scenes and foreign life," remarked Wulfric.

"They will soon be married now, I suppose," said Reinée, "for he has to start within three months."

"Yes, and of course he will wish to take her with him—that is only natural after so much waiting. There will be Juliet, however, to fill the blank for our mother. Juliet has quite grown into the family since she brought Gerald home; and Mrs. Granby is so beautifully unselfish in giving her up without a murmur."

"She is so good," returned Reinée, "I always felt that about her from the very first." A thoughtful look came into the girl's eyes and she added presently: "Do you know, Wulfric, I cannot help thinking it rather strange that the one of us girls—I mean by that Barbara and Juliet and myself—who seemed to have such a strong dislike to St. Hilda and its quiet life, should be the very one to settle down there for good, and that so cheerfully and happily. I think it is rather beautiful too—if you know what I mean, and a little pathetic."

Wulfric smiled a little.

"We have not quite done with St. Hilda ourselves yet, little wife."

"No I know, and I am glad; for papa likes the Hall so much, and so does Clive; but you know they all say that you will have to go to London by and by. Your papers are making you quite famous. I quite believe you will have a partnership offered to you by one of the doctors you worked under before you came here."

"It is possible," answered Wulfric, looking away over the sea thoughtfully. "Once upon a time that prospect would have seemed to me the acme of personal happiness."

"And does it not do so now?" asked Reinée.

His glance turned upon her with that peculiar tenderness of expression only possible in strong and powerful faces.

"My happiness now is bound up in something sweeter and holier than professional ambition," he said, putting his arm quietly about her as they stood, "in the love of the wife that God has given me."

Reinée looked up with the sparkle of happy tears upon her eyelashes.

"Wulfric," she said with a little quiver in her voice, "I am so glad you feel that it is God who has given us to one another. That is just how I feel about it."

Wulfric stooped and kissed the sweet face of his young wife, and then lifting his hat, stood bareheaded in the golden sunshine.

"God has been very good to me," he said, with simple, manly reverence. "I hope I shall never be tempted to forget that; I trust He will help us to lead such lives as will do Him honour and service in the way that He may think best."

"Yes, Wulfric," answered Reinée softly, "let us give ourselves and our lives to Him, for is it not He who has given us to one another?"

And with that simple vow of dedication upon their lips, Wulfric and Reinée began their new life together.

A Jubilee Song.

UPRAISE the song of Jubilee;
Rejoice with acclamation!
From sea and shore, to shore and sea,
In high and lowly station!
Give praise for homes and days serene,
And sing, God bless our Gracious Queen—
Our country and our nation!

Through joys and sorrows, smiles and tears,
Love hath been her defender;
Her early vows, through fifty years
Have known no base surrender.
Her people's good hath been her own,
Their trust the bulwark of her throne,
Their love its highest splendour.

For all the good her reign hath won,
Our grateful thanks are swelling;
Great things for us our God hath done,
His mercy ill dispelling
Hath made in widely-sundered lands
One brotherhood of hearts and hands,
One race, in love excelling.

Long may her gracious years increase,
May brave and wise endeavour
Make strong for progress and for peace—
A kingdom none may sever;
May love still win its noblest fame,
And righteousness, in deed and name,
Exalt our land for ever!

MARY ROWLES.

ST. GEORGE'S CHAPEL AT WINDSOR.

CURFEW TOWER.

WINDSOR CASTLE is the finest palace in Europe. As an architectural group it is unsurpassed. Its story takes us back beyond the Conquest; but its present state is not ancient—a fact brought forcibly home to us in the unconscious humour of the architect's remark that "much is due to Messrs. Grissell and Peto, the eminent and respectable builders."

Very different was the appearance of the castle in the early days of George IV. It was a long, monotonous group, like a barrack, capped by a tower like a sieve. When the money was asked for to alter it, it was actually proposed to replace the old buildings by "a mansion of Grecian design." Wyatville, the architect, was, however, better advised. He kept to the old walls and curtains, varied them with towers, added new buildings in contrast, raised the round tower—which is not round—thoughtfully left holes for the jackdaws beneath the gallery, and put on the small watch tower as we now know it, from which the twelve counties can be seen, and from which, when the court is at Windsor, there streams on the wind the gigantic Royal Standard, which, small as it may look, is twenty-one feet high and thirty-six feet long.

St. George's Chapel is, however, unchanged. To it Wyatville did nothing. In all the views of Windsor it is a conspicuous object, much the same as we now have it, but more prominent owing to its meaner surroundings. Outside and inside it is one of the most graceful buildings in our country, and one that every Englishman should see. So well is it proportioned that it looks larger than it really is, and being 232 feet long, and 104 feet wide at the transepts, it is not small. Outside, the height is helped by the flying buttresses, while the so-called waggon roof, rising with its stone ribs and panels from the stately columns, is of just sufficient space and curvature to ensure its due importance. This is more especially noticeable in the nave, which, with the exception of the monument to the Duke of Kent, and the statue of King Leopold, has a clear floor. The Duke of Kent's monument is a recumbent effigy by Boehm, on an alabaster pedestal by Scott, and stands lengthways between two of the columns, so that it does not interfere in any way with the architectural lines.

At the west end is the great window pieced together by Canon Lockman in 1774, and on either side is a chapel. That on the north is the Urswick Chapel, now occupied by Wyatt's monument to Princess Charlotte, daughter of George IV., and wife of Leopold, afterwards King of the Belgians—an elaborate group of sculpture owing much of its effect to the golden light it takes from the side window. Opposite to it is the Beaufort Chapel, where the Marquis of Worcester, of the "Century of Inventions," lies buried. This beautiful chapel is the Lady Chapel, so memorable in the history of the Windsor martyrs, of whom no notice of "St. George's" would be complete without some mention.

In 1543, in the heat of the Reformation struggle, Robert Testwood was a singer in the choir. He had embraced the new doctrines, and was assuredly in no mood to hide the light under a bushel. One day he saw a procession of rustics enter the church, come from afar to worship at the shrines. He stopped them and addressed them, asking them, "Why they came to see stocks and stones, instead of turning their hearts to the living God?" The appeal appears to have had but little effect, and Testwood moved down the nave to the Lady Chapel, where another group were touching the image to receive absolution. In his hand he carried a key. "Look, good people, see what it is—nothing but dust and ashes!" And swinging the key, he knocked off the image's nose, which was picked up by one Simon, a lawyer, with the remark that it would be "a dear nose to Master Testwood some day," as indeed it was.

But Testwood courted martyrdom. Relic Sunday came—so called from the relics being then carried round the church—and with it came one Phillips, a singing man from London to join in the choir on so high an occasion. Testwood scoffed at the relics, and refused to carry any, and when service began, caused a scandal by endeavouring to turn Phillips into ridicule by his responses. Such a scene was probably never heard in a church before. "O

redemptrix et salvatrix!" sang Phillips at his loudest. "Non redemptrix, nec salvatrix," sang the opposition singer even more powerfully. And so on, and so on.

The end was inevitable. Testwood was handed over to Gardiner's tender mercy; but for a time he escaped, owing to a quarrel between the bishop and the Duke of Norfolk. The delay was not for long; Gardiner got the king's authority, and Testwood, with Marbeck and Filmer, was burnt in the meadow below the Tudor tower.

The north transept is occupied by the Rutland Chapel; the south by the Bray Chapel, in which is a monument to the Prince Imperial. In the north aisle is the Hastings chantry, where the Hastings of Richard the Third's time lies buried, close to his master, Edward the Fourth, whose tomb is against the north side of the altar. The gates that are said to have been made for the tomb are in the choir adjoining. With the king, the inscription states, is buried his queen, the unfortunate Elizabeth Woodville, who died at Bermondsey, and was brought here secretly. In 1789, some workmen happened to knock a hole in the vault, and found the king's skeleton, which showed him to have been a very tall man, quite six feet three in his stockings. Leading off to the left, from the tomb of Edward the Fourth, is the chapter room, in which is kept the sword of Edward the Third—a huge weapon, sixty-four inches in the blade. From the chapter room communication is had with the dean's cloisters; behind them are the canon's cloisters, and then the canon's houses, in one of which, in 1777, was born Henry Hallam, the historian. The deanery was built in 1500. It has had many distinguished occupants; among them was Christopher Wren, the father of the architect.

In the east aisle, at the back of the altar, is the burial-place of Sir Jeffrey Wyatville, who made Windsor Castle what we now see it. In the south aisle is the Lincoln chapel, and close to it is a black marble slab, marking the burial-place of "Holy King Henry," whose rival lies in the north aisle. Henry was an uncanonised saint—Henry the Seventh found the Pope's terms for canonisation too high—but none the less was he worshipped at Windsor, and one of the valuable relics possessed by the chapel was his velvet hat, recognised throughout the kingdom as an unfailing remedy for headache! Close by, another black stone with a ducal coronet marks the grave of Charles Brandon, Duke of Suffolk, who married the sister of Henry the Eighth.

And now after this brief survey we enter the choir. In the centre is a slab marking the vault in which lie Henry the Eighth, Jane Seymour, Charles the First, and an infant daughter of Queen Anne. A very different monument had Henry the Eighth designed for himself, but his pompous tomb, with its hundred and thirty-four statues, was never put up. Over the altar is a splendid window to the memory of the Prince Consort, and stained windows with the arms of many of the Knights of the Garter run along the north and south sides. Over the north side of the altar, above the tomb of Edward the Fourth, is the Royal Closet, in which the Queen sits when she attends service. The front is of wood, beautifully carved, once upon a time coloured to represent stone, but now in its native oak. Next to it is an apartment with a stone front, occupied by the attendants. Opposite to it a sheet of glass shuts out the draught from the south aisle.

Of many an impressive ceremony this choir has been the scene, and it is in every way worthy of its eminence. No more fitting frame could be found for a pageant of State than this chapel of the Order of the Garter. As we stand on the altar steps and look to the west, the scene is truly magnificent. Above is the elaborate traceried roof, built by the two freemasons John Hylmer and William Vertue; below are the richly-carved stalls of the knights, in all the strength of colour of the darkest old oak. Over every stall is the banner of the knight to whom it now belongs. The banners are about four feet square, and in full heraldic colours give the knight's armorial bearings. One of the stalls is vacant: there is always a vacant stall kept for him whom the sovereign may suddenly choose to honour, the vacant stall at present being that of the late King of Spain. Below each banner are the owner's helmet and crest—the helmet of conventional shape, the crest of wood or pasteboard, with much of the appearance of theatrical "property," and showing clearly the origin of the knobs and plumes now borne by our soldiers. At the back of the panel beneath the Gothic arch are the metal plates, some of brass, some of gilt on copper, giving the armorial bearings of the present and former occupants of the stall. The older plates are small and of irregular shapes; the modern plates are larger and all of one size, seemingly six inches by eight. In many cases but little room is left for more.

The true origin of what is now the most distinguished of all orders to which rank not merit procures admission no one knows. There are legends, but none will bear criticism, as to ladies dropping garters to be picked up by King Edward the Third. And the amplified version of the old romance received almost a knock-down blow when it was found that Queen Philippa appeared in robes powdered with garters which she is not likely to have done if the garter was the memento of an intrigue. For in old days ladies participated with men in the honours of the fraternity. There is a monument at Ewelme to the Duchess of Suffolk in Henry the Sixth's time, in which her grace wears the garter on her wrist; there is another to Lady Harcourt of Edward the Fourth's time at Stanton Harcourt, in which the garter is on the left arm, in the same way as Queen Anne wore it when she went to Thanksgiving at St. Paul's in 1702 and 1704.

Though the garter was from the first the distinctive mark, it was not till the time of Protector Somerset that the order was called after it. Previous to his alterations, its title was the Order of St. George. But Seymour hated St. George, and made fun of him, and did his best to wipe him out of existence. He even changed the badge. Instead of the Saint and the Dragon, he

ST. GEORGE'S CHAPEL.

introduced a mounted man with sword and shield. The shield was labelled *Fides*, there was a book balanced cleverly on the sword point, *Verbum Dei*, and the sword was labelled *Protectio*—in obvious reference to the Protector.

The old badge was restored by Queen Mary, who made her ill-favoured husband Grand Master of the Garter—the only Grand Master the order has known. The day after his installation a herald was observed in the roodloft taking down the banner of England from over the sovereign's stall, then, as now, on the right hand side as you enter from the nave.

"What are you doing there?" was the question asked by some gentlemen standing on the marble pavement.

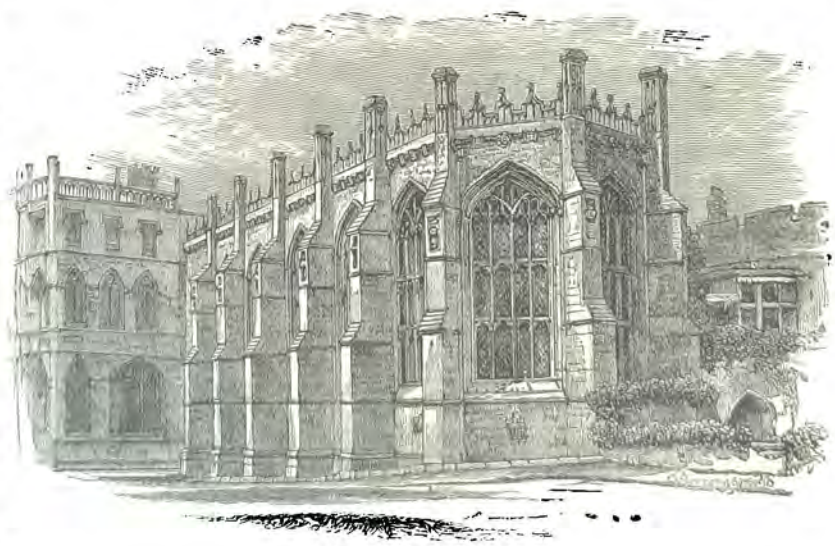
"Putting up his Majesty's Spanish bearings instead of these."

"Then leave them alone, we'll have no Spaniard here!"

Alas, poor herald! He had to come down at the double quick, and the banner of England remained where it hangs to-day. Away went Philip when Queen Mary died. Elizabeth found the order gone much to decay. She had it taken in hand, purged and renovated; and at her first great meeting of her Knights of the Garter the service was for the first time conducted in English.

And as Queen Elizabeth did with the service, might not her present Majesty do likewise with the brass plates which are lettered in old French? When the names of the knights were Norman there was reason in the practice; but now? When Edward the Third celebrated his jubilee he brushed away the old Norman language out of the law courts, might not the rest of it go at the present jubilee? And as we are upon this subject, why cannot the great English nation have a national motto in the national tongue?

The Order of the Garter has been changed and reformed many times. Its present statutes date from 1831; its oldest statutes are in the Black



THE ALBERT CHAPEL.

Book of King Henry VIII. But there is no doubt that Edward the Third founded the Order of St. George. He it was who made Diocletian's tribune our national saint. Early in the Crusades St. George—the great saint of the Levant, worshipped by the Syrians as sovereign of the sea—became

ST. GEORGE'S CHAPEL—THE CHOIR.

the war cry of the Hospitallers. At the battle of Arsuf won by Richard the Lion Heart, the White Cross Knights bore the brunt of the fighting, as under the circumstances was only appropriate, for the battle was for the possession of Lydda, the saint's birthplace. The result of the victory was that Lydda was renamed St. George, and St. George became for a time the English cry in recognition of the miraculous assistance it was then believed he had rendered. Under John and his successors St. George became only one of many cries, and under the first Edward it sunk out of use owing to Longshanks in the Scotch and Welsh wars adopting St. Edward. St. Edward, though quite English, was not a warlike saint, and after the battle of Sluys in 1340—the first great battle of the English navy—it was thought advisable to replace the Confessor by some more active patron. Then it was that St. George was chosen as being equally efficient on land and sea. A few years afterwards his appointment was officially recognised in the founding of the order "in honour of the Holy Trinity, the Virgin Mary, St. George, and St. Edward the Confessor." The two first dedications were merely formal, the last was purely complimentary, and St. George as the active tutelary saint of her great order of knighthood became the patron saint of England. The date of the foundation was probably 1349, three years after Cressy, where the watchword the night before the battle was "Garter" which may, or may not, account for much.

The Order of St. George was at first an order of merit; rank alone did not procure admission. The brotherhood of St. George was an honour to which even the simple knight might aspire; and it was an honour from which the highest might be degraded. There is a picturesque description of the degradation of the Duke of Buckingham in Henry the Eighth's time, in which the appropriate service is given, and we learn how the banner was torn from above the stall and the crest and helmet thrown down to the pavement, whence they were kicked out of the chapel, out of the castle, down the hill into the Thames.

The garter has its religious services, though they are not given in the Prayer Book; the great service of the year is on St. George's Day, the 23rd of April, best known now, so strange is the turn things have taken, as Shakspeare's birthday. The installation service, with its processions of poor knights and canons and heralds, its robings, and offerings, and oath-takings, ending with the Communion Service, is said to be very fine.

It was for these services that the chapel of St. George was designed by the Third Edward. There was an old chapel on the spot more to the eastward, built by Henry the First. Edward took this as the kernel of his new chapel, and giving his builder, John de Sponlee, "master of the stonehewers," full power to "impress as well within the liberties as without, so many masons and other artificers as were necessary, and convey them to Windsor and arrest and imprison such as refuse until the King take other order,"—no wonder the workmen were of the best—set to work in 1351 with great vigour. In 1390 his chapel was declared to be unsafe. Windsor, geologically, is a curious place. It stands on an inlying arched mass of chalk that rises like an island from the Thames plain. On the summit is the castle with its foundations running down into the solid rock, while in the park close around the soil is all sand and clay with no chalk for three hundred feet below the surface. In the hill of chalk a slip occurred, and the state of Edward's chapel became hopeless.

There was then appointed clerk of the works none other than Geoffrey Chaucer, "Father of English Poetry," who at the then munificent salary of two shillings per day, proceeded to impress carpenters and masons for its repair. What he did was in vain; his verses have lasted longer than his masonry; the pen is mightier than the trowel, though it is not always paid so well. In his time there were four altars—of the Cross, of the Thorn, of St. Edward, and of St. George, ornamented in silver and gold and cedar, with books chained to lecterns and desks with many relics including the arm bones of St. George and St. William, the cloak of St. Martin, the skull of St. Thomas, the brain of St. Eustace, and the jaw of St. Mark.

The Wars of the Roses soon broke out and there was something else to think of than the Order of St. George, whose members were so busy exterminating each other. With the death of the king-maker and the rule of Edward the Fourth came a period of calm; and Edward proved a great benefactor to the knights. He took into his counsel Richard Beauchamp, Bishop of Salisbury, as clerk of the works, whom he afterwards made Chancellor of the Order—whence the bishops of this diocese held the office until Windsor was transferred to Winchester, when the Bishop of Winchester stepped into their shoes. Bishop Beauchamp's niche is in the chapel now, and opposite to it is where a breviary and afterwards a Bible would seem to have been chained. On the site of Edward the Third's chapel was Edward the Fourth's choir. The stone came from Caen, Taynton, Reigate, Milton, and Cranborne Chase, the timber from Upton, Ashridge, Farnham, Wyke, and Sunninghill. The best men of the time were got together to achieve an architectual triumph; the chief mason and chief carpenter were each allowed a gown, and the smith was engaged at the unheard of wages of eighteen pence a day. But John Tressilian was fully worth his money, to judge from the iron screen now under the royal closet, which it is the fashion to attribute to Quentin Matsys. When Beauchamp died, he was succeeded by Sir Reginald Bray, an even greater man, who did this work well—and freely ornamented it with his own devices.

Since his day there have been many additions and improvements. One of its greatest benefactors was Henry the Seventh, who left it by will, "a grete image of St. George, now in our juell-house, to be set upon the high aulter at ye daies of solempne fests, and such other tymes as ye Deane and Chanons shall think convenient and honerable." In Henry the Eighth's time, 1552,

there was a "visitation" by Sir Philip Hoby, and others which removed the image and many other things to the melting pot. It was in Henry the Eighth's time, however, that the choir was finished.

After Edgehill Captain Fogg appeared at Windsor, asking for the keys of the plate chest; the keys were not to be found—"were in different people's hands," &c. Fogg sent for the blacksmith, forced the locks and helped himself. Then came Venn, who "removed the traces of idolatry," with great thoroughness. He did more damage than all the rest put together. When King Charles was buried Whichcot shut up the chapel and took away the key. Cromwell, as Lord Protector, re-opened it for service. He is the verger's horror everywhere—virger is the Windsor spelling—but the damage he did, or was responsible for, was slight. He, it was indeed, who improved Windsor by buying the Little Park, and replanting the forest. When Charles the Second came the choir was restored much as we now have it. The organ screen was originally of oak, the present screen is of cement, of the days of George the Third, when the chapel was again restored. The noble flight of steps at the western entrance is of Victorian age.

The gem of Victorian decoration is, however, at the eastern end. Cut off from St. George's by the passage to the cloisters is the Albert Chapel. This was built by Henry the Seventh; but on his choice of Westminster Abbey for a mausoleum, it remained in neglect until Cardinal Wolsey received it from Henry's successor, and in it built a costly monument, part of which now forms the tomb of Lord Nelson at St. Paul's. Charles the First thought of making the chapel his tomb house, but circumstances prevented him; then George the Third took it in hand, and built the Royal vault beneath, in which the members of the royal family have since been interred. An awe-inspiring place is the vault with its ranges of shelves in recesses between the octagonal gothic columns with their burden of coffins, those of the kings being of crimson velvet, conspicuous among the purple velvet coffins of the princes of the blood.

There is no more beautiful interior in the world than the Albert Memorial Chapel, as now decorated by the Queen. Roof, walls and floor are ablaze with colour; every scrap of material genuine and good as it can be, every detail of perfect finish, it seems to be rather the delicate work of the jeweller than the bolder, coarser, production of the architect. Such a wealth of hues streaming down from the stained glass windows might be expected to destroy the brilliancy of the many-coloured marbles and mosaics, but a master mind has been at work, and all is in harmony. The gold faced ceiling is one of Salviati's noblest efforts; the sides are a splendid gallery of marble panels; the reredos with its porphyry and alabaster, its malachite and lapis lazuli, in no way breaks the round of beauty; the seats of coloured costly marble give the broad dark line to add height to the walls and roof, and lift them from the million squares of the many tinted marble floor. At each end of the chapel stand the cenotaphs, one to the Prince Consort, the other to the Duke of Albany. Pure as is the marble of Prince Albert's effigy, that of the Duke of Albany is even purer and more crystalline, and the likeness is even more striking. To see the Albert Chapel aright it should be seen when the Court is at Windsor, and the platforms are away, on one of the death days, when a wide space of the beautiful pavement is carpeted with pure, bright flowers, whose fragrance fills the air, and whose fresh colouring throws into greater richness the glassy polish of the stones.

W. J. GORDON

OUR ENGLISH HYMNS.

SECOND PAPER.

THAT Toplady's *Rock of Ages* is, on the whole, the best-loved hymn in the English language, it scarcely needed the verdict of our readers to attest. What makes it so? is an interesting question. Certainly not its perfection of form. It is probably the faultiest of all great hymns. The images are confused, according to the wont of the pious author. One of Toplady's characteristics, indeed, is the accumulation of metaphors, germane to the subject, but incongruous with one another. The rush of sacred associations makes him regardless of literary form. Thus, the pierced side of the Redeemer becomes the riven Rock. Its cleft is a hiding-place, and at the same time supplies a fountain of cleansing. "Riven" becomes "wounded" in many versions, that the metaphors may run more consistently. In fact, the alterations of this hymn are almost numberless—some, like the above, for the sake of literary consistency, others for the sake of rhyme, as at the end of the first verse:

> From Thy riven side which flowed,

becomes in many versions

> From Thy side, a healing flood;

and

> Cleanse me from its guilt and power,

is changed to

> Save from wrath, and make me pure!

Perhaps, however, this latter alteration has been due to some feeling of incongruity in the thought

of "cleansing" from the "power" of sin. It is hard to say, again, what could have dictated the alteration of

Nothing in my hand I bring,

to

In my hand no price I bring.

Perhaps "nothing" was thought too exclusive! Then for "foul," in the same verse, the editors have variously given "vile" or "black," from we know not what canon of elegance in expression. The alteration in the second verse of "respite" to "languor," may perhaps pass. And in the last verse, we believe that the change of "When my eye-strings break" to "When my eye-lids close" had the approval of the author himself in his last days. The common reading, however, "When I soar to worlds unknown" seems to us to take all the poetry out of Toplady's line

When I soar through tracts unknown,

the idea being that of mysterious, immeasurable travel.

It is noticeable that Mr. Gladstone, in his fine Latin version of this hymn in monkish rhyme, omits altogether the image of the riven rock:

Jesu, pro me perforatus,
Condar intra Tuum latus.

This is a serious loss of the thought which forms the *motif* of the hymn, and which connects it with one of the grandest passages of inspired poetry. "Trust ye in the Lord for ever," we read in the twenty-sixth chapter of Isaiah, "for in the Lord Jehovah is everlasting strength." The last two words are in the original "a Rock of ages," and Toplady has here turned his knowledge of Hebrew to good account.

We may venture, familiar as is the hymn, to print it here exactly as it came from Toplady's pen. Probably there is hardly a hymn-book used by our readers in which some alteration will not be detected; and hardly, we may add, a single alteration that will be pronounced an improvement.

Rock of Ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in Thee!
Let the water and the blood,
From Thy riven side which flowed,
Be of sin the double cure,
Cleanse me from its guilt and power.

Not the labours of my hands
Can fulfil Thy law's demands:
Could my zeal no respite know,
Could my tears for ever flow,
All for sin could not atone:
Thou must save, and Thou alone!

Nothing in my hand I bring;
Simply to Thy cross I cling:
Naked, come to Thee for dress:
Helpless, look to Thee for grace:
Foul, I to the fountain fly:
Wash me, Saviour, or I die!

Whilst I draw this fleeting breath—
When my eye-strings break in death—
When I soar through tracts unknown—
See Thee on Thy judgment-throne—
Rock of ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in Thee!

The most remarkable fact in the history of this hymn, endeared as it is to the heart of the universal church, is that it was written with a distinctly controversial purpose. Toplady was a hot and angry disputant; and in the decade which began with the year 1770 the strife between Calvinistic and Arminian theologians ran high. The two Wesleys found in Toplady their most bitter antagonist; and the doctrine of perfection, which the former were believed to maintain, aroused the wrath of their opponent to a virulence scarcely intelligible in these more tolerant days.[1]

The hymn is accordingly entitled, where it first appears, in the *Gospel Magazine* for March 1776, "A Living or Dying Prayer for the Holiest Believer in the World:" the truth enforced being that no one can be so holy as not to need the refuge of the Cross. To this truth also, the Wesleys, rightly understood, would give their glad assent; and a curious commentary on the original purpose of the hymn that was written to confute and shame these brother-evangelists for evermore, is that *Rock of Ages* (although altered and abbreviated) is to be found in every Wesleyan hymn-book; and in former days, when Hymnody was less studied than at present, its authorship was attributed (as by the Rev. Richard Watson) to Charles Wesley himself!

In truth, there is considerable likeness between this immortal hymn and that of Wesley's, which our readers have placed third upon their list:

Jesu, Lover of my soul:

a hymn in literary form and finish decidedly superior to the other, and hardly inferior to it in evangelical, heart-moving pathos. Perhaps the reason why it is placed below *Rock of Ages* is simply, that in Toplady's hymn the thought rises to a climax, the last verse being unquestionably the finest; while in Wesley's the highest note is struck in the first stanza, the last being, by comparison, prosaic.

Few alterations have been attempted by hymn-editors in *Jesu, Lover of my soul.* Some prefer *Refuge* in the first line—unobjectionable, had Wesley only so written it! but to us it spoils the individuality of the hymn. In the fourth line, too, there is often a notable alteration, most effectively turning a grand poetic touch into prosaic commonplace. Wesley wrote

While the nearer waters roll.

The phrase *nearer waters* finely expresses the effect of the advance of the troubled sea, wave over-topping wave, each billow mounting over its yielding predecessor, and bringing a closer, more imminent menace of destruction. But to critics who have never been in a storm at sea, the phrase has seemed unintelligible, and they have therefore substituted,

While the raging billows roll,

which everybody can understand!

The third verse of this hymn, as Wesley wrote

[1] For illustrations the reader is referred to Dr. Stoughton's "History of Religion in England," vol. vi. pp. 268–270.

it, is omitted in most of the hymn-books, probably on account of the length of the rest.

Will Thou not regard my call?
Will Thou not accept my prayer?
Lo! I sink, I faint, I fall,
Lo! on Thee I cast my care:
Reach me out Thy gracious hand!
While I of Thy strength receive,
Hoping against hope I stand,
Dying, and behold I live!

That these twin hymns, which have expressed the trust and hope of thousands of Christian congregations in their most exalted moments of praise, and have been the solace and strength of myriads of believers, alike in the heyday of their strength, and when heart and flesh were failing, should have proceeded from such opposite quarters of the ecclesiastical firmament, is one of the most instructive facts in Christian Hymnody.

The angry controversialists appear, almost in spite of themselves, as one. It becomes evident that the bitterness and animosity belonged but to the surface of their nature. That which was deepest and best within them breathed one emotion, was attuned to one melody. In fact, the music of the two is scarcely distinguishable. We have to pause and reflect before we can remember which was the Calvinist, which the Arminian; which was the Churchman, which the Nonconformist. So, in the end shall earth's varying and broken strains melt into the one chorus of blessing to the Lamb that was slain.

In the preference accorded to these two hymns, and to others ranked with or near them by our readers, one tendency of modern worship is very observable. The four placed at the head are all intensely *subjective*. The worshipper is occupied with his own emotions of penitence and trust: "Cleft for *me*," "Lover of *my* soul," "Abide with *me*," "Just as *I* am." These hymns are all individual, the expression of the deepest personal wants and the highest personal aspirations. When a congregation unites in strains like these, there is still an isolation on the part of every soul, and the whole is but the aggregate of units. So is it with many others of our best hymns—*Jesu, dulcis memoria*, in Newton's, in Caswall's, or in Ray Palmer's adaptation; "Hark, my soul! it is the Lord;" "My God, my Father, while I stray;" "My faith looks up to Thee;" "Take my life, and let it be;" "I heard the voice of Jesus say;" with Dr. Bonar's and Miss Havergal's hymns generally.

Such absorption in personal feeling is perhaps inevitable. Most of us in our most sacred moments, feel emphatically alone with God. But there is something higher, if rarer, in a sense of *fellowship*. Self is forgotten, and the spirit contemplates God in Himself, in His infinite majesty and eternal love; or else, turning to earth, it exults in the sense of a universal brotherhood. No longer self-centred, the strain expresses the happy concord of many hearts, kindred experiences, mingling joys, united praises. True, even in such cases, the first person singular may still be used: it would be mere pedantry that would prevent this, turning the twenty-third Psalm into "The Lord is our Shepherd, we shall not want;" but, nevertheless, the spirit of the strain is that of essential unity, and expressive of common trust and praise. Among our finest hymns, accordingly, we would class, first, those that celebrate the Divine perfections, or adore the eternal love:—the *Te Deum* standing in this class supreme, with such English hymns as "Holy, holy, holy, Lord God Almighty," and "My God, how wonderful Thou art" (a hymn omitted from our readers' list), and next, those which celebrate, whether with immediately personal references or not, the relation of the Eternal Father to His children, in their sins, their sorrows or their need; as, "O for a thousand tongues to sing," or "Our God, our help in ages past." It is difficult to draw the line between such hymns as these, and those in which the personal tone predominates, as in those first mentioned. The distinction perhaps is this, that in the one class the individual feeling flows out towards the universal, in the other the general narrows itself into the particular and the personal. And in this latter class is undoubtedly comprised by far the largest number of our favourite modern hymns, as we have seen.

No classification, of course, can be complete and exhaustive. Much also will depend upon the purpose of a hymn, whether for congregational praise or for private musing: but, as a general rule, the more there is of God, and the less of self in a hymn, the more fully it seems to answer the highest end of worship. It is this that gives an almost unequalled suitability to the best hymns of Watts and Wesley. Take for instance the seven from each of these poets, in the first hundred, selected by our readers:—

The seven from Watts:

When I survey the wondrous cross.
Our God, our help in ages past.
Jesus shall reign where'er the sun.
Come let us join our cheerful songs.
There is a land of pure delight.
Before Jehovah's awful throne.
Not all the blood of beasts.

The seven from Wesley:

Jesu, Lover of my soul.
Hark! the herald angels sing.
Lo, He comes with clouds descending.
Soldiers of Christ, arise!
Christ the Lord is risen to-day.
O for a heart to praise my God.
O for a thousand tongues to sing.

This note of universality, this going out of self, is characteristic of almost all of these. It is true that the personal element is introduced in several; as in the first of each series; sometimes again with startling effect, as in Wesley's line:

His blood availed for me.

But mainly the thought of these hymns passes beyond self and utters forth the note of universal praise.

It would be easy to give contrasted lists from other authors, many of whose hymns, while pure and beautiful in thought, never rise beyond the world within; presenting the light of the glory

of God only in the refracted lines of the soul through which the splendour passes. Shall we say the light is sometimes thereby dimmed, or that the "many-coloured glass" of human emotion often stains the radiance with something sickly and unreal? Certain we are that the evil which besets the hymnody of our day is that of sentimentalism; and it is a relief to turn from some modern hymns, in their way most exquisite, to the simple and healthful songs in which our older evangelical poets have so well caught the spirit of the Hebrew Psalms—the songs not only of Wesley and Watts, but of Ken, Doddridge, Cowper, Newton, Montgomery, with others of hardly inferior name.

As a supplemental list to that of the hundred hymns given last month, we now present the first lines of the next fifty, as approved by the verdict of our readers. As there was little comparative difference in the votes severally given to these hymns, we have placed them, for convenient reference, in alphabetical order. Some very beautiful hymns will be found in this list. The grand Moravian hymn,

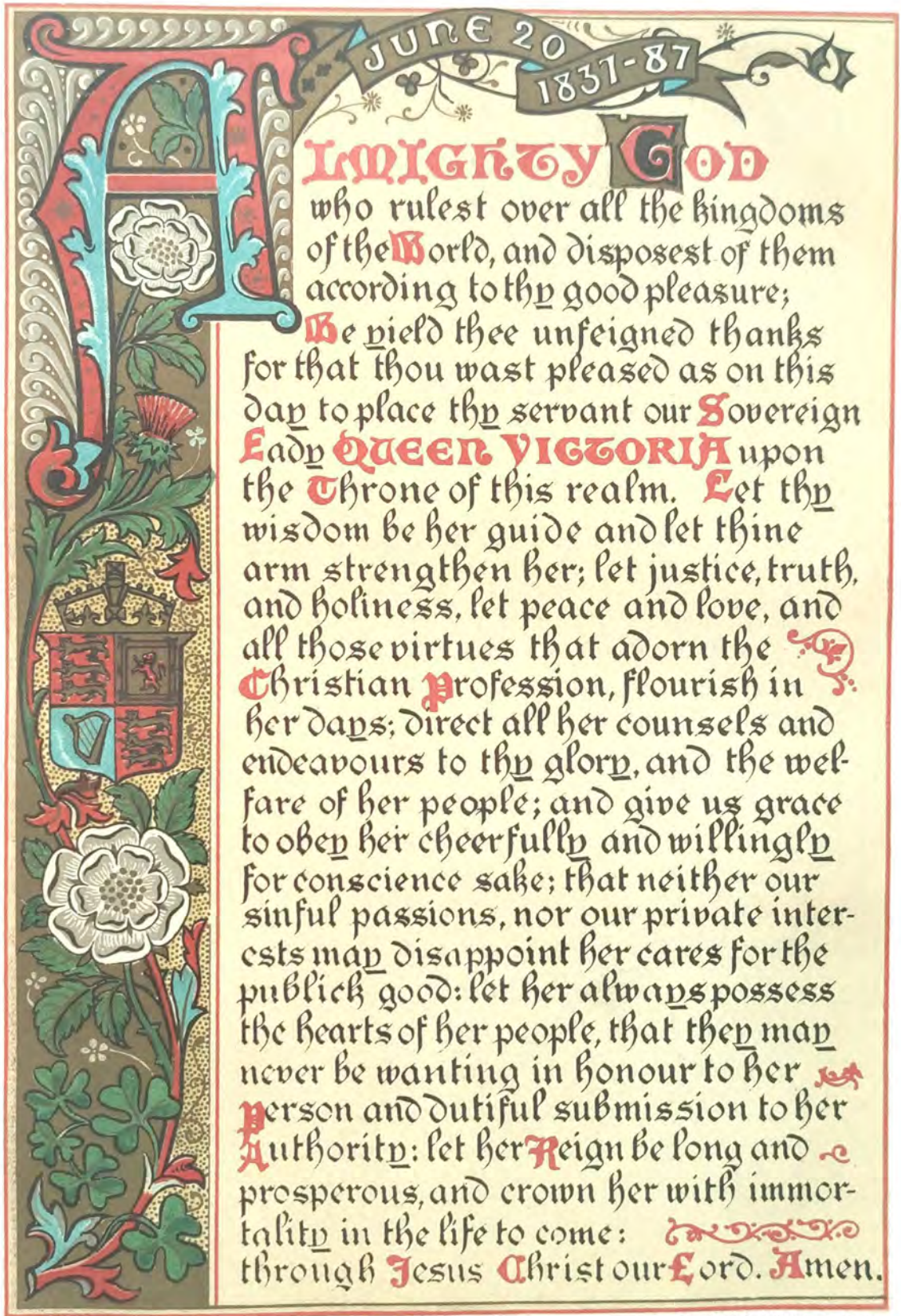
Jesu, Thy blood and righteousness,

stands at the head: followed by several old favourites, as "Come ye sinners, poor and wretched," "Children of the Heavenly King," "O Love Divine, how sweet thou art," "Give me the wings of faith to rise," with Addison's nineteenth and twenty-third psalms, and his hymn on Providence; and Olivers' noble hymn, "The God of Abraham praise." There are also some of modern date, at present less generally known, but destined to be favourites. Among these we would place as the "first three," Edmund Sears' Christmas carol, "It came upon the midnight clear;" Mrs. Alexander's lovely hymn on heaven, "The roseate hues of early morn," and Bishop Wordsworth's fine hymn of consecration, "O Lord of heaven and earth and sea."

Begone, unbelief, my Saviour is near.	*Newton.*
Children of the Heavenly King	*Cennick.*
Come, Holy Ghost, our souls inspire	*Cosin.*
Come, my soul, thy suit prepare	*Newton.*
Come, we that love the Lord	*Watts.*
Come, ye sinners, poor and wretched	*Hart.*
Commit thou all thy griefs	*Gerhardt, tr.*
Crown Him with many crowns	*Bridges.*
Depth of mercy, can there be	*C. Wesley.*
Fierce raged the tempest o'er the deep	*Thring.*
For thee, O dear, dear country	*Neale.*
Forward! be our watchword	*Alford.*
From every stormy wind that blows	*Stowell.*
Give me the wings of faith to rise.	*Watts.*
Hark! the sound of holy voices	*Wordsworth.*
I'm but a stranger here.	*T. R. Taylor.*
I gave My life for thee	*F. R. Havergal.*
I think, when I read that sweet story of old	*Mrs. Luke.*
It came upon the midnight clear	*Sears.*
Jesu, Thy blood and righteousness	*Zinzendorf, tr.*
Lead us, Heavenly Father, lead us	*Edmeston.*
Love Divine, all loves excelling	*Wesley.*
Now the day is over.	*Baring-Gould.*
O happy day, that fixed my choice	*Doddridge.*
O Jesu, Thou art standing	*How.*
O Lord of heaven and earth and sea	*Wordsworth.*
O Love Divine, how sweet thou art	*Wesley.*
One sweetly solemn thought	*Cary.*
Praise, my soul, the King of Heaven	*Lyte.*
Ride on! ride on in majesty	*Milman.*
Stand up, stand up for Jesus	*Duffield.*
Sweet is the work, my God, my King	*Watts.*
Ten thousand times ten thousand.	*Alford.*
The day is past and over	*Anatolius, tr.*
The God of Abraham praise	*Olivers.*
The Lord my pasture shall prepare	*Addison.*
The roseate hues of early morn	*Mrs. Alexander.*
The sands of time are sinking	*Cousins.*
The spacious firmament on high	*Addison.*
There's a Friend for little children	*Midlane.*
There were ninety and nine who safely lay	*Clephane.*
Thine for ever, God of Love	*Maude.*
Thou art coming, O my Saviour	*F. R. Havergal.*
Thou whose Almighty word	*Marriott.*
We plough the fields and scatter	*Claudius, tr.*
What various hindrances we meet	*Cowper.*
When all Thy mercies, O my God	*Addison.*
When gathering clouds around I view	*Grant.*
When our heads are bowed with woe.	*Milman.*
When this passing world is done	*McCheyne.*

THE QUEEN'S ACCESSION.

KING WILLIAM IV., who had for some weeks felt his end approaching, breathed his last at Windsor Castle, at 2 A.M. on June 20, 1837. Very shortly after, the Archbishop of Canterbury, who had administered to the King the last rites of the Church, and the Lord Chamberlain, Lord Conyngham, started for Kensington to communicate the event to the young Sovereign. They were accompanied by the physician who had witnessed the decease, and by one or two others. We are told that they reached Kensington Palace at about five A.M. They knocked, they rang, they thumped for a considerable time before they could rouse the porter at the gates; they were again kept waiting in the courtyard, and then turned into one of the lower rooms, and seemed forgotten by everybody. They rang the bell, and desired that the attendant of the Princess Victoria might be sent to inform her Royal Highness that they requested an audience on business of importance. After another delay, and another ringing to inquire the cause, the attendant was summoned, who stated that the Princess was in



J.H. HIPSLEY.

ALF. COOKE, QUEEN'S PRINTER, LEEDS.

such a sweet sleep she would not venture to disturb her. Then they said, "We come to the Queen on business of State, and even her sleep must give way to that!" It did; and to prove that she did not keep them waiting, in a few minutes she came into the room in a loose white night-gown and shawl, her night-cap thrown off, and her hair falling upon her shoulders—her stockingless feet in slippers, tears in her eyes, but perfectly calm and collected. So it is said in the *Diary of a Lady of Quality* (Miss Wynn).

Other accounts add that as soon as the announcement was made to the young Queen by the Archbishop, she said to him, "I beg your Grace to pray for me;" and thus all knelt down there and then. So it has been said, but whether they knelt down or not, the new reign, judging by the Queen's request to the Archbishop, was inaugurated in a prayerful spirit. Of more doubtful authenticity is the statement that she held out her hand to be kissed by the Lord Chamberlain. Perhaps these are only apocryphal commentaries on the words of the "Lady of Quality," that she was "perfectly collected and dignified."

When the Archbishop and his companions had retired, the Queen hastened to her mother, who no doubt had at once divined the cause of the early disturbance in the house. It appears that a special messenger had been despatched from "Aunt Adelaide" (the widowed Queen now being Queen Dowager) to Victoria, apprising her of the event. Whether this messenger arrived along with, or before, or after the State personages, is not recorded; but the warm heart of the young Queen prompted her to write at once a letter of condolence and sympathy. This letter was addressed to Her Majesty the Queen, Windsor Castle; and when the inscription was noticed before being taken to the messenger, the remark was made, "Your Majesty, *you* are the Queen of England." "Yes," she replied; "but the widowed Queen is not to be reminded of the fact first by me." This was certainly a reply "collected and dignified;" and breathing that delicate consideration for the feelings of others which has always been conspicuous in the Queen.

Preparation had to be made for other visitors, and for the meeting of the Privy Council. While the great bell of St. Paul's was tolling for the death of the late King, a temporary throne was erected at Kensington Palace for his successor. At the Council the high officers of the Crown, the chief dignitaries of Church and State, ambassadors and other distinguished personages, were assembled. The Queen entered the room unattended, and simply attired in mourning. On entering, she affectionately saluted her royal uncles who were present. They were the first to take the oath of allegiance, and it is said that the Queen was visibly affected when they knelt before her, "as if she felt the contrast between their civil and natural relations." With this exception, the ceremony of receiving the homage of the many who kissed her hand and knelt before her was gone through with the utmost coolness and self-possession, and without any sign of emotion. The customary oaths on accession were also taken.

A few days later, Greville enters in his diary: "Her Majesty has continued quietly at Kensington, where she transacts business with her ministers; and everything goes on as if she had been on the throne six years instead of six days."

The Proclamation, on June 21st, 1837, was an imposing scene. The streets were densely crowded on the way to St. James's. The custom is for the new ruler to appear at a window of the Presence Chamber; while the Proclamation is made in the court below. This court, the quadrangle nearest Marlborough House, was packed with privileged spectators. All the gorgeously arrayed officials of the Heralds' College, with sergeants-at-arms, State trumpeters, and other functionaries, were posted below the open window. The brilliant colour in the court threw into greater contrast the dark mourning dress of the Queen, relieved only by white collar and cuffs, the black bonnet also having a border of white lace. Her hair was simply parted over her fair forehead, which added to her girlish appearance. The Duchess of Kent was at her side, slightly receding, and behind could be seen the heads of some of the illustrious persons in the room. At the appointed time, Garter-King-at-Arms read the Proclamation, announcing the accession of the Queen, and ending with the declaration of loyal fealty, with the prayer, "beseeching God, by whom kings and queens do reign, to bless the royal Princess Alexandrina Victoria with long and happy years to reign. God save the Queen."

At these words the band of the Life-Guards struck up the National Anthem, a great shout of "God save the Queen" at first almost drowning the strains. The acclamations in the court, when she stood bowing at the window, to which she was led by Lord Melbourne, were taken up by the crowd outside the palace, and the shouts rolled afar. The guns in the park had meanwhile begun to be fired, to be answered by the guns at the Tower, by which all London knew that the Proclamation had been made.

While the tide of this joy began to flow, the young Queen was herself overcome with emotion. "Some natural tears she shed," and these tears inspired the most gifted poetess among her subjects, Elizabeth Barrett Browning, to write verses, which were appropriate at the time, and have become doubly touching since.

God bless thee, weeping Queen,
With blessings more divine,
And fill with better love than earth
That tender heart of thine:
That when the throne of earth shall be
As low as graves brought down,
A pierced hand may give to thee
The crown which angels shout to see.
Thou wilt not weep
To wear that heavenly crown.[1]

[1] From 'Victoria Regina et Imperatrix; Her Life and Reign.' By Dr. Macaulay. A handsome memorial volume lately published by the Religious Tract Society.

HOMELY LIGHTS ON HALLOWED TEXTS.

NO. IV.

"There is that scattereth, and yet increaseth; and there is that withholdeth more than is meet, but it tendeth to poverty."—*Prov.* xi. 24.

EARLY this year, after a very bitter frost, there were found frozen to death, in a small house in Philadelphia, two old men. The one who owned the house had been a noted business man early in his life, but he had gradually degenerated into a miser, and for many years he lived with a companion as miserly as himself, in the house where they both died. They were found lying on the kitchen floor, with only a few rags by way of bedding, and with very little clothing on them.

They had evidently starved themselves, both in food and fire, although there was more than a month's supply of coal in the cellar, and enough money scattered through the house to keep them in affluence for very many years.

When it was discovered that nearly nineteen thousand pounds, in Bank notes and money, were in the house, the announcement made a great sensation. To die thus, of actual starvation, whilst surrounded with the means of procuring every comfort, seemed very dreadful; and as we read the account, we are reminded of the truth of our text: "There is that withholdeth more than is meet, but it tendeth to poverty."

In the same paper which contained the account of this miserable ending to what might have been two honoured and happy lives, there was a review of the life of a great missionary, who, as a boy, was poor, and who had to endure much persecution amongst his own friends when he gave his heart to God, and determined to give his life to His service also. His brave spirit conquered every obstacle, and his devotion to God's service placed him amongst the Christian heroes of the world.

The name of Robert Moffat is one of the brightest amongst the glorious names that have shed such lustre on our own country, and it is thus bright because of the noble spirit in which he gave himself to his Master's work, willing to be emptied and scattered, if God might thereby be glorified.

Leaving his native country, he sought out the fierce, idol-worshipping tribes of South Africa, and there began to scatter the good seed of the knowledge of God. This poor lad lived to be honoured, and to see the fruits of his labours, and in his experience the text was abundantly illustrated:—"There is that scattereth, and yet increaseth."

The histories thus strangely contrasted in the columns of a daily newspaper, are not without interest to ourselves.

We are all either scattering or withholding, growing rich in the love of God, or growing poor and selfish in a miserly spirit. We are either living for ourselves or for God. He gives to us all the opportunities for scattering kind words and deeds, which, like tiny seeds of blessing, may one day yield a rich harvest of good. The desire and the power to do good grow upon us if we be living in the light of God's love. Without His grace, and the teaching of the Holy Spirit, all our doings must be weak and worthless.

When Moffat began his labours, he was content to do little things, and God blessed him and made him great. No one who ever faithfully seeks to serve God shall go unblessed. But we must be willing to leave the reward with Him who knows how and when to give it. Many a faithful servant has died before any fruit was seen from his labours, but his reward is sure. And we may all take part in the great work to which God calls us. We can try to be kind and helpful, and forgiving, so that those who know us shall see that we are truly seeking to be Christ's disciples. "By this shall all men know that ye are My disciples, if ye have love one to another," said our Lord and Saviour.

Now even the smallest hearts can love. Little children who cannot feel love in their hearts must be strange children indeed. We may not be able to scatter God's Word amongst the heathen, but we can scatter deeds of kindness, and so make those about us happier. And the more we scatter in that way, the more we shall have. Old John Bunyan sang:

"A man there was, some called him mad,
The more he gave, the more he had."

This is true of all that we give to God, be it time, or money, or talents, or words and deeds of love.

Let every young reader begin to scatter kindness to-day. Do not resolve to begin to-morrow, or next week, but commence now. You will be all the happier to-morrow for so doing. Instant obedience is always blessed, whether it be yielded to our heavenly, or our earthly parent. God said to His people the Jews as he says to us: "To-day, if ye will hear My voice." May we all hear and obey it, for in doing so we shall have the blessing of God, which "maketh rich, and He addeth no sorrow with it."

SCRIPTURE ENIGMA.

NO. XIV.

What is the Lord to those that follow Him,
Who says they shall not walk in darkness dim?
When we in patience run the Christian race,
Whom must we look to for the needful grace?
What does the page of Revelation say
Comes like the Saviour to proclaim the day?
And when an angel speaks to Zechariah,
What is the name he gives to the Messiah?
A name denoting Christ shall be the last,
When sin, and death and judgment all are past?
And what is Jesus called who enters in
"Within the veil," to cleanse away our sin?
Who once laid down His life to save the sheep,
And will His favoured flock defend and keep?
What is Christ Jesus in the eyes of Paul,
When He hath "broken down the middle wall"?
Who shall give light does Zacharias say,
And guide our footsteps in a peaceful way?

Each of these answers give a sacred name
Of Him who bore our curse of sin and shame:
Initials taken out from every word
Will spell the name the first disciples heard?

L. T.

ANSWER TO SCRIPTURE ENIGMA.

NO. XI.—p. 304.—ANTIOCH, Acts xi. 25, 26.—CORINTH, Acts xviii. 1, 9, 10.

A-doi-zende-c.	Josh. x. 1–4.
N-eb-o	Deut. xxxiv. 1.
T-abe-r	1 Sam. x. 3, 4.
I-tta-i	2 Sam. xv. 21.
O-rna-n	1 Chron. xxi. 22–25
C-lemen-t	Phil. iv. 3.
H-achila-h	1 Sam. xxiii. 19.

THE SUNDAY AT HOME

O DAY MOST CALM, MOST BRIGHT! . . .
THE WEEK WERE DARK BUT FOR THY LIGHT.—*Herbert.*

LIFE IN NEW GUINEA.

BY THE REV. JAMES CHALMERS.

III.

A STREET IN AN AROMA VILLAGE.

MOST tribes build their houses on posts about eight or ten feet from the ground. The poles which support these structures are of varying size, and set at irregular intervals in the ground. The roughly hewn floor is very uneven, and large gaps often occur between the planks. They are made in the shape of a parallelogram with the entrance at one end. In front of the doorway is a platform which is shaded by the overhanging roof, and upon this they sit and talk. Inside a fire always burns. Sometimes I have seen in large houses four or five fires, and cooking done at each. Around the walls are hung spears, bows, arrows, and clubs, while in the low doorway some nuts are hung which rattle when moved, so that no one can enter without attracting attention. The natives sleep on mats which are laid upon the floor wherever fancy dictates. They usually lie near the fire. The roofs of the houses appear like canoes turned up at both ends, the front being a little higher than the back; others are like canoes turned bottom up. At Kalo the streets are nicely laid out with small patches of tropical plants in front of each house.

Some villages which are placed in the sea or in swamps, have even a higher elevation, whilst a few villages belonging to broken down or vassal tribes are built upon the ground. Although the primary motive for elevated houses is one of safety, there may be an instinctive desire to live above the malaria which everywhere prevails, and is especially dangerous at night-time. There is a great difference in the size and construction of the houses, but all belonging to a tribe are much alike, the variation being between those of one tribe and another. The Kalo houses are the finest I have ever seen; they are

strongly built and very large. When one of her Majesty's ships of war visited there to administer punishment for the murder of some native teachers, it took a large party of bluejackets and marines four hours to destroy a chief's house with the assistance of saws, ropes, and gunpowder.

Their dubus, or temples, are fine buildings, sometimes two hundred feet long by thirty feet wide, and tapering from eighty feet in height at the front down to about ten at the rear.

On visiting the Chief, Ipaivaitani, in the Gulf, I found a town built in a swamp on the banks of a creek. There were large and well built houses, with great figures in front painted on native cloth. Streets were formed by laying logs of trees; everywhere over the smaller creeks bridges of wood were built. The people appeared healthy, hearty, and happy. I landed on a tolerably well-built wharf, and walked along a bridge to the chief's dubu. He led me down the long dark aisle to the small sacred chamber at the end where the gods were kept. I have an impression that I was presented to them, and that the reception was of a friendly nature.

Hereditary possession in land is held equally by sons and daughters. No chief has any power over another's land. In some districts, such at Aroma, Hula, Sogeri, Lolo, and Elema, large tracts of land taken from others are held by the power of arms by those who now occupy it. Land is let and sold among the various tribes.

Many tribes have some artistic capabilities. The designs of their tatooing are often very pretty and effective. All along the south-east coast the natives display a great aptitude for carving. Some of their ornaments, canoes, houses, chunam spoons and lime calabashes are really wonderful, when it is remembered that their only implements were flint and shells until the introduction of iron, when nails were substituted. Large and small nails are much sought after and carefully sharpened, so that they may be used as chisels. A large quantity of hoop iron is used cut into lengths of seven and eight inches. These when sharpened at one end and fastened to a bent piece of wood, are made into rude tomahawks. An immense amount of work is done by these small hoop-iron tomahawks.

Smoking is regarded as the principal luxury of life, and men, women, and children indulge in the weed.

The pipe is simply a joint of bamboo with a hole at the imperforated end, and another at the side near the top, where a piece of leaf containing the tobacco is inserted. The smoke is drawn by suction from the perforated end, and when the bamboo is full, the leaf with the tobacco is withdrawn and the smoke taken into the mouth. The natives smoke at all times; often when eating, a man will smoke with his mouth full of food. If a present of tobacco is made to them, when smoking they will call out the name of the giver or "Beritanie" (British).

The luxury which holds rank next to smoking in their esteem, is that of chewing betel nuts. This fruit has an acidulated taste, and causes a copious flow of saliva. Some tribes add to their pleasure by taking a small quantity of lime after chewing the nut. Their mouths and teeth become dyed a dark red colour through this practice.

Sneezing is regarded as a good sign. If one is sick it is taken as a sign of life. On ordinary occasions, it is looked upon as presaging the arrival of a canoe from a distance, or of the approaching visit of friends.

When the new moon is first seen, all shout and clap the mouth with the hand and wishes of all kinds are indulged in.

In New Guinea as elsewhere, every rich family is closely attended by its poorer relatives. It seems to be a universal tendency in human nature to hang on to any relative who is well to do. My old friend Grannie, of Port Moresby, has many relatives because of her wealth; but it is true that only a few have much more property than the rest, and the majority are upon the same level.

In New Guinea the affections play a prominent part in the lives of young people. Sometimes a young couple, much attached to each other, but whose friends are not agreeable, will run away to another village or into the bush, and await in dilatory happiness until the parental wrath has subsided.

Children are sometimes betrothed before or immediately after their birth. The boy's parents will continue to give presents to those of the girl, and the latter will take wood and water in return. When the children grow up they may not care for one another, and the girl will probably go off with some other young man. The boy's friends will then indulge in a fiendish uproar, and demand payment, which will be made. In other cases they will separate soon after marriage. In every case where the woman goes off with another man payment must be made to the husband and his friends. In this respect they manage things more promptly and satisfactorily to those concerned than is done in England. Adultery is punished with death or heavy payment, and the destruction of the man's plantation.

Girls being marketable articles are well watched over by parents and friends, for should a young girl be known to be unchaste she will be depreciated and despised. Amongst all the tribes of New Guinea with only one exception the women are more moral than in Eastern Polynesia, and as a rule the girls are chaste and modest. All travellers should be careful in their looks and gifts, and on no account even speak familiarly or in a friendly way to any woman under fifty years of age. Even a look may mean death in the midst of such an excitable people.

On the coast girls marry when about sixteen, and inland at about eighteen or nineteen years of age. Young men marry from sixteen to eighteen, and a little older among the inland tribes.

Girls are paid for in armshells, necklaces, and food. A bride on going to her husband will receive from her parents as dowry spears, bows and arrows, a fishing net, a wallaby net, a pot to boil food in, a chatty for water, a dish for holding

food, and two petticoats. The spears and bows and arrows are to give to her husband to fight with, to defend her or to get a wallaby for her. The net is to get fish for her and her friends. A wallaby net also is given that he may have many such for their own use and also for friends.

The old man who wished to initiate Mrs. Chalmers into cannibalism was very anxious that I should really be a chief, and said I could not be so until I had more than one wife. He brought his daughter as a first instalment, saying to Mrs. Chalmers, "You are queen, all the others will simply be secondary and do your work; other chiefs will bring their daughters and then 'Tamate' will be a very great chief." He received a present, and took his daughter back, but thought it very strange that we would not consent to become really great in that particular way. He once travelled with me, and on starting said, "You will see I am a great chief, as in all the villages we visit I have a wife and home." At one village he presented me with a splendid snow-white cuscus and would take no return present for it saying, "it was his wife's pet and she was so glad to see him with a great white chief that she was anxious I should have it."

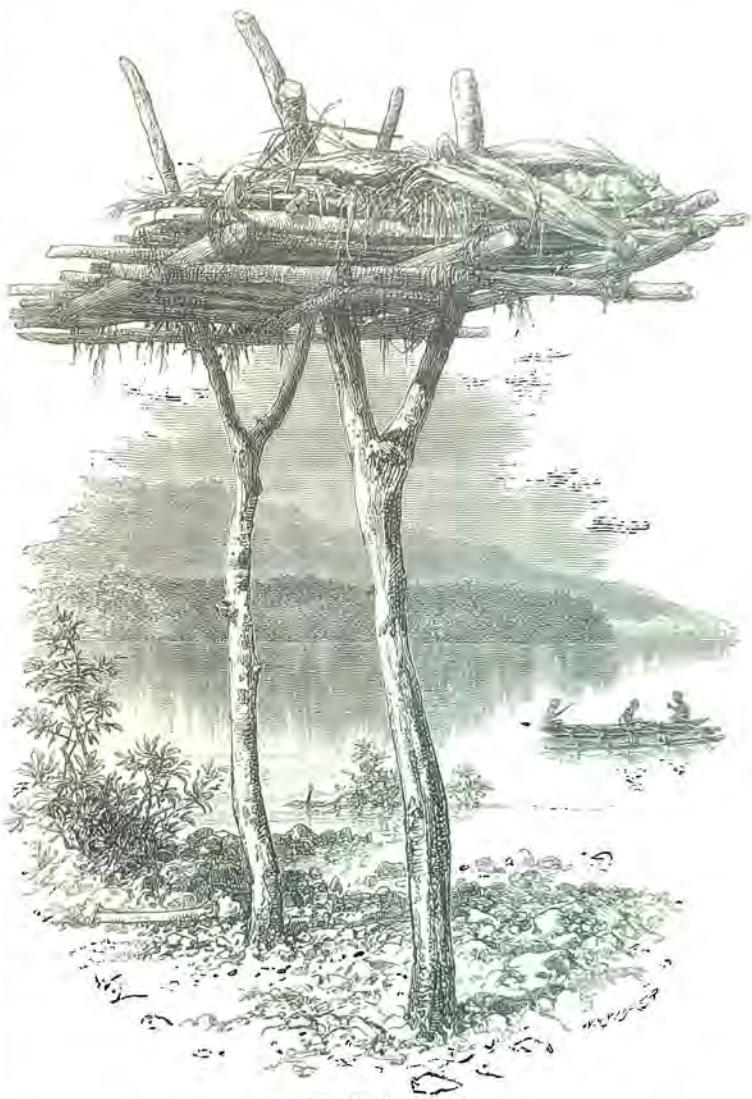
They have no light at night save that of the family fire or fires, and have a great dislike to going about after dark. When they do they usually carry a fire stick with them.

When asleep they say that the spirit leaves the body and travels, hence dreams. The visions of the night are thus regarded as actual occurrences by them. In one journey the old chief who acted as leader thought me mad, because I insisted on going forward after he had had a fearful dream of disaster. One of the party becoming very ill, he turned savagely on me, and said: "I told you before we started what would happen."

When any general sickness prevails in a village, just after sundown a crowd will assemble beating gongs and striking on the floor of the house with sticks, shouting and throwing fire-sticks to try and frighten the sickness away. This is usually done at the time of the new moon. They are not acquainted with the medicinal properties of the herbs of their country and have no native medicines peculiar to themselves. If a person is sick a sorcerer is sent for.

Sickness is supposed to be caused by some one having a spite against them, or by an enemy, or for a breach of taboo. If they are travelling and tired, or sick and pained, the nettle is used very freely until the body is covered with small blisters and the counter-irritant is said to give relief. The natives are capital bone setters.

About twenty-two years ago smallpox devastated the tribes, some being obliterated altogether. Fevers are very prevalent and severe. Last year hundreds died from a very severe epidemic. Some suffer from rheumatism; and



A NEW GUINEA GRAVE.

elephantiasis prevails, but only on the river banks. Leprosy is very prevalent, it is of a hereditary nature and not contagious. On the eastern part of the peninsula the natives suffer from skin disease: it is a kind of ringworm which covers the whole body, and is very irritating and occasionally breaks out into sores which are very difficult to heal. I have tried tar, sulphur, and carbolic acid, but the difficulty of getting natives to attend perseveringly to instructions is so great that I have not

observed any beneficial results from such treatment.

Boys and girls mature very early, the former at about fifteen, and the latter from thirteen to fourteen years of age. They also grow old quickly, especially women after their first child. In the Gulf many aged people are to be seen, a few being about seventy and some several years older than that.

Their grief at the death of near relatives is most painful to witness; the women wail, tear their hair, and scratch the skin off their face and body until the blood flows freely and they are exhausted. They mix the juice from the dead body with wood-ashes, and besmear themselves as a sign of mourning. When all the juice has exuded, the remains are placed in the roof over the smoke of the fire, and after some months a great feast is given, when the dried remains are placed away in a small hut in the bush, and mourning ceases. In some tribes widows will bear signs of mourning for many years.

The Papuan's notion of the future state is that of thorough enjoyment, according to their present ideas on the matter, so that he hopes to eat betel nuts and lime for ever; to dance and feast for aye, and in the land of spirits upon their lovely blue mountains to dwell to all eternity in peace and plenty. In forming an opinion of the Papuan people we must not be misled by our horror of their disregard of human life or by the cannibalism of some of the tribes. It should be remembered that they are savages of the purest type; that they are in the stone age and consequently in a most primitive state of life. For thousands of years they have been cut off from the rest of the world, and only during the last three centuries has the rumour passed among them of a people white in colour who had sailed across their seas in floating islands large and strange; but until my colleagues and myself went to reside among them white people were virtually unknown.

Their state of life, such as it is, suits the climate and the wants of the physical nature, and is as advanced as it could be without aid from people superior to themselves. They are higher in the scale of intelligence, as evidenced by their houses, weapons, pottery and agriculture, than any of the tribes of Africa, but must be assigned a somewhat lower position than the Hovas of Madagascar.

One characteristic is the liveliness and extreme excitability of their temperament. They are also kind and affectionate, and when they become attached to you are firm and trustworthy friends.

Marked traits of character are individually exhibited, and also tribal peculiarities are very noticeable. Indeed it is easier to trace the personal distinctions of a naked savage than of a people who are clothed alike. His every motion and bearing can be more easily noted. He is not trained to hypocrisy; he has nothing to gain by maintaining the outward appearance of a high moral state; and his real character and peculiarities are well known to all his friends. I may therefore iterate with emphasis my statement without being guilty of undue prejudice, "I prefer real things," and would much rather work as a missionary among these savages than hold a similar position amidst a people already familiar with the truths of Christianity.

THE BEATITUDES.

BY THE REV. RICHARD GLOVER, BRISTOL.

II.

"Blessed are they that mourn: for they shall be comforted."—*Matt.* v. 4.

THE first Beatitude having greeted all souls, whose poverty permitted the entrance of blessing; in those which follow, successive classes of the poor in spirit are named by Christ, and greeted with their appropriate benediction. The order seems determined by that of our progressive development. Each Beatitude names a smaller circle of souls standing on a higher elevation; the whole giving the scale of graces or experiences which, when progress is fair and life is faithful, successively appear.

In the first Beatitude the Saviour seems to embrace the whole of mankind. For who is not poor in spirit? And, in this second, He is only a little less universal in His greeting; for who is there that has not known the sorrow of the mourner?

"The air is full of farewells to the dying, of wailings for the dead." The world seems a vale of tears, and life itself a shadow of death. Are not all men covered in this great greeting? Not all, for there is more in life than sadness; there is the buoyancy of health, the pleasure of friendship and the bliss of love. There is delight in action, there is the satisfaction of success. So that many do not mourn, their balance is on the bright side. Some have not reached their griefs, some have survived them. So that all are not "mourners."

Yet so many are; and their sorrow is so grave that, perhaps, of all these strange greetings of Christ, the strangest in daring, in mystery, in faith, is this: "Blessed are they that mourn: for they shall be comforted."

Let us look at THOSE BLESSED, and at THEIR BLESSING.

We begin with: I. THOSE BLESSED—"BLESSED ARE THEY THAT MOURN." The Saviour's word is so wonderful that the first thought of most expounders has been to render it credible, by limiting its dimensions. They therefore assume the Saviour is thinking only of spiritual sorrow; of those who mourn for sin, or whose grief for those removed is the sacred sorrow that looks heavenward, that is hallowed by a gracious admixture of faith and resignation.

I do not ignore the difficulty which so many feel. For sorrow hardens some natures or crushes them; trials make some selfish, and send some for comfort to ways of reckless evil. There is a sorrow of the world which worketh death. Yet Christ inserts no limit, as He speaks not of the actual possession of blessing, but of its infinite provision. He did not need to do so. For the universal sorrow He felt there was a universal consolation.

The pitiful Christ looked on all woe, natural, spiritual, wild, calm, despairing, trustful, and He hails all mourners without exception, as blessed, as happy in view of the abundant consolation He brings near, which He freely offers, which He will successfully apply to all permitting Him to bless them. And whatever the origin of their grief, He hails all who have room within them for a great consolation, as more blessed in the presence of the richer comfort He brings than they would have been in the absence of any need for it.

I therefore dare not enfeeble this word by making unwarranted addition, or adding limitations the Saviour did not add. I dare not deprive any of the comfort Christ sends. But I take this word as God's sunshine falling on all sorrow.

It is worth while to ask exactly what classes are embraced in this ample gospel; for thus we shall the more easily recognise our own portion in its consolation. Let us, therefore, note those whom it cheers with its benediction.

1. First it includes *all the bereaved.* The countless multitude whose treasures are in graves, the funereal host travelling gravewards, overshadowed with the darkness of death. All sorts of souls are in it—orphans, and widows, and those who have nourished and brought up children only to see them wither before their eyes. It includes men who say, "Come, ye that pass by, and see if there be any sorrow like unto my sorrow," and women weeping Rachel-like for their children, refusing to be comforted because they are not; those stunned with recent grief, those whose grief ages, but does not leave them, who say with the poet

> Time but the impression stronger makes,
> As streams their channels deeper wear.

It includes those pierced with many losses; those that can find no moral solution of their experience, no resulting good, no relief of comfort, no response to prayer; those despairing of the earth around and the heaven above them; a vast multitude in every degree of woe. And these Christ greets and calls blessed, happy, as enviable in their high advantage of having the great comfort near them and having room to admit it.

In addition to those mourning the loss of friends, the Saviour in this word includes, further—

(2.) *All the afflicted.*—We are vulnerable in so many points, heart, mind, body, estate, that in addition to those lamenting the dead, there is a multitude of mourners. Some are poor and some are feeble, and some have survived all who could have helped them. Some have been foiled in the great ambitions of their lives. Some have been crossed in love; some wish they had been. Some grind beneath the oppression of the strong, or the calumny of the vindictive. Some lack the strength to win their daily bread, and some the work which would let them do so. Some are diseased with hopeless maladies. Some have to witness those dearest to them afflicted. Some have broken hearts, through their child's transgression. Some are unequal to the struggle of life. Oh, how endless are the forms of sorrow that throng the world! Yet to the slave, the wronged, the oppressed, the struggling, the failing, the broken-hearted, Christ comes and says, Blessed are ye, for ye can be comforted.

And His greeting embraces—

(3.) *All who mourn for sin,*—not so numerous a throng as they ought to be, but still more numerous than many think them. For conscience does not always slumber. Providential penalties awake it, God's Spirit fortifies it with His Light. With every forecast of the immortal future, the thought of sin grows into a burden on the heart. If any gentler sense of redeeming love is present, the sense of ingratitude rouses shame as well as fear. In honourable youth this mourning may only be a grave, sweet sadness of aspiration and contrition. But in multitudes there is the agony of remorse; the loathing of the folly that has blighted life; the yearning for lost innocence with all its gentle joys; the damning sense of having injured or degraded others, and of lying beneath the vengeance of their Great Protector. There is no dialect under heaven which is not employed to express the grave solicitude of sinners.

> What shall I, frail man, be pleading,
> Who for me be interceding,
> When the just are mercy needing?

is a question asked by hearts all over the globe.

And when the sense of God rises in the soul, in the majesty of His purity, laying bare the sin and crime of life in all its inexcusable evil, the spirit is overwhelmed with dismay. In its extreme degrees, when a wasted life seems irrevocable; when faculties have been destroyed, forces lost, sensibilities blunted by evil; when their example is a curse to those they fain would save from following it; when they are doomed to see a spreading mischief resulting from their sin which they cannot overtake, and are impotent to repair—then there is a sorrow within which no other sorrow on earth can equal. Then, conscience is a worm that dies not, and memory a fire unquenchable. Yet for these the Great Redeemer has consolation. His greeting reaches all the depths of this bottomless pit of earthly despair. And these also, He hails as happy, as blessed, in the fact that to them also a great con-

solation is brought nigh; a comfort and salvation so great, that a greater bliss is now within their reach than would have been had they needed no repentance.

There is surely here what some of my readers need.

Such being the persons blessed; take a further step and consider secondly:

II.—The Blessing of the Mourners. Men are silent in the presence of sorrow. They can speak to others when pursuing pleasure, transacting business, seeking knowledge; but to men in grief—how rarely have they any word, so strong and true as to be felt to be worth the uttering. Their effective comfort is the silent sympathy which sits with them on the earth, and shares without attempting to console grief.

Even we who believe, feel the facts of grief very solid and the commonplaces of comfort very feeble—and shrink from the unequal wrestling with others' sorrow.

But here, undismayed by the aggregate of woes confronting Him, the Saviour hails the innumerable multitude of the sorrow-stricken and despairing with the word: Blessed are ye! happy are ye! for ye shall be comforted.

Many have thought there is nothing so profitless as sorrow: tending as it seems to do, to depress vitality, to confuse purpose, to separate man from his fellows, to enfeeble the healthful interests of life.

But to the eye of Jesus, sorrow seemed a Jacob's angel, strengthening by wrestling with us: and leaving us not dead, but emancipate, enriched and comforted. For He says, "They shall be comforted!"

He is not ignorant of woe and of the difficulty of relieving it. For He sounded its depths; was a "Man of sorrows and acquainted with grief." What He calls comfort is not the poor mitigation of grief we sometimes call by that name: the dull contentment scarce distinguishable from despair. But the memory of the Father's bosom and the loving serenity of Heaven are in His mind when He speaks of comfort. And yet, gauging thus all woe, He proclaims that this celestial delight and rest and joy are possible to all who mourn: that the weakest may reach it—that it is here without money and without price for all to take it who will.

It is a marvellous greeting indeed—in its universality in its strength. *For our Lord assumes, that there is no sorrow inconsolable;*—not Job's in the completeness of its desolations—not David's sorrow over Absalom in the aggravations of its despair!

He assumes that no burden of the heart need go without complete relief: no care, no trouble of poverty or disease: no solicitude concerning others. That such is the power of prayer and help of providence, that all such sorrow can be comforted.

And, greatest marvel of all, He assumes that all sorrow for sin—and all sorrow caused by sin, can find comfort in the great Redemption. He assumes all sin—even of darkest backsliding, can be forgiven: that the guiltiest can have peace with God: that grace can more than restore all lost power, and give us back more than an equivalent for all wasted opportunities: that no evil is unconquerable: yea, that there is no evil which may not by God's grace be turned into good. So that even for the darkest despair of remorse, there is provided the consolation of God.

To Christ's eye, so large is the love of God, and so ample the provision of His grace; so omnipotent His cross: so helpful His providence, that every sorrow may find what He, whose home is heaven, calls comfort.

What a gospel is here! Is it credible?

Thank God, if numberless instances prove anything, there is abundant proof of the abundance of God's consolation of sorrow.

How many mourners for the dead have had, by the Saviour's grace, their sorrow turned into joy! Wherever Maries watch beside the grave there are still angels that console them. "The night also is God's," as the Psalmist teaches us. In the night of sorrow the soul is sobered, humbled, purified. The coarseness of prosperity changes into the refinements of affection and religion.

The fountains of the great deep within us are broken up. The immortal part wakes, presents its claims, asks its questions. None but God can answer our questions and satisfy our desires. The heart turns all voice, and Heaven turns all ear to its pleadings and its inquiries. Whether we survive this mortal life and where: and the conditions of bliss and the help available to reach it; these themes occupy the inquiries of the awakened soul. And the uncreated light dawns gradually on the soul with its great disclosures, till, somehow, they who in despair asked, "If a man die shall he live again?" sing "I know that my Redeemer liveth, and out of my flesh I shall see God." "Weeping endureth for a night, but this joy cometh in the morning." And the mourner who groped after light, comfort, God, finds them, and with them a great peace. The memory of a broken, becomes the hope of a renewed, fellowship.

They come down from their Mounts of Communion with faces shining with a celestial radiance; not only comforted but comforters of others, with the power of inspiring peace and strengthening the troubled hearts.

It is the mourners who are the great prophets, the great poets, the great teachers of men.

Love and sorrow, as Archer Butler taught us, were the great factors in the Life of Jesus. "Love, drew the godhead of Christ from its throne: sorrow, sanctifying sorrow, lifted the manhood into meetness to share it!"—and as with the Captain—so with the sons He leads to glory: our manhood is not destroyed, it is "perfected through sufferings." And one of the commonest of all pathways trod by man, is the path which leads through sorrow to serenity.

And is sorrow for the dead exceptional in this that it is comforted? Is there no evidence of the comfort of other sorrows? Why, the compensations of affliction are universally recognised. Would any here have had a life without trials. How coarse, how vulgar, how shallow, how feeble such a life becomes. How universally

those that hallow their afflictions, find them change into a quiet resting place. You have an invalid child, and she is a heaven in your home. You lose a fortune, and find a Saviour. Trials make you pray. "Affliction worketh glory," the glory of discipleship, consecration of redeeming the time. We never are at rest till some storm strands us on the Rock of Ages. Providence reveals its loving tenderness, and prayer its power of engaging the omnipotence of God; and grace imparts its light and forgiveness and peace —to none so richly as to the afflicted. Gather these sweet uses of adversity, and come to Christ and have thy sorrow changed to peace. And if bereavement and affliction find consolation, on how vast a scale have those who mourned for sin found comfort!

He knew when He uttered this greeting how much the Cross would achieve: the sufficiency of its expiation: its power to melt, to win, to bring nigh the sinner: to give peace with God, to form the link through which all forces and comforts of the Spirit would flow into the soul. And, indeed, mourning for sin, the chief of sinners have found a great salvation. The outcasts have come nigh, the backsliders have been healed; those "last" have become first in the kingdom of heaven. Dying thieves have repented on their cross and risen from their cross to Paradise.

And it is not only forgiveness. But there is a strange, all but incredible power in the grace of Jesus to restore more than had been lost. From all unwomanly coarseness, grace lifts the contrite heart and so refines it, that she who was a sinner washes Christ's feet with tears, and shows the glorified how to bring their vials of sweet odours to His feet!

Yea, grace seems to convert the sin as well as the sinner, and make it part of the all things that work for good. "Much sin" becomes, through much forgiveness, "much love." Falls become watchfulness; the memory of faults a tender charity; backsliding turns to gratitude; a weakness into prayer; the denial of Christ into a power to strengthen our brethren. While, in addition, grace enables men to effect the great impossibility of overtaking, arresting and ending the evil they have wrought.

Yes, here and now, by multitudes that none can number, the heavenly comfort of the contrite heart is abundantly enjoyed.

We see these things; Jesus saw them more clearly, and He saw more than these; the consolations of heaven, where all tears are wiped away, the victory over sin complete, and all desires of the enlarged heart fully gratified. And seeing what multitudes would come out of great tribulation, and having washed their robes in the blood of the Lamb, would stand before the throne, He says: Blessed are they that mourn, for they shall be comforted.

Some, content with their portion here, have neither eye nor longing to lift on high, and miss these things. Is it marvellous if He felicitates the sufferers on the light affliction, which is but for a moment, which works the far more exceeding and eternal weight of glory?

Reader, for thee Christ has died; for thy salvation He yearns; for thy healing, the Comforter has come. However deep thy woe; however vast thy trouble; however dark thy guilt; however strong thy chains of evil, for thee there is great consolation. Come to thy Saviour and receive it.

THE QUEEN OF NAVARRE:

SOME INCIDENTS IN THE LIFE OF JEANNE D'ALBRET.

BY E. J. WHATELY.

II.

JEANNE now laid before her husband in forcible words the plots of Spain and the Guises; the fallacy of trusting to their promises, the dishonour to himself, the injustice to the faithful subjects who were to be handed over to a strange master: all failed to move the infatuated man.

At last even her undaunted firmness gave way. She wept as she had never wept for herself, and asked him if he had no pity for the children whom the divorce he had planned would hopelessly disgrace and degrade?

This argument had some effect. It had never struck him, strange as it seems, that his children might suffer from the step he would take; and parental love was the one good feeling left in his degraded heart. He gave up the project of divorce, but his wife could move him no further. He persisted in his profligate life and his attachment to Spain and the Guises; and not only declared himself openly a Roman Catholic, but became a persecutor of his former fellow-worshippers.

This had, however, a powerful reflex influence on Jeanne. Hitherto, like her mother before her, though a Protestant by conviction, she had maintained her own views with reserve and some degree of compromise.

Now the defection of her husband opened her eyes to the duty of confessing her faith openly. Doubtless the great trial which had come upon her had been blessed to her by leading her to cast herself more unreservedly on the Lord than she had done in happier days. From this time to her death her attitude was that of an uncom-

promising adherent of the Reformed faith, and a firm and consistent Bible-reading Christian. Her friends of "the religion," as it was called, could no longer accuse her of lukewarmness. She had cast in her lot with the people of God, and was prepared to do and bear all with them.

She was not called on to witness for the truth, like so many of her countrymen and country-women, at the stake or in the torture-chamber; but her life was truly one long moral martyrdom, in which she displayed the same spirit as that which animated the noble army who witnessed for the Lord in France for more than two centuries.

Her husband was now her open adversary; he actually stopped her when about to enter her carriage to attend a Protestant service, and tried to force her to go to mass; but she was immoveable. The young Henri, a child of eight, when he saw his beloved mother so treated by his father, could not resist an expression of indignation; whereupon his father gave him a box on the ear, and endeavoured to force him also to mass, but in vain.

Alas! if only the man of five-and-twenty had been as resolute as the boy of eight years, what a different future might have been in store for France!

Attempts were made by the Court to entice Jeanne by appealing to her prudence. Such a step as her change of religion would be injurious to her son's future and also for her kingdom, said Catherine de Medici and her agents. "Madame," replied Jeanne, on one occasion, "if I held my son and all the kingdoms of the earth in my hand, I would throw them all to the bottom of the sea rather than lose my soul!"

At last matters came to a crisis. The temporary friendliness displayed by Catherine for the Protestants had long passed away, and the influence of the Guises was in the ascendant. Still there had been a compact solemnly securing liberty of worship. On the strength of this permission, about 1200 Protestants of both sexes went to a meeting held in a barn at Vassy in Champagne. The Duke of Guise and the Cardinal of Lorraine were passing through this place on their way to Paris. Some of their attendants, noticing that a service was being held, thought it a very allowable pastime for good Catholics to go up to the barn and fire on the congregation. Some of these attempted to defend themselves with stones, the only weapons at their command; and unfortunately one of these missiles slightly grazed the face of the Duke of Guise when he came up to see what was going on, and drew blood.

This was a signal for a furious attack in good earnest on the part of the Guise soldiers; and a massacre of the Protestants followed in which sixty were killed and two hundred wounded. The clothes of the slain were stripped from them and sold as booty by the servants of Guise.

The Protestants wished to appeal to the law; they were accused of being the aggressors. The edict of toleration was set at nought, and the massacre of Vassy was followed up by similar bloody outrages and cruelties in a multitude of towns and villages.

At last, the Huguenots, seeing that redress was hopeless, and their utter destruction was intended, had recourse to arms, and thus the civil war began which laid France waste for so many years.

This is not the place or time to give the full history of a war which has been so frequently recorded; a few incidents which relate to the subject of this notice will be sufficient.

There is no doubt that on the Protestant side the movement was a very mixed one, while on the other side there was far more unity in the object. The Guises, Spain, the Romanist party in France, were all zealous and all agreed in their determination to extirpate or force to entire submission every dissentient from the Church of Rome.

But among the Protestants there were various designs and various motives at work. A few leaders, like Coligny and others, were animated by the purest zeal and loftiest principles of piety and love of liberty; but many took up the cause from policy, love of intrigue, or personal enmities, without any sincere religious convictions; and one at least, if not more, of these sullied the purity of the cause with crimes which must leave a blot on the banner of their party.

The whole sad history affords a striking commentary on the words, "They that take the sword shall perish with the sword."

The Queen of Navarre returned alone to her domains. She had been compelled by her husband and Catherine to leave her young son behind; but she was allowed to retain the services of his excellent tutor, under whose care she could safely leave him.

Her daughter, six years younger (these two, as before mentioned, were the only survivors of five children), remained with her, and was the object of her tenderest and most watchful attentions, and she had her people to care for and protect. She was a benevolent, just, and strictly impartial ruler; and decided as were her own convictions, she allowed full liberty to the Catholics. But she would permit no disobedience, no matter what the rank of the offender.

One of her nobles having cited the example of the French king as one she should follow on some special point, she replied, "I am a queen, too."

"What a comparison to make, Madame!" retorted the nobleman; "I could pass over your kingdom with a stride."

"Well, leave it immediately, then," was the Queen's reply.

She did all she could to prevent not only her own kingdom, but the province of Guyenne, of which her husband had been appointed governor years before, from commencing hostilities. She was much displeased when she heard of the excesses committed by the Huguenots in destroying images and defacing churches; and wrote to Theodore Beza to urge the necessity of such outrages being punished and strongly repressed.

Her greatest pain was the necessity of acting against her husband. She could not, for the sake of her subjects and her religion, yield up her power as ruler of the country to governors so

unscrupulous as the Kings of Spain and France; and she was therefore compelled to take up an antagonistic position to one to whom she would gladly have rendered a wife's submission, had it been possible without sinful compliance. But her tender interest in him was unchanged; through her friend, Anne of Este, the Duchess of Guise—who, though wife to the greatest enemy of the Reformed religion, was herself, like her excellent mother, the Duchess Renée, like-minded to Jeanne in her convictions—the Queen contrived to have letters sent to her ungrateful husband from time to time. In these letters she tried to warn him of the danger that lay in wait for him; but nothing would open his eyes. Queen Elizabeth of England sent a confidential message by a trusted hand to tell him how Philip was deceiving him; the infatuated Antoine actually betrayed the message to the King of Spain, declaring that he did not believe it!

The Catholic army was nominally commanded by the King of Navarre, but really by Guise and Montmorency. They laid siege to Rouen, and in the course of this siege Antoine received a deep wound in the shoulder. The unskilful surgeons could not extract the ball; but the injury was not a mortal one, and had he submitted to the necessary quiet and regularity of life he might have recovered; but his excessive indulgence in amusements, his state of constant excitement and over-exertions inflamed the wound, and it became fatal.

On his death-bed he manifested some repentance, and wrote his wife a penitent letter; but his mind was as vacillating as ever on religious subjects; he received the rites of the Romish Church, and then listened to the reading and exhortations of his Protestant physician. He died at the age of forty-four, leaving the record of a wasted life and misspent talents, and with none to mourn for him but the wife he had betrayed and insulted. Her sorrow was deep and genuine; but she would not suffer it to incapacitate her for the discharge of the duties to which she had devoted herself. She was soon at her post again, convoking the estates, and arranging all for the safety of her realm.

But those two inseparable allies, Spain and the Roman See, had their eye ever on her. They had now devised a new plan of attack. The Cardinal d'Armagnac, Chief Inquisitor for the South of France, was deputed to write and urge the Queen to renounce her faith.

He addressed to her a long letter in a tone of apparent respect and kindness, urging on her the policy of yielding for her children's good, and pointing out the excesses into which the Reformed party had run, and the evil consequences of what she called Gospel teaching.

Jeanne sent an answer by the same courier.

[*After an old Engraving.*

"And thou Rochelle, our own Rochelle, proud city of the waters."—*Macaulay's "Ivry."*

The letter remains extant, and is a model of clear, forcible argument, and lofty resolution. It was printed and widely circulated, and won the admiration of all honest readers of both creeds.

The next step taken was for the Pope to send a missive to the Queen to come within six months to Rome to render an account of her conduct, on pain of being deprived of her crown and all her property. Not a priest in her dominions, however, was found bold enough to introduce such a summons into her kingdom; it remained posted on the walls of the Vatican.

The Queen wrote, individually, to all the crowned heads in Europe, Philip alone excepted, appealing against the conduct of Spain and Rome, and setting forth calmly and courageously her rights as a sovereign. She explained these rights also to her own people, and appealed to their sense of justice and love of liberty. Her subjects of every rank and creed agreed in supporting her. Even Charles IX. felt obliged to espouse her claim.

Meanwhile, she continued to make every exertion to establish unity and peace among her subjects. She governed them as a good and wise mother would govern her children. Her son and daughter were now both with her, and her care for their education and training was unremitting. It would have seemed that she was at last, as it were, in harbour after so many storms; but a fresh danger was at hand, and one more insidious than the former ones.

Philip of Spain, baffled in so many of his schemes against the woman whom he hated with the bitter and persistent hatred of his nature, now framed a plot to extinguish heresy in France by seizing on the Queen and her children, and lodging them in the prisons of the Inquisition. A corps of the Spanish army was to be sent to Pau across the mountains by secret paths; the intended victims were residing there, and they could be surprised and carried off into Spain by the aid of the French allies of the king, before any friends could be apprised of the danger.

But this plot was arrested, by what we may truly call the hand of Providence, in a most remarkable manner. The agent chosen to organise the expedition was a Béarnais captain, named Dimanche, who was well fitted for the enterprise by his thorough knowledge of all the mountain routes and by-ways of the frontier country, and also by his perfect familiarity with Spanish.

In the course of his preparatory journeyings he was obliged to pass through Madrid; he was seized while there with an alarming illness. Alone and suffering in a foreign land, he longed for the help of a countryman, and begged the landlord of the inn where he lodged to inquire if some friendly French sojourner in the Spanish capital would come to his assistance. A valet in the service of the Queen of Spain, a native of Béarn named Vespine, was found, who kindly devoted himself to his sick compatriot, and his assiduous care saved his life. Dimanche, in the fervour of his gratitude and the overflowing spirits of convalescence, became very confidential with his new friend, and at last in an unguarded moment he let out the whole history of the plot in which he was engaged.

Vespine seems to have been both an honest and sensible man; he was much attached to the house of Albret, and the news struck him with horror; but he took care to keep his feelings to himself, and at once sought the queen's almoner and former tutor, St. Etienne, a person who could be relied on to tell the queen at once. Elizabeth was shocked at the recital. She felt that not only the safety of her beloved relatives, but the honour of Spain was at stake. "Heaven forbid," she exclaimed, weeping, "that such wickedness should ever be accomplished!"

She instantly wrote a letter in cipher to the French ambassador, who was with the king at Monçon. It was her only way of communicating, unwatched, with her friends at Pau. She informed him of all that was planned, and entreated him to lose not a moment in warning the Queen of Navarre, and defeating, if possible, the conspiracy.

She committed her letter to a trusty Basque servant, who was so quick in his movements that he reached Monçon the day before Dimanche. The ambassador took his measures promptly, and sent his own secretary with all possible dispatch to Pau to warn Jeanne and advise her to remove with her children to Nerac in the French territory, which was safer for her at the time than any place in her own domains. She immediately acted on this advice, and meanwhile the ambassador proceeded to Paris and informed the king and his mother of what had taken place. Whether or no they were sincere in the feelings they expressed, they thought it politic to be very warm in their congratulations to their "dear cousin" on her escape, and through the bigoted but honest Montmorency an attempt was made to arrest Dimanche on his arrival; but being warned by a comrade and fellow-spy, he contrived to secrete himself and then to escape.

The punishment was not to fall either on him or on the deviser of this treachery; the victim who suffered for all was the innocent and virtuous young Queen of Spain. She had in truth purchased her friend's life at the price of her own. The king never forgave his wife the step she had taken to counteract his wicked attempt. The vengeance did not fall at once, but his cold, relentless eye was ever upon her, and her life was made more bitter than even before. One formal interview was allowed between the two friends, when Elizabeth was sent in 1564, with the Duke of Alva, to meet Jeanne at Bayonne and treat of affairs of state; and they felt themselves watched the whole time, so that all ease of intercourse was prohibited. They never met again on earth. In 1568, Elizabeth died, not only, it was said, of grief and harassing anxiety of mind, but by poison. The Duchess of Alva was supposed to have had a share in this crime, and Philip to be the prime mover.

In spite of all the professions of friendship made by Catherine and her son, Jeanne could not obtain protection or liberty of worship for her

fellow-believers in France. And, with all their hollow protestations, the French Court actually framed another plot to seize and arrest Jeanne, her children, and all the chief Protestant leaders, so as to make the subjugation of the remainder of the Protestant body comparatively easy. This plot also was discovered and frustrated; and its only effect was to awaken a becoming indignation in all the faithful subjects of Navarre, of whatever creed. The Queen had difficulty in restraining them from at once flying to arms. She did not choose to be the one to commence the war; as long as peace was possible, consistently with the safety of her kingdom and the subjects committed to her charge, she desired to maintain it.

But the time was now at hand when a war of self-defence was inevitable, if she would not give up her people to the tyrants who ruled France and Spain. The object of the French Court was no longer kept secret; it was to exterminate all the Protestants in the kingdom; and if once they were crushed in France, the little State of Navarre must fall likewise. Jeanne felt herself closely bound to stand at once by her own people and her brethren in the faith; she named her trusty and able servant, the Baron d'Arros, Lieutenant-General of her army, and prepared to take the field. She wrote to Queen Catherine and other leading members of the Government at Paris, explaining her motives; and then, escorted by a powerful body of nobles and armed men, she retreated to La Rochelle, a city which had been occupied by her father Henry II. of Navarre as Governor of Guyenne, and had always been noted for its attachment to the House of Albret. In this stronghold the Queen and her children were safer than they could be in her own dominions. She was received with enthusiasm, and her young son, a lad of fifteen, charmed all by the frank cordiality of his manner and the readiness and intelligence of his remarks. The deputies of the city addressed him in a pompous harangue, to which he replied, "I have not studied enough to speak as well as you do; but I assure you, if I do not speak well, I will do better, for I know better how to act than to speak."

GRANNY'S FAMILY.

ONE morning my little daughter, reading to me, according to custom, a chapter from the Bible, came to the words, "He that hath pity upon the poor lendeth unto the Lord; and that which he hath given will He pay him again."

"How true that is!" thought I. And my mind went back, as it always does when I hear that text, to Granny's family. After the reading was over I told Amy about it; and if, like my little girl, you care for a simple story, I will tell it to you also.

In my young days I was village schoolmistress at Wilney; and on Wednesdays and Saturdays—half-holidays and red-letter days to me as well as my pupils—I used generally to go for a good ramble. A pretty winding lane—Love Lane they called it—led to the village from one of my favourite rounds; and often, when returning by way of Love Lane, I used to stop at one of the four or five cottages clustered together, and go in for a rest and a cup of tea with Dame Penfold. Her cottage, though quite small and humble like the others, was by far the cleanest and tidiest; just as the Dame was neatness and trimness itself compared with her rather slovenly neighbours. She lived alone, unless her big cat Sandy might be called a companion; and, although respected for a hard-working and thrifty body, she was perhaps regarded by some as a little hard and selfish, because she chose—as she put it—to keep herself to herself. She and I were great friends. She considered it an honour that "the teacher" occasionally dropped in for a chat; and she made me so welcome to the best her cottage afforded, that it was a real pleasure to go.

Well, one bright February afternoon, when, tempted by the spring-like feeling in the air, my walk had been an extra long one, I tapped at her door, and received, as usual, a hearty greeting. The brief beauty of the day was over, and a chilly wind beginning to whistle through the yet bare branches made the poor room seem quite cosy. The light of a cheery little fire flickered over the clean brick floor, and on a carefully patched bit of carpet which did duty as a rug before the hearth. Sandy was stretching himself luxuriously; while the three-legged deal table, laden with a loaf and a plate of snow-white dripping in place of butter, showed that Dame Penfold was about to begin her evening meal. It did not take long to get another cup and saucer from the shelf, and to add a plain cake to the homely fare on the table; and then, when to gratify my hostess I had taken the only armchair as the seat of honour, and the tea was drawing in the brown pot on the hob, we were free to talk.

On this particular evening I remember I started the conversation by telling Sandy, as I stroked his fat sides, that he was a lucky fellow to have such a good home.

Dame Penfold glanced round her kitchen with pardonable pride.

"Yes, thank God!" said she. "I've a comfortable little place and a pound or two put by for a rainy day. But as I often tell the neighbours when they seem a bit envious, I've had to work hard for it and do still; and nobody to help me neither."

I remarked that she stood a better chance than her neighbours in some respects; having, for instance, no one to provide for but herself.

"That's true, Miss," she answered contentedly. "I'm not

like Nancy Bond, with a sick husband to keep—though well I've known what that means; nor Betsy Brewer, with a parcel of children to eat her out of house and home. But then on the other hand, as I tell 'em, I've no one to fall back upon in my old age, so it's no more than right I should be careful and saving. Small pity I shall get if I haven't a penny when I cannot work; for them as might and ought to have been a comfort and a help have gone long ago."

Here Dame Penfold paused to pour out the tea, but she was evidently pursuing the same train of thought, for, passing my cup, she observed, "Well, well, it's a great blessing there's nobody has any claim on me!'

While I stirred my tea in the silence which followed, I wondered whether this could really be a blessing. I was not rich myself; and in a certain home, a long way off, lived a feeble mother and sundry small brothers and sisters, who undoubtedly had a claim upon me. And as I recalled the joy it was to send them every penny I could possibly spare, and to make many a small sacrifice for these dear ones, I decided that there might be a greater blessing than having no one to think of but one's self.

Dame Penfold, on hospitable thoughts intent, roused me from my meditations.

"Have some more cake, miss, do. 'Twas only baked to-day, and its riz up beautiful, aint it? I was quite busy this morning with my bit of baking. Mrs. Brewer wanted to send her eldest girl in to help; but I can't abear children messing about. Hark! that wasn't a knock at the door, miss, was it? Your young ears are sharper than mine. No? 'Twas the wind then. All right, Sandy, you shall have your bread-and-milk. We don't want any children here, do we, puss? There's no keeping a place tidy with a lot of bairns in the way."

By the time Sandy had finished his allowance, I began to think about getting home. Through the diamond-paned windows of the cottage the evening looked cold and raw, and a few flakes of snow were falling. My hostess waited until I had well wrapped up before opening the door; but no sooner did she lift the latch than we started with surprise. Close to the threshold was a good-sized clumsy bundle tied up in a red cotton handkerchief; round the bundle huddled three children, their teeth chattering with cold; and on the bundle sat a mere baby of three or four, whose little red arms tried in vain to tuck themselves under a scanty woollen scarf.

"Why, who on earth——" began Dame Penfold. Then, addressing the assembly generally, she added, sharply—"Was it you who knocked just now? Why couldn't you knock again, and what do you want?"

The biggest boy—such a starved, miserable-looking boy—answered—

"We heard you say you didn't want no children, and we didn't know what to do. But please, ma'am, are you Granny?"

"Granny! What's the lad dreaming about? Well, we can't all stand here in the piercing cold; step in for half a minute—yes, you can bring the bundle, too—out of the snow. Now, where do you come from?"

"Father put us into the train, and sent you this," replied the boy, holding out a letter; "and when the train stopped at the place he said, we asked our way here."

Dame Penfold turned quite pale.

"Sit ye down, miss, there's a dear," she whispered, "till I see what this means."

But the poor old body trembled so as she hastily lighted a candle, and sank into a chair, that instinctively I took the letter, and gently pressing her hard, toil-worn hand, read it aloud.

It was short and heartless. The writer said that his wife being dead, he, unable to support his family, had determined to go abroad. He therefore sent the children to their grandmother, with their clothes and all the money he could spare (there were two sovereigns in the envelope); and he warned her that it would be useless to expect more, as his vessel sailed that day, and he should never return to the old country.

"But," said I, "you never had a son or daughter, had you?"

"Never!" said Dame Penfold. "She was only my step-daughter—no more a real relation than you are, begging your pardon, miss. She was not a good girl either; she left us against her father's will. And now she's dead, and left four little children—only to think on it! What be I to do with four children? They've no claim here—but—oh! deary, deary me, what shall I do?"

Dame Penfold threw her apron over her head and sobbed aloud. I could have cried too, seeing the children, still huddled round their red cotton bundle, quiet as mice; for their eyes were fixed on the loaf and cake with a famished yet patient look—a look that told a terrible tale, not only of present hunger, but of hunger to which they were so accustomed, that even the baby only pointed wistfully at the food, as though she had already learned to bear it in silence. I took off my cloak again, and going to the weeping woman, I said—

"Do you know, I think they are nearly starving? Are you hungry, children?"

Only a subdued murmur in reply, but such a pitiful gleam of hope in the eager eyes. Even Dame Penfold saw it.

"Heaven forgive me!" she exclaimed. "What am I thinking of? Poor Charlotte's children, too! Come to the fire, my pretties; you shall be fed and warmed for one night at all events."

"That's right," said I, beginning to cut the loaf. "I will stay and help you; and to-morrow we will talk to the vicar and see what can be done. Of course it is not to be expected you can keep them."

So the children came timidly forward, and the eldest, who told us his name was Bob, took off the baby's hood, and the hats of the other two; and it was pleasant to see the pleasure in their pale pinched faces as they warmed their cold fingers and ate and drank. They seemed very gentle and well-behaved; and Bob especially stepped into Dame Penfold's good graces, when he picked up the crumbs the younger ones had scattered, saying, gravely—

"Granny doesn't like children to mess about. Perhaps," he added, shyly, putting them on the table, "they'll do for the birds, Granny—you *are* Granny, ain't you?" with an appealing glance.

"I'm granny for to-night, anyhow, my boy," she answered, and bustled up the narrow staircase to see about sleeping accommodation for her unexpected guests. While we were alone Bob told me his mother had only just died. His eyes filled with tears. It was not difficult to see that whatever Charlotte's faults might have been in early life, she had not proved a bad mother. The little threadbare garments, patched and mended, still showed signs of her care. Probably the troubles her girlish wilfulness had brought upon her had borne good fruit in repentance and amendment. It was clear she had known trouble, and bitter trouble, for when I mentioned their father the children only shuddered. They were all, except Bob, asleep when the arrangements for the night were completed, and we soon got them to bed. Then I once more prepared to bid Dame Penfold good night. She was sitting by the dying fire, her Bible open before her. "God bless you, my dear," said she. "I shall read my chapter, and go to rest with a quiet mind, feeling sure the good Lord will show me what to do to-morrow." And so I left her.

If any one had told me as I walked home that three long years would pass before I again visited the cottage I should scarcely have believed it: but this was the case nevertheless. That night was to be made yet more memorable to me. On entering my sitting-room, I found an urgent message summoning me to the bedside of my mother. In a moment Dame Penfold and her troubles vanished from my mind. I had a hasty interview with the vicar, took the night train to town, and never returned to Wilney in my former capacity; for with the death of my dear mother came burdens and responsibilities which prevented me from leaving home until my second sister could take my place, when I married; and having now leisure and comparative wealth, my husband and I spent several months roaming through the prettiest parts of England. At length we drew near Wilney; and so it happened that on a fine summer day I found myself gazing on the old familiar scene.

How different it all looked from when I saw it last! Not that Love Lane was a bit altered really, for here were the same tall trees on either side, and yonder was the little group of cottages. But then, the branches, which now formed such a pleasant leafy canopy overhead, and the hedgerows, that June had draped with the wild rose and trailing columbine, were cold and barren; and the air, so full to-day of life and warmth and sunshine, was then sharp and treacherous in spite of the dawning spring.

DAME PENFOLD'S FAMILY.

I, too, was changed; how would it be, I wondered, with Dame Penfold? Let me see, she lived in the third cottage. Ah! yes, there it was, neat and trim as ever. Yet, with my hand on the gate, I felt a thrill of disappointment. Most likely my old friend was gone, for a sturdy boy, industriously digging potatoes, appeared quite at home in the tiny garden, and at the open door sat a small maiden hemming a duster. From the room beyond came the voice of a youthful reader, not yet very expert in the art. He had evidently just come to a regular stumbling-block. "S-a-x-o-n-y! How do you say that, Granny?" he asked; and a voice, which I instantly recognised, answered cheerily, "I don't rightly know, dearie; better ask teacher. You see, I'm not like my old school dame."

"Why, what did your old school dame do?" eagerly questioned the small needlewoman.

"Well, she used to say, if we came upon a hard word—'There! call it lobster-box and let it pass!'"

There was a regular explosion of mirth at this; and the sturdy boy outside joined in so heartily that he had to leave off digging, and throw his head back to have his laugh out. In doing this he caught sight of me; and, checking his mirth, advanced with becoming gravity, and a very polite bow.

He was the more polite of the two, for in my surprise I could only say, blunderingly, "Surely you are not Bob!" But he was Bob, and so sunburnt and rosy that if it had not been for the frank blue eyes I should not have known him. He knew me, however, and had the gate open directly.

"Granny," cried he, "here's the lady you used to know!" And the next instant I was shaking hands with Dame Penfold.

"So you actually kept your unexpected family?" said I, when we had settled down for a chat.

"Yes, I did, miss—ma'am, I mean," replied the brave old woman with a smile, "and I've never repented it."

I glanced at her contented face, and still erect figure, and remarked that she seemed none the worse for her extra cares.

"Oh, no!" said she. "They all love old Granny, and do what they can for her. Bob, there, looks after the garden; he's going to be a gardener, and he took a prize for his geraniums at the cottage show this year. Molly, the one next to him, is up at the Hall just now. The housekeeper is very kind, and is going to train her to be schoolroom maid to the young master and misses when they're a bit older. Ned"—pointing to the reader—"saves me many a step; and little Annie yonder—she that was the baby, you know—begins to hem and sew quite nicely for me and her brothers."

"That, the baby!" said I. "Why this young woman must be nine or ten years old at the least!"

Ah!" replied Granny. "She was but a little starveling when you saw her. Good food and a happy heart work wonders."

And here little Annie turned an affectionate look on her granny, which plainly proved that Dame Penfold's generous act in befriending the little waifs had already brought a rich reward. It was right the children should be grateful, for it must have been a great sacrifice of her own comfort at first, as I well knew. Indeed, as she told me in her homely fashion when we were alone, "It regularly seemed to turn the place upside down. But," she added, "I thought it all out after you left, ma'am. And though I repeated over and over again, 'I have no call to keep them,' I couldn't get it out of my head that perhaps they had a sort of claim by reason of their helplessness and want; and then I remembered how a blessing is promised if only a cup of cold water is given to these little ones for Christ's sake, and I determined to do my best. And everybody was kind and helped me with bits of clothes and one way and another; and now I'm thankful to say we can do without such help, and I wouldn't—nor Sandy neither," stroking the old cat as she spoke—"be alone again for the world!"

We left Wilney next day; and on our way to the station caught sight of a triumphal procession coming up Love Lane. It was Granny's family, dragging along in high glee the trunk of a fallen tree, and evidently anticipating with much satisfaction the welcome addition it would be to her stock of fire-wood. That was the last time I saw them as children. But we met again in after life, and I am glad to remember that Dame Penfold's last years were soothed and brightened by their loving care.

SYDNEY GREY.

SCRIPTURE ENIGMA.

NO. XV.

What prophet speaks of God's forgiving love,
And likens Ephraim to a silly dove?
Third son of one who, spite of scoffs and sneers,
Preached while he builded for a hundred years?
What king of Judah heard a prophet speak,
Saying, "Be strong; let not your hands be weak"?
A maiden gleaned till evening in the field—
What measure did her ears of barley yield?
Whose son did o'er the Midianites prevail,
Gideon his name, or sometimes Jerubbaal?
One of the porters serving at the gates
With Zadok while the ark at Gibeon waits?
Who came to Mizpeh victor o'er his foes,
Yet, seized with horror, wept and rent his clothes?
Who wrote these words, "Oh, cause Thy face to shine
And we are saved; for Thou hast brought a vine
And, casting out the heathen by Thy hand,
Hast planted it and made it fill the land?"

What king with Ahab sat in regal state,
In war he nearly shared king Ahab's fate?
The letters which you need his name to spell
Will also serve for all the rest as well.

L. T.

ANSWERS TO HIDDEN TEXTS.

NO. VIII.—p. 304.

The Lord loveth the righteous.—*Psa.* cxlvi. 8.

NO. IX.—p. 336.

Behold, God is mine helper.—*Psa.* liv. 4.

ANSWER TO SCRIPTURE ENIGMA.

NO. XII.—p. 320.—GALILEE.—John iv. 3.—SAMARIA.—John iv. 4.

G-aiu-S . . . . Rom. xvi. 23; 1 Cor. i. 14.
A-ban-A . . . . 2 Kings v. 12.
L-eshe-M . . . . Josh. xix. 47.
I-dume-A . . . . Isa. xxxiv. 5; Mark iii. 8.
L-odeba-R . . . 2 Sam. ix. 3, 4.
E-l-I . . . . . 1 Sam. iv. 16-18.
E-lish-A . . . . 2 Kings ii. 19-22.

ANSWER TO SCRIPTURE CHARACTER.

NO. IV. p. 350.—RUTH.

1, 2. Ruth i. 4.
3. Ruth i. 16.
4. Ruth ii. 18.
5. Ruth iv. 10.
6. Matt. i. 5.

Monthly Religious Record.

WE not long since alluded to the destruction wrought by strong drink among the native races of other continents as a matter urgently requiring attention. A meeting has since been held in London, under the presidency of Bishop Temple, at which a committee was constituted to take the subject in hand. Archdeacon Farrar moved a resolution, "that the traffic in strong drink as now carried on by merchants belonging to Christian nations in India, Africa, and in most of the colonies and dependencies of the British Empire, has become the source of wholesale demoralization and ruin to the native races, and is proving a fatal stumbling-block to the progress of the Gospel among them." In his speech he limited his remarks to India and Burmah. The religions of Buddhists, Brahmins, and Mohammedans, he said, discouraged drink, and if the people in the North-West Provinces had local self-government for twelve months every grog-shop would disappear. The drink traffic in India might at the first have been an error, but it had long since become a crime. Mr. Samuel Smith, M.P., who followed, alleged that it was not so much the merchants who were to blame as the Indian Government, which had encouraged the trade for the sake of the revenue. Colonel Sir Charles Warren spoke of South Africa; in that part of the world also, he said, it was our own laws that were to blame for the evil. The liquor traffic was not allowed by native law, but as soon as a colony was taken over by the Crown and our laws introduced, it was forced into the country; in three or four years the natives, who otherwise would grow up as civilized as ourselves, became completely demoralized through the drink. A chief, himself an inveterate drunkard, whose territory was about to be taken over, had pleaded against its introduction—"I beg of you that strong drink be not allowed to enter the colony. It is ruining me, and I know it, but I don't want to ruin my people." Were we, the speaker asked, prepared to undo the good work of Moffat, Livingstone, and Mackenzie in these parts? The blood of thousands of natives was crying out to us to put a stop to the iniquity. Mr. W. S. Caine, M.P., spoke of Egypt. The Rev. James Johnson, of Lagos, himself a black, made an earnest appeal for the help of Englishmen in suppressing the trade. He showed how greatly the drink traffic had increased of late years on the West Coast, and declared that the stuff imported was a special preparation for Africa, and so vile that no European would drink it.

The Rev. G. H. Rouse, of Calcutta, referring to the question of legislative interference, points out how different the conditions are in India and at home. "In England," he says, "a large number, perhaps the majority, of the people use intoxicating liquor; in India the great majority of the people never touch it. In England the respectable and influential classes use it; in India it is only a few of the lower castes and the hill-tribes who take it—except that of recent years some of the respectable classes are, through English influence, *beginning* to take it; but it is not thought respectable to do so. England is a cold country, and the moderate use of strong drink is sometimes not harmful; sometimes it is healthful. India is a hot climate, where the use of strong drink is to the natives at all events, altogether hurtful; I believe it is generally hurtful to the European also. The majority of English drinkers drink in moderation; in India the natives who drink are sure to do so to an excess that will be hurtful to them; moderate healthful drinking is unknown to them."

Not the continents only, but the islands, are threatened by this terrible invasion. From the Society Group we note a missionary congratulating himself that the lonely island of Maupiti which he is visiting has not yet suffered much from "the incoming tide of unprincipled trade and liquor traffic." But he adds: "A poisonous fiery decoction called German rum, which yields exorbitant profits, has ruined, and is ruining, many of our people."

THE advances of education in India within the last fifty years have not been all in favour of Christianity. A well-known and thoughtful writer in the "Church Missionary Intelligencer," reviewing that period, calls attention to the influx of European literature hostile to good. "Studies eminently unpractical," he says, "have been fostered to an undue extent." But worse than this! "The railway stations in India now teem with translations of the most impure French novels. The bookstalls are contracted for, and have a monopoly of the supply of books. Every effort is made to force this filth upon public attention, while colporteurs selling Scriptures and tracts have been turned out and forbidden to ply their occupation. As railway stations are, except in very large towns, the only places where natives can obtain English books, the access of the Baboo to English literature is largely through filthy French novels foisted upon him wherever he goes!"

THE season of anniversaries is already far advanced. The meeting of the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel in Foreign Parts had an early place. The report presented stated that the income amounted to 105,711*l.* 14*s.* 11*d.* The general fund under the most important item of collections, subscriptions, and donations had fallen by no less than 2,242*l.* The number of ordained missionaries, including nine bishops, is 571:—Asia, 181; Africa, 132; Australia and the Pacific, 17; North America, 176; the West Indies, 36; and 29 in Europe. Of these 101 are natives labouring in Asia, and 16 in Africa. There are also in the various missions of the Society about 2,000 catechists and lay teachers, mostly natives, and more than 400 students in the Society's colleges. The Archbishop of Canterbury presided.

THE Baptist Missionary Society has welcomed home the Rev. George Grenfell on a visit from the Congo. His exploration of the tributaries of that great river is now a part of geographical history. Speaking at a gathering of missionary friends he said there was known to be waterway of 1,000 miles, but tributary after tributary had now been discovered and explored, until some 5,000 or 6,000 miles of water were ascertained to be navigable. "So wonderful was the system of the Congo that, if they took a quarter of a million square miles of its basin, there would not be a place more than fifty or sixty miles from some tributary; and if they took half a million of square miles, they would be able to approach any place by water within one hundred miles." Still greater promise of good appeared in his statement that Christianity was spreading even where missionaries had not laboured. As he approached one town, in which no Baptist missionary had ever laboured, he saw a band of native evangelists coming out of it to preach the Gospel to their native brethren, and that town a few years ago was sunk in heathenism.

THE South American Missionary Society has made satisfactory progress at various points during the last year, but is seriously hampered by falling funds. At the annual meeting, Mr. Pite, one of the oldest members of the committee, said that a very marked change seemed to be taking place in the Southern Mission. They had elevated many of the people of Patagonia on to the platform of civilised life, so that if they were then to enter that room they would scarcely see any difference between them and themselves: and they were now joined into two communities having their own churches, their own Christian fellowship, and being bound together by a love for the Lord Jesus Christ, as true and sincere as that which united those present. Natives had been educated at Keppel and afterwards sent back to their own cottages and wigwams at home, and having arrived at a period of maturity, they were now marrying and earning their own living, and the committee were anxious that in their new relationship to the Argentine Government they should not drop the old flag, but remain, "stedfast and unmoveable in the work of the Lord."

THE Young Women's Christian Association this year reports the addition of fourteen new branches in the

metropolis. The total number now is 129, with an aggregate membership of 13,500. The signs of steady growth are evident in many directions. The Travellers' Aid, for looking after strangers on their arrival in London, has extended its work to foreign and colonial ports; the Park Visitation has resulted in a large accession of numbers, and now it is in contemplation to start a Factory Helper's Union. At the annual meeting, the chair was taken by Mr. T. A. Denny, and brief addresses were delivered by the Rev. J. F. Kitto, the Rev. Professor Emslie, and Mr. Samuel Smith, M.P.

THE forty-second annual meeting of the Young Men's Christian Association was presided over by Mr. George Williams. The report gave abundant evidence of the variety and usefulness of the operations now carried on under its auspices. The chairman, in his speech, went back over the last fifty years. Since that Association came into existence, he said, it had increased in London from one to sixty-five associations, ten having been added during the past year. Throughout the United Kingdom it had increased from one to 570 associations, having 55,000 associates and active members. Throughout the world it had increased from one association to 3,372, with a membership of 230,000. The increase in the past year of associations throughout the world was 284; and supposing that the 3,372 associations should on an average lead four young men to Christ—and they had just heard of 150 being led to Him in connection with Exeter Hall in a week—that would make a total of 13,438 young men added to the Church of Christ. The Ven. Archdeacon Lefroy, of Liverpool, afterwards spoke on "Great Cities and Great Sins." In the course of his remarks, he adverted to the fact that there were more Germans in London than in any city in Germany except Berlin, more French men and women than in any city in France except Paris, more Scotchmen than in any city in Scotland, except Edinburgh and Glasgow, and more people than were to be found in Ireland from one end to the other. And they had each his own peculiarity and his own virtues, and in many cases unfortunately his own vices, and the result was they had a series of moral and intellectual forces working in this great city which were not realized by many of those who had long lived there. The Rev. W. S. Swanson, of China, spoke of "The Missionary Cause"; and the Rev. Newman Hall of "Industry and Godliness." We gladly note the growth of the Association, year by year, in all the elements of true strength.

THE Rev. Canon Tristram preaching at St. Michael's, Chester Square, on behalf of the Religious Tract Society, said that its glory had always been that it had been able to do its work by the support of all Protestant Churches, and had thus shown that true catholicity is no mere chimera. It was not suprising that Christian men who differed upon many things should unite in the circulation of the Word of God; but that the Religious Tract Society should have continued for more than three generations to issue thousands of books which are used by men holding the most opposite views, without the slightest compromise of principle on either side, was one of the grandest illustrations on record that there can be unity in essentials and liberty in non-essentials.

A CONGRESS of Tamil Christians, the first of its kind, has been held at Madras, its sittings lasting for a whole week. The aim of those who arranged it was to impress on the minds of the native Christians that, although they belonged to different Missions, they were none the less members of the Church of Christ. One day was devoted to evangelistic work; Christian missionaries and laymen dividing themselves into a dozen bands, went out into a dozen different parts of the city. On more than one evening the young women of the Madras Christian Female Normal School walked to the place of meeting, singing lyrics, as they marched through crowds of eagerly listening Hindus and Mohammedans. We note, by the way, here and elsewhere the use of the magic lantern as an adjunct of missionary work, in some instances with truly magical effect, scaring and then charming the onlookers. The photographer, we know, is also abroad on the mission-field; and is aiding in the collection of material of great historical value.

GENERAL HAIG, who has recently visited Yambo and Jeddah, reports that the number of pilgrims to Meccah, though varying considerably from year to year, shows no marked decline. The arrivals by sea from all parts of the world average from 25,000 to 50,000 per annum. The higher number is only reached in the years of the Haj-el-Akhbar, when the great day falls on a Friday—about once in six or seven years. In ordinary years the average is not over 35,000. The total number assembled at Arafat on the great days of the feast is about 60,000, but this includes the Arabs from the interior, great numbers of Bedouins, and at least 20,000 of the inhabitants of Jeddah, Meccah, Taieff, and other neighbouring places. "Assuming, however, that the numbers have remained stationary for many years past, this seems clearly to indicate a considerable decline in religious fervour, if we consider how enormously communication between Meccah and all parts of the world has been facilitated and cheapened by steam navigation. What formerly took a year can now be done in a few weeks, and at an immense reduction of cost. What was formerly only within the power of the rich, is now possible to the poor. But India, with its fifty millions of Mohammedans, with all its railways, roads, and steamers, sends annually only from 5000 to 10,000 pilgrims, and a large proportion of these so poor that the Indian Government has again and again been requested to interfere, and to introduce a rule similar to that which obtains in Java, where no Moslem is allowed to leave on pilgrimage until he has given substantial proof that he is fully able to bear the expenses of the trip. Taking, however, the average annual number of pilgrims from all parts of the world at 30,000, this would amount to a million in a generation. If this is all that the 150 millions of Mohammedans contribute, we might have concluded that the great institution of the Haj had ceased to be a factor of any consequence in the religious or corporate life of Mohammedans; but it has still great power; a Hajji is always held in respect; the very name is a title of honour. The influence of the institution is on the decline, but is very far yet from having passed away."

THE French Academy recently received M. Leconte de Lisle into its august ranks. The discourse on the occasion was pronounced by M. Alexander Dumas. M. Leconte de Lisle had spoken of Christianity as "a barbarian element in the history of humanity." M. Dumas, in reply, bore unexpected testimony to the Christian revelation: "Amidst the Orphic and Vedic poems, a small book fell, it is said, from heaven; that small book narrated to men the most wonderful story they had ever heard, and proposed to them the most wonderful, the purest, and most profitable moral principles that ever were proclaimed upon earth. Humanity felt it had a new soul at the voice of those Judean prophets. The religious poems of antiquity faded away in like manner, as, at the first rays of the sun, the stars are extinguished." M. Dumas is known to the world by his literary and theatrical works. Have we not here another testimony to the wide diffusion of the light reflected from the Gospel? We are reminded of Rousseau and Rénan, and of John Stuart Mill, and others, whose words have rendered reluctant homage to the surpassing "excellency of the knowledge of Christ."

THE "British Weekly" relates a touching incident of the last hours of Dr. Ray Palmer, some of whose hymns have attained wide use in this country. During the last three or four days of his life, Dr. Ray Palmer lay most of the time apparently unconscious. When told by his son at the beginning of this time that the end was near, he answered, "Thank God," in a louder tone of voice than he had employed for some time. Occasionally he would be heard to repeat to himself a hymn of faith and praise, now one of Wesley's and now one of his own. The last words he was heard to utter were spoken not many hours before his death. His lips were seen to move, and listening ears caught a few syllables, inarticulately spoken, of the last verse of his hymn entitled "Jesus, these eyes have never seen"—

> "When death these mortal eyes shall seal,
> And still this throbbing heart,
> The rending veil shall Thee reveal
> All glorious as Thou art."

The words, "The rending veil shall Thee reveal," were distinctly made out. So he passed away with his own words of faith, written in life, ratified in death. Some account of his life and writings has previously appeared in these pages.

THE SUNDAY AT HOME

O DAY MOST CALM, MOST BRIGHT! . . .
THE WEEK WERE DARK BUT FOR THY LIGHT.—*Herbert.*

GENEVIÈVE;

OR, THE CHILDREN OF PORT ROYAL.

A STORY OF OLD FRANCE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE SPANISH BROTHERS," "THE KING'S SERVICE," &c.

CHAPTER I.

"MY CHILDREN, YOU ARE LATE."

THE seventeenth century had completed rather more than half its stormy chequered course. It was early June; the sun was sinking to rest over the woods and orchards and green cornfields of northern France, and gilding with its parting smile the quiet waters of the Seine. On the flowery banks of the stream, not far from the ancient town of Vernon, was one spot more than usually beautiful. There, on the breast of the clear water, flushed with rosy light, slept a little island, rich with emerald grass and the bright pink blossoms of some pretty wild flower. Close beside it, a tiny boat floated lazily down the river, its pair of

No. 1731.—JULY 2, 1887. PRICE ONE PENNY.

occupants being the only living creatures in sight. They were children, or scarcely more—a gallant, sunburned boy of about fifteen, a girl some three years younger, but already giving promise of remarkable beauty. She had thrown off the shady hat that covered her luxuriant golden hair, and was leaning over the side of the boat, drawing her slender fingers through the cool water, while she looked up at her companion half shyly, half archly, her deep violet eyes dimmed all the while with the dew of gathering tears.

"You may say what you please, Edouard," she said (using the familiar "thou," which loses its pleasantness in a foreign tongue). "You may say what you please, but I know the truth. You are not sorry to go, you are glad."

"Glad and sorry, both together," the boy answered frankly. "I am glad when I think of Paris and all its wonders, still more when I think that I am going to be a soldier—as my father was, and his father, and his father's father, and all our race! But I am sorry—and the sorrow is more than the gladness—when I think of leaving home, and you, Geneviève, and the dear father and mother. There, do not let us talk of it."

"I do not wish to talk of it, I am sure, for my part; I——." Here Geneviève broke off suddenly, and the pout with which the little speech began ended almost in a sob.

"I want to ask you, little sister, to take care—great care, the very greatest care you can—of my poor little Jeannette. I cannot bring her with me to Paris; I am to have horses of my own there, and grooms, and lacqueys, and a page too, who will attend me when I ride, so Monsieur, my uncle, says," Edouard continued, not without a slight air of importance.

"When did you hear all that?" asked Geneviève.

"Hear it? Why, of course, M. d'Houditôt has been telling me these things ever since he came. It was very good of my uncle to send his first gentleman to bring me to Paris, but I think he need not have taken so much trouble. I could have travelled so far very well by myself. However, I suppose that would not have been thought proper. But about Jeannette, you will be sure to remember, Geneviève, she is not to be ill-used, or worked hard, but to be turned out to grass as soon as she gets unfit for you to ride her, and already she is old."

"Yes, I will remember; even were I to forget, which I will not do, my father would take care of her. He never allows any creature to be hurt or treated badly. And Tireur, what of him, Edouard?"

"Oh! I shall take Tireur with me. A dog is never in the way. Now, I suppose we ought to pull towards home. It is growing dark. Geneviève, there is one thing more I want you to keep and take care of."

"You may trust me, I shall keep it for you quite safely. What is it, Edouard?"

"Something which you are not to keep for *me*, but for yourself. You will find it, when I am gone, in the private drawer of the little ebony cabinet in my room. I will give you the key before I go."

"But Edouard! Oh, Edouard!" the little girl said flushing, "I saw you this morning, while I was helping you to pack, put into that very drawer and lock up there, your father's watch."

"How quick your eyes are! There is no cheating you, Geneviève. I did not wish you to know about it until after I was gone; but it makes no difference. The watch is for *you*. It is the only thing worth giving you that I have of my very own. The only thing, almost, that is not your father's or your mother's gift to me. So you must take it as a *souvenir*, or I shall be vexed, and ride away to-morrow sad in heart."

"I know mother will not let me take it; you remember how grieved she was when you gave her that beautiful ring with the ruby in it, on the day of her fête, although she did not know till afterwards that you sold your own gold chain to buy it for her. Besides, Edouard, you ought not to give that watch away to me or to any one, because it was your father's. I think you have nothing else left now that belonged to him."

"Yes, I have *one* thing more precious than the watch. And I think our mother will let me have my will, now that I am going away."

"I don't know—Oh, Edouard, I wish—I wish you would stay with us!"

"Dear little sister, it does not depend on me. Were I to ask it, even on my knees, your father would not allow me to stay. He says it is my duty to go to my uncle, now that he claims me."

"How fond our father is of that word 'duty!'"

"Well he may! It is a grand word, Geneviève. I hope to hold it dear all my life, and dearer than my life." The boy spoke earnestly as, resting on his oar for a moment, he leant back in the little boat, and looked up to the quickly fading sky, where one or two faint stars had already begun to appear.

"Yes," returned Geneviève thoughtfully, "but our mother says it is not enough to do our duty in the world, we must also love and serve the good God, and 'make our salvation'; you understand? Our mother is very sorry for you, Edouard."

Edouard did not answer. A strange fancy, which he could not have put into words, was flitting vaguely through his mind. Perhaps the light of duty—"*devoir*," "honour," as an English boy of similar character and training would have phrased it—was like the vanishing daylight, and that of religion like the far faint stars, dim and distant, but everlasting. But then, *what* religion? The thought faded quickly, his mind being still too immature to fix and pursue it. He resumed his pleasant labour, and soon brought his little craft to the foot of a broad and lofty flight of steps, having massive stone balustrades adorned with quaint carving, and at the summit a terraced garden, glowing with brightly tinted flowers.

"Ah," said Geneviève quickly, "there is the mother watching for us. We must be very late."

On the topmost step, looking down somewhat anxiously, stood a tall and slender lady, dressed

in a robe of dark coloured brocade, her high white cap, with its costly lace, covered lightly with a crimson scarf. She did not speak, but beckoned to the children to come quickly, which they did, Edouard helping Geneviève out of the boat, and then fastening it with a rope to a stake fixed for the purpose in the ground near the steps.

"My children, you are late," said a mild voice, with a slight accent of reproach in it, as they drew near. "Supper waits, and that is not seemly when there is a guest who must wait also."

"But, mother, why should supper wait for us?" asked Geneviève rather surprised.

"For *thee*, child? Who would think of it? But our Edouard, being, as he is, the nephew of M. le Duc de Graffont—what do you suppose the duke's gentleman would think of us if we sat down to table without him?"

Much impressed by this view of the case, and by the new aspect in which it presented her playmate to her mind, Geneviève followed her mother into the house—a quaint parti-coloured château, built of brick, but faced with stone and ornamented with plaster, in the style brought into fashion by Cardinal Richelieu. It was not imposing, and had few pretentions to state or splendour, looking merely a fit residence for a man of good means, but of habits neither luxurious nor ostentatious.

More luxurious, and it must be also said, more ostentatious than usual, was the evening meal, spread in the large hall; for the duke's first gentleman was a person of distinction, even in the eyes of the very able advocate and counsellor who had the honour of entertaining him. But it was over at last, and the guest conducted with due ceremony to the state bed-room which had been prepared for him. Half an hour later, Edouard de Sercourt stood for the last time alone in the presence of the man who had been to him as a father.

M. Etienne Montères sat in his fauteuil,[1] carelessly attired in an embroidered dressing gown and slippers. He had even discarded the cumbrous peruke, then an indispensable part of the dress of a man in his position; but this was not to be regretted, as his own grey hair formed a far more becoming adornment for his fine, well developed, intellectual head. His features were plain and even rugged, but they had always been intelligent and sensible, and now they were refined by sickness and suffering. M. Montères had long been an invalid; which was one reason, though not the only one, for his withdrawal from the busy life of law courts and provincial parliaments to the comparative seclusion of his present abode.

In striking contrast to his, were the lithe, boyish figure and sun-burned face of the stripling who stood before him—a face of no ordinary type, decidedly handsome, yet better described by the term noble, since it was too long for regular beauty; though the features were well marked, the nose aquiline, and the large eyes a dark blue, full of fire and softness.

[1] Armchair.

"There is no need," M. Montères was saying, in grave, measured tones, "there is no need, at this eleventh hour, for me to repeat the counsels I have given you already. That an honest, pure, and righteous life may be lived in any circumstances, however full of temptation, and by any man who has vowed to God and to his own conscience so to live, I have not now to tell you. I believe, Edouard de Sercourt, that such a life will be thine."

"I hope so," said the boy humbly; and perhaps his modest, diffident tone augured better things for the future than the loudest protestations would have done.

"The only fault of character against which I have to give you any special warning," M. Montères resumed, "is the too great impetuosity—or perhaps I ought to call it, tenacity—which leads you to pursue any object upon which your mind is set, without regard, not only to fortuitous obstacles, but to the reasonable limitations which time, place, and circumstance impose upon human endeavour. To carry out what you have determined is generally right and wise; to do it at a stretch, without pause or delay, or due attention to other claims, is often wrong and inconvenient. Study, I advise you, my son, the good old Latin proverb '*Festina lente.*'[1] But there is another and more important subject upon which I have to speak to you. I have not now to remind you that, in compliance with the earnest entreaties of your father on his death-bed, and to fulfil my own word of honour pledged to him in those solemn circumstances, I have brought you up a Protestant."

"Yes, I am a Protestant," Edouard answered in a matter-of-fact way, as though he said, "I am a native of France, of Normandy."

"It is no secret from you, my son, that my wife, your adopted mother, has not seen with me in this matter. She has not failed to urge upon me the welfare of your soul, and the arguments of priests and casuists (though *she* is no casuist) to prove there is less sin in breaking than in keeping a promise which in itself was a sin. With such questions of casuistry however I have had, and I have, nothing to do. I only know that to a man of honour his pledged word is a sacred thing, and the rather when he to whom it is pledged can no longer claim, or compel, its fulfilment. Your father was the best friend I ever had; he trusted me in life; he trusted me in death; and I shall not betray his trust merely because his ashes are cold in the grave, and can never rise to reproach me. Therefore, though I could not teach you what I myself knew not, I have always held you back carefully from participation in any rite of the church, and I have sent you, as often as I could, to Vernon, to attend the Assemblies, and to receive instruction from the pastor of your own faith."

Edouard's reply was somewhat singular. "I hold my own faith dear," he said, "because it was my father's; but I cannot think ill of the religion to which you and our mother belong."

[1] Hasten slowly.

"Where you are going, my son, there will be many anxious to persuade you to think well enough of it to make it your own. They will press you to attend functions, and to hear great preachers; they will use the attractions of music and art, perhaps also the kind words of great men, and the smiles of fair ladies."

"Ah, as for that," said Edouard, looking up with more animation than he had shown before, "I shall never think any one half so fair as Geneviève."

"We are talking *seriously*, my son, and I request your earnest attention," returned the counsellor, with an air of reproof. "I only wish to say that for you the path of conversion will be strewn with flowers. But beware, for flowers sometimes hide an abyss. Do nothing rashly. Indeed I may add, do nothing at all, until you come to man's estate. Say to those who would engage you in controversy that, until you are old enough to examine these things for yourself, you are determined to profess the faith of your father. Go openly to Charenton[1] when the arrangements of your uncle's household permit of it. Remember that the laws of your country give you a right to your religion, and that no man is permitted to insult or injure you on account of it. The door to every preferment, military or civil, stands as open to you as to the best Catholic in France. Understand your rights, use them, but I need not add, do not abuse them."

"How could I abuse them, my father?"

"It would, I think, be an abuse of them, if, when arrived at full age, you were to refuse to examine the differences between the two religions, and to embrace that which seems to you the best. If it were possible (which it is not) that I should be alive ten years hence, I should be glad enough then to hear of your conversion—*then*, not now. Mark why not. Once you forsake your own religion, there is no return. *Vestigia nulla retrorsum.* The Huguenot so born enjoys the protection of the law; with the relapsed Huguenot, or, so to speak, the apostate Catholic, it is far otherwise. You would make a veritable shipwreck of your life if, lightly converted in your boyhood, you saw reason in maturer years to repent your decision. Not that even then I could advise you to a baseness. A man must walk by the light of his conscience, though he walk into an open grave. But I would not have your pathway made more perilous than need be."

"I will remember all you say, my father," Edouard answered. "But, if I know myself, there is no danger, no possibility even, of my changing my faith."

"Enough, my son. I have now but one word more to add, and that word concerns myself, rather than you."

He paused so long before he spoke the word that Edouard looked at him in surprise, even in some anxiety. At length the pause was broken.

"I do not think we shall meet again on this side the grave," said M. Montères slowly.

"My father—my dear father," the boy began impetuously.

M. Montères held up his hand with a gesture which, as well as the look that accompanied it, bespoke silence and attention.

"My adopted son, who leaves me to-morrow, has the right to hear from my lips what otherwise I would not have uttered. Edouard, I am stricken with a mortal disease. It will not be long—years it cannot be—months it may not be—until I leave my wife a widow and my child an orphan. Moreover, I have been what the world calls an unsuccessful man; already I have lost much of what once was mine, and should the lawsuit terminate unfavourably, I shall lose all. And those I leave behind must be left desolate in a cold, unfriendly world. You will not forget them, Edouard?"

But the boy was weeping silently, and could not answer.

His guardian resumed gently: "I know what thy heart says, my child, but I wish to hear it from thy lips."

"Surely it is not so bad as that, my father; it cannot be," faltered Edouard. "But should the need arise, you may trust me, father. In truth," he said, gathering courage as he went on, and moved to unwonted confidence by the confidence which had been reposed in him, "in truth, this is what I intend to do. I hope, first, that my uncle, the Duc de Graffont, will get me a commission in the army, so that I may fight for the king, and show myself not unworthy of my father's name. Then, when I am a man, I will come back again here, and ask for the hand of Geneviève."

His eyes, which sparkled through their tears, his flushed cheek, his broken and faltering words, showed at once the genuineness of his emotion, and the struggle it cost him to drag into the light that which lay hidden in the depths of his boyish heart.

But M. Montères dismissed it all with a half-tolerant, half-contemptuous, "*A ça.*[1] Do not talk idly, my dear boy. Your future will be very different from what you think now. It will, in any case, be a distinguished, and it may even prove to be a very brilliant one, especially if M. le Duc does not reconcile himself to his son—an eventuality upon which however you must carefully abstain from calculating; you must not even desire it; on the contrary, should it ever lie in your power to do so, you must further such a reconciliation with all your influence. But however this may be, you will still be M. de Sercourt, the nephew and ward of M. le Duc de Graffont. It is quite possible that M. le Duc already has in his thoughts a suitable 'partie' for you; but even if not, this at least is certain, you will not be six months in Paris until you perfectly comprehend, and entirely recognise, the eternal barrier that divides the daughter of M. l'avocat from the nephew of M. le Duc. No, my son, no protestations, if you please. I ask no romantic vows, no

[1] The place at the prescribed distance outside of Paris where the Protestants were allowed to hold their worship, and where they had a very large and celebrated "Temple."

[1] "There—there!"

wild boyish promises; I ask only for that which you can give, and give with justice and propriety. I ask you to remember with kindness, to honour with your protection, and with such friendship as is possible between persons of different degree, the widow and the orphan of the man who loved you so well for your father's sake."

"Who has been a father to me nearly all my life, and whom I love as truly as son ever loved a father," said Edouard, now fairly sobbing.

"It is enough, more than enough," said M. Montères. "Now, my boy, leave me. Thy mother has also farewell words for thee, I think."

True to the habits of that formal and ceremonious age, Edouard knelt at the feet of his adopted father, and asked for his blessing. M. Montères raised him, embraced him tenderly, kissed him on both cheeks, and then, without another word, pointed to the door. The interview was over.

The next morning Edouard de Sercourt left the house of his foster-father, never to return.

GLIMPSES INTO AMERICAN SUNDAY SCHOOLS.

BY THE REV. ALFRED ROWLAND, LL.B., B.A.

DURING a recent tour in the United States I availed myself of every opportunity of visiting the Sunday schools, which are doing so much for the stability of the great Republic. In every one of them I was welcomed with charming frankness and courtesy. Not only was there no sign of resentment at my intrusion, but there was a perfect absence of the indifference which will allow a visitor to creep around as if he were an insect too insignificant to be expelled. In schools of different sects, in the Far West, as well as in Washington or New York, a warm grip of the hand, and kind words of welcome expressed the eager delight aroused by the presence of a Sunday school man from the old country. This was as true of the Episcopalians in Chicago as of the Presbyterians in Washington. The Dutch Reformed Church in New York was as friendly as were the Methodists at "the Old Foundry." The Catholics were as pleasant as the Baptists. And if I were asked which were the most cordial, the coloured men in Bishop Ashbury's church, the Mormons in Salt Lake City, or the Congregationalists in San Francisco, I do not know to which of the three I should throw the golden apple. Let me assure my readers that no Englishman who enters into the social and religious life of the Americans can ever after think of them as foreigners. They are in the truest sense our brethren.

It was natural that I should particularly note the differences which exist between the American Sunday schools and our own, and these are many and suggestive.

To begin with, I found that a distinction was very generally made between a Sunday school and a mission school. The former assembles very frequently after morning service, when a large portion of the congregation resolves itself into classes; but the mission school meets in the afternoon, and is intended for the poorer classes, who in the States, as in Europe, too commonly hold aloof from public worship.

One of these which I visited in Chicago is presided over by a "pastor," who had lost an arm in the great civil war—indeed several of the most earnest Christians I met had gone through those terrible campaigns. The war evidently did something more than purge the nation from the sin of slavery, it stirred the religious sense of the people—bringing many of them to their knees by the intense anxiety it aroused for the safety of the commonwealth, and for the deliverance of those they loved. It was God's furnace, from which the nation came forth as gold seven times purified.

No sooner had I crossed the threshold of the school than I was invited to the platform, that I might see the settling in of the classes to their work. Children with negro blood in their veins sat side by side with whites, and I found that not only there but everywhere the coloured population occupied a very different position from that which I had been led to anticipate. In one of the great primary schools of New York, which from its proximity to Broadway and the Fifth Avenue contains many young ladies whose fathers are wealthy merchants, physicians and lawyers, I noticed that no distinction was made on the ground of colour. Shortly before my visit a lady had requested that her daughter should not be allowed to sit next a coloured girl, but she was frankly told by the head mistress that no such exceptional arrangement could be made, and was humourously reminded for her encouragement that the black did not come off. It is not only in mission schools, but in all schools, that this doctrine of equality is practically recognised.

It may interest our readers if I give a brief description of the order of proceedings in a typical mission school, which is said to be the best in the States. It is situated in a poor part of New York, and is presided over by an enthusiast, a fact to which it largely owes its success. The eagerness to enter it is so general, that it is found necessary to prescribe an elaborate preliminary process though which every candidate must pass. Application for admission can only be made on a week evening, when a card is given which the parents of the child must duly fill up, expressing their wish for its reception and their promise to second the efforts of the teachers. Armed with

this the child comes at an appointed hour on Friday evening, and after some talk on the responsibility of joining, is admitted, if approved, and if room can be found. The number in the school is about 700, and the cost of maintaining it is $800 per annum. Of this more than half is raised by the teachers themselves, no less than 50 per cent. of whom are, as the superintendent said, "our own graduates."

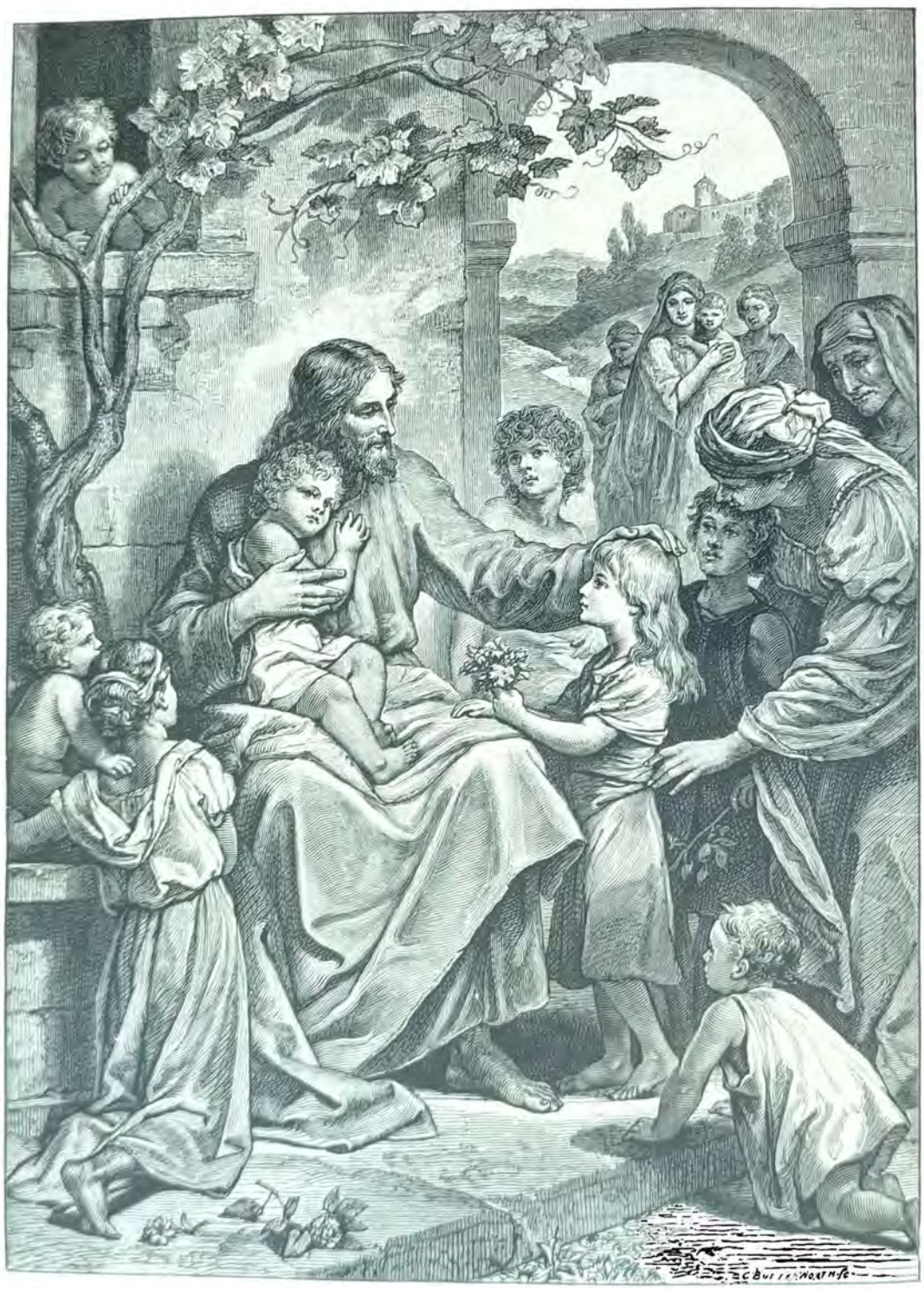
The order of service observed here, and in American schools generally, is more full and elaborate than with us. At 3.30 to the minute, the doors were closed, and silence followed without any sound of bell. All rose to their feet, and sang "Praise God from whom all blessings flow," to a pianoforte accompaniment. This was followed by responsive readings, the superintendent reading the first verse, the assistant superintendent at the further end of the hall the second, and the children the third. Next came the solemn repetition of the Apostles' Creed, followed by the Lord's Prayer, softly chanted, or sung. A pause ensued after the "Amen;" and amid the most awful silence, a few late comers entered, and crept quietly to their seats. The portion of Scripture for the day was read, a hymn from Sankey's collection was sung, and then a teacher rising in the midst of his class offered prayer. Ten minutes were allowed to the classes to look up what they wished to recall, as a Review Lesson was about to begin.

I availed myself of the opportunity for slipping into the primary department, where I found two large classes, each consisting of about one hundred little ones, presided over by three teachers, who divided the work amongst them. Here, as well as in the larger hall, the order and silence were remarkable; and I left the mission school profoundly impressed by the evidence I had seen of the strong control which the Christian church is exercising over the rougher elements of New York, and convinced that in Christianity lies the secret of good citizenship.

But it is time we turned our attention to the Sunday schools, properly so-called, in which the children of families attending public worship receive class instruction, and where their big brothers and sisters, and even their parents, are not ashamed to take places as learners. This may account in some degree for the comfortable and even luxurious appointments of the school-rooms, which may well amaze a teacher from the old country. Even in the Far West, I never saw whitewashed walls and uncovered floors, such as are common in England. The school-rooms are often singularly home-like. For example, although Plymouth Church, Brooklyn—famous throughout the world for the unrivalled eloquence of the late Henry Ward Beecher—is the plainest red-brick meeting-house I saw in America, the school-room is a model of convenience and comfort. Instead of three forms and the teacher's seat being arranged in a stiff square, as with us, a circle of light ash-wood chairs is set around a low stand, the top of which forms a table, while below are shelves for the teacher's books, an arrangement which gives an air of brightness and freedom, such as I have never seen here. On one of the walls hangs a fine oil painting, presented by Mr. Beecher, and here and there are photographs of the mission station supported by this school in one of the Western States. In short, the school-rooms of America are parlours rather than halls. Stained glass windows, carpets, flowers, pretty silk banners to indicate the places of various classes, give an air of comfort which some of our rooms sadly lack. No doubt our arrangements would be more home-like if, like the sensible Americans, we considered no family too rich or too educated to be associated with Sunday schools.

This leads me to the remark that teachers there are drawn from a higher social class than is usual in England. We occasionally hear of men like Lord Cairns, or Lord Selborne, teaching in Sunday schools, but what is the exception here is the rule there. One of the leading merchants in Chicago, who drove me through the broad streets of that famous city behind his thoroughbred "trotters," himself the superintendent of a Sunday school, pointed out to me a young millionaire, who dashed past us in his park-phaeton, and said, "I mean to have him as the secretary of our school this fall;" and he evidently considered that the honour was conferred on the man invited, and not on the school benefited. The same principle and practice prevailed in far distant San Francisco. I never spent a more pleasant and profitable half-hour than in one of the adult classes connected with the First Congregational church in that city. It is conducted by General Howard, whose command extends down the Pacific coast, and who ranks as third general in the United States. It was he who, in the crisis of one of the battles, when his men were staggering back under the terrific attack of the Southerners, seized the colours, clapped them under the stump of his right arm, which had been lost in a previous fight, and charged full on the foe. His men rallied under the influence of that heroic act, and saved the day in their attempt to save their leader. He evidently thinks as much of his work in the church as in the army, and it was beautiful to see and hear him speaking of the love of Christ, with the humility of a little child, yet with the intelligence of a cultured experienced Christian. He is a noble specimen of the men who are ably and earnestly carrying on Sunday school work in America.

Adult classes are more common there than here. "Bible readings" are not infrequent amongst us, but they are almost ostentatiously distinguished from our Sunday schools, and are for the most part convened by private individuals in their own drawing-rooms. But in one church in San Francisco, I observed that directly morning service was ended, a lady quietly slipped into the chair on the platform, and presided over the eighty or ninety men and women who had formed themselves into a class for the study of God's word. Their subject was the same as that which was being considered throughout the whole school, and this manifestly would give opportunity for conversation upon it in the home afterwards, among parents and children. I would earnestly plead for the establishment of



[*After Heinrich Hofmann.*

"SUFFER LITTLE CHILDREN TO COME UNTO ME."

such Bible readings in all our churches, and for their connection with the Sunday school system, which is sometimes looked down upon by cultured Christians as if they were beings of a superior order.

It is doubtless generally known that women are more to the front in America than they are in England. This is peculiarly noticeable in religious work; but Englishman though I am, I saw and heard nothing which did not commend itself both to my judgment and to my taste. Even in Salt Lake City, where women are supposed to be so inferior to men that several wives go to one husband, I noticed that the large primary department of the Sunday school I visited was presided over by a lady, who had two or three gentlemen as her assistants. Sister C—— was commander-in-chief, and she knew it! It must be remembered, however, that from their girlhood American women are trained to greater publicity than are their English sisters. For example, in the Normal School of New York, I found myself in the presence of sixteen hundred girls, who were being educated as teachers, their ages varying from sixteen to twenty-one years. After the preliminary business with which the morning's work began, the president, who with five others represented my own sex, announced that an opportunity was now offered to any young lady present to "recite a quotation," or, as we phrase it, to "give a recitation." One girl after another rose, and before that numerous and critical audience, delivered herself of the piece she had committed to memory, and in every case with perfect self-command. All who are thus taught do not take up the profession of teachers, and it is evident that a large number of American women are fitted by training, as well as by talent, to take the lead in classes, and even on platforms. I went to an interesting "Vesper service," at which about a hundred and fifty persons were present, any one of whom was at liberty to read a passage of Scripture, or to make a comment on the subject under consideration; and I found that its conduct, so far as there was any, was entirely in the hands of two young ladies, one of whom on the occurrence of any pause in the readings, quietly announced the number of a hymn to be sung, while the other presided at the piano. It was in short just such a service as many of us often have in the home circle, only on a larger scale, and its homeliness and naturalness appeared to me to be specially helpful to the young people of the school and congregation, many of whom were probably far away from their own homes. It would be well if our churches had more of the attractiveness of home-life about them, and we must all admit that women are far more fitted to promote this than men.

The musical arrangements of American Sunday schools, so far as I saw them, surpassed our own. This was due partly to the greater prominence given in the school exercises to worship, as distinguished from teaching—an example of which we have already given. But I attribute it chiefly to the fact that musical enthusiasts are entrusted with the musical arrangements. A superintendent in America is not supposed to be a "sweet singer" by virtue of his office. Accordingly he is as a rule relieved of responsibility in regard to music, by a "chorister"; and not unfrequently the teacher of the infant class, or of a senior class, is similarly assisted. Even among the coloured people, a chorister conducted the singing, while a pianist played the accompaniments; and the superintendent was content to sit in the presidential chair in dignified silence—and in his case it was very dignified indeed! Nor is it an uncommon thing to hear the singing of the school children led by a cornet, and accompanied by a piano, giving brightness and rhythm to song which we might well emulate. The advantages of entrusting music to those qualified to conduct it are manifest and obvious. 1. The superintendent is relieved of duties for which he may have no gift, and he is more free to give his attention to the order and arrangement of the school. 2. Those who might drift away, or hold aloof from the work, find congenial employment. 3. More continuous and more effective musical arrangements are made than those which prevail in schools where the neglect of eleven months is followed by a spasm of song in view of the inevitable anniversary.

Although my space is almost filled, it is necessary to make a slight allusion to the grading of Sunday schools in America. A good school there is not only divided into classes, but into three sections, which are known as "Primary," "Intermediate," and "Seniors," respectively.

The primary school consists of several classes, each having its own teachers. This school has its own superintendent (who is of course amenable to the general superintendent), and meets in its own room, which is the brightest and best furnished on the premises. On the wall of one of these primary school-rooms I noticed a "Roll of Honour," on which were written the names of teachers and scholars whose punctuality had been well maintained. Each class was gathered in a circle, in the centre of which, in three instances, was a pretty blue silk banner. On one of these banners "*The Leaders*" was worked in gold thread, and it belonged to the class whose average in punctuality for a given period was the highest. "*The Banner Class*" was the inscription on another, and this was assigned to the class of children whose good conduct standard was first in the school. And the third banner with the motto "*The Cheerful Givers*" stood in the group of those whose contributions to the missionary enterprise were largest in proportion to their numbers during the preceding month or quarter.

Advancement from the primary school to the intermediate does not follow as a matter of course, nor is it the result of a haphazard selection. It is required of a scholar before promotion that he, or she, should be able to recite the Lord's Prayer, the Apostles' Creed, the Beatitudes, and the motto texts of the International Lesson for the preceding quarter. When this examination has been passed, and the approval of the superintendents of the primary, the intermediary, and the general school has been given, the scholars are publicly welcomed into the higher grade, and receive a presentation

Bible in commemoration of the auspicious event. This system encourages both the teachers and the scholars, and, unlike the examinations instituted by Sunday School Unions in England, which are purely voluntary, does not leave unaffected the more indolent, or the less capable.

There is much then which one may learn from American Sunday schools, although it appeared to me that two dangers threatened their well-organized work, namely, the danger of making the school a substitute for the church, and the danger of losing sight of spiritual result in the endeavour to make the teaching pleasant and attractive.

In all our consideration of Christian work, let us never forget that its success or failure depends far more on the men and women engaged in it than on the systems they employ, or the conferences they hold. If a farmer attends every market and show, but neglects ploughing and sowing in his own field, he will starve. If he buys the costliest machines, yet spends his time in explaining and praising, instead of using them, he will lose the harvest which a less scientific neighbour is winning by the vigorous use of old-fashioned tools. We also must see to it that we rely more on life than on organisation, and while welcoming any improvement in the machinery we use, should gird ourselves anew to a faithful following of the Great Sower who has given us the gracious assurance: "He that reapeth receiveth wages, and gathereth fruit unto life eternal that both he that soweth, and he that reapeth may rejoice together."

ROUND ABOUT ZION.

BY THE REV. J. MONRO GIBSON, D.D.

"I will make . . . the places round about my hill a blessing."—*Ezekiel* xxxiv. 26.

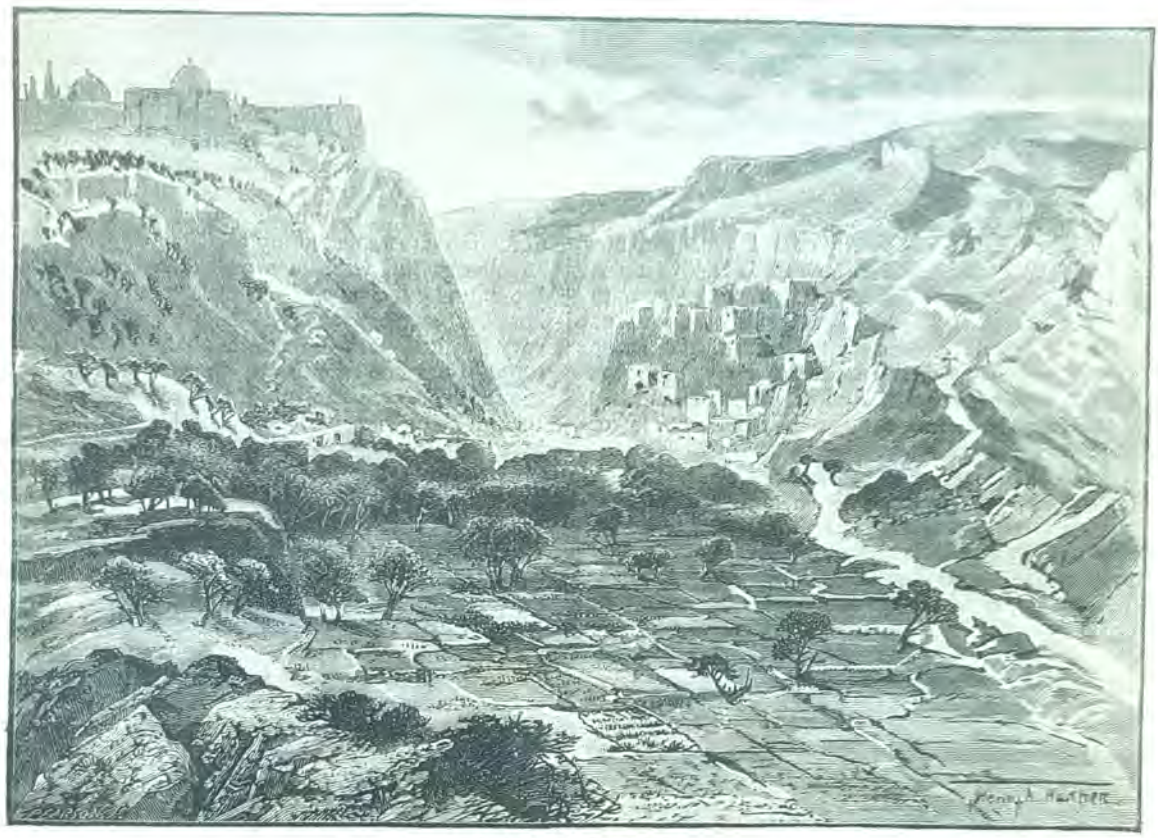
THE TREE OF JUDAS. [*From a photograph.*

THERE is no city in the world which has in itself and in the places round about it, so much to awaken solemn thought and tender feeling as the city of Jerusalem. As we "walk about Zion, and go round about her," we can no longer "tell the towers thereof," or "consider her palaces;" but, perhaps, we may find something well worth learning in her very "stones" and "dust," and, above all, in those features of the scenery which remain unchanged from age to age. It is in the hope of finding some such blessing in the places round about the ancient hill of Zion, that I invite the readers of this magazine to take a walk with me from the Jaffa Gate on the west, round by the south and east, to the Damascus Gate on the north of the Holy City.

Jerusalem is on a tongue of hill, joined on the north to the hills behind it, but separated from

those around it on the other sides, west, south, and east, by deep ravines. Starting from the Jaffa Gate on the north-west, and facing southwards, you look down a valley which slopes with a somewhat rapid descent (though not too steep to be pleasant), till, after turning eastward, it reaches its lowest point on the south-east. This is the valley of Hinnom. Then, turning round and climbing upwards, you traverse a narrow valley with steeper sides, past the base of the Temple Hill, till you reach the north-east angle of the city, and after a somewhat fatiguing climb find yourself at the Damascus Gate on the north. This ravine on the east is the valley of the Kedron, in some parts of it known also as the valley of Jehoshaphat. One can well imagine that the walk down the one valley and up the other must be a very interesting ramble to the mere lover of natural scenery; but think of the spiritual scenery—think of the tongues in these olive trees, the sermons in these stones, the books in that running brook (for there is only one, but that one does speak volumes), and the good to be had in everything, if only there be the eye to see and the ear to hear.

Different travellers will of course have different impressions, and the same travellers will have different impressions at different times, and in different moods. It may therefore be worth while to endeavour to set forth one series of impressions which has taken deeper hold than any other of one who has recently visited these sacred scenes. It seems to grow upon him more and more as he looks back upon these places round Jerusalem, that the one valley is full of solemn and awful warning, eloquent of sin and death and hell; while the other is full of love and tender pleading, eloquent of salvation, of light and hope and life eternal! Let us listen to these voices from the mystic past, as in fancy we journey together through these impressive scenes.



THE KING'S GARDENS.

I.

As we leave the Jaffa Gate and walk down the pleasant road, the first thing which attracts our attention is a row of wretched looking creatures with disfigured faces and mutilated fingers, stretching out their hands and wailing piteously. They are lepers. And they are always there—a veritable feature of the scenery—for the lepers' hospital is close at hand. The first impulse is to move hurriedly away, checked, however, by the thought of One who once walked this very road, and when a poor shrivelled wretch like one of these stretched out his hands in pleading, did not shrink away, but went and touched him, saying, "Be thou clean." Oh, that He were here! But all we can do is to give a trifle of alms, hoping that at least it may not do them any harm, and leave them in their wretchedness, sad types of the sinner—loathsome to the touch of the pure, helpless in the power of a fatal disease, incurable except by the Great Physician.

Passing the lepers we go on down, trying to shake off the harrowing impressions of the first encounter. The valley is very pleasant; and here is something that is interesting—what is it? It is, or was, the lower pool of Gihon—never better than a pool to collect the surface water from the neighbouring heights, for there is no running stream in the valley; and it does not serve even this poor purpose now that it is all broken and decayed. And as we pass we seem to hear the wail of an old Hebrew prophet, echoing from the heights above: "My people have committed two great evils; they have forsaken Me the fountain of living waters, and hewed them out cisterns, broken cisterns, that can hold no water." Yes; it may seem an easy and a pleasant path which the wanderer from God takes down the valley of self-pleasing, but there is no fountain of living water in it. Cisterns there may be, cisterns large enough perhaps to deserve the name of pools, to collect the surface tricklings; and these may in some fashion take the place of the living stream for a while; but by and by they break, they leak; even the surface water passes off; and they are as dry as the lower pool of Gihon is to-day.

Let us look away then from the poor, broken, empty cistern in the bottom, and up to that pleasant hill on the right, the hill from which the surface water trickles down in seasons that are not quite dry. What is its name? It is the "Hill of Evil Counsel"—so called because there, according to tradition, was the palace of the high priest Caiaphas, where he and the Scribes and Pharisees and elders of the people "consulted how they might take Jesus by subtlety and kill Him." "The Hill of Evil Counsel"—whatever we may make of the legend, the name is most suggestive to us now; for is it not indeed from the Hill of Evil Counsel that all those surface waters flow, by which men try to fill their lower pools, their broken cisterns, that cannot hold even the poor driblets they are made to catch?

Well, we shall not look at the hill on our right; we have come to a somewhat sharp turn in the valley; and there is another in front to which our course is taking us—we are only passing this "Hill of Evil Counsel," we are travelling on to that other hill. Perhaps it is one of better omen? Nay, that is "The Mount of Offence," the hill of stumbling—so called from the abominations practised there in the evil days of the monarchy; or to take the still more expressive name given to it in the Bible itself (2 Kings xxiii. 13), it is the "Mount of Corruption;" and as we travel on, the narrowing ravine seems filled with awful echoes of a voice like this: "He that soweth to his flesh shall of the flesh reap corruption."

We are descending rapidly now; the road is steep, but still the valley is pleasant, even beautiful, and there on the right is a slope by no means uninviting. It has been chosen as a burying ground, and there are ancient tombs all over it. That is *Aceldama*, "the field of blood;" and up there, up on the hill, is a lonely tree, blown all out of shape by fierce winds, a weird, desolate, most melancholy sight, as if the eternal blight were on it. It is the well-known "Tree of Judas" (p. 424). It seems like an awful illustration of the voice which is still sounding in our ears.

But we are descending so rapidly that we must be near the bottom now. Yes, our feet are now in that very Gehenna, where the fires were kept perpetually burning to consume the refuse of the city. There is the dung gate, on the left, and here, now rising steeply before us, is the Mount of Offence to which we have been journeying. It was not visible when we set out, hid by a turn of the ravine; it came in sight some time ago, and now, sooner than one would have expected, here it is. And this deepest place of all, at the very bottom of the valley, is Tophet. And now another word of the prophet Jeremiah is suggested by all that we have seen. It closely follows the word of warning about the "broken cisterns," so closely that one cannot but suspect that he had been taking this very walk before he wrote that portion of his prophecy. The words are these: "How canst thou say, I am not polluted, I have not gone after Baalim? *see thy way in the valley*, know what thou hast done."

II.

On the eastern edge of Tophet we can hear the trickling of a stream of running water. Where does it come from? The valley we have been descending? Certainly not; that valley, as we found, is dry. It comes from a narrow ravine opening up to the north. It is not so picturesque as the other valley; for it does not wind as the other does, and the way through it is "strait and narrow." But as you look up into it the first thing you see is a rich expanse of garden just in front of you, full of life and beauty (p. 425). There had been a certain wild beauty in the other valley, with its rugged rocks and hardy olives, and scrubby vegetation; but no garden like this. Let us walk up and through it. As we go on and up, we hear more and more distinctly the murmur of the waters everywhere. These rich slopes are what were known of old as the "King's Gardens," and to this day they well deserve the name. Let us follow one of the little rills up till we reach the source. And where are we? At the pool of Siloam, which differs, however, from that of Gihon in that it is no mere pool to collect surface water, but draws its supply from a living fountain flowing from the rock on the mountain side. And as we look at the pool and at the fountain, we seem to hear two voices, not like the awful voices in the other valley, but tender and winning; and the one is, "Go, wash in the pool of Siloam;" and the other which haunts the fountain as it issues from the rock is this: "If any man thirst, let him come unto Me, and drink." For we cannot but remember as we stand here, that it was at the moment when the waters from this fountain were poured out beside the altar in the temple area above, that the Lord Jesus lifted up His voice and gave this memorable invitation. Here, here is the secret of the fertility and beauty of the "King's Gardens."

As we travel on we pass through what is

generally known as the valley of Jehoshaphat (*i.e.* of the Judgment of God), to that portion of the ravine farther up which is more generally thought of as the valley of the Kedron; and there we find ourselves between the Temple wall on the left and the Mount of Olives on the right; and here close beside us is the Garden of Gethsemane. There, in that wicked city, and in that now desecrated Temple, our Saviour "endured the contradiction of sinners against Himself," and here He wrestled in agony with powers of darkness. And the bare ravine (for we are away from the "King's Gardens" now) seems filled with sweetest tones of saddest song:

'Tis midnight; and on Olive's brow
The star is dimmed that lately shone:
'Tis midnight; in the Garden now
The suff'ring Saviour prays alone.
'Tis midnight; and from all removed
The Saviour wrestles lone with fears;
E'en that disciple whom He loved
Heeds not his Master's grief and tears.

But no disciple can now be heedless of the Master's grief and tears. The voice, "What, could ye not watch with Me one hour?" seems echoing in the valley yet; and one feels that an hour would be far too short, that the whole night might well be spent among these olive trees. You remember how the poet Keble puts it:

Or choose thee out a cell
In Kedron's storied dell,
Beside the springs of Love, that never die;
Among the olives kneel
The chill night-blast to feel,
And watch the Moon that saw thy Master's agony.

Then rise at dawn of day,
And wind thy thoughtful way,
Where rested once the Temple's stately shade,
With due feet tracing round
The city's northern bound,
To the other holy garden, where the Lord was laid.

Which is just our course. Ascending still, "with due feet tracing round the city's northern bound," we come to a little rounded height, not by any means a hill, rather a knoll, but from its position on the high table-land on the north of the city very prominent and commanding, so that from the top of it you can look over the northern wall into the city, and not only so but over the city itself to "the mountains round about Jerusalem." It is a very striking knoll. On one side of it is a deep cave, known as the grotto of Jeremiah, where he is reputed to have sat and wailed over the fate of his dear Jerusalem. And as we look at it from another angle it stands disclosed as "the place of a skull," for such is the repulsive appearance it has there at first sight. But that impression merges into a much pleasanter one, as the eye is turned away from the skull-like front and allowed to rest on the grassy slopes on the side of the north, pleasantly recalling the dear familiar words:

There is a green hill far away,
Without a city wall,
Where the dear Lord was crucified,
Who died to save us all.

A few paces eastward we come to an enclosure with a cactus fence around and a little gate to let us in, when the gardener shall have brought the key; for still it is true that in "the place where He was crucified there is a garden; and in the garden a sepulchre"—not a new one now, but a very old one. Is this *the* Sepulchre? Or is it that other close by? Surely one or other it must have been. In any case we must be near the spot where "He burst the bars of death"; and, standing there, having first stooped down and looked into the empty tomb, and then lifting up our eyes to the stainless "Syrian blue," we seem to hear a voice, as of a trumpet: "Fear not, I am He that liveth and was dead, and behold I am alive for evermore."

III.

Shall we finish our circuit now, and go round to the Jaffa Gate again? Nay, that would bring us to the entrance of that terrible valley once more. Let us away from it, away from that "Hill of Evil Counsel," and that dry pool of Gihon, and that deep valley of Gehenna, and that awful pit of Tophet—away in the opposite direction

GETHSEMANE.

altogether. We are following Christ now. We met Him at Siloam; we followed Him to Gethsemane; we found our way to Calvary and its Garden of Life; and now we shall let Him lead us across the Kedron again, past the Garden of Sorrow, over the Mount of Olives, "as far as towards Bethany."

It is a lonely spot. The great city is hid behind the hill; and even Bethany is almost screened from view within its olive grove. The hills are silent, but in our hearts there is a song and prayer:

Thou who didst stoop below
To drain the cup of woe,
Wearing the form of frail mortality,
Thy blessèd labours done,
Thy crown of victory won,
Hast passed from earth, passed to Thy home on high.

O Thou who art our life,
Be with us through the strife!
Thy holy head by rudest storms was bowed.
Raise Thou our eyes above
To see a Father's love
Beam, like the bow of promise, through the cloud.

Even through the awful gloom
Which hovers o'er the tomb,
That light of love our guiding star shall be;
Our spirits shall not dread
The shadowy way to tread,
Friend, Guardian, Saviour! which doth lead to Thee.

Our eyes behold Thee not,
Yet hast Thou not forgot
Those who have placed their hope, their trust, in Thee;
Before Thy Father's face
Thou hast prepared a place,
That, where Thou art, there they may also be.

"CAN'T AFFORD TO PLAY."

"WHY, John, can this be you? It is so unusual to see you anywhere but on the box, that I can hardly believe my eyes. Have you left the tramways company?"

John Carrington took Mrs. Markham's questions in order, and replied, "Yes, ma'am, it is me sure enough. It is strange to see me walking about, for I believe most people are so used to notice me a-front of a tram-car, that they think I sleep on the driving-seat. I have been driving something or other ever since I grew big enough to take a good grip of the reins, and that's over fifty years since. I have not left the company."

"Then, I suppose, you are having a holiday, John?"

"Queer sort o' holiday," returned John, speaking in a very husky voice, and from under a thick muffler. "Spent it on my back, in bed. I can't say but I could have done with a little extra rest, for working hours are very long. But being in bed is one thing, and resting is another. I had bronchitis, and when you feel as if you were going to suffocate almost, and your breath comes whistling out of your throat with a noise loud enough to serve as a signal to start the horses, you gain very little comfort by that sort of rest, do you, now?"

"Indeed, you do not, and you ought to be resting at this moment, for you are still unfit to be out of doors. You should have stayed in on such a keen frosty day as this, seeing you are not on duty," said Mrs. Markham.

"Come out to get hardened to it a bit, ma'am. Doctor said it wouldn't do to go straight from bed to the driving-box."

Mrs. Markham felt troubled at John's words. He was quite the favourite tram-car driver on that route, and liked by all his passengers. He was constantly on the look-out for his patrons, and saluted them by a flourish of the whip, or a touch of his white hat, sometimes even by a brief remark, when practicable. He anticipated their signals, telegraphed through the window to know if he were to stop at the usual place, and managed to do almost double duty as driver and conductor.

A crusty new-comer in the latter capacity would sometimes remark that, but for collecting fares, there might as well be no guard when John was on the box, for he didn't seem to know what was his own share of the work. But John's unfailing good temper and cheery ways were certain to convert the grumbler into a friend before many days were over.

It seemed to Mrs. Markham such a pity for the man to be out in the keen air when he was better fitted for bed, and she urged him to go home and stay indoors a little longer.

John shook his head and replied gravely, "No use talking, ma'am, thank ye all the same. I can't afford to play. You see, there's my old woman has been an ailing body for many a year. The doctor has been kind, and charged as little as he could afford. But a many things go to making an invalid comfortable, beside the doctor and the physic. I must go at it again to-morrow, for certain."

"I thought you tram people had a fund of some kind, so that when laid by through illness, you would have a weekly allowance," said Mrs. Markham.

"There is one for the young 'uns. But when I started in the service there was no such thing, and now there is, I am too old to join."

"That seems hard. Those most likely to need the help are shut out from it."

"Excuse me, ma'am, but there's no hardship in it. They could not take on old men members that would come on to the fund very soon after they began paying, and it would not be fair to

the young ones. It is expected that you will pay for a good while before you want anything back, except through accident or sudden illness. Young and old must take their chance of such things. The fund is started so that members may get ready for the rainy day whilst the sky is clear overhead. I cannot benefit by it myself, but I thank God when I think that, if these young fellows live to be old and ailing, they will not have to choose between working when they are not fit for it, or playing and starving."

John was preparing to pass on his way with a touch of the hat, and "Good-day to ye, ma'am, and thank ye. A kind word always cheers me up a bit, and I tell it over again to the old woman," but Mrs. Markham stopped him to bestow a little sum which would insure him a couple of days more rest, and left him with kindly wishes for his recovery.

"I can't afford to play."

There is something very touching in the expression when we think of its meaning, as John Carrington used it. As most of us understand the word "play" it means recreation, happy pastime, accompanied by brightness, enjoyment, and freedom from care for the time.

We hear it spoken, and straightway we see visions of merry youngsters, gambolling in the fields, or home, and making the air ring with, or the walls echo, their joyous shouts and laughter.

But the word in the mouth of working folk carries a sadder meaning. As a rule it refers to the enforced idleness brought about by the lack of something for the busy hands to do, and, if long continued, means want of everything else for wives and children at home.

An anxious, careworn woman in real distress will say, "My husband is on short time. He has worked three days and played three, every week for the last two months." Or "He has played since Christmas and we are into February."

Such an application of the word gives a little heartache to those who hear it for the first time, and who have hitherto regarded play and joy as twins.

There are tens of thousands of toilers who, like John Carrington, have home claims which compel them to go the endless round of daily work, because they cannot afford to lose an hour's pay, though they are unfit for labour.

Think of this, you who call your time your own. Who have so much of it at your disposal that you are put to shifts and contrivances to kill it, or fritter away the hours which drag on too slowly, whilst you wait for some new pleasure that you have promised yourselves.

Think of it, you who have never experienced a moment's anxiety about a supply of the bread that perisheth and all its luxurious accompaniments which you would call the necessaries of life.

Try to imagine what it would be to go on, on, on, ever repeating the same tasks in the same place, with nothing new to look at even, no expectation of anything better, no hope of cessation, except through sickness which means suffering, or lack of work to do, which means lack of food also. And all this to support a bare existence of ceaseless toil, and for the barest bread as its reward.

Have you ever thought that a day's rest to such would be like a foretaste of heaven? A something longed for, but never hoped for or looked for, by tens of thousands? A something that you might give now and then, without feeling the cost of it, though, having never been placed in such circumstances, you could not estimate its value. I do not mean the giving a day in the country. That kind of change is a very delightful one, a summer blessing which dwellers in dim city alleys know how to value. But this day of rest that I mean, would be an all-the-year-round boon, and would perhaps, be most precious in winter time, because then, the aching eyes and head of the weary seamstress suffer more, on account of the small allowance of light. Then the delicate frames shrink most from the pinching cold; and to have, just for one day, wages without toil, and food without having first to earn it, the freedom to sit at ease by a warm fireside, without being driven back to toil by the voice of necessity, would, I say, be heaven upon earth, to many a deserving worker who can never "afford to play."

I know a lady who gives this happiness now and then, to some of her poor acquaintances. When she sees one of them beginning to droop, say over her sewing machine, she says "What will a day's rest cost. Tell me, and I will pay for it."

Sometimes there is a press of work, and even the paying would not secure the holiday, but she bides her time, and waits till the toiler would be allowed the day off, if she could afford to take it. Then the money is forthcoming, only the giver bargains that the day shall be spent happily and restfully, and the task work entirely put aside. She gives more than the wages, which are often small enough, so that there may be food and fire without stint, and advises that part of the time be spent out of doors, weather permitting, except where the person helped will be benefited by staying in and enjoying warmth and rest together.

One poor woman said to her, "You made me promise not to work, ma'am, and, at first, it seemed so strange to be able to do as I liked, that I felt quite lost.

"Then, I thought, I might do a bit—not enough to tire me—for we want so many things, and half a day's wage would be something extra. But I was vexed at myself for even thinking of breaking my promise when you had been so kind as to set my hands free and make things comfortable for the day. So I set to work to enjoy myself. I cooked the dinner, such a good one! and I had a real play with the children, poor things! They could hardly believe their ears when they saw my face and heard me laughing, and we all sat down instead of snatching a bite any how.

"After dinner, the sun was shining, and we went for a short walk, and looked in at shop windows, and after that, I nodded in the old chair whilst they played with some more children in the court.

"I went to bed same time as they did, knowing I must begin again in the morning, but one day's

rest did me more good than medicine, and I felt twice the woman after it than I did before it, thanks to God and you, ma'am."

If anybody wants to make a poor toiler happy, let her look round for some worthy, weary body, and give it a day's rest, by bestowing a conditional day's wages and the little more which shall spread the board and brighten the hearth. Such an expenditure pays good and immediate interest, and the night's rest of the giver will be all the sweeter for the memory of the drop of sweetness which she has been able to infuse into the cup of one less favoured than herself.

The Master will not forget the work of love, and those are precious words which tell us, "Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of them, ye have done it unto Me."

RUTH LAMB.

WHAT GENERAL GORDON SAID TO HESTER ARMSTRONG.

GENERAL GORDON had been dead some time, and Hester Armstrong had never seen him. And yet he spoke to her such ringing words that it altered her whole life, and not hers only, but the life of many another. I will not break forth into a dissertation upon the force of influence, nor will I do wrong to the man who said "better die than be praised." I will show you what he did, and how being dead he yet speaketh.

Hester Armstrong was sitting in her little bedroom reading a book a friend had lent her. It was "General Gordon's Reflections in Palestine." She was reading it carefully now, though she had skipped much of the first part, scarcely understanding it. But now she was reading of the Tongue, and it all came so close to her inner life that she read on eagerly. Then these words came before her, and they sank into her heart and never again was life the same to her; it was as if a new epoch had begun for her. These were the words of General Gordon—

"We can tell how we are progressing by the tongue, far quicker than by any other way. It is a sure barometer of the heart, and it is one we can see and others can see at once. We become very stupid to the world, but poor wounded souls come to us, they know that he who keeps his tongue will not plant bitter words like barbed stings in their wounds. Christ is the corner of defence to that man."

Hester Armstrong laid the book on her lap, and slowly repeated the words to herself, "We become very stupid to the world."

That was just what she did not want to become. She—who was so quick and merry with her tongue, she—who could say a sharp thing when others were only thinking of how to say it, she—who was the life of all around her, who was looked for by her companions and greeted with "Come along, Hester! Now we shall have some fun." She certainly did not want to become stupid. She thought of poor stupid Jane Rowe, whose slow tongue and faltering words she had so often imitated to the vast amusement of others, and even to the apparent amusement of Jane herself. And stupid Susan Goss, who was the chief amusement during the whole day, at the post-office, of Hester and her brighter companions. Not really unkindly, be it said, for Hester would often do some of Susan's hard work for her, and in heart she cherished no ill-feeling, so-called. It was just the careless conforming to the impulse of the moment, just the non-conforming to the life of Christ. And yet could she deliberately grow like Susan and Jane? Was not her chief pleasure in feeling how much she was entertaining those around her? Did not a natural glow come to her cheek when the words flowed so glibly from her tongue, and she felt she had at her command what others would have given much to possess? It was so nice to feel that she could hold all around her enthralled, when she told that piquant little story, so brightly, so cleverly, that even those who did not think it at all a kindly one, could not resist smiling at the sparkling way it was repeated. That very afternoon she was going to see some friends, whom, she knew, counted upon her for the chief amusement of the day. Seated in her little room she pictured to herself the blank faces of those who had expected to hear something sharp and telling from her lips.

A certain John Malcolm there was, who was regular in his attendance at those meetings where Hester went, and though he spoke little he listened much to all she said, and from time to time a smile would cross his somewhat sad face. Perhaps it was because he did not smile so constantly at all her witty sallies as others did that she tried her best to say something more than usually sharp in order to bring that slow smile to his face. Perhaps it was because he seemed to take such a keen interest in the pretty post-office clerk, that she did her best to please him. Perhaps it was—but who can tell a young maid's mind?

Stupid! was she to become stupid? Stupid to the little world in which she reigned as queen? She took up her book again and read on:—"but poor wounded souls come to us." Did she not often wish she could help others, had she not often longed that she might do something to lift the weary burden of care off another's feeble shoulders? Was she not glad when Susan Goss found her figures too much for her, because then she could do them for her, and so satisfy a little the craving that comes to every one who is trying to lead the higher life as Hester was? For some time past had she been trying to live that higher life, and never before had it struck her that the gift of her tongue was her greatest hindrance. What could she do? Then General Gordon's words seemed to ring in her ears: "Christ is the corner stone of defence to that man."

Meekly she knelt by her bedside while the storm of an unsubdued will raged. But He who said "Peace, be still," to the angry waters, spoke to the troubled soul, till she rose calm and humble.

She sat for some time quietly thinking of her home and the dear ones there—of her life in London, of her many friends, and wondered that she had never given her will, her heart, her tongue, her all, to that Friend whom she knew had given His life for her. It was almost time to go for her promised visit to the Fishers, where

she was to spend the rest of the afternoon, and then came another struggle. It seemed almost impossible to go to them with a silent tongue. Could she deliberately go and be stupid? She thought she might go and see her aunt, who lived in London, instead. She had often asked her why she did not more often go and see her, and she had always pleaded the excuse of time. Her work at the post-office took up all her days, and she was glad to get back to the Girls' Friendly Lodge, where her father had taken a room for her when she had first come up to London. There the kindly matron greeted her on her arrival, and she could spend her evening quietly reading or sitting with the other girls who were also lodging there. And on Sundays she generally went to her friends, they were so much more lively than her aunt, and she met so many more people who offered her—what few women can resist—admiration. But now she turned to the thought of her aunt's quiet little house, and almost made up her mind she would go to see her that afternoon, and tell her friend Alice Fisher she would spend some other day with her.

As she was debating, a step was heard on the stairs, and a knock at the door, which was opened before an answer could be given, and Alice Fisher herself came in.

"The matron told me to come straight up, as you were in your room. Nice woman she seems; I should be quite fond of her if I lodged here," she said, having affectionately kissed Hester. "I came to see if you understood that we specially wanted you to come this afternoon. And will you bring your music; we want you to sing."

Hester tried to remonstrate, but Alice laughed good-temperedly, and begging her to put on her hat quickly and go at once back with her, she seated herself on the bed and carelessly took up the book Hester had laid down such a short time before. She rapidly turned over the pages, then shut it up, saying: "Well, that does not look very interesting! Have you been reading it? I see it is about General Gordon, or written by him, or something. I didn't know he was that way."

"What way?" asked Hester, knowing at the time what she meant.

"Why, the Holy Land, and church, and being good. I thought he was just a great soldier; I did not know he went in for those things."

Hester did not say it was just because he "went in for those things" that he was so good a soldier, but silently got ready and left the lodge with her friend.

Mrs. Fisher greeted her kindly, and hoped she had brought her music with her and the few friends who were assembled all seemed glad at her arrival. But Hester was miserable. She seemed to know what was expected of her, and the tongue that had not been trained to say kind things was silent when the nobler will refused the sparkling talk of unkind words. She tried to say something to a girl who sat near her, but the conversation soon languished, and more and more was it borne in upon her that she was indeed becoming very stupid to the world.

"Are you ill, Hester?" Alice asked anxiously after she had been silent for some time; "or could you sing something?"

With a sense of relief Hester said she would sing, and going to the cottage piano, she began very simply, "As gold is tried in the fire," and as she came to the words "So hearts must be tried by pain," the thought of the little home in the country, where the quiet Sunday afternoons were spent in reading and singing hymns from time to time, rose so strongly before her, that it was almost with a sob she ended. She longed so much to be alone; but as she stood by the piano, her friends came round her and begged her not to leave off.

"Do show us how Jane Rowe thought the piano ought to be played," said one.

"Oh, no! Show us how Mr. Best sings at the Penny Readings," said another.

Hester stood still and said nothing, looking from one to another. What should she do? Had she not been asked there to amuse her friends? Ought she to be disagreeable and refuse them? The words of General Gordon seemed to ring in her ears: "Christ is the corner of defence to that man."

Standing in the middle of the room, stupid, dull, dazed, the Divine Master Himself seemed to stand by her and give her courage.

She shook her head half sadly as she sat down in her old place away from the piano, and as the others pressed her she seemed suddenly to have strength given her to say "I cannot do that; I do not think it would be kind."

"But we only want you to do what you have done so often before," they said; and as she did not reply they turned away in disappointment. She had become very stupid, at least to those in that room.

She did not stay long after that, but with a dull feeling in her heart took her leave. There was no word of regret at her going, no pressing her to come the following Sunday. Mrs. Fisher said as she went she had liked the song she had sung so much; but she did not think of the fire that was trying the gold in Hester's heart.

When she was safely in her little room she buried her face in the pillows and cried herself to sleep, till the church bells filled the air, and she went and knelt in the quiet church till its calm seemed to enter into her troubled heart and she found strength for the coming fight.

For the fight had only begun. During the next week it seemed as if every one who spoke to her gave her an opportunity of using her tongue in its worst way. Sometimes she found it almost impossible to be silent, and then the feelings she was cherishing in her heart would rise and some strong swift word for good would be spoken. But that was very seldom, and she found that as a rule she was sitting still very stupidly, saying nothing.

She had not seen John Malcolm for some time. He had been at the Fishers on that Sunday which she could never forget, and she had fancied he had turned away in disgust at her dulness; anyhow he had not spoken to her. She thought of him often now. Something in his face made her feel that he had known the fire of pain, and that he might have sympathised with her, even though she had often made others laugh hugely at the description of his glumness. She had lost his friendship which she had never valued, but now her face was saddened by the thought. This was a fortnight or more after General Gordon had spoken to her in the pages of his book.

She was in the post-office, watching with careless eyes Susan Goss sorting out papers from a little rack. As she so watched her, she saw a tear fall on Susan's hand which was quickly brushed off, and the sorting went on. Hester took no further notice then, but as the two girls left the office she put her hand on Susan's arm and said gently: "I am afraid you have some trouble. Can I help you?"

Susan looked quickly into her face, and there were tears in her eyes.

"I don't like to tell you, Hester, you will think me so silly. It is only about our baby. She has been ill for a long time, and she was worse last night. This morning when I laid her down to come away she cried, so that mother—who is ill too—had to rock her in her arms to comfort her and get her off to sleep. And all day long I seem to feel that she won't be at home when I get there, and I don't know what I shall do without her. I love her better than anything else in the world, I think."

"Perhaps she will get quite well," said Hester, soothingly. "Let me come home with you and see if I can help you."

"How kind of you," was Susan's grateful answer, "I dare say it is only my fancy about her not getting well, but then I am not clever like you, and sometimes when I am in the office and I don't speak to any one, I get thinking, and then I make myself miserable. All to-day I seem to have heard our baby crying, just as she cried this morning when I took her little arms from round my neck and told her I must go. I know it is very foolish, but I cannot help it."

"I dare say you are tired," said Hester. "Your mother is not very strong, you say."

"She has been very delicate for some time, and lately she has tried to sit up with baby at night, and she has quite knocked herself up."

"So you sit up with her instead?"

"Yes, I sit up with her now," said Susan simply.

"So you are tired during the day?"

"Yes, very tired, but I get through all right."

A lump came in Hester's throat, so she said nothing at the time, and they walked on through many small streets till they stood before a door in a very respectable but rather poor quarter. Susan took out a key and let herself into the house. Hester followed her up two flights of stairs, and as they stood on the little landing, the sound of a baby's wail fell on their ears. Susan opened the door quickly and went in. In another moment the crying child was comfortably nestled in her arms, and she was walking up and down the room singing a lullaby.

"Come in, Hester," she half sang, half spoke. "Mother, this is Hester Armstrong, of whom I have—la-la-la—so often told you—la-la-la, Charlie and Amy, go and speak to Hester."

The two children who were drawing pictures with their fingers on the window turned at her chanted commands, and gravely held out their hands to Hester, who sat down and drew them towards her, and soon they were eagerly listening to the tale of the lion and the mouse. From time to time Hester looked up at Susan, who continued her walk, pausing now and then to bend tenderly over her mother or to see that the kettle was boiling on the fire. And this was the girl Hester had thought so stupid! Her face, brightened with a love and tenderness for the tiny thing she held in her arms, was almost pretty, and Hester thought it would take a long time for her to learn how to hold a child so gently and tenderly, and at the same time see that all was going on well around. The baby's cries had become less and less, and gradually the chanted lullaby became a mere crooning, and with a nod of her head Susan directed the other little ones to the table. Hester thought she would go, but Susan begged her not to, so she sat down, and in spite of the sick child and the delicate worn out mother she thought she had never had such a pleasant tea-party.

It is true that Charlie deposited the contents of his mug in his lap, but Susan with her one free hand soon restored him to his normal condition and all went as happily as before. The two children talked almost incessantly, and Hester sat by, smiling, and now and then saying a few words to one or the other, It was with a feeling of much reluctance that she rose to go.

"I am so sorry I cannot help you with the baby, Susan," she said, as she turned the handle of the door. "I am afraid even if I stayed I should not be of much good. I am so stupid about those things."

"Not stupid, Hester," was Susan's reply, with wide-opened eyes. "You have helped me very much, and now I hope baby will get better. The doctor has been here to-day and he gives a much better account. You have comforted me very much. I wish I had spoken to you before, it would have made things ever so much easier, but I was afraid"—Susan stammered—"I did not know that you would not laugh at me. I am sorry I thought so now."

All the ready words died off Hester's tongue. She wished to explain something of what had taken place but seemed unable to. She felt she was standing there so stupidly. A feeling of shame came over her, she did not know why. Then she felt a soft little hand thrust into hers, and a little voice said—

"I have hurt my hand; please kiss it."

She took the child in her arms and did as she bid her, and then the little hand went wandering over her face, and stroking her hair. As Hester put her down, it was she and not the child who said "Thank you," and she left the room with a lighter heart than she had had for a long time.

Day after day she went home with Susan, and as she got to know her better, she cared less to go back to the Fishers. She always found there was some little thing she could take to amuse the children, or while away slow hours of pain for Mrs. Goss. She had become quite a historian in the family, and as soon as she appeared, the children would rush to her and beg for Jack the Giant-Killer, or the lady who ejected toads and frogs from her lips. She went to see Alice Fisher from time to time; but she felt more and more that there was little in common between them, and Alice did not press her to come as once she had done.

She was with the Fishers one day when John Malcolm came in. There was much talking going on, and as usual, he sat somewhat apart, silent. Hester had been taking her part in the conversation till it turned on a subject which, a little time before, would have been of the greatest interest to her—the over-dressing of a certain acquaintance. A quick, sharp sketch of the toilet under discussion was on the tip of her tongue, when with an effort she checked it. She half closed her eyes, and when she looked up again, John Malcolm stood by her side.

"I think you know Susan Goss?" he said.

Hester replied that she did, and waited for him to go on.

"She tells me how kind you have been to her, and how fond the children are of you."

"And you were surprised?" she said somewhat bitterly.

"I was a little," was the quiet answer. Then, after a pause, "I like the Gosses very much. Perhaps I shall meet you there."

And he did meet her there, and he watched her as he had watched her at the Fishers, and by degrees he began to talk to her of the books he was reading, and of the many thoughts that were struggling through his mind. By degrees with gentle words and sympathy, she heard the story of his own struggling life before he rose to the place of trust which he now occupied.

Why did he tell her? That I cannot say, only he told her so much more, and asked her to give her own life into his keeping that the story of his life seemed only natural.

He was not afraid now. He knew that no bitter words like barbed stings would be planted in his wounds. And together they read the words that had made such a change in Hester's life; and now in living as well as talking, in the hurry and struggles of life outwardly and inwardly, Christ is the corner of defence to them both.

SCRIPTURE CHARACTER.

NO. VII.

1. She was present at the Cross of Jesus.
2. She came on the resurrection morning expecting to embalm his body.
3. Her husband's name is mentioned oftener than her own
4. She had two distinguished sons.
5. She made an unusual request on their behalf.
6. Her request called forth a severe rebuke from Jesus.
7. His disciples were also indignant against her sons.

THE SUNDAY AT HOME

O DAY MOST CALM, MOST BRIGHT! . . .
THE WEEK WERE DARK BUT FOR THY LIGHT.—*Herbert.*

TIRED OUT. [*Titcomb.*

No. 1732.—JULY 9, 1887.

COUNTRY HOLIDAY HOMES.

THERE are few readers of these pages who are not at this season looking forward to a holiday of longer or shorter duration; and may we venture to think there are fewer still who are not interested in hearing about the holiday movement for poor children, even though they may not be able greatly to further it.

This movement is now so well established, and has become so familiar to all whose sympathies are awakened on behalf of poor children, that it is scarcely credible how modern it is. Perhaps ten or twelve years ago any organized effort to send children into the country was unknown. The day in the country has been an institution in connection with Sunday and ragged schools, as well as some day schools, for the last thirty or forty years, but the idea of the longer sojourn amid green fields is a more modern one.

Among the earliest workers in this direction was the Rev. S. Barnett, of St. Jude's, Whitechapel, who began sending away for a fortnight into the country some of the pale-faced boys and girls of his neighbourhood.

Fortunately good ideas have a germinating power and readily take root. Others in different parts of the metropolis commenced sending away small parties of children, until Mr. Barnett, who is as practical as he is philanthropic, thought there might be an overlapping, and probably waste of power as well as inefficiency of administration in an increasing number of separate agencies, and endeavoured to bring them into one organization. This effort succeeded, and the Children's Country Holidays Fund embraced nearly all of the existing agencies, and has since developed its operations, as the last report will show. In 1884, 4600 children were sent out by thirteen local committees; in 1885, 6800 by twenty committees, and last year 11,800 children by twenty-nine committees.

Undoubtedly these committees, acting on well-defined lines, and carrying out uniform regulations, have produced more satisfactory results than if they had been acting independently. By all of them the object sought has been the same—to send weak, ailing children, too poor to get a holiday otherwise, into registered cottage homes in the country for a fortnight's holiday, at a cost of five shillings per week.

The committees are instructed to encourage the parents to make some sacrifice towards so desirable an end; it is satisfactory to know that the proportion of their payments to the whole expenses of the holidays is increasing year by year. Last year it was 30 per cent., or equivalent to a sum sufficient to send away 3500 children. There has seldom been any difficulty in securing the co-operation of the parents, for even in very poor cases, when it has been shown them that they will at least save the cost of maintenance, they have been ready to promise an equivalent amount.

The fortnight's residence in the cottage homes has proved of immense benefit to the children in many ways—physically, in improving their health—many wonderful transformations are on record—and in opening the heart and mind to all sorts of pleasant and gracious influences, so that the insight into the new world of sights and sounds, the friendships formed and the sunny memories retained, have done much to brighten lives all too dull and sad. Nor has the benefit all been on one side; the cottagers themselves have been blessed, as they have ministered self-denyingly to their little guests; and in many cases presents and invitations to renewed visits have kept alive happy associations.

It need not be said that the ladies who in the country look after the children, are careful in selecting cottagers on whom they can rely.

This is not the place for details, or abundant testimony could be produced, both from the cottagers and their guests of the success of this movement.

We have received dozens of letters from the little people, endeavouring to convey some idea of their new life, but never failing to impress us with a sense of their unbounded delight.

We have had the evidence of our eyes of the undoubted benefit they have received, in the altered appearance of the children on their return; and we have no less satisfactory testimony from the cottagers, as to the almost invariable good conduct of their little visitors.

One society, however, did not amalgamate with the Country Holidays Committee, and that is the Children's Fresh Air Mission, which was established in 1882 by Mr. Walter Hazell, who still continues its treasurer. This was so well and economically organized and carried on in so clearly defined an area that, by a mutual understanding, the two societies work side by side, without interference or overlapping. The numbers sent out by this agency have increased year by year, until they amounted last year to 1784. These have been sent away to cottage homes in some forty different localities, mostly in the home counties, though some have gone so far as Gloucestershire, which seems undesirable, if places are available nearer London. The children have been selected by the clergy, district visitors, ladies of the various committees, and by the teachers of elementary schools, many of whom show the utmost interest in ascertaining who among their scholars are most in need of a change, and in helping the parents in getting their children ready. It is absolutely necessary that the children should have some change of clothing, as well as go away looking clean and tidy; and this would, in some of the neediest cases, be quite unattainable without help. The great desideratum is a pair of sound, stout shoes or boots, for without these it is impossible for a child to get the full benefit of the holiday.

There are yet other agencies employed in the same good work. The Ragged School Union and the Sunday School Union have added this to their other operations, and have thought well not to amalgamate with the larger movement, because they desire to deal in this pastoral way with their own scholars, and not shift the duty or responsibility on others.

For many years the committee of the Ragged School Union have been accustomed to transfer some of the sicklier children of their schools to the health-giving air of the country; but deeming a separate home preferable to the boarding-out system, they have for the last three years aimed at homes of their own. They have now three holiday homes, one at Thursley, near Godalming, on a beautiful breezy common; one at East Grinstead; and last year a furnished cottage at Brenchley, amid the hop fields of Kent was offered. The local clergy and friends in each case have been very kind, and many have been the expressions of interest in a continued supply of fruits and vegetables. One offer was so novel and so excellent, that it may well be mentioned. Two young ladies in Hertfordshire fitted up a cottage in the garden of their home, and with the help of their mother and a servant, received and entertained a series of little guests, laying themselves out also for their pleasure during their stay.

The Homes are conducted as much as possible on the family plan, and we can speak from experience of the comfort and convenience of the arrangements, as well as of the happiness and benefit that have accrued to the little visitors.

Any teacher in a ragged school providing five shillings, can ensure for a weak and ailing child a fortnight in one of these homes, the committee adding the other half of the cost. Last year upwards of one thousand scholars were thus sent away.

The Sunday School Union only began this work last year, and then too late in the season for many of the schools to take advantage of the offer—a similar one to that of the Ragged School Union, the provision of half the cost of maintenance, for all suitable cases from any connected schools. Arrangements were made with cottagers in Bucks, and Herts, and at Eastbourne, for those needing sea air. It is hoped that the opportunity of being able to send children away will lead teachers to inquire into the circumstances of their more delicate scholars, and thus increase their pastoral influence. It is also desired that friends in the country who are Sunday school workers should interest themselves in the London scholars during their visit. Instances are not wanting of friendships formed between the country children and those from London, and reports of the favourable impression made by these latter, sometimes through their sharpness and intelligence, and at others by their good conduct, are forthcoming. The committee were well satisfied with the success of the experiment, by which one hundred and forty-four scholars got a much needed change, and they are contemplating sending away a much larger number this season.

In one way and another, it will be seen that the children of the poor are remembered, though of course, the various agencies mentioned could deal with many more cases if funds were forthcoming.

But may not the movement be extended to those who are older? The Young Men's Christian Association has Holiday Homes at Ryde and Margate, where the members find all necessary provision and comfort for fifteen shillings a week; and the Young Women's Christian Association has now a Holiday Fund which last year sent 360 poor girls, whose health was undermined by close confinement in work-rooms, for a country holiday.

But there are others to be cared for—poor women, mothers and others, whose lives are one routine of drudgery, unrelieved by any rest, except that which illness may bring, and whose health and spirits are sapped by close confinement and want of food. Some of them do get perhaps one day in the country in the year, and well do they enjoy it; but the labour of preparation and the attendant expense prevent much physical good resulting.

We have seen mothers bring their children to be sent off for their fortnight, who have told us that they have never slept a night in the country since they were girls, and who have quite sighed for such a change as was provided for their children.

And is the thing quite impossible and unattainable?

There are owners of large country houses with ample kitchen and cottage accommodation, who could well invite small parties of overworked women for a few days' rest in the country, and who would be bringing thereby untold sunshine into cheerless and sordid lives.

There need be no misgiving and no risk as to the character of the invited guests. There are friends connected with the various missions in the metropolis who would select women of the strictest Christian character, whom it would be an honour to entertain—angels, not indeed unawares—women whose patience and gentleness and long-suffering under cruel treatment, and whose brave and heroic battle with their circumstances, constitute their lives a living martyrdom, and who will one day step forward to receive from the King of Heaven, such crowns as we, in our poor judgment, might suppose were only reserved for leaders in the church militant. We know such whom it would be an honour to be able to entertain, and whose grateful appreciation and remembrance it would do one good to be the means of arousing.

Where they could not be received at their own houses, friends in the country could provide for them in cottages near at hand, and give them the run of their parks and gardens during the day.

We have seen how two young girls laid themselves out to receive poor children, and nothing would be easier for many Christian people, having large country houses, with plenty of unoccupied rooms, than to invite a few poor women for a week's rest and change of air. Nothing stands in the way but the willingness of those who are well able to open their doors to

their unknown guests. The rest would be easy. Suitable and deserving women could be selected, and if necessary their fares provided; and, such is the readiness of the poor to help one another, that friends could be found to relieve the women of their home duties for the while.

This movement to provide a short holiday in the country for those who most need it, is one in which dwellers in London and in the provinces can all help, and it is one which promises rich rewards of blessing all round.

BENJAMIN CLARKE.

GENEVIÈVE;

OR, THE CHILDREN OF PORT ROYAL

CHAPTER II.—THREE YEARS AFTERWARDS.

AGAIN the waters of the Seine, as they flowed by the island and château of Clendon, reflected the rosy splendours of a June sunset. But now no little boat was gliding down the stream, no young voices were enlivening the silent landscape. A mournful change had passed over the scene. The staircase leading to the river had a desolate neglected air: grass was sprouting here and there through the loosened flags; while the terrace above, once so carefully tended and still gay with summer flowers, was evidently falling into disorder. Within the château there were changes also; consequent, no doubt, upon the one great sad change which had taken place nearly two years before, leaving Madame Montères a widow and Geneviève an orphan.

These two sate together in a spacious, but barely furnished room, hung with faded tapestry, and lighted by narrow windows looking out on the river. Madame Montères occupied a fauteuil, Geneviève a low stool at her feet. Three years had changed the pretty child into a very beautiful girl. In those days, "youth ripened fast, and the shadows of age fell early." Already at fifteen she stood—

> Where the brook and river meet,
> Womanhood and childhood fleet,

indeed she might be almost said to have already quitted the brook for the river. Yet the innocence of childhood lingered still in the large violet eyes, and the trust of childhood beamed from the fair young face, which was raised so lovingly to meet her mother's sad and anxious gaze. She had been making lace, and the pillow still lay in her lap, though her hands were idle; her mother too was unoccupied—a rare event for her. Instead of the needlework, or the book, she was so seldom seen without, she held an open letter in her hand.

"Mother, dear mother," pleaded Geneviève, "will you not tell me what has been troubling you all day?"

"It is hard to tell, my child," answered the elder woman in low, sorrowful tones, "still, you and Margot are all I have to speak to now, and it goes without saying that you must be told."

"That letter is from M. Avordun," said Geneviève, anxious to help her mother to the explanation that seemed so difficult.

It was made after all in a very few words, very calmly spoken: "My child, M. Avordun has sold the château. We must go, and go at once."

A half startled, half passionate cry: "Oh, mother, mother!" was the answer. Then Geneviève buried her face in her mother's black robe, and there was a long silence.

"Art thou so sorry, my child? Speak to me, speak and tell me," said Madame Montères at last, very tenderly.

Young as she was, Geneviève had learned already the lessons of self-command. She looked up, met her mother's eyes, and said calmly—though her voice was half choked with tears—"We have known it was coming so long. I will try—we will try to bear it for each other's sake, *n'est-ce pas?*"

"There speaks my brave, good child." Then, after a pause, "M. Avordun says the new lord is coming at once."

Geneviève changed her position, and looked about the room with a curious, doubtful air. One of those sudden intrusions of the common things of life into moments of deep emotion with which we are all familiar, prompted her to ask: "What shall we do with the furniture?"

A half smile, sadder than a tear, flitted across the mournful face of Madame Montères as she answered, "I thought you would have asked first: What shall we do with ourselves?"

"Oh, as for that, we shall be together. We shall always have each other. I suppose we shall go somewhere—to Vernon, or Rouen—or, better still, to Paris. Mother, dear mother, let us go to Paris." A vivid flush overspread the young face, and the bright eyes grew doubly bright with eagerness. After all, this uprooting, for the old so unmitigated in its sadness, might have its consolations for the young.

"Yes; I have been thinking about it for a long time, since I knew that this must come, and I have reached the conclusion that it will be best for us to go to Paris."

"And then we will find out Edouard, and he will help us? Only, mother——" and the bright face darkened again, "it is so strange, is it not? that he has not written to us for so long a time. I fear—I think he must be gone away, otherwise we would have heard from him."

"I do not think that. He is scarce likely yet

to have joined the army; nor is there anything the least strange in his silence. What would you have? He has other things to do than to write to us."

"But, mother, you wrote to him last."

"That signifies nothing. I merely wrote to thank him for that letter, so full of friendship, which gratified us both so much. I did not expect a reply. There are a thousand things likely to hinder his writing to us, without supposing that he has forgotten us. Or, possibly, he may have written, and the letter may have miscarried."

"We shall find out when we go to Paris."

"We shall try. I do not cherish any foolish and fanciful hopes of finding the old relations unchanged; and meeting again in the nephew of M. le Duc de Graffont, and very probably his heir, the child we loved in the old days, which are never to return. I know the world, and what the world does with young hearts and lives, too well for any dreams of that sort. But I do expect from the son of Emile de Sercourt and the ward of Etienne Montères such protection and help as he, in his degree, may honourably offer, and we in ours as honourably accept."

A silence followed these proud words. They fell coldly on the young heart of Geneviève, and she found no reply to them. Presently Margot entered, bearing a small lamp, which she set upon the table, where it shone like a tiny star, amidst the darkness of the great, bare, sombre room. Soon she returned again with the frugal supper of the ladies, little rolls of white bread and a basket of strawberries, served daintily upon a snowy napkin.

"Stay, Margot," said Madame Montères gently, as she prepared to leave the room, "I wish to speak with you."

Geneviève knew what was coming. She had had as much as she could bear for the present, so she slipped quietly out of the room. She ran quickly through several gloomy passages, and down a dimly-lighted flight of stairs. Then, lifting the latch of a dilapidated door, she found herself in the silent, neglected court, where the grass was already growing thickly; crossing this, she reached a row of deserted stables, of which only one showed the slightest sign of occupation. From this, as she approached, the gentle head of Jeannette was stretched out in mild expectancy of a crust or an apple. Madame Montères had never liked to ask Geneviève to part with the little creature, who, though now very old, was still able to bear the light weight of her young mistress. Geneviève stroked and patted the rough brown coat of her favourite, who, not quite content with such barren tokens of affection, smelt her hands and her dress, and thrust her nose into her pockets, in hope of more substantial favours.

"I forgot, this time," said the girl. "Poor Jeannette, dear old Jeannette, we are going away. Who will care for you now?" By this time her arms were round the neck of the pony, and her head was resting on its shoulder. "Oh, Jeannette, Jeannette, tell me where is your master!" Bringing with them a torrent of tears, and of sobs that would not be repressed, her mother's words came back to her, "No hope of finding again the child we used to love!" So they were gone—all gone—the dear old days. The loved and tender father with the dead; the old home given up to strangers; the old life torn up by the roots. And the old friend and playfellow, so dear, so gentle, so kind! Was he gone for ever, too? No; she would not believe it. They might be separated each from the other; she might never see him more upon earth; but yet, wherever he was, he would still be the same Edouard. Geneviève, amidst her sobs, said it over and over again; she spoke it silently in her own heart, she whispered it in the ear of the dumb unconscious creature they had both of them loved. "Yes, Jeannette, we will find him again in Paris, and we will find him unchanged."

It was characteristic of Geneviève that as soon as her passionate burst of weeping had spent itself a little, she slipped back into the house, reached the pantry, found what was not found too easily there—a piece of bread, and brought it to the expectant pony.

"It is only black bread, Jeannette," she said, in a tone of apology, "but often now, mother and I have nothing else for ourselves. Good-night, dear Jeannette. How many times more shall I bid you good-night, I wonder?"

THINKERS VERSUS WORKERS

BY RUTH LAMB.

"MY dear Anna, I have a serious complaint to make."

Mr. Cheerall was the speaker, and Mrs. Cheerall the person addressed. The tone was serious, but the wife looking up into her husband's eyes read therein a world of anxious tenderness, and knew that it was all on her account.

"What is amiss now, John?" she asked, with a confident smile on her kind face.

The question was answered by another, "What shall I do to make you feel that I am very much in earnest? You do not look in the least afraid, little woman."

A still brighter smile from Mrs. Cheerall, accompanied by a shake of the head and the words, "It is too late in the day, John. I look as I feel, and that is not the least bit afraid of you. But tell me, what have I done amiss?"

"Broken one of the two great commandments, Anna. The second. I am most anxious that

you should obey it to the letter, but the mischief is that you will love your neighbour better than yourself."

The smile on the little lady's face broadened into a laugh. These two thoroughly understood each other, and were of one mind in all that is best.

"That speech is just like you, John, and I know what it means. You think I have disobeyed orders, and over-tired myself," replied Mrs. Cheerall.

"I am sure of it. Don't do it again, dear. The better care we take of the wonderful bodies God has given us, the better we show our gratitude for them, and the greater our chance of using them in our Master's service. He does not require us to overtax our powers."

"I know, John. I am sorry. It shall not happen again."

There the matter ended. Mr. Cheerall knew that his wife's word was as good as her bond, whether given to him or to another, and felt perfectly satisfied.

There are not so many people in the world who can be accused of breaking that second Great Commandment, by being too good to their neighbours, but if ever a little woman deserved to have the credit or blame of so doing, Mrs. Cheerall is the one. In her anxiety to turn to the best account the powers of mind and body with which God has intrusted her, there is a danger of her overtaxing both. And John Cheerall, who has in him a like spirit to that which animates his wife, but a somewhat less impulsive nature, has sometimes to speak a warning word, often doing it in a half-jesting way as on this occasion. On another he said, "My dear, you may not be absolutely faultless as a wife, but I do not wish to be forced into making a second selection. You know the old saying, 'Better put up with the ill you have, than exchange it for one of which you know nothing, and which may turn out to be worse.'"

This speech Mrs. Cheerall interpreted as follows, "I know when I have a good wife, and wish to keep her;" and where many a less sensible woman would have found cause of offence in it, she saw only a connubial compliment, and valued the sensible advice of her husband.

Mr. and Mrs. Cheerall are alike in this respect. They are people of thought, word, and work. They think about others, but they do not stop at thinking. They speak, if it be possible, to say the kind word or timely warning, which will cheer the lonely brother or sister on a rough path, or help one whose "feet have well-nigh slipped," to avoid that of evil.

The best of it is, that the word is sure to be spoken in season, and in a loving spirit. Watch Mrs. Cheerall as she steps along the road with that firm but elastic tread of hers. She meets a woman with a bare-headed child in her arms, and she—true mother—knows at what a cruel risk the tender infant is thus exposed to the cutting north wind.

"You will excuse me, will you not?" she says, looking into the girl-mother's face with that winning smile of hers, and speaking as politely as if she were addressing the Princess of Wales, "I am a good deal older than you, and have brought up children of my own; but, when I was as young, I had so much to learn, and I was glad to be told what was best for my little ones. Perhaps you have not thought how tender the darling babies are, and how they suffer when exposed to the cold? Couldn't you put the corner of your shawl round the little one's head? Here, let me," and whisking the shawl into the right position, she turns the corner into a hood for baby.

Who could be angry? Not the young mother, who loves her babe with a love equally large and ignorant, and who is pleased at a lady's notice of it and of her. She does not forget the kindly face, or the loving little pat given by the neatly-gloved fingers, to the round cheek of her darling, or perchance the added remark, "What bright blue eyes it has!" With the memory of the compliment the lesson abides also. She learns to take better care of the little body in her charge, and she repeats both compliment and advice to girl-mothers like herself.

She thinks too, "There are not so many ladies who trouble themselves to stop and say a word to keep a poor body's baby from getting cold, so I am likely to remember her and her advice."

Mrs. Cheerall steps onward and meets two unkempt little creatures, the younger with an old hood hanging down its back, instead of protecting its small pate; crying, too, as it is dragged reluctantly along by the elder child, who is perfectly indifferent to its tears, being so used to them. With her own hand Mrs. Cheerall pulls on the hood and ties the strings firmly, induces Stolid-face to wipe away the tears which are making the child's rosy cheeks smart as they meet the wind. She calls the smaller "little man," pops a sweetie made of pure sugar and harmless into the mouth which he opens like a fledgling to receive it, and answers the longing look of the elder one by a similar gift. Then she goes on her way, leaving the two just a shade happier and more comfortable than she found them.

Her passage is marked by pleasant words, or little bright nods of recognition where she has time for no more, or a brief inquiry after some one who is sick, and a word, either of sympathy or pleasure, as the report is discouraging or the contrary. Sour visages relax into the nearest approach to a smile of which they are capable, and, as Mrs. Cheerall passes, she leaves a sense of genial warmth, as if the sun had shone out unexpectedly and brightened the surroundings of all with whom it had come in contact.

Mrs. Cheerall does a great deal to benefit young servants—nursemaids especially. When she sees them gossiping together and leaving their infant charges unheeded, or their errands undone, she ventures a word of advice. She does not speak as if she stood on a pedestal and looked down from it upon them. On the contrary, she often lays a gentle hand on the young shoulder, and calls her, "my dear girl," as she points out what is unwise or amiss, or risks a warning word, if she sees one of them giddy or inclined to listen to the enticements of an undesirable acquaintance in the street.

They cannot be offended with Mrs. Cheerall, even if they are unwilling to be guided by her advice. Sometimes the good seed takes root at once. At others it falls and remains long unfruitful, but the wise word is not forgotten, and is, it may be, thought of in after days with tears of regret that it was allowed to pass unheeded when it was first spoken.

One thought is irresistibly brought home to all by Mrs. Cheerall's manner of putting things.

"She can wish nothing but our good, for it cannot benefit her if we do right; or hurt her if we do wrong. She speaks for our sakes, not hers. And she is so kind," say those whom she strives to help.

Genuine unselfishness is like true metal. It has a ring with it which the spurious article could never produce, and it is sure to be duly estimated.

Servants in other homes love to wait upon Mrs. Cheerall. Their proper mistresses sometimes say, "I never saw Mary take so much trouble for anybody as she does for you, or, "Susan manages to think of what Mrs. Cheerall will require, without being told; whereas, when most other visitors are here, I am annoyed by her forgetfulness. I think she must have given her a handsome present when she left last time."

The mistress was mistaken. Mrs. Cheerall gave her little remembrance to Susan as well as the other servants, but it was nothing out of the common way. And if a third person could have witnessed the bestowal, they would have seen that the maid received the gift with reluctance and replied, "Indeed, ma'am, I did not wish for anything. It has been a real pleasure to wait upon you."

The pleasure arose from the manner in which her services had been received. There had been a kindly "good-morning," or "good-night," or a simple greeting exchanged between this guest and the servants when they met, whilst many visitors passed them without a look, or as if they were not human beings like themselves, but articles of furniture or domestic machines.

"I don't like that Mrs. Marston," said Susan, speaking of another visitor. "She would run over a servant or a poor body, before she would seem to see, much less speak to one.

Work-people love to be employed under Mrs. Cheerall's roof. They say there is some satisfaction in doing work well, because she notices everything, in order to praise if she can, whilst many only speak for the purpose of fault-finding. "How very tidy you are about your work!" she said one morning, as she looked up at an elderly man who had just finished colouring a cornice. "If all were as particular as you, our servants would be spared a great deal of trouble, and paper and paint preserved."

"Thank you, ma'am," said the man, and taking off his paper cap, he acknowledged the compliment with a bow which would have been a credit to Beau Brummell. "I have all my life made a practice of being as tidy about my work as I could, and never making a splash or drop that I could help. I have thought sometimes, 'Is it worth while being so careful, for never a lady has noticed the difference between my mates and me in five and forty years.' But I thought again, 'It's the right thing whether I get praised for it or not,' and I went on as I begun, and I have got a bit of notice and credit for it at last. I hope I shall work for you again, then I shall have a chance of more."

"And I hope so too, and I shall be the gainer," said Mrs. Cheerall.

Watch her again in a shop. She has a way of noting one where some poor widow has made a start in a humble way, to try and gain bread for her children. Or a young wife tries to do a little in stationery or small wares, to eke out her husband's wages and lay by a trifle against a rainy day. Mrs. Cheerall does not buy things for buying's sake; but she looks round for such a modest shop where the articles are fresh, and her entrance is sure to be regarded as a godsend, because the customers are usually of a humbler class, and their purchases of small value.

She does not believe in the "cutting-under" system, and in going only to an establishment like a town, and swarming like a beehive, because one or two articles can be had a fraction lower than in the widow's little place round the corner. She cannot forget the tearful eyes and woe-begone faces of sundry small traders, who, feeling that she was their friend, told her that they could not live by their business now, and that the little shops were closing up one after another, to make way for monster business establishments owned by great capitalists.

So Mrs. Cheerall, who is well able to judge when she gets a fair pennyworth for her penny, finds pleasure in spending her coin where it will do most good.

"How are you getting on?" she will say, and the shop-keeper's face lights up at the question, feeling instinctively that it is dictated by interest, not mere curiosity.

"We are only new beginners, and have not done much yet; but we hope to do better, when we get known," is perhaps the reply.

Only a few minutes before the speaker was almost in despair, not a penny having crossed the counter that day. The word hope in the answer is the result of Mrs. Cheerall's visit, purchase, and kind words, with a promise of a future call, and a recommendation should the goods fulfil her expectations.

When Mrs. Cheerall makes a promise, she performs it, for as I have said, with her, the kind thought is ever the seed of seasonable word and prompt action, where action is practicable and right.

Shall I ever forget one little scene I witnessed in which she and her husband were concerned? It took place in a great London restaurant, where numbers of young girls are employed behind the counters, and in the vast dining-room. Mr. and Mrs. Cheerall had been sight-seeing, and were hot, tired, and hungry when they entered this place to dine. In the midst of the meal, Mr. Cheerall noticed that his wife's colour came and went, and that a half-eager, half-indignant look overspread her face, which was turned in the direction of the main counter. He read the cause in a moment.

A pretty, modest-looking girl was being perse-

cuted by a male customer, who persisted in addressing her in a low tone, and evidently in an offensive manner, under pretence of paying for his dinner. He held out the ticket on which the amount was written, whilst fixing bold eyes on the sweet young face, crimsoned by righteous indignation.

Tears sprang into the young creature's eyes as she turned from her persecutor and asked an older assistant to take the money, but passing behind other customers, he again followed and tendered it to her. The elder assistant was, however, equal to the occasion, and so interposed as to render further annoyance impossible for the time, at any rate.

Mrs. Cheerall's knife and fork had been idle during this little scene, and she gasped out, "I must speak, John."

"Let me," replied John; and without waste of words he went to the counter and addressed the girl whose eyes were still moist. "My dear," he said.

The girl started. Was she to be again annoyed? She who was striving to do right amid many temptations, to be again persecuted; and by this grey-haired man.

"My dear," was repeated. "Do not be afraid of me. I have daughters of my own; and I love them, and daily pray that a better Father than I will deliver them from all evil. I only want to say that my wife—the little lady over there—and I saw what passed just now. We were sorry and glad on your account. Sorry that you should be so placed as to be subjected to such annoyance. Glad beyond words, that by God's grace, you were strong to act modestly and bravely. And that you gave no countenance to that man! May God bless you and give you strength in every time of need. We—my wife and I—thank Him on your behalf. We may not see you again; but when we pray for our own girls, who are so shielded from harm, we shall not forget you and your surroundings. Remember, my dear, God is always 'nigh unto them that fear Him.'"

Mr. Cheerall lifted his hat with the courtesy of a true Christian gentleman, to the brave, pure-minded daughter of some other father, and waiting only to listen to her grateful words, "Thank you, sir. You are kind. I shall never forget you, never," he went back to his wife and his dinner.

It was pleasant to note the effect on the girl. The young face lost its troubled look. The shame which had crimsoned it was gone, and it seemed to glow with new light and strength of purpose as, holding her head more erect than before, she quietly went about the work, only giving a little glance now and then to the table where sat John Cheerall and his little lady.

Surely the words were fitly spoken, and in season, and it was the duty and privilege of the Christian and the father to try and strengthen the hands of the persecuted girl.

The Cheeralls have a neighbour—Miss Moody—who professes to admire and sympathise with them in their works and ways.

"I am sure you must always be thinking about other people, dear Mrs. Cheerall," she says.

"I am, and it makes me wretched to see so much misery. There is so little that one can do to relieve it."

Miss Moody sighs and looks pensive.

Mrs. Cheerall smiles and says, "I find a great deal of time for thinking of myself as well as my neighbours."

"But you do so much. If I only had your energy!"

Mrs. Cheerall on this occasion holds her tongue, quick of speech as she generally is. She knows that Miss Moody lets thinking suffice, and that the thought never fructifies. Because she thinks she can do so little—she does nothing at all. She nurses the complacent notion that she is deficient in energy, and has not strength equal to her neighbour's, and so it is perfectly reasonable for her to fold her hands and sit still. She is younger by ten years than Mrs. Cheerall; but one has the heart and the will to work, the other has not—hence the difference in results.

Mrs. Cheerall is very much of a mother, not only to those who have a natural right to call her so, but to scores of others over whom she extends motherly influences. Let a young man come to her neighbourhood from a bright home, to work through the day, and go to lonely lodgings from office or counting-house. Straight she thinks, "If it were my boy," and says, "We will ask him in now and then. I knew his mother years ago, John, and I dare say you remember her too."

"And if you had not known her you would ask the youth all the same," replies Mr. Cheerall, assenting to the proposition with a humorous twinkle of those kind eyes of his.

Who can tell how many have been influenced for good through the motherly counsel, the bright evenings by that delightful fireside, the pure atmosphere of that Christian home, the door of which, like that of Mrs. Cheerall's heart, seems ever open and wide enough to admit all who need what it can give?

One cannot think of the bright little woman, flitting hither and thither like sunshine, and gladdening all around, without feeling inclined to pray: "May God help her and long spare her to do His work, and make others happier and better for her living in their midst."

Faithful wife, loving mother, honoured mistress of a well-ordered home, yet extending her sense of duty to be done far beyond it, and limiting her good-doing in word and deed only by the power God has given her!

Surely there must be something in Mrs. Cheerall, different from what we find in most of those around us.

There is, and yet it is only what should be the mainspring of action in every Christian. It is that, taught her own sinfulness and need by the Holy Spirit of God, and loving in return the Saviour who loved her and gave Himself for her, she ever asks herself, "What shall I render unto God for all His benefits?"

"Truly," she answers, "I can give him nothing, but I can show my love by striving to follow the example of His most holy life, and by ministering to my Lord in the person of my neighbour."

THE QUEEN OF NAVARRE:

SOME INCIDENTS IN THE LIFE OF JEANNE D'ALBRET.

BY E. J. WHATELY.

III.

THE WOUNDED NOBLEMAN RAISED HIMSELF ON HIS LITTER, AND SAID, "BUT GOD IS VERY TENDER."

LA ROCHELLE, at that time one of the first of the French seaports, was also the stronghold of the Reformed faith. It was the centre of the Protestant operations. An alliance was formed with England; Elizabeth had already, at Jeanne's entreaties, sent assistance. Jeanne remained at La Rochelle as her headquarters during the chief part of the war, and took a prominent part in directing the counsels of the Protestants. When the Prince of Condé had fallen at the Battle of Jarnac (by the musket of an assassin who shot him through the head when already wounded), Jeanne came to join the army which had assembled under Coligny at Torny-Charente, and presented to the troops her son and her nephew, the young orphaned Prince of Condé, youths nearly of the same age.

She addressed them in a few touching and forcible words, and told them she offered her son, not to take the place of General, but to march at their head as the "first soldier." Henri confirmed his mother's declaration, and vowed solemnly never to abandon "the cause," and the young Henri de Condé repeated the same vow. The Queen, deeply moved, clasped the two youths in her arms, amidst the cheers of the soldiers, and they separated with every demonstration of lively feeling. The two young princes remained with Coligny, attending on him as his sons; they were frequently designated as Coligny's pages.

The war continued to be waged with varying success. In Navarre there were terrible disasters. Pau and other leading cities were taken by the insurgents, and a cruel persecution of all the Protestants carried on. No Catholic even, if attached to the Queen's interests, was safe for a moment.

In the midst of these troubles, Jeanne was ever on the alert. She sent words of sympathy and encouragement to her brave followers defending Navarreins; she pledged her jewels in London, and with the funds thus raised supported the army in her kingdom. She gave effective and valuable counsel to her General, Gabriel de Montgomery, and, guided by her intimate knowledge of every mountain pass, road, defile, and river of her native country, she was able herself to trace the line of march and plan of the campaign.

Montgomery was eventually victorious, and the enemy driven out of Béarn. But in other parts of France the Protestant cause suffered severely. At Moncontour, Coligny and his allies were defeated with great loss, and the General was carried from the field severely wounded, and was obliged to be moved to Rochelle.

A touching incident is recorded of that mournful journey in which the wounded Coligny was borne in a litter followed by his defeated soldiers, who marched on in sorrowful silence.

The General, tortured with the anguish of his wound, and his heart torn with grief for fallen comrades, the cause he loved crushed, friends blaming him for his failure, and the prospects before him at the darkest, was nearly overwhelmed with despondency and distress.

At this moment he was hailed by an old friend and counsellor of his, also borne along wounded, who had caused his litter to be brought near to Coligny's for a moment. Raising his head and looking through the doorway of the litter, the old nobleman gazed at his friend with tears in his eyes, and exclaimed: "But God is very tender!" (si est-ce que Dieu est très doux).

No more was said; it was just the "word in season" which Coligny needed, and he afterwards told his friends that his soul was strengthened from that moment.

Only a few days later he wrote to his children from his sick bed a letter breathing the firmest Christian faith and lofty resolution, exhorting them to set their hopes and affections above this world.

The Queen of Navarre had hastened to Niort after the battle, at considerable personal risk, to aid the sufferers and encourage the desponding. She was indefatigable in her attention to the wounded; she visited the hospitals and waited on their inmates with her own hand. Some German soldiers, from the troops of their allies, long remembered her care of them, and were animated to greater enthusiasm in fighting for the cause. And when, a little time later, the brave Huguenot General La Noue was wounded at the siege of Fontenay, and condemned to lose his arm by the surgeons, it was Jeanne whose persuasions induced him to submit to a mutilation which he at first thought worse than death, and who herself held his arm during the operation. He eventually had an artificial arm made for him, by which he could hold his horse's bridle, and which gained him the title of *Bras-de-Fer*.

The peace of St. Germain, in 1570, put a close, for the time, to the war. But Jeanne, more clear-sighted than Coligny (who was completely deceived by the protestations of the King and his mother), was quite aware that the peace was not a solid or lasting one, and that the Court were still quietly working to ruin the Protestant cause.

She felt, however, that her work at La Rochelle was done, and she returned to Pau to resume her cares as a ruler in her own kingdom. It was then she submitted to the States-General an admirable and comprehensive code of laws which she had been for years silently preparing, and which were now adopted.

She also at this time caused the New Testament to be translated into Basque, the language spoken in the Western district of the Pyrenees. This language, entirely different in its origin and construction from any of the European tongues (excepting, as some say, the Magyar), is spoken now, as it was then, almost universally in the district of the French Lower Pyrenees which borders the Atlantic, and on the Spanish side still more widely, and is scarcely known elsewhere.

Jeanne had, some time before, sent several pastors into the Basque country to learn the language, for the purpose of translation, and she appointed to the work Jean Liçarrague, the one who had acquired the tongue most perfectly. By him the translation was made; it was printed at La Rochelle in 1571, and was a wonder to the learned world at the time. A copy is still to be seen at the Imperial library; but the successors of Jeanne did not tread in her steps in this point; the Basque provinces were left, after her day, in their old darkness, and at this time no part of France is so utterly subservient to the priests.

All these varied labours, and a most extensive and voluminous correspondence, were never suffered to hinder the Queen from sedulously watching over her daughter's education, which, through all the disturbances of their outer life, was never interrupted.

Jeanne also found time for holding discussions on religious subjects with her pastors and teachers. When her head was fatigued with her many cares, she obtained the sanction of her pastors, to prevent her eyes being weighed down by involuntary drowsiness, by occupying her fingers with tapestry while she listened to their sermons; and she listened so well that we are told she could often repeat the whole discourse at the end. She was a most accomplished needlewoman, and often expressed her thoughts by allegorical representations in tapestry-work. She wrought a set of pieces depicting instances of deliverance from captivity in the Old Testament, entitled "The prisons broken," to show that she and her friends had shaken off the yoke of the Papacy. In the corner of each design she had worked devices of broken chains and gibbets, placing above the whole, in large letters, the verse of 2 Cor. iii. in Latin: "Where the Spirit (of the Lord) is, there is liberty." Her mother had been a writer of satirical poems and tales. Jeanne

had never taken this line; but she wrote poems and hymns expressed with much force and spirit.

While this round of busy public and private occupations went on, fresh causes for anxiety were arising on every side. The Court of France was negotiating to bring about a marriage between Catherine's youngest daughter, Marguérite of Valois, and Henri of Navarre. Jeanne disliked this marriage from the first. She had no confidence in the friendship of the Court; she suspected secret intrigues with Spain; she disapproved of the manner in which Marguérite had been brought up, and indeed there could hardly be a worse training imagined for a young girl than the Court of Catherine, known far and wide for its frightful corruption and immorality. And lastly, she dreaded a Catholic alliance for her son.

She was not, however, in a position to be able to negative it. Her own power was limited. Coligny was deceived by the show of friendship of the Court, and persuaded, much against the Queen's advice, to go to Paris. It is well known that this ill-advised step did eventually cost him his life.

But the pressure on the Queen continued on all sides. Henri himself desired the alliance (which he lived to have cause bitterly to regret). The estates of the realm were favourable to it as a measure of good policy, and the Queen was not free to refuse when all three were against her. Finding resistance vain, she resolved herself to go to Paris to carry on the negotiations.

The infatuated confidence of the Protestant leaders was astonishing to her; the only persons who sympathised with her opposition were the Count Louis of Nassau (brother of the Prince of Orange) and the faithful Rosny, afterwards Duke of Sully, the attendant of Henri IV. He was especially anxious that the marriage, if it did take place, should not be at Paris. "If it does," he observed, "the *liveries will all be red!*" Truly his words were prophetic.

Jeanne at last set out to meet the Count at Blois, leaving her son to carry on the government of Navarre. She enjoined him to remain in Béarn till she herself sent for him, and not to allow any persuasions or artifices to draw him away till she gave the word.

He must trust no one but his mother. She took leave of this beloved son with sad forebodings. It was indeed a last parting.

At Blois she was met by the King and his mother, who overwhelmed her with demonstrations of affection and respect, especially the King, who called her "his best beloved aunt," and would hardly stir from her side. But when he had retired with his mother, he addressed her in these words:—

"Well, Madame, what do you think? Have I not played my part well?"

"Yes, very well," said the queen-mother; "but it will be nothing unless it goes on."

"Let me alone!" cried the King. "You shall see; I shall get them into the net for you."

Jeanne, however, was not so easily taken in. She kept sedulously on her guard, and a letter to her son, which is still extant, shows her full sense of the difficulties of her case. She tells him that when she reminded the queen-mother of what she had formerly declared, Catherine laughed in her face and denied everything she had said so persistenly that, as the Queen says, her patience must surpass that of Griselda's to bear it all.

"I cannot say," she adds, with some humour, "that I am without counsels, for everyone gives me advice, and no two the same!"

She describes the intended bride as beautiful and graceful, but brought up in the most corrupt society it is possible to imagine. None of those she met seemed to have escaped the taint. She ends with entreating her son to pray God much for help, for he would need it most specially at this time.

The "net" was being drawn closer and closer round this good and wise mother, though her own eyes were open to the danger; but she could not convey her own clear sight to her friends. The policy of Catherine and her colleagues was to work on the Protestant leaders most attached to the Queen of Navarre and her son, and so to poison their minds as to make them blame her as self-willed and stubborn, and unable to see what were her son's true interests.

And these were weapons against which the Queen could not contend. Weary with the struggle, she at last yielded; she even consented that the marriage should take place at Paris. This point being gained, Catherine consented that it should be performed according to the rites of the Reformed religion. The contract was signed at Blois. Jeanne sent word to her son that he might set out from Béarn, and she herself performed the journey from Blois to Paris, which took at that time eight or nine days. She took up her abode in the house of Jean Guillart, the former Bishop of Chartres, who had been excommunicated by the Pope, and had embraced the Reformed faith. Here she commenced the preparations for the marriage ceremony. She was not one to do anything, however trifling it might seem, by halves; she entered into all the details, going herself to the shops to look over lengths and breadths, brocades and velvets, to give her own orders and make the purchases herself.

In the midst of these labours, about ten days after he arrived, she was seized one evening with the symptoms of violent fever, and took to her bed at once.[1] She soon felt that this sickness was "for death," and that her part was henceforth, in her own words, "to enter altogether into the other life." She sent for her most esteemed friends and valued pastors, and entreated them to pray for her constantly. She did not desire to live on her own account—she was weary of the life of trial she had led from early youth; but she regretted to leave her children, who seemed to need her. She committed them, however, in full trust to her heavenly Father.

She suffered terrible pain, but no murmur or sign of impatience ever escaped her. She loved

[1] Many believed that the cause of the illness was a poisoned pair of gloves sent by Catherine de Medici, who was an adept in the arts of poisoning. This, however, cannot be absolutely proved.

to hear the pious ministers who were near her pray and read the Scriptures by her bedside—"the nourishment of her soul," as she called it; and for a great part of the night they were so engaged. Her faith and calm trust were entire, and she was heard repeatedly to say, "O my God! my true Father! deliver me from the body of this death and the miseries of this life, that I may no longer offend Thee, and enjoy at last the happiness Thou hast promised." All around her were weeping, but she was the one to console and sustain them.

"Ought you to weep," she said, "when God calls me to a better life, to the desired haven to which I have always looked?"

To her female attendants she expressed her regret at not being able to recompense their fidelity as she would have desired. The night before the last of her life she sent for her daughter's governess, the Baroness de Signonville, and conversed with her in a low voice for two hours. Then she added in a louder tone a few words commending her beloved young daughter to the care of those who had watched over her from infancy, and entreating them to tell her that her dying mother commended her to the protection of her Lord and Saviour, Who would never abandon her while she was faithful to Him. She wished her to be given in marriage to some good man of the Reformed faith.[1] She also saw and conversed with Coligny in private.

The next morning she dictated her last will to two notaries, giving the fullest and clearest instructions to her executors, and remembering her attendants and all who had any claims on her. No details were forgotten; her calmness and recollectedness were perfect.

In the afternoon of the same day she became rapidly worse; her pains increased with such violence as to make speech impossible; but her clasped hands and upraised eyes showed that she was in full possession of her mind, and maintained silent communion with God.

Early the next morning, five days after her illness commenced, the noble, faithful spirit passed away.

She was truly taken from evil to come. Her sudden death spared her the sight of those ill-omened nuptials of her son, followed by the massacre of St. Bartholomew and realising the prophecy of Rosny. She was spared the sight of that son twice denying the faith in which he had been reared, first to save, as he thought, his life, then to gain a crown; the last time following the ill-advised counsels of Rosny, more conscientious for himself than his master; and the still sadder consequences of that double apostacy. His descendants, brought up in the school of the Medici, from which their mother (Henri's second wife) sprung, lived to persecute with fire and sword those who followed the faith of Jeanne of Navarre, and by depriving France of her best blood, to pave the way for the terrors of the Revolution; while their race brought a blight on Italy and Spain, and helped to hasten the ruin of both kingdoms.

Few sins have brought more widespread evil or entailed a longer train of disastrous results than this apostacy of Henri of Bourbon.

His mother has left behind her a less brilliant name than her son: but few characters in history have ever left a more unblemished memory, or a name whose light shines in the midst of a "crooked and perverse generation," with a purer flame than that of Jeanne D'Albret.

[1] Catherine de Bourbon, then a girl of fifteen, must have probably been in the South of France at the time. She grew up a worthy daughter of such a mother. She was afterwards Regent of Béarn for fifteen years, and made herself so beloved by the people that her departure was mourned with many tears by all. She had been many times sought in marriage, but an attachment to the Count of Soissons, who unfortunately was on bad terms with her brother, made all other proposals distasteful to her. Finally Henry put a stop to all marriage projects with Soissons, and insisted, as a political measure, on her marriage with the Duke de Bar. He was not such a partner as her mother would have approved of, being a Roman Catholic; she, however, was married according to Protestant forms, and her religion was always respected. She was an excellent and dutiful wife though not a happy one, and won the affection of her Lorraine subjects as she had done that of those in Béarn. She died about five years after her marriage

BIBLE NOTES AND QUERIES.

M. S. K. asks the meaning of Galatians iii. 20: "Now a mediator is not *a mediator* of one, but God is one."

THIS passage has generally been reckoned among the most difficult in the New Testament. Its brevity makes it obscure, the interpreter having to supply the links of thought. One expositor (Winer) enumerates 250 different explanations of the verse; another (Prof. Jowett) speaks of 430, but this must be an exaggeration. The expositor's task is thus at first sight not a hopeful one; and yet the connexion of the passage, carefully considered, appears to afford a clue to the meaning. St. Paul is contrasting the régime of Law with a dispensation of Promise, and is showing the superiority of the latter, as older, more permanent, more gracious.—The Jews who would wean you Galatians from the Gospel make their boast of law: yet they call themselves the children of Abraham! Let them then look back to the Divine dealings with their father, four hundred and thirty years earlier than the days of Moses! There is the true type of God's lasting relations to mankind: the Law only came in by the way, "was added because of transgressions," served a temporary purpose to "lead to Christ:" but the Promise lives on, and in the Gospel of Christ finds its highest fulfilment. Besides this element of perpetuity, there is another mark of contrast. The law was "ordained through angels by the hand of a mediator," namely, Moses. That great lawgiver, standing between man and God, declared and witnessed the terms of a "covenant" to which both were parties. Such is the mediator's true function. He is "not (a mediator) of one." That is, his office implies a contract: God commanding, man obeying: the intermediary declaring the command, and taking cognisance of the obedience or disobedience. If either party to the contract fails to meet the required conditions, the covenant

is broken. Law thus has proved of no effect in bringing man to God. But "God is One:" the promise depends on Him alone; *this* covenant is not a contract. Resting on God, it is indefeasible. "He gave it, and He will assuredly keep it, no matter what man may do." (Dr. Sanday.) Thus the "foolish Galatians" are bidden back from the legalism that threatened to enslave them, to the everlasting promise of the one God, as guaranteed by His infinite sufficiency — the promise foreshadowed in His words to "Abraham and his seed" and fully revealed in Christ.

Dean Alford's long note on the passage, or Bishop Ellicott's, may be profitably read. These great expositors both point out the mistake of early commentators in understanding *Christ* as the "mediator." This error has in the past been the great difficulty in the way of any just interpretation of the passage. St. Paul is speaking of "a mediator" in the abstract, and his immediate reference is to Moses as the mediator of the law.

M. S. K. also requests an explanation of Matthew x. 23: "Ye shall not have gone over the cities of Israel till the Son of man be come."

The exhortation of our Lord is to use despatch; insomuch that His disciples when persecuted in one city were to flee to another. This is plainly not laid down as a *universal* rule. Sometimes the true servants of Christ will prove their fidelity to Him by remaining at their post amid the fires of persecution, enduring, testifying, to the end. But in the circumstances of the apostles' first mission a different course was to be adopted. No time was to be spent amid the opponents of the truth that would be better devoted to those who were ready to listen. For there would at the best not be time to "go over" (literally "accomplish") all "the cities of Israel" in the time allotted to the errand. This time is stated by our Lord to be the interval between the giving of the commission and the coming of the Son of man. To interpret this interval as extending through the whole period of the world's history until the last great advent, appears quite inconsistent with the context: nor is there need of such an exposition.

The Son of man was to come before that generation ended (Matt. xvi. 28; Luke xxi. 32), and He came in the great catastrophe which brought the Jewish dispensation to a close. Of this "coming in power and great glory," the destruction of Jerusalem was the outward and visible token, while this in turn symbolised His final appearing. What our Lord then declares to His disciples is that, before they had completed their work even in Judæa, the Jewish economy would come to an end. A further and greater reference of the words may be admitted. Thus Alford writes: "The announcement is, that hardly will the Gospel have been fully preached to all nations (or, to all the Jewish nation, i.e. effectually) when the Son of man shall come." But this application of the passage is only secondary, and to make it the great lesson of our Lord's words appears to miss their obvious meaning.

CARRY'S QUEST.

THE afternoon sunshine peeped gaily in through the kitchen window of a small farmhouse, the red geraniums were all aglow in it; the plates and dishes on the snow-white dresser winked again; the brass candlesticks on the mantelpiece glittered like gold as the yellow beams crept farther and farther into the room. Soon they reached the big copper preserving pan, which formed a kind of central ornament; and then Carry knew, as well as if the old Dutch clock in the corner had not taken the trouble to tell her, that it was four o'clock.

The tea was set, and the kettle sang merrily on the hob. When her mother went upstairs to tidy herself after a busy day, Carry had seen to this; and now she had put on a clean pinafore, and with some work in her nimble little fingers, took up her station at the door to wait for father.

The stocking she was knitting had not grown by more than a couple of rows when she heard Rover's joyous bark down the lane. Watchful Carry made the tea, and sent a little warning cry to mother, and in five minutes they were all seated cosily at the round deal table. By-and-bye, the farmer produced a newspaper from his pocket. It was war time, and everybody wanted to knew how our brave soldiers were getting on. So he found the place, and Carry read aloud the account of their doings. A very sad tale it was, although it told of a great victory for our troops. The victory seemed dearly purchased when one remembered the sufferings and hardships undergone to secure it; to say nothing of the sad hearts left at home mourning for the loss of their friends. People talk of the glory of war; but it is difficult, if we think aright, to see much glory in it. We may be sure the meek and gentle Jesus sees none; for the prophet Isaiah says that one sign of the coming of Christ's kingdom will be that "nation shall not lift up sword against nation, neither shall they learn war any more."

The part which interested Carry most was a description of the heroic conduct of some young women who had gone out with the troops as nurses. There were several touching anecdotes of the gratitude of the poor wounded soldiers for the care and devotion of these brave women. When she had finished reading, the paper slipped from her hands, and while her father and mother talked, the young girl's eyes rested on the sunny patch of garden, with that far-away look in them which showed she was in what is sometimes called a "brown study."

"A penny for your thoughts, my girl!" said her father presently; and Carry came back with a start from the burning plains of Africa, where she had just been in spirit performing prodigies of valour in tending the sick, and rescuing the wounded from the very jaws of death.

"I was thinking," said Carry, "of the nurses who went out to the battle; and how brave and good they were. No wonder everybody praises them—it must be delightful to do such things as that."

"Ha! ha!" laughed the farmer; "I do believe, wife, our little Carry fancies she wouldn't make such a bad hospital nurse herself."

"No more she would," returned his wife, warmly, "if she looked after the poor creatures there as well as she looked after me when I had the influenza."

"There, my lass," said Carry's father, "you've got a feather in your cap as well as the newspaper nurses, you see."

look at her rather delicate mother, which showed she meant what she said. "Only," continued the girl, musingly, "when you read of such brave deeds, done too in those wonderful lands over the sea, it makes the little common things we do at home seem nothing."

"I tell you what it is," said the farmer to his wife, with a

"PLEASE," SAID CARRY, "HAVE YOU LOST A KITTEN?"

"Oh! but that's so different," began Carry.

"Well, yes; there's not quite so much fuss made about it certainly. It's just a homely everyday bit of work to do what you can for your mother; but it's not work to be despised neither."

"And I don't despise it, father," said Carry, with a loving

merry twinkle in his eye. "This tall slip of a girl of ours is not much wiser after all than the wee lass who took the black kitten—Ho—ho—none of that, miss! would you choke your poor old father?"

For Carry had sprung on his knee, and was covering his big mouth with her little red fingers.

"No, father, dear, don't tease me about that day. Indeed, I am wiser than I was then, for I never forget what Miss Mason said about it. I remember her words just as well as I remember the nice milk pudding mother gave me and Kit for dinner, when we were—oh, so hungry! And I understand what she meant better now that I am years older, you know."

"Miss Mason? Aye, she was the lady who called your morning outing, Carry's—Carry's——"

"Carry's quest," said his wife.

"To be sure. And what did she say, my maid?"

"She said to mother," replied Carry, "'your little girl is like a great many bigger people, who tire themselves and everybody else by vainly seeking duties or pleasures, or occupations abroad, which wait for them all the while at home.'"

At this moment a large and handsome black cat walked gravely in, and came purring to the table.

"Here is Jettums, come for his milk," said Carry. "He does not look much like a kitten now, father."

"No; any more than you like the little dame Trot who lugged him nearly to the land's end," laughed the farmer as he finished his last mouthful of bread and cheese. "And now I'm off to the potato patch."

"I'll come, too," said Carry, "directly I've washed up the tea-things. Don't stir, mother, I know you're tired. Here's your work-basket." So saying, the handy little daughter quickly changed her pinafore for one of coarser material; and having put the cups and saucers neatly away, ran down the garden path to help with the weeding.

Clearly, if she did now and then give a half envious thought to those whose lives were more varied, and full of adventure, she did not neglect the quiet duties of home. Perhaps the adventure before mentioned had something to do with it. At all events, this was the story of Carry's quest.

When quite a small child, Carry had a great idea of her importance. She felt, in her own estimation, grown up, and sure that if she were only a trifle taller, she could do everything her mother did almost, if not quite, as well as mother herself, and the consequence was that while she really did wish above all things to help that dear kind mother, she very often got in the way, and hindered far more than she helped, by despising the simple duties which fall to a child's lot, and aiming at other's with which she had no business. These ambitious ideas generally ended by bringing her into trouble. There was that unlucky washing day, for instance, when mother, in an unguarded moment, left her tub to go upstairs and make the beds; and Carry, who had been given some gooseberries to pick, suddenly thought how delightful it would be to surprise every one by washing the clothes. "I dare say," said she to herself, springing up in such a hurry that half the gooseberries meant for the pudding rolled over the floor, and were lost behind the heavy dresser, "I dare say I can wash ever so many things before mother comes down. She looked tired and I want to help her." Fired by this virtuous resolve, and also perhaps by a decided wish to dabble in those creamy-looking soapsuds, Carry climbed on a broken chair, and had just succeeded in thoroughly wetting the front of her frock, when her treacherous support gave way, and pitched her bodily into the tub. The soapsuds tasted much worse than they looked; and mother, alarmed at the screams, and hastily running downstairs to fish Carry out, did not seem at all grateful for her interference. She said she would rather have had the gooseberries picked.

A few weeks after this misfortune Carry was very busy in the front garden. It was a bright summer morning, and Carry could have told you the exact date, for it happened to be her birthday. She was six years old, and in honour of the occasion had happily occupied herself in planting, as she called it, one particular piece of ground, which was considered hers, with flowers. As the flowers had no roots, and Carry's "planting" merely meant sticking the stems into the mould, her handiwork was not likely to last long. But it looked very satisfactory at present, and this being everything to the young gardener, she clapped her hands with delight at the gay appearance of her garden. At this moment a funny little sound attracted her attention. It was the meekest, faintest, mew imaginable. Carry turned round quickly, and saw a black kitten standing in a forlorn sort of way on the path. The kitten was very small, and kept mewing mournfully. "It must be lost," said Carry. Her first notion was to run in and tell her mother; but then came another thought—it would be very pleasant to run down the road, and find its home all by herself. I am afraid this idea was rendered more inviting by the fact that she had been told not to go beyond the gate alone. "But then," argued the little girl, "mother said that a long while ago, and I am six years old now. Besides the poor kitty is lost, so I ought to go." Oh! Carry, Carry, bigger girls than you often say, "I ought," when they really mean, "I want to do so and so."

Well, Carry glanced down the road, and fancied how grown up and important she would feel, knocking at the cottage doors and asking, "Have you lost the kitten?" and then, as she pictured the joy and pride of restoring it to its sorrowing and grateful friends, her last scruples vanished. She seized the black kitten, and opening the gate very softly, stepped out with a fast beating heart.

The nearest cottage was the one which peeped between some trees at the other side of a field. Carry scrambled over a stile, and made for it as fast as her small legs would take her. If mewing meant anything, the kitten protested loudly against this proceeding, but she hurried on all the quicker, and reached the cottage breathless but triumphant.

"Please have you lost a kitten? said she to the woman who answered her knock.

"No, my dear," said the woman.

"Please do you know where its home is?" said Carry. "I want to find its home."

"That's a kind little girl," said the woman. "Maybe it belongs to the tollman round the corner."

"Thank you," said Carry, much elated at this little bit of praise, and she walked away in a dignified manner, not knowing in the least who the tollman was or where he lived, but unwilling that her new acquaintance should suspect her ignorance.

Presently she came to an old man smoking a pipe at his door. "Is this your kitten, sir?" asked Carry.

"No," said he.

"It's lost," explained Carry. But the old man did not show much sympathy. He only puffed away at his pipe, and said, "Don't you get lost, too."

"Of course not," said Carry. "I'm six years old," and then she went on, and thought to herself, "I will go to that one house more before I turn back."

The "one house more" was an untidy looking place with torn blinds and broken windows. A woman, as untidy as the house, stood in the garden, hanging some ragged clothes on a line. A boy and girl were at play on a dust-heap, and when they saw Carry, they ran shouting towards her; she, rather frightened, turned to the woman.

"What have you got there—a cat?" cried the boy.

"A kitten," said Carry. "Do you know whose it is?"

"Why ourn, of course," said the boy. "Give it here."

"Is it yours, ma'am?" said Carry, timidly.

"Not it!" replied the woman, crossly. "Come, be off."

"You give it here, I say," cried the boy. "We'll have some fun, and drown it in the pond."

Poor Carry shrieked aloud, and clutched the luckless

kitten tighter to her breast. In much alarm she rushed into the road, right in front of an extremely fat pony, jogging comfortably along with a basket chaise at his heels. Two ladies were seated in the chaise; and the one who drove gave the reins such a sharp and sudden tug that the fat pony in his indignation very nearly backed into the ditch, and was only quieted and restored to good humour by being patted and petted, and told that he was a "good Toby," a "very good Toby," a "dear old fellow," and so forth.

Meanwhile, the rough people of the house had disappeared, and Carry stood crying in the road. But she was less frightened now, for she knew the ladies by sight, and they knew her.

"Why it is little Carry Goodman," said Miss Mason. "And how came you here, child, all by yourself?"

Carry explained, with a touch of pride, the charitable errand on which she was bound, namely, to help the lost kitten.

"Humph!" said Miss Mason, "and did your mother tell you to go wandering about with the kitten? No, I thought not! And now somebody else is lost, I suspect, and poor mother is frightened out of her wits. There, don't cry, child—jump in. And now, Toby, wake up, sir. I am afraid," continued Miss Mason, applying the whip very lightly to Toby's fat back, "that ponies and little girls both forget sometimes that their first duty is obedience." Then she turned to her companion, and said, "Carry's quest reminds me of what Kingsley says, 'The only way to regenerate the world is to do the duty which lies nearest, and not to hunt after grand, far-fetched ones for ourselves.'"

When Toby stopped at Farmer Goodman's door, everybody was looking for Carry, and they were so glad to see her back safe and sound that she escaped with very little scolding, especially as it was her birthday. But she could not help feeling rather foolish when she found that so far from the kitten being lost, it was as much at home as she was herself when she had found it in the garden; for her father had got it as a present for his little girl, which she might have known if she had not been so "wise in her own eyes," but had consulted her mother before starting on her wild-goose chase.

However, from that time she was always ready to seek the advice of people older and wiser than herself; and she did not forget that the simple duties which keep us at home, are quite as important in their way, and sometimes even more important than those grander duties, which often look doubly attractive because they are farther off. So that, after all, some good came of Carry's quest.

SYDNEY GREY.

NATURAL HISTORY NOTES

ON THE REVISED VERSION OF THE BIBLE.

NO. V.—LEVIATHAN.

THE word *leviathan* occurs in several parts of the Bible: twice in the book of Job, twice in the Psalms, and once in Isaiah xxvii. 1. In the last-named passage the meaning is rather doubtful, but in all the others there is no difficulty in explaining it, though the same animal is not always meant. If we look only at the Hebrew, it must be an animal that winds itself about—some large serpent or dragon; at any rate one of great length of body or tail.

In Psa. civ. 26 it is plainly an animal that frequents the sea, and so perhaps some species of whale. There are some of the smaller sorts still seen in the Mediterranean, and in former times there may have been one of the larger. Within the memory of man the whale has retired farther and farther away from the tracks of ships, and thus in early times may not quite have left the Mediterranean Sea.

But it is with the book of Job that we are chiefly concerned. In the forty-first chapter the Revisers without hesitation put in the margin the word *crocodile*, and in doing so no doubt carry with them the approval of scholars in general. Supposing Moses to be the author of the book of Job, this is the animal of all others that he would be able to describe with the accuracy of an eye-witness. Accordingly we have a description true almost to the letter, even more so than in the case of the hippopotamus. The

THE CROCODILE.

chief object of the description is to show how the works of God mock the power of man. Man has indeed been made to have dominion over the fish of the sea, but here is one denizen of the water beyond his power. He is not to be taken as a fish; his jaw cannot be bored through with a thorn or fish-hook; nor will he be caught with a rope of rushes. The fierce quadrupeds of the land are to be slain with darts and spears, but of what avail are they against a brute sheathed in armour? His scales are close together, as if sealed; no air can come between them. They throw off the stroke of the dart, the sling-stone and the spear; the shafts of these weapons are to him as straw and stubble.

Rightly too the terrors of his head are described; a frightful and loathsome thing it is. There is the *double bridle* of the mouth, the two rows of sharp and strong teeth, and at the back of them a leering, greedy eye. There is thus armour for defence and arms for attack. In presence of them *the mighty are afraid*, they are advised *to lay their hand upon him, remember the battle, do no more*. These are the most striking points in the description, and they leave no doubt as to the animal intended; and the conclusion is drawn in the tenth verse: "None can stir *him* up; who then can stand before *Me?*"

In some other points of the description, as *light flashing from his nose* and *sparks leaping from his mouth*, allowance must be made for the genius of Eastern poetry, which delighted in hyperbole. Perhaps also the majesty ascribed to the crocodile is a reflection of the reverence with which the Egyptians regarded the monster, making it one of their regular objects of worship.

The following questions suggest themselves:—

1. Where does St. Paul condemn such worship as the Egyptians paid to the crocodile?

2. In what words does the Bible teach us to look upon leviathan as the work of God?

3. Quote some similar language with regard to behemoth.

THE SUNDAY AT HOME

O DAY MOST CALM, MOST BRIGHT! . . .
THE WEEK WERE DARK BUT FOR THY LIGHT.—*Herbert.*

GENEVIÈVE;

OR, THE CHILDREN OF PORT ROYAL.

CHAPTER III.—MEMORIES OF THE PAST.

A TALK ON FAMILY AFFAIRS.

GENEVIÈVE found her mother rather comforted than otherwise by her conversation with her faithful old servant. So greatly had she dreaded the task of telling Margot that they must part, that it was a positive relief to her to have it over. Moreover, there was a very real satisfaction in finding that the good old woman would not be left without a home; as her son, who had recently lost his wife, had been urging her to come and take care of his motherless children. Madame Montères told this to Geneviève, adding, "The good God, who cares for Margot, will not forsake us."

Geneviève assented, hoping inwardly that in the dim light the traces of tears on her face might pass unobserved. "Shall I read to you, as usual, dear mother?" she asked.

"Not to-night. Let us talk instead. Sit down, my child."

"Yes, mother, in the place I love best," and she resumed her seat on the footstool at her mother's feet.

"Just now, Geneviève, you asked me about the furniture. I will ask you something in return. Has it ever occurred to you to think upon what we have been living all this time, since thy father died?"

"No, mother, not exactly. I supposed it was with us as it had always been—that things just went on."

"A natural thought enough, but a child's thought for all that. Geneviève, when we lost the lawsuit we lost everything, except this old château, and the furniture in it. Even then, the château and its grounds were mortgaged to their full value. Since that time we have lived, and lived as you know most frugally, upon money borrowed on the security of the furniture. As we cannot pay, the furniture will now be sold by our creditor, M. Avordun. It may be that it will realise a few crowns over and above the amount of our debt—just enough to carry us to Paris."

"I could never understand about that lawsuit, mother. How was it that my father lost it, when he was entirely in the right? Of course, he was in the right?"

"The affair is very complicated, my child; and it would be quite impossible for me to explain to thee all its windings and intricacies. Indeed, I do not understand them myself. Women can never understand law. But women can very well understand truth, right, and justice. And this being so, I can tell thee the true cause of thy father's ruin. He spoke truth, maintained right, and did justice."

"Oh, mother, I knew it; I am so glad! So glad and proud of him."

"Well may you be proud of such a father, child. But, to make plain to you what I mean; we read in the Holy Scriptures that the preacher saith, 'I considered all the oppressions that are done under the sun, and the tears of such as were oppressed, and they had no comforter; and on the side of their oppressors there was power, but they had no comforter.' That was just what your father did."

"But how could that cause the lawsuit, mother?"

"To try to explain it to you, even to give you any idea of it, I must go a long way back. You scarcely remember your grandfather. But at least you know that he was very rich, the son of a wealthy member of the Haute Bourgeoisie in Rouen; and he obtained, by purchase I believe, the lucrative office of farmer-general of certain taxes in the Province of Normandy. Naturally, he wished his son to follow in his footsteps, and not only to inherit, but to augment, his enormous fortune. By right of custom, too, his place would have descended to his son, on payment of certain dues to the king. But thy father had other views of life. He thought there were many things better worth having than gold or silver."

"Did he wish to embrace a religious life, mother?"

"Not so, my daughter. Strange it is that he—he who loved truth and goodness better than his life—yet loved but coldly, if at all, that faith which is the root of all goodness, and that church which is the divinely appointed guardian of all truth."

"But, dear mother, you are speaking now of his youth; only of his youth. Afterwards, surely, God gave him His grace."

"I am speaking of his youth," the mother answered, still with a certain reserve. "No doubt something must be allowed also for the influence of his Huguenot friend, the father of our Edouard, whom he loved so passionately;—not that he ever showed any inclination to Protestantism: he rather grew indifferent to all forms of faith. He seemed to look upon religion as milk for babes, something good enough for women and children, not strong meat for strong men. I have heard, however, that his friend, the young Marquis de Sercourt, was of another temper, and ardently attached to his own faith, for which indeed he lost everything."

"How was that, mother?"

"When the Huguenot war, which ended in the capture of Rochelle,[1] broke out first, De Sercourt, still very young, threw himself heart and soul into the business. Unhappily, he was his own master, his father and mother being both dead; so he embarked all his fortune, which was considerable, in the cause; and finally he went to Rochelle, and was there during the siege, aiding the misguided inhabitants in the desperate defence of which all the world has heard."

"But, mother, was he not a younger son? Yes of course, he must have been, for M. le Duc de Graffont, his brother, is the head of the house and a Catholic. Why did he not restrain him?"

"It was not easy in those days to restrain M. le Marquis de Sercourt. I believe your father entreated him, even with tears, not to go to Rochelle. But he joined to the gentlest of manners and the tenderest of hearts a will of iron. Moreover, he possessed what is ever a snare to a young man, a large independent fortune left him by his mother, who was his father's second wife, a great heiress and an ardent Huguenot."

"Why is it, then, that Edouard has nothing now?"

"Because his father squandered every crown he possessed equipping soldiers to be shot, and building bastions to be razed to the ground in that most unhappy war. Its close made De Sercourt a hunted fugitive, for he was exempted from the king's pardon; and it did not improve his condition that while in Rochelle he married a young lady, orphaned by the war and of noble birth, but without fortune."

"Edouard's mother?"

"Edouard's mother, whom he never knew; for she did not long survive the hardships of her wandering life. After her death he came here to us, a broken-hearted man, with nothing left him in the world but a motherless babe. Your father, as you know already, took both to his heart and home. He ministered like a brother to the last days of his friend, and brought up Edouard as his own son. But I am wandering from my story; yet scarcely that after all, since the lives as well as the souls of Etienne Montères and Edouard de

[1] In the time of Louis XIII. and Cardinal Richelieu.

Sercourt were knit together. In those days of their ardent youth, when they two used to pace the terrace of old M. Montères' splendid château, exchanging their eager confidences till the stars faded and the morning sky grew red, I think they dreamed of nothing less than renewing between them the face of the earth."

"Did you know them then, mother?"

"Oh! no, dear, I was then a child, receiving my education in the convent school of Port Royal des Champs. Bitter were the tears I shed when I was ordered home by my parents that I might be married to the son of the wealthy farmer-general, M. Montères. But thy father has often told me of those old days before I knew him; and M. de Sercourt, when he came here to die, spoke of them also. It may be easily imagined that to a young man whose head was filled with such visions, the collection of the gabelle[1] was not likely to prove a very congenial occupation."

"I should think not, indeed," said Geneviève, with a little flash of indignation. "I know about the gabelle. I know how Margot's cousin, old Jacques Benoît, had his cottage pulled down that the wood of the rafters might be sold to pay the gabelle. It is a dreadful tax, mother."

"You are not to fancy anything so childish as that great farmers-general, like your grandfather, pull down the cottages of poor men and take their beds from under them because they cannot pay their taxes. They leave that to their agents, or the servants of their agents, or more likely, to the servants' servants of their agents."

"But, in the sight of God, is it not they that do it all the same?"

"That was what thy father thought; a thought that in the end cost him all his fortune. But for that thought of his, this poor wreck of a château might be a palace to-day, and you a great heiress."

"Mother, I would far rather have things as they are."

Madame Montères rested her hand for a moment on the bowed head of her daughter, with its wealth of golden hair. "God accept thy sacrifice," she said, "for I believe that willing acquiescence makes it thine in His sight." She continued presently, "Thy father steadily refused to enter the finance department, and prepare to take up in due time his father's lucrative charge. He entered instead the legal profession, which offers the best career to a son of the Haute Bourgeoisie, whose talents and energy may win for him a place in the *noblesse de la robe*. He distinguished himself early, and became a member of the Parliament at Rouen,[2] and a zealous defender of the rights of the Provincial Parliament, as against the Parliament of Paris."

"That is not a cause for which I should have cared much," said Geneviève indifferently.

"Probably you and I would have found the debates on the subject intolerably dull, as they certainly were interminably long," Madame Montères acquiesced. "Yet your father cared about it, and cared passionately. The watchwords of his life were these three: Duty, Right, Liberty."

"Yes; but Right and rights—that is, your right and mine—are very different things, are they not, mother?"

"True; but they rest on the same foundation: and although you and I often may—sometimes should—forego our own rights, we ought to hold those of others a sacred trust. On this principle thy father always acted. In process of time, old M. Montères died, and his charges passed into other hands. Then the Parliament of Rouen made complaint concerning certain abuses in the collection of the taxes, and thy father became its mouthpiece and advocate."

"What kind of abuses, mother?"

"When old Benoît's house was pulled down, it was done in the king's name, and to pay the king's tax upon salt. But how much of the money that was got for the wood went into the king's treasury? Work that sum out if you can."

"I can't. There were so many people between, and they all had to be paid, I suppose."

"'So many people between'—that is just the truth. Not honest people either, but rogues, who tried to enrich themselves as quickly as they could. So poor Benoît and his children were ruined, and perhaps at most, a miserable demi-écu[1] found its way into the king's treasury. It was to lessen this 'oppression which was done under the sun' that thy father strove so hard."

"Did he succeed, mother?"

"No, child, he did not succeed. He could not remove the evil; he could only make powerful enemies for himself. They say that M. Colbert, who has just been appointed Minister of Finance by the king, is going to try what he can do in the cause of the poor and miserable, who are oppressed and spoiled without remedy. He is a great man, and the king favours him; perhaps he may have better fortune, God grant it! There is one of God's ways I have often thought on, and it is wonderful to me. Whenever there is a good thing to be done, He lays it on the hearts of good men to do it. One by one they try, and fail, and suffer: some of them even die. Then, at last, He raises some one up who tries it and does not fail; and he reaps all the joy of victory and all the glory in the eyes of the world. I suppose M. Colbert's name will go down to posterity as the benefactor of his king and his country, whilst thy father was ruined while living, and will be forgotten when dead. Such is the world's way, my child."

"Mother, mother," said Geneviève, almost with a cry of pain, "I thought you said it was God's way, not the world's."

"Child, thy rebuke is just. God lets things happen so; nay, of course, He ordains them, else they could not be. We must lay our hands on our mouths and be still. Thy father always said there was a curse in his inherited wealth, and that it would melt away like the gold the

[1] The salt tax, in those days a terrible engine of extortion and oppression.

[2] Each province of France had then its separate Parliament.

[1] Half-crown.

devil gives his dupes in the witch stories. Certainly it did with him. First, he restored any sums that he could find out had been unjustly exacted, though it was clearly impossible to restore all—as well try to gather again a flask of water spilled on the sand. Afterwards came losses and exactions of various kinds, all connected in one way or other with the part he had played in public life. Lastly, this terrible lawsuit."

"It was the Abbé de Gars who began it against my father, was it not, mother?"

"The Abbé de Gars was only a man of straw, or, at least, a puppet, of which the strings were pulled by others. It was pretended that thy grandfather's title to the extensive property in the neighbourhood of Rouen upon which he built his splendid château, was null and void; because the person who sold it to him—a ruined, dissipated nobleman, dead long ago—had no legal right or power to dispose of it. This Abbé de Gars—a man of worthless character, and a penniless hanger-on of certain great nobles, whom he was perpetually importuning for benefices which he never got—was pitched upon as the true heir. At first thy father despised the whole affair, looking upon it as a mere conspiracy got up against him by persons connected with the financial administration, whose malpractices he had opposed. Which it certainly was."

"But, mother, it was so very unjust. My grandfather had paid his own money for the estate, had he not? It was the man who received it who ought to have been prosecuted. That is as clear as noon-day."

"Yes; to non-legal minds like ours," said Madame Montères with a certain bitterness of tone. "Still, even allowing for the proverbial uncertainties of law, the result would not have been what it was, had not implacable personal enmity combined with self-interest, and both been backed by great wealth and high influence, very unscrupulously used."[1]

"But why did the king allow it?"

"The king, God save and protect him! knew nothing of it. How could he? When it all began he was a child, and he is still very young. But he is a right kingly king, good and noble, and willing to do justice to all. Yet there is only one King whose eyes are in every place, beholding the evil and the good. To Him, and to Him alone we must look for justice."

"I think, mother, it must have begun before I was born. At least I never remember the time when 'the lawsuit' was not there, hanging over us like a thunder-cloud."

"Certainly it seemed interminable. What with pleas and counter-pleas, appeals and counter-appeals, and disputes and removals of jurisdiction, the affair being carried from one court to another, it seemed to become in the end a mere tangle of legal chicaneries. We began to think it would never be decided at all."

"And then, after all those years of waiting, it seemed so sad—so cruel—that the decision should come when it did. If they had but waited a little longer—only a few short months!"

"Child, God's ways are not like ours."

"True, dear mother. As you said just now, we must be still."

Madame Montères was silent for a few moments. Then she said very gently and thoughtfully, as she stroked her daughter's golden hair: "I meant then, that there were ways of His we cannot understand; and to them we must bow in silence, knowing He is just and good. But sometimes He lets us understand. He shows us, as it were, His secret, then we do not merely trust, we *know*, and that helps us to trust where we cannot know. To me at first, as now to thee, it seemed most bitter that the long watched thunder-cloud should break at last, with thy father lying on his bed of death. My heart cried aloud in its anguish—If only he had not known! If only this cup of bitterness had been spared him, how willingly, nay, how joyfully, would I drink it afterwards myself to the very dregs!"

"Ah, mother, I remember that sad day when the tidings came; I shall never forget it. Did I not bring you the letter myself and see your face as you read it?"

"Sore was the temptation to keep it from him, to bury the disastrous news in my own heart. But I dared not, for he always questioned me strictly about every letter that came, and I could not tell a lie."

"Would it have been wrong, for that? I thought much about it at the time, though I could not speak of it to you."

"It was not so we learned at Port Royal. Even at the bidding of His Holiness the Pope, the sainted women to whom I owe all I know of true religion, refused to affirm a falsehood. I have cause to bless God for their teaching and example. I scarcely know how much I ought to tell thee about thy father, child. But already thou knowest something of what passed within him in those two last months."

"Yes, mother, I know," said Geneviève softly, and with gathering tears. "One day, as I sat beside him while you slept, he told me he had always tried to do right and justice to his fellow-men, but that he had not thought of God, or loved and served Him as he ought. That now he saw his error—and oh, mother, I shall never forget the look with which he stopped, and changed the word—'No, not my error, my *sin*. Which I pray God to pardon, for the sake of His Son, our Saviour.'"

"He said that to you? To me he said the same and more. And you know he received the Holy Sacrament with much devotion, fulfilled all Christian obligations, and made a most devout and edifying end," added Madame Montères, lapsing from the height of genuine experience, truly and naturally expressed, to the lower level of set and stereotyped phraseology. She continued, presently, "I believe the loss of that lawsuit was God's messenger to him, a very angel in disguise. From the hour he heard of it his heart turned away from this world to the true fountain of

[1] At that time both the civil and criminal law in France were in great confusion, and flagrant abuses prevailed.

justice, to the Judge who judgeth in righteousness. To Him he opened his cause. Somehow, when he brought his sorrow to Him, he learned his sin, in not having sought or trusted Him before. Thus it was that ere he died, he blessed God for that bitter lawsuit, with its terrible ending. And, Geneviève, the day has come when I can do the same, though it be with tears."

For answer, Geneviève drew down her mother's hand, which was resting on her shoulder, and kissed it tenderly. There was a silence, followed after a little by a return to the tone and manner of ordinary life. "Yes, my child; it is clear that we ought to go to Paris, so soon as the necessary arrangements can be made. We have to seek out Edouard; but even if he were not there, we have always Port Royal de Paris to go to. It is true that the blessed Mère Angélique is, I fear, very ill, and the dear and excellent ladies of her community are now oppressed and persecuted; still they will be able to give us at least wise counsel, if not shelter and friendly welcome. Once we are within reach of them, I shall feel that we are safe. But, Geneviève, we have talked long enough for to-night. Go to rest now, my child, and God be with thee! Let not thy sleep be broken, either by regrets for the past, or by cares for the future. He hath said, 'I will never leave thee, nor forsake thee'—and His word is sure."

THE BEATITUDES.

BY THE REV. RICHARD GLOVER, BRISTOL.

III.

"Blessed are the meek: for they shall inherit the earth."—*Matt.* v. 5.

I AM now to treat the Unappreciated Beatitude. For while there are multitudes poor in spirit and many mourners, the meek are few: so few that we hardly understand the meaning of the name. It has come to suggest feebleness of spirit, the passive character that accepts instead of conquering fate, the apologetic existence, grateful for sufferance and void of high ambitions. As to the old Greeks, so to the modern Christian, lowliness of mind is apt to wear the aspect of infirmity. Our heathen forefathers on this island, according to the Roman historian, found a reason for insurrection in the argument that "men got nothing by meekness, but an increase of their burdens." And that old heathen strain seems in our blood still.

It is not difficult to understand this imperfect appreciation. The days of outward persecution are ended, and with them the great stage for the display of heroic meekness. There is no demand for the meekness that can endure spoiling of goods, or sword, or stake. Civil disabilities have ceased. The Christian from being the paradox of worldly wisdom and the jest of worldly fashion, is master of the social situation. We have to pay heavily for our privileges, and part of the price is the loss of that heroism, that unworldliness, that lowliness, that gentleness, which the Saviour calls by the name of meekness.

Yet we never can get into any circumstances where any Christian grace is a superfluity. There are still strifes arising, injuries to be borne, tempers to be repressed. The presence of meekness in our homes, churches, in the state itself, means a sacred peace with all its blessed and restful influence. The absence of it means strife, with its confusion and every evil work.

Some need exhortation to cherish a neglected grace; some cherishing it need encouragement and consolation. Perhaps the very lack of appreciation of this Beatitude indicates a special need for its lessons.

Let us consider:

I. THOSE BLESSED: "BLESSED ARE THE MEEK."

II. THEIR BLESSING: "THEY SHALL INHERIT THE EARTH."

And first consider:

I. THOSE BLESSED: "BLESSED ARE THE MEEK." The Saviour expects to find meekness with its sorrows, needs and glories amongst men. He expects that wisdom will have taught some, example charmed others; that the folly of anger will have been felt by many, and the movings of grace obeyed by more: that the poor in spirit will be meek through lowliness, and made indifferent to the pride and property of earth by their possession of the kingdom of heaven. He expects mourning to have made many hearts humble, and the comfort of God to have made them gentle. He expects His own Divine Condescension to be creative of this grace. He has Himself come choosing the lowliest lot and the meekest way, as those that fit redemption best. He has revealed in incarnate form the lowliness and meekness of the Lord God Almighty as His supremest glory. He has chosen the Cross as the path to empire, the secret of widest influence, His resting place of bliss. And He expects disciples to behold this glory, and catch the spirit of this all-mastering meekness.

His first lesson to the disciples was to deny—that is to dethrone Self, and take up the Cross. His last example is to endure the contradiction of sinners and pray for the forgiveness of those who slay Him. He never permits them to anticipate a time when meekness will not be needed.

He warns them they will be hated by all men for His name's sake. The method of their mastery of the world, is, like His own, to be Endurance; blessing where persecuted; turning the left cheek when smitten on the right. He sends them forth, sheep on a mission to convert wolves; to win them by permitting their wolfish rage to rend them.

He expects Meekness to be the seal on every servant's brow, his strength, his charm, his likeness to his Lord. And He means by that word, not any feebleness of spirit—no passive inertia of soul, but pure spirituality that soars above all objects of the world's ambition; the content of inward wealth in the midst of outward poverty; the dignity of soul that can forgive; the lowliness that springs from fellowship with God.

If such features are altogether absent from our character, we are not disciples of the Divine Redeemer. If they are feeble, our whole religious character is feeble also. It must be passing strange to the Saviour of men, that meekness should seem a strange thing to us. It is the fibre of Christian character, one of the noblest fruits of faith, one of the heavenly works of grace.

It should dwell and thrive and reign in every soul.

In some it is found. Let me indicate a few of the forms in which its presence is seen, and over which this benediction of the Saviour rests.

1. The meekness here blessed of Christ is, *The Lowliness of the Spiritual.* There are some, thank God, whose eyes have not been confused with the glamour of things worldly; who are not covetous of earth's wealth, ambitious of its distinction, or eager for its delights. They have seen a vision, "The King in His beauty, and the land that is very far off." Their affections that are on earth they mortify. They give where others hoard; consecrate the wealth which others use in display; deem the poor God's bankers, and lay up for themselves Treasure in Heaven.

They addict themselves to the course of life which promises highest usefulness, not greatest wealth. They exclude from the scope of their plans of life, what men may think of them. To walk with God and help others to do so is their aim. Others blame them for making "needless sacrifices;" for being over scrupulous; for the foolishness that neglects great opportunities. But they fear pomp and station and wealth, and have seen celestial glories that move a higher ambition than any of these.

Such have comfort: in calm labour and in lowly peace; but they sometimes need a comfort richer still.

For it is not in human nature to forego distinction and security without a pang. They are obscure, are mocked, and sometimes they question whether a little worldliness which might bring them into the broader pathways of men, might not enable them to extend their influence. Sometimes the darker question rises, whether the sacrifice they make is fruitful; whether result on earth or reward in heaven is commensurate with its pain.

If my reader has cherished this holy lowliness, let him mark it, as itself a comfort; he is one of whom the Saviour says, "*Blessed are the meek.*"

This meekness blessed by Christ includes also:

2. *Patience under Injury.*—We live in fellowship, dependent on one another. But we differ from one another in views, desires, principles. Our interests often do conflict, and more often seem to do so. Our faults elicit anger, and sometimes our virtues. Every fault of our neighbour has in it a prompting to something injuring ourselves. Now selfishness injures us in our property; now envy in our good name. Now we are misunderstood; and now again understood yet opposed. No purity of motive will escape misconstruction. Elijah will always seem to some the Troubler of Israel. Goodness, if conspicuous, and courageous, will attract calumny and hate. None can get through the world without suffering some injuries, and how we bear them reveals our character, and is something that forms our character as well.

The protection provided by Nature against injury, is Anger—resenting it, revenging it, and rousing the whole force of our nature to do so.

There are, alas! many Christians who hardly get beyond this natural law. But the way of Grace is different, and some choose it. Some, reviled, revile not again; persecuted they bless. They ponder every accusation as a help by which their penitence may discover some sin to be repented. They gaze on the Sufferer of Calvary, and mark how He accepts the persecution of a world, and like Him they pray for the forgiveness of the wrong they endure.

Some are so full of pity for those who injure them that they cannot cherish vindictive feelings. To pain these is to interest them hereafter in your welfare. They are Sandal trees perfuming the axe that wounds them. Too few act thus; resentment finds easy access into most hearts. We take the revenge of proclaiming our wrongs, when we forego an attempt to punish them. And bitterness of thought and word, and act retaliates, and inflames the evil from which we suffer.

There is thus Strife in our homes, in our churches, in society, in the state. And Meekness is rare.

Wherever it is practised, it has its hours of heavenly acknowledgment and gracious rest, but it also has its pains. It is abused and its injuries increase. It is misunderstood, for weakness or indifference. It irritates still further the wrong which feels defeated when it cannot rouse the wronged to anger. And the sorrows of the meek are many. Take meanwhile thy comfort. If with all your heart you are addressing yourself to endure injury with patience, to forgive in silent love the wrongs which break your heart—you are of the number of those of whom Christ says, "*Blessed are the meek.*"

And there is a third kind of meekness, still found amongst us:

3. *The meekness of the benefactor.*—It is a marvellous picture of meekness which Paul presents to us in the description of his life

(1 Cor. iv. 11-13). "To this present hour we both hunger and thirst, and are naked, and are buffeted, and have no certain dwelling-place; and labour, working with our own hands: being reviled, we bless, being persecuted, we suffer it: being defamed, we entreat: we are made as the filth of the world, and are the offscouring of all things unto this day." It is a picture true of almost every great benefactor of mankind. None is assailed so much as the reformer, even though purest mercy animate his every act. The man who started in England the great cause of the Emancipation of the slave, died of a broken heart from the contumely with which he was treated. It fared worse with Abolitionists in America. There are women to-day in this land pursuing the moral reformation so much needed and the protection of their feebler sisters, and no beauty of holiness, nor glory of the Saviour's likeness protects them from bitter taunts that wound like the piercings of a sword.

Our missionary brethren go forth sometimes into savage as well as heathen lands. What records of heroic meekness do you come across in the story of African missions from Robert Moffat to Bishop Hannington; in the early story of the evangelisation of the South Sea Islands; in the story of New Guinea to-day. Strength of gentleness has its insults, strength of mercy its abuse, strength of compassion, its martyr's death.

With what meekness multitudes in other fields bear the obscure perils which bring no renown.

What is seen on a conspicuous scale on these fields is found at home. There is no path of usefulness we can tread, where meekness is not a necessary grace. If you will be of service to your fellows, you will have to face opposition, misunderstanding, scorn, hate. And unless your love is strengthened with meekness you will fail.

Are you finding a Gethsemane or a Calvary in any work of faith or labour of love; do you need to summon all your lowliness and self-restraint to persist in a course in which you are misunderstood? You too are included in this great benediction, *Blessed are the meek.*

Ponder the need for such a grace, the rareness of it, and aspire to belong to that class so marked with the likeness of the Lamb of God.

For, blessed in the sweetness of their life, I have now to ask you to consider the additional blessing they receive from the Lord.

II. Their blessing is, THEY SHALL INHERIT THE EARTH. If Jesus had said "HEAVEN," His word would have sounded less strange. For we all feel that in their action there is much that betokens meetness for the inheritance of the saints. But when He says they shall inherit the "*earth*," His word surprises us. For they seem quite unfitted to gain or keep any earthly heritage. They will not condescend to take part in the strife; they sacrifice their rights; permit themselves to be ill-used; seem to be at everybody's mercy, and bound "to go to the wall." Yet the Saviour says, "They shall inherit the earth!"

Yes; and in the fullest sense of the word they do so. For (1) More than all other classes, *They enjoy whatever God sends them.* Our wealth is always in the ratio of our possessions, multiplied by our power of enjoyment. And you will observe that while the range of difference in the amount of our possessions is limited, the range of difference in the power of enjoyment is very large. The thankful heart overflows with delight in simplest mercies, while another will fret with indignation at any lot short of the most distinguished. The meek have gratitude, have the peace of regretless lives, have the fulness of their joy undiminished by discontent, by doubt, by envy, by distrust. They have free hearts at leisure to delight in the beauties of Nature, the friendship of man, the faithfulness of God. They know nothing of either competitor or rival. The lowly valleys where they dwell are green pastures with still waters. And to the unworldly there comes such power to pray, such visions of heaven, such comfort, such whisperings of God's approval; that if success in life is measured by the joy extracted from it, the Meek are those who more than the worldly inherit the earth.

But there is more than this in their lot.

2. *They inherit the earth, in the sense of possessing more of it, than others.* Fighting is not a thing that pays. The quarrelsome are not the rich. Sharp men cut their own fingers. Those readiest to look after themselves do not really know how to do it. It is the meek who thrive, not the unscrupulous. So constantly indeed is this the case, that their worldly prosperity is their only danger. They prosper because their calmness gives judgment, their content gives safety, their fairness attracts confidence. All men like to deal with men they can trust. Character helps, it does not hurt business. One half of the overreaching practised by the world springs from a fear of being overreached. The unworldly and honourable, as soon as they are known to be such, are protected from all of that moiety of injury.

Besides God is on their side, whispering wisdom, blessing their going out and coming in; and God's favour tells whatever men may think of it.

So Godliness has the promise of the life that now is, as well as of that to come. The meekest sect in England to-day is not the poorest. Robert Haldane, in the gracious meekness of his heart, sold his estates for £35,000, and gave it to the cause of Christian missions; and the estates he sold came all back again to his family through the marriage of his child. "Them that honour Me, I will honour," says God. And so the unworldly prosper in the world. "I have been young and now am old, yet have I not seen the righteous forsaken, nor his seed begging bread." "Trust in the Lord and do good. So shall thou dwell in the land, and verily thou shalt be fed." The meek inherit the earth in the sense of possessing it.

And last and chiefly,

3. *The meek are rewarded by a sovereignty that none else can reach.*

They are the calm advisers to whom men listen, the uncrafty whom they trust. The less they seek the more they find of influence with their fellowmen. "The man Moses was

very meek above all the men which were upon the face of the earth," and what an empire over the souls of men he has wielded in the last three thousand years. Gaudama, the founder of Buddhism is conspicuous in the history of mankind for the exquisite gentleness, the marvellous meekness of his nature. Though five-and-twenty hundred years have passed away, probably one fourth of mankind sit at his feet and take him as their guide. The "Saints" are remembered and regarded, when the mightiest are forgotten.

The martyr's stake has ever been a throne, the blood of martyrs the Church's seed. Within four centuries of the obscure birth of the Church of Jesus, she is found wielding the powers of the Roman Empire. Her meekness has been the Church's might in far-off heathen lands, and on our own shores as well.

The meek and lowly believers of the Reformation period who could die for their Lord, have given England liberty, have given the determining impulses which have made her what she is.

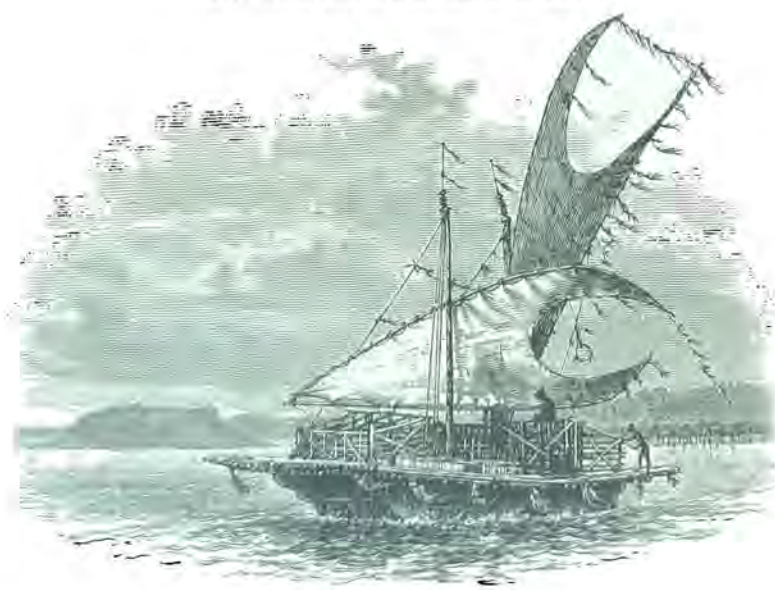
The statesmen whose policy and whose wisdom is the gentle equity that seeks the peoples' good, are those to whom all nations turn, whose guidance they follow, and whose names are held in blessed memory. Summon to your recollection the names of those who in town or village you have known as carrying the greatest weight. Are they not those of men and women of gracious lowly goodness? In private life and common relationships, in the conflict between meekness and evil, Meekness ever wins, has its way, gains its opponent, finds its heart's desires, emerges crowned and blessed.

Seek this victory, and this sovereignty. "If thine enemy hunger, feed him, if he thirst, give him drink. Be not overcome of evil. Overcome evil with good." Whoso can suffer will surely reign. The way through a Calvary to Power in heaven and in earth, is the way we all must tread. Wear thy crown of thorns, and on a painless brow thou shall wear many crowns. Joy, prosperity, sovereignty are with the meek "In Thy majesty ride prosperously because of truth, meekness, and righteousness." Let us repent, that our small natures have fretted where they should have endured, and let us gaze on the meek Saviour till we are changed into His image, and learn the Meek and Lowly Heart, whose Yoke is easy, whose Burden is light, and whose recompense is heavenly and everlasting.

LIFE IN NEW GUINEA.

BY THE REV. JAMES CHALMERS.

IV.—SOME TRAVELLING EXPERIENCES.



LATOKOI BOAT, PORT MORESBY.

TRAVELLING in New Guinea is dangerous and vexatious work, whether you proceed in a small vessel along the coast, or inland upon foot. I have read that in some parts of Africa travelling is much impeded by a thorny bush called the "wait a bit." In New Guinea there are numerous obstacles which may be classified under the same term.

People in England who, by personal contact and from illustrated books and publications, see

representatives of all the races upon earth, can form no conception of the exceeding strangeness which the appearance of a white man has to a simple race accustomed only to dark men in a nude state. Their highest imaginings have not reached such a peculiar object. He is beyond their utmost conception, and is viewed with terror. Even the boldest tremble. An instinctive desire to resist the intruder seizes the savage, which, unless quickly dispelled by friendly laughter and easy advances of a conciliatory nature, would soon lead to bloodshed. When they see an unarmed man, walking coolly up to them, holding out his hand and calling "maino" (peace), also laughing at their poised weapons and treating their defiant attitude as a joke, they laugh too, and begin to think their fears groundless, and their defiance ridiculous. Curiosity gradually takes the place of fear, and the bolder ones draw near to make a personal inspection. Their impressions are immediately reported to the timid ones behind. Some more daring will come up, touch my shirt and trousers, bite their fingers and run away. My black shoes are always eyed with suspicion, until one touches them, when, horror of horrors, lifting my foot, I pull the boot off. This is enough to send the inquisitive one flying out of sight.

A few presents of such things as they can appreciate puts matters upon the best of footings, then all is straightforward, provided you give no cause for offence and use your wits and common sense. To deal successfully with savages needs constant watchfulness. They are simple though often treacherous, and all their doings, even looks and tones, have meanings which a quick mind speedily interprets. One of the chief difficulties in forming a just estimate of their friendliness is the excitement which prevails upon the extraordinary occasion of a white man appearing in their midst. Everybody is in a ferment. All sorts of crude thoughts pass through them, and a trivial thing will easily turn their mercurial minds in any direction. Sometimes I have visited a tribe in which a man has been killed by foreigners many years previously, and have been surprised to find how strong the spirit of revenge still remained after the lapse of years. I am always careful to explain that we are not fighters but men of peace.

When we had established ourselves at Suau or Stacey Island, I determined to make an exploring trip along the south coast of New Guinea, and embarked in the s.s. *Ellengowan* for that purpose upon her return from Sydney. Out of the one hundred and five villages visited, the inhabitants of ninety saw a white man for the first time. Several bays, harbours, rivers and islands were discovered and named; the country between Meikle and Orangerie Bays and that lying behind Kerepunu was explored, also the entire coast line from Kepple Point to McFarlane Harbour was traversed on foot. In travelling through a new country you have many experiences which seem at the time of little moment but are of interest to friends at home. I resolved, although travelling among tribes supposed to be hostile, to go unarmed, trusting to Him in whose work I was engaged, and feeling that no harm could come to me while in His care.

TREES ON NEW GUINEA COAST, DUINER ISLANDS.

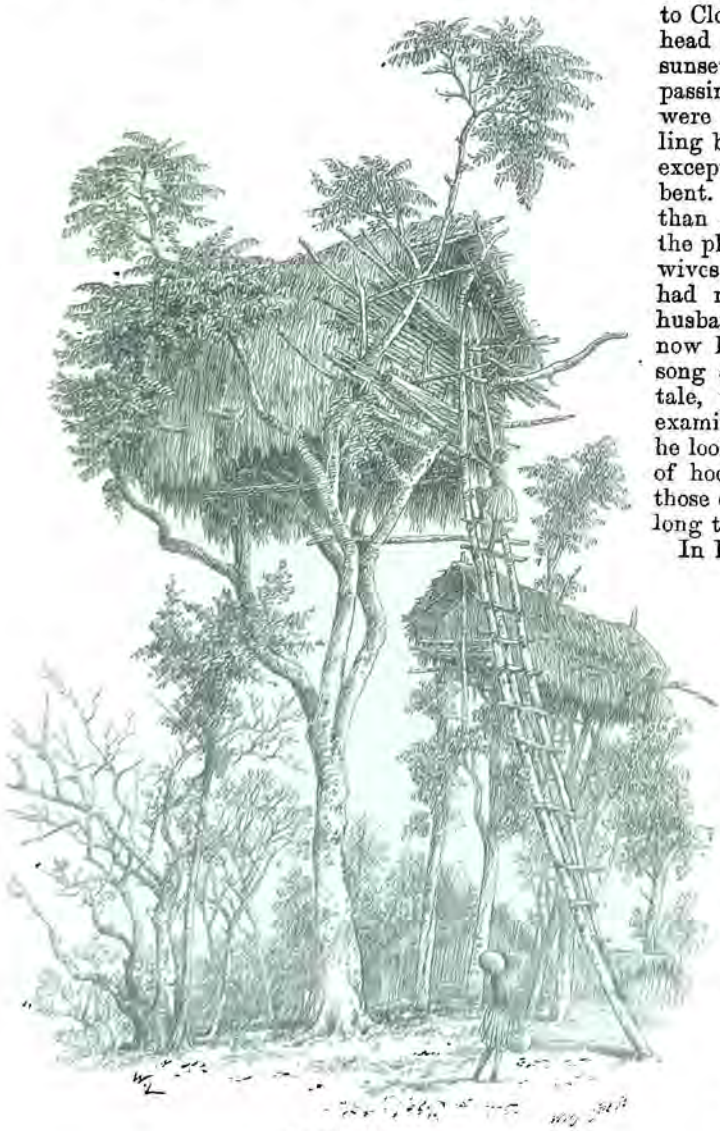
It must be remembered that when a vessel arrives on the coast the first thing to be done is

to draw out some canoes from the shore and establish friendly intercourse with the occupants by conversation, exchange of presents and barter, also to ask them on board to have a smoke. While all this is going on it is quite safe to land and interview the people, as the conduct of the canoeists is a guarantee that peace is established. It would also be dishonourable by their rude code of morals to attack people while their fellow-tribesmen were being kindly treated. But as soon as the canoes leave the ship it is time for the shore party to return. All obligations of hospitality are at an end, and a wary eye is needed to get safely away.

After visiting several villages in Farm Bay, and finding it to be thickly populated, I returned to the vessel. When preparing to start, the natives alongside were much afraid of the steam, but, evidently, wanting to show their confidence, they remained, in spite of the snorting and general noise. We warned them off. Why should they go? No sails were set, how could we move? A commotion aft and canoes clear away to a safe distance, save one which hanging on is pulled under the water. A wild shout, a moment's silence, and then there is a loud roar of laughter as canoe and paddlers reappear at some distance astern.

Before landing at Meikle Bay, I resolved to walk inland, as the formation of the land and the manner in which large clouds were hanging over it made me think that there must be a lake or large sheet of water behind the hills. I persuaded a chief to accompany me, and with a large following of people he showed us the way.

The mate of the *Ellangowan* carried a gun, and seeing a very pretty parrot approached it, amid the breathless wonder of about forty of the natives. What could happen from that iron stick? Bang! Down dropped the parrot; a loud wail with hands to ears, then a shout, and we were left alone with the chief. Those natives only ceased running when they reached their homes. After travelling for some miles through good country at last we came opposite a large sheet of water near to Cloudy Mountain and away towards the head of Milne Bay. We returned after sunset to the shore by the dry bed of a creek, passing small villages whose inhabitants were terribly alarmed, as nocturnal travelling by land is never done in New Guinea except by a large party on war purpose bent. But they were not more frightened than our chief. How nimbly he ascended the platform of his house. How his crying wives rejoiced. Long ago the flying escort had returned, and how could their poor husband have lived through it all. But now he is a veritable hero to be sung in song and shouted in dance. He tells his tale, presents the bird which the crowd examine. He afraid! oh, dear, no! But he looked pale for a native, and no quantity of hoop-iron would induce him to leave those dear wives that night. Enough for a long time to come, so "good-bye Tamate."



TREE HOUSES.

In Ellengowan Bay when ashore we were surrounded, and left with difficulty. While in Orangerie Bay, through the imprudent conduct of our Chinese cook, we were nearly involved in conflict with over one hundred canoes which surrounded the vessel and contained many armed men. We stopped trading, and frightened them with the steam whistle. On ascending the sheet of water mentioned above, called Poroai (or Piggish Water), which was in every way characteristic of its native name, we landed and endeavoured to get guides to Milne Bay. The natives were not only impudent but armed themselves and demanded presents. They were astonished to find that the fact of their being armed had no effect whatever, and were still more so when we promptly engaged some men who had just come along the

beach to take us off to the steamer without leaving a single bead as a concession to rudeness and force.

I had long heard reports about a land peopled only by women who were perfect Amazons. These ladies were said to be excellent tillers of the soil, splendid canoeists and able to hold their own against all comers. To find this community was of great moment, but all my enquiries were laughed at, and I was sometimes asked quizzingly, "How do they continue to exist?" We heard that at Mailiukolo canoes with women were more numerous than those with men. On crossing the reef we met two canoes, one with women and the other with men. We made signs for them to go to the vessel. On the shore only one man appeared, and he ran straight to the boat and forbade my landing. I told him my name and gave a present with which he disappeared. I then saw hundreds of grass petticoats on women who were standing under the houses. They were quiet until I advanced, when one wild scream was given, and it required more inquisitiveness than I possessed to proceed. I invited the dusky damsels to come to me, but no, they had seen me, that was enough—I must return. No, my friends; we must meet, and you shall have some presents. I held up red beads and cloth. How were we to meet? To be baulked by them would never do. I threw the cloth and beads down and walked away carelessly, appearing not to notice what was taking place. A girl steals out of the crowd—stops—presses her crossed hands upon her breast—and runs back. The old ladies will not let the young ones come, and are too frightened to do so themselves. Another girl about ten years old comes out, runs, walks cat-like lest the touch of her feet on the sand should waken me from my reverie; another halts, holding her chest lest the palpitating heart should jump out. On, a rush, well done! She picks up the cloth and beads. No need to wait so long now, I have gained my point and shall soon have crowds. After a few more temptings it is done, and I am besieged by the noisiest crowd I have ever met, and am truly glad to escape to the boats.

When the vessel was brought round I again landed, and there was soon a quarrel between the old ladies and the young ones about the beads. The latter were ordered home but would not go, so I had to depart. Long after we left the beach those old crabbed cracked voices could be heard anathematising the younger members. I am fully convinced that this is the Woman's Land. After we had anchored, canoes with men and boys kept crossing from the mainland and also as long as we remained. I learned that the men of this island have plantations on the mainland and go with their boys for weeks together to plant and fight, leaving their wives and daughters at home under the care of a few men.

After several weeks of such cruising and some signal deliverances from evil-intentioned crowds, I returned to my station.

I may now give some incidents of inland travel.

Leaving Port Moresby in July, 1879, with the teacher Ruatoaka, Joe (an African) and eighteen carriers, four of them being women, who carried more than the men, we wended our way towards the hills. While sitting quietly in front of a house on the first evening of the journey, a man came rushing along and demanded a tomahawk in exchange for a piece of sugar cane. I presume he thought the suddenness of the proposal would put me off guard, and being among strangers I would yield to the pressure. He found, however, I was not inclined to throw money to the winds as such barter would be.

As it was cold five natives who slept in the small house with us kept a fire burning all night. A child sitting in front of the house had a taro in one hand and a bamboo tobacco pipe in the other from which he took alternate bites and draws. The mixture appeared to be thoroughly relished.

We were tired out through having to wait several days for bearers in nearly every tribe through which we passed. It was very trying to us, but what must such a state of things be to those people? The fear of one another in which these savages live is truly pitiful; they think that every stranger seeks their lives, and that every other savage does the same. The slightest noise at night arouses them, and they tremble with fear. Here, as in other parts of New Guinea, it is not the powerful man who kills most but little abominable sneaks, treacherous in the extreme.

We passed through many villages, chiefly built on ridges, with quite a number of tree-houses in them.

The people have the same sign of friendship as at the east end of the peninsula—nose and stomach pointed to. While I was showing them the portraits of two young friends the excitement was very great,—thumbs in mouth, much head-scratching and shaking, leaping and screaming, going and coming again to have a look.

Again we proceeded, and had a good deal of ascending and descending. Mount Owen Stanley was due north, and we arrived in course of time at Uakinumu, where Oriope, Mr. Lawes' great friend, was chief. He was a terrible talker, long-winded and deafening.

After leaving Oriope's we passed a night on the top of a ridge. The hut in which we slept was on a high rock and open at the sides. When the fire went down we felt exceedingly cold.

Basaltic rocks lay around, and the ridge stood in a large natural basin—one side of which was bare perpendicular rock. I observed a quantity of cedar wood, but it was too far inland to pay for working.

We arrived at a village where some large and savage looking pigs were domiciled. The people had at first demurred to our approach, fearing that the pigs would attack us. The men kept them quiet by scratching them and clapping their sides. When I was ascending to the house allotted to us I had to spring from a pig which was after me, and seemed to be possessed by a spirit similar to those of old found near Gennesareth.

The people here are of various shades of colour from light copper to a very dark hue. They carve well and have splendid plantations. A pig was shot, and great was the excitement over its

division. They eat the flesh nearly raw, taking a piece between their teeth and cutting it, close to their mouth, with a bamboo knife.

We hunted for a path through a truly wonderful country. What strange contortions of nature must have occurred ere some of the great boulders were displaced and rolled about like pebbles. The villages are so built on the ridges as to be only accessible on two sides by very narrow tracks. Every day we continued to ascend great heights, and then had to descend again to reach a ridge a few hundred yards away. One hill we called Mount Bellamy. It was 2303 feet high and stood out alone. From the summit we saw the Astrolabe, Vetura and Munikahila. The chief here and his wife had a quarrel. Of course the woman had the best of it. Strange, she said very little, but it was straight and pointed. Every now and then he would shout, Pirikava! (dear me!) then scream and rage, while she would laugh, which made him worse, and he would scream and dance like a madman. She then quieted him down with a few well-chosen words.

We returned through Uakinumu to pay the chief for the bearers according to promise. He had not carried out his part of the agreement, as his bearers had returned, leaving us inland alone, much inconvenienced and hindered. Oriope came running, breathless and streaming with perspiration; he threw his arms around me and rubbed his dirty cheek on mine, then sat down without a word. He began the conversation by saying he was afraid I was terribly offended at being left alone and would not return to him, but now I must feast. No, we cannot, we must pay our contract goods—get a supply of betel nut at once and go on that night to Port Moresby. Ah, he could manage it, and I must return to feast some other time. After the women and lads had departed to collect the betel nuts I reoccupied our old house upon the rock, and told our chief what I had expected and how far short he had come, but that having promised payment we would now pay. We gave the tomahawks, tobacco and salt. The old man was delighted, and promised to take us wherever he could go with safety. I seized the opportunity to enquire whether, as Mr. Lawes supposed, he could lead us across the peninsula to the sea on the other side, but he said he did not go across there. We could get over from Yule Island, but it would be dangerous because of the cannibals.

On our return, I observed the strange way in which husband and wife meet after a separation. Some who came back with us had been away a fortnight; their wives looked pleased when they saw them, so did the husbands; not a word was spoken, only a look passed; clubs and spears were put down, and the husbands went to where the other men were sitting. The wives went to light fires, and cook food which they took to their husbands, who ate a little and gave some away. Then each man went and sat by his wife. I have noticed that wives are particularly happy when preparing this return food.

We succeeded in procuring bearers after waiting for some time, and started for another trip inland. This time we passed through the Sogeri District, then traversed part of the Favele country, crossing the Larogi several times, and ascended some of the lower ridges of the Owen Stanley Range. While on this journey I visited the Larogi Falls. They are in a deep gorge formed by the west end of the Astrolabe and the east end of the Vetura Range. The water comes surging on and then takes a fearful leap on to a ledge of rock, and from there to the boiling cauldron below. The noise is deafening. After three weeks of further travelling in a mountainous country we returned to Port Moresby.

HOSPITALS AND HOSPITAL WORK.

BY MRS. BREWER.

CHAPTER VI.—GENERAL HOSPITALS—THE LONDON HOSPITAL.

THE two hospitals—the London Hospital, and the Westminster Hospital—of which we have now to speak belong to the same class—one is in the East and the other in the West; one in the midst of crowded streets and intense poverty, the other in the Broad Sanctuary and under the shadow of the grand old Abbey. Each has its work in the place where it is planted, and each depends on the people for the amount of good it is able to do *for* the people.

Little as we may think of the sums voluntarily contributed, because they fall so short of what is needed, the total annual amount is very large; for example, the sum voluntarily given for hospitals in London alone is £655,380,—to say nothing of the sums contributed in every town of the United Kingdom for local institutions.

Hospitals are much more to the country than at first sight appears, for beyond relieving pain and healing the body they are really, as a popular writer has said, "training schools for morals, manners and good behaviour as well as schools of medicine and schools for nurses;" and it is possible to go further and say, they are schools wherein the weary and sore distressed may learn to turn to One who can give them rest.

Of these two great centres of healing, we will first visit that in the East.

Nearly 150 years ago (1740) when George II. was on the throne, several kind and good men

came to the conclusion that more accommodation was needed for the sick and diseased poor than was to be found in Bishopsgate, and the Eastern suburbs; and they formed themselves into a society now known to us as the London Hospital, to prevent, if possible, the people in these neighbourhoods from perishing for want of care and medical assistance.

They at once hired four houses on lease in Prescott Street, Goodman's Fields; fitted them up with 136 beds, and called them the London Infirmary. And the first news we get of them is that, with money contributed by themselves and friends, they had with God's blessing been enabled to relieve, and in many cases restore to health, 118,700 persons, most of them artificers, manufacturers, or mariners labouring under malignant and painful diseases and a variety of accidents.

Like all work undertaken with earnestness and zeal, this soon outstripped the early arrangements made for carrying it on. A site was looked for, found and bought in the country among green fields, for the erection of a house more suitable; and the result was the building known to us as the London Hospital.

When it was built there was no East and West as we understand them now—no grand demarcation of rich and poor. To go out beyond Bishopsgate was to visit the country and enjoy the fresh air. If you are good enough to accompany us now you will look in vain for any trace of the fields. You will, on the contrary, see everywhere on each side of the great highway called Whitechapel, a network of streets, courts and alleys, and a surging mass of human beings, some with homes, some without homes: the majority very poor; hard-working when they can get work to do, often underpaid when they do get it, and always struggling to be independent.

Here, in the midst of all, is the hospital we have come to see. The change from green fields and country hamlets is the result of 150 years' growth of London and its people.

It is difficult as we look about us before entering the hospital to keep our faith in the fact that every individual life in a country is a valuable possession to the state, and is part and parcel of its country's wealth and prosperity.

There is no solitary grandeur about this building. As we approach, we notice many people passing in and out, and that most of them are very poor. But what struck us as unusual about them was a dogged, hard, resolute sort of manner in face and walk, as if, in fact, they had strung themselves up to bear whatever was coming with a determined despair.

The central hall as we went in was full of medical students waiting to go round the wards with their several chiefs, and, as I looked, I echoed the question, often asked, but not answered, "What becomes of all our medical students?" There was no one sufficiently at leisure to direct us personally to the matron's room; we therefore followed the quick, short order, "Turn to the right, fourth door on the left."

And from this moment our work began. Nor did it end till we had seen all from the basement to the top of this immense hospital—in and out of children's wards, men's wards, women's wards, Jews' wards, store rooms, kitchens, laundry, chapel and the nurses' home. I was startled by the number and gravity of the cases treated, and by the wonderful and ingenious contrivances for giving relief and healing them.

The struggle for life going on everywhere was overwhelming. Just as one feels when in a cemetery, that it is a city of the dead; so here we knew ourselves to be in a city wherein life and death are in deadly strife, and where every person in command feels that upon their individual faithfulness and earnestness depends the success of the battle.

There are twenty wards in this hospital always open for the accommodation of 800 patients. Thursday before Good Friday 680 beds were occupied, and the sisters told me that the Bank holiday would not leave them an empty bed; so many are the accidents which occur on these days set apart for pleasure and recreation.

Our first visit was to the children's wards, called the Queen Victoria and the Princess Beatrice wards. They are the largest for children in any hospital in Europe, save one in Vienna, and are nearly always full. The ages of the children range from a day old to seven years. Those older are sent into the general wards.

Last year they had 600 in these two rooms. "There are always a number of bad cases on Mondays," said the sister, "owing to the carelessness on Sundays."

These wards are made very pretty and bright with flowers, pictures, and toys; and the red curtains about the beds, and pressed flowers on the windows, increase the cheerful look.

One little baby was having a terrible scald dressed, and its crying went to one's heart. In a few minutes the dressing was over, and, soothed and comforted by the nurses, it was won to quiet. Another child was suffering from a broken head; while another with a delicate pretty face had its limbs twisted into all sorts of shapes from rheumatism caught from sitting on damp doorsteps. Again, sitting by the bed of a lovely little girl was a boy with a large growth on the lower part of his face. He seems to have been very shy and sensitive, and would have nothing to say to any one, till the baby girl won him to her side with a soft ball. He was to have an operation performed in a few days; but the sister said he will know nothing about it, and would merely be a little restless after it. We made a pause at one bed, that of a girl five years old. Her case was incurable; and the sister said she really ought not to be there, but they knew no where to send her. "If we could find a kind home for her how pleased we should be," was her remark.

So few people know that children's wards are attached to this hospital, that they do not share in the kindness of the public to the extent that others better known do. The clothes these little ones are dressed in on their arrival are, as a rule, so filthy and old, that they are at once sent away, and as long as the children remain in bed the night-dress is sufficient; but if they get well

enough to crawl or toddle about the ward, they must have clothes to put on. The sister said, "I only wish I could make it known how greatly I want house shoes and overalls for my little ones—knickerbocker suits for the boys, and overall pinafores for the girls." She does not want anything expensive, for gifts of that sort would, on the children's return to their homes, go to the pawnshop. Neither are low-bodied short-sleeved dresses of much use.

Again, in the matter of toys, a well-known society paper sends them some at Christmas; but very few come from private friends during the year. Three years ago the plan was started of giving to each child in the wards at Christmas a new sixpence. This is now continued by one of the committee, while the same paper starts it in some other hospital. The employés of the Savings' Bank Department of the General Post Office gave a present of toys to the children at Christmas.

We pass from the children into three small wards for men. One, being underground and somewhat dark, has been beautifully decorated by the Kyrle Society. It differs too from other wards in having white counterpanes; and so with its bookcase and flowers, it struck us as being very cheerful.

In one of these three wards lay a man with a peculiar and terribly diseased knee, and the instrument for cleansing it seemed wonderful. A small cistern containing water of a certain temperature was hung near the bed, attached to which was a tube conveying the water from it to the knee, where it kept up a constant cleansing and sluicing, from which a waste-pipe, as it were, carried the foul matter quite away, without any inconvenience to patient or bed, and without any bad smell arising in the ward. A nurse was wholly occupied with this peculiar kind of irrigation.

As we went from ward to ward we came constantly upon women scrubbing and cleaning; for part of the building is very old, and without the modern improvements to be found in other hospitals; therefore cleanliness is an absolute necessity.

The appearance of the wards is not so picturesque as in some hospitals we have visited; which is, I think, partly owing to the ugly blue curtains round the beds, though these are in a measure relieved by the scarlet screens; but I am bound to say this is an afterthought; for while we were there our attention was wholly occupied by the people in the beds.

It so happened that this was the day for the flower-ladies, as they are called, and these were to be seen in every ward distributing the first of the spring flowers. One must see to understand the pleasure these flowers give, and the tender way in which they are handled by rough fingers.

The wards were much alike, inasmuch as they were all full of the sick, and the suffering, and the dying; all alike too in having bright, earnest, and I think beautiful women to tend and soothe them. There are bookcases in all the wards, with books for those who care to read. Most of the men able to sit up were reading a newspaper; and the women in like condition were using their needle.

We distinguished the wards by certain things which came under our notice in them. In one an old woman who was delirious taxed the nurse's patience to the utmost, yet it never failed. In another a young man with some affection of the lungs was receiving comfort from the incessant application of ice water. A small square box without a lid, made of waterproof cloth, was slung on a rod near him, into which a block of ice was put. As this gradually dissolved it passed through an india-rubber tube, which reached to the patient's chest; here it branched off into a number of small tubes not so large as tobacco-pipes, covering the chest; and through this the ice-water trickled continuously and fell away into the waste-tubes.

As we went on the sister who accompanied us recognised a poor woman in one of the beds, and said, "I am sorry to see you here again, Mrs. ——. Is it with the same complaint?" "Yes, sister," was the reply, "I am very bad;" and looking up she said, "I was in your charge five years ago. Do you remember you read to some of us the life of Garfield?" "Yes," was the answer, "I remember quite well; but how is it you remember so well about the reading?" "Well, we don't so often get read to that we can forget," was the woman's answer.

Before passing out of one of the wards, which was beautifully painted by a young lady, the sister said, "You must see our incubator." I did not like to expose my ignorance, but I really could not understand what they could want with one there. Going into a room where a poor woman lay dying was the incubator. It is a glass box, as far as I could judge, about a yard long and a yard high, and three-quarters of a yard broad, with tubes for the conveyance of fresh air into and foul air out of it. Under it are arrangements for placing warm bottles to keep it of a certain and even temperature. Into this babies prematurely born are placed to be nourished for two or three weeks, and it has been most successful in developing and keeping alive the feeble spark of life in these little ones.

In one ward there are new spring mattresses to every bed, a gift of one of the committee. Seeing how much healthier and cleaner they are than the flock mattresses in general use, the committee are trying to add a few to the number every year.

By the side of every bed is a locker, ventilated at the back, and white-tiled on the top, for the convenience of patients to put their tea, sugar, and butter in, none of these being found by the hospital. I am sorry for this, as the poor people think so much of their tea, and can ill afford to have it while they are unable to work.

The tables in the wards are on india-rubber wheels, so that they can be moved about without noise. In one of the wards stands a couch for the use of the patients, given by a tradesman who had been cured there; otherwise there are not many luxuries as tokens of gratitude. The patients are too poor.

The nurses who could be spared from active duty were sitting in the wards padding splints for legs, backs, and arms; preparing in fact for the accident cases sure to arrive on the next holiday. Others were making lint dresses for patients suffering from skin disease; the dressing for one of these cases alone was costing six shillings a day.

I asked if the class of patients who frequented this hospital was a difficult one to nurse. "On the contrary," was the answer, "I have had long experience, and I never received a rude word or deed from either man or woman. Indeed from their manners, and the brave way in which they bear their sufferings, it would be difficult to distinguish them from the most refined and educated classes. If the women are a little more exigent than the men, can you wonder? For all their lives are spent in waiting upon others, and they like for a change to be waited upon."

It remained for us now to see the two wards which peculiarly distinguish this from other hospitals. I mean the Jews' wards.

The Jewish population is an ever-increasing one, in and about Whitechapel, and these wards are always full. When more cases arrive than can possibly be accommodated in these two wards, they are for a time placed in the general wards. As a rule this gives great offence. As an example of this, we saw a Jewish boy about ten years old in one of the men's wards. He was very ill, and his life hung upon a thread; but he utterly refused to take anything within his lips, or to keep the ice-bag on his chest; or in fact to obey at all, because he was not in the Rothschild Ward.

It was the Eve of the Passover, therefore great were the preparations. These two wards have a special kitchen and Jewish cook, but the sister and nurses are Christian.

Every saucepan, plate, and spoon; every corner of cupboards, ward, and kitchen were being cleansed. No crumb must be found in their dwelling. The poor little Jewish cook apologized for the confusion; she looked very tired. Everything that the hospital could give them new at this Feast, whether in clothing or utensil, would be done. In the corridor were many cases of Passover cake.

We noticed on entering these wards a small scroll on the lintel of the door-post, on which was engraved the Ten Commandments. There was a suppressed excitement among such as were well enough to take notice, for the time of the Feast was drawing near. There were fine faces among the men; but even here in sickness and in death their characteristics come out strongly.

Our next visit was to the Home of the Nurses, which is built on to the hospital, and was opened last year. Each nurse has now a separate bedroom; formerly they had to sleep seven or eight in a room. In the sitting-room of the nurses a large illuminated verse hangs on the wall:—

Ask God to give thee skill in comfort's art,
That thou may'st consecrated be, and set apart
Unto a life of sympathy;
For heavy is the weight of woe in every heart,
And comforters are needed much, of Christlike touch.

I do not dwell upon this Home, and the work of the sisters and nurses, because both will come into the chapter on the "Training of Nurses."

The hospital chapel is beautiful, and on Sunday evenings it is crowded. This is the only hospital we have yet visited where the laundry-work is done on the premises. It is carried on in the basement by steam, and the work is enormous. The foul linen is collected from the various wards and sent down to the laundry through a shaft. Of sheets alone 3000 a week are washed; the irons are heated 36 at a time on a gas stove. The reader may remember my remarks about the kind of person who used to be hospital nurse in the old days. She has now found her vocation in the laundry—I recognised her directly—and she is a better woman for finding herself in the right place.

It will be readily understood that the housekeeping for over 1000 persons daily is on a large scale; the bread costs over 1000*l.* a year; meat over 6000*l.*; milk over 2000*l.*; eggs nearly 1000*l.*; fish, 600*l.* Firing costs over 1700*l.*; lighting is over 1200*l.*; drugs cost 3300*l.*; and plaister nearly 400*l.* These are only a few items just to give an idea.

One can judge of the value of such an institution in the midst of a poor population, by the number of those who make use of it. The number of in-patients during one year was 8106; and the number of out-patients 67,942.

There seems to be no particle of waste in any department. Everything is used up but a little broken food, which is given to the scrubbers to take home at night to their families. They are most of them respectable married women, and live out of the hospital.

The medical school in connection with this hospital is one of the oldest in London, and was the first in which a complete course of medical education was established. The new medical school is now finished; and has been opened by the Prince and Princess of Wales, who have always taken an interest in this hospital.

HOMELY LIGHT ON HALLOWED TEXTS.

NO. V.

"Whose I am, and whom I serve."—*Acts* xxvii. 23.

FEW things stir us more than the account of a great shipwreck. When I was a very little boy, I used to go with my parents every year, in summer, to a wild and remote village, where the great Atlantic rolled in upon the long stretch of sand, with a deep tone of thunder, even in summer, which could be heard some miles away, as we drove from the distant post-town to our holiday quarters, in a fisherman's cottage, right facing the sea.

There were no railways in that part of the country then. They tell me now that I would never recognise the quaint little village, which has grown into a fashionable watering-place with large hotels, and a regular service of trains. Well, perhaps I might fail to recognise the houses, but I know I should be able to recognise the cliffs and the rocks. *They* have not changed. I can close my eyes, and see, as

plainly as though I were looking at it with my bodily eyes, the bluff headland, overlooking the wild ocean, where stands a gigantic figure, to mark the spot where many years ago, a splendid vessel was dashed to pieces on the rocks beneath, and a great number of valuable lives perished.

The thought of that lonely headland, with its sad memorial of what a storm can do, has come back to me, over and over again, as I have heard the winterblast rattling the casement, and sighing in the chimney in the midnight watches. And always there comes to my mind the prayer of that sweet hymn, which it is the privilege of so many children to know :—

"Grant to little children
Visions bright of Thee:
Guard the sailors tossing
On the angry sea."

These thoughts have crowded into my mind, in connection with our special text to-day, because we are reminded that the words of the text were spoken on board a vessel, in the midst of a terrible storm in the Mediterranean, when all hope of safety had been extinguished in the breasts of nearly three hundred souls on board.

We all know the history. God's angel had stood by Paul's side, and had told him that no life would be lost, but only the ship, and so it proved, for "it came to pass that they escaped all safe to land."

Can you picture a nobler figure than that weather-beaten warrior of the Cross, as he stood calm in his trust in God's word, amid the panic-stricken crew, and soldiers, exhorting them "to be of good cheer. . . for I believe God, that it shall be even as it was told me."

Who would not wish to be of such a heroic nature? What boy is there who does not envy that wonderful strength of character, which places Paul, and those of like stamp, among the noblest heroes the world has ever seen?

Now, let me tell you a secret. If you will make our "hallowed text" your own, you shall have that real strength of heart and purpose which will make you truly noble. You may never become great in the eyes of the world, but you shall become truly great as one of the royal family of Heaven. You may not be considered by the world to be very learned, but you shall have the true wisdom which makes boys and men useful and happy here, and ensures their happiness for ever hereafter.

It was true wisdom in the late Prince Consort—himself a hero of no mean order—that when drawing up the conditions of the Queen's prize at Wellington College, he should have established the rule that it was to be given not to the cleverest boy, nor to the boy most devoted to his books, nor to the most precise, diligent, and prudent boy, but to the *noblest* boy.

I like that word. I have met some noble boys, and you can generally tell them by their calm, helpful spirit of willing service. They are proud—but only when tempted by meaner spirits to do something ungenerous or sinful. And I say this fearlessly, that amongst thousands of boys and young men whom I have known in my time, those who were the noblest, were so because they had given their hearts to God. If, like the nobles of old, they bore a motto on their banners, the words would run: "Whose I am, and whom I serve."

And remember, that whenever any members of the royal family walk abroad, there are plenty of curious eyes to mark their steps. So is it with the members of God's family. As soon as we confess by our lives, as well as by our words that we belong to God, the world will take knowledge of us. If our service is only half-hearted, we shall be counted but weakly children, and we shall be objects of pity rather than of envy.

Paul's strength lay in his simple trust, and so must ours. We might say of him, what was said of one of the first of the long line of heroes, mentioned in the muster-roll of the faithful.

"He staggered not at the promise of God through unbelief; but was strong in faith, giving glory to God; and being fully persuaded that, what He had promised He was able also to perform."

May our text be written in our hearts and in our lives, so that all men may read it, as all men did in the case of St. Paul "Whose I am, and whom I serve," "Ich dien" is the motto of our Prince of Wales. May it be ours also in our service of the King of kings.

H.

SCRIPTURE CHARACTER.

NO. VIII.

1. He was one of the apostles of our Lord.
2. He was sent out in company with one of the evangelists.
3. He was willing to risk his life in company with Jesus.
4. He had a surname which means "the twin."
5. When Jesus appeared to the disciples after His resurrection, he was not among them.
6. He was not willing to believe that they had seen Him.
7. He demanded a very strong proof that they had really seen the Lord.
8. Jesus gave him this proof, and at the same time a gentle rebuke.

HIDDEN TEXTS.

NO. XI.

Reject seven of the words in this figure, and so arrange the others as to form a saying of David's.

And	Me	Mercy	Of
Days	Surely	More	My
Evil	Shall	For	Not
Life	All	The	Revenge
Goodness	All	Lambs	Follow

ANSWER TO SCRIPTURE ENIGMA.

NO. XIII.—p. 368.—THE ARK OF THE COVENANT.—Heb. ix. 4.

T-abernacle . . . . . Exod. xl. 21.
H-oliest of all . . . . Heb. ix. 3.
E-ben-ezer . . . . . 1 Sam. v. 1.

A-shdod . . . . . 1 Sam. v. 1.
R-od of Aaron . . . . Num. xvii. 10.
K-irjath-jearim . . . . 1 Sam. vii. 1, 2.

O-xen . . . . . 2 Sam. vi. 6.
F-ine linen . . . . . 1 Chron. xv. 26, 27.

T-emple . . . . . 2 Chron. v. 7.
H-ophni . . . . . 1 Sam. iv. 4, 11.
E-kron . . . . . 1 Sam. v. 10.

C-herubims . . . . . Exod. xxv. 18.
O-bed-edom . . . . . 2 Sam. vi. 9, 10, 11.
V-eil . . . . . Exod. xxvi. 31–33; xl. 21.
E-li . . . . . 1 Sam. iv. 16–18.
N-inety-eight . . . . 1 Sam. iv. 15.
A-aron . . . . . Lev. xvi. 2, 3.
N-achon's . . . . . 2 Sam. vi. 6.
T-wenty years . . . . 1 Sam. vii. 1, 2.

THE SUNDAY AT HOME

O DAY MOST CALM, MOST BRIGHT! . . .
THE WEEK WERE DARK BUT FOR THY LIGHT.—*Herbert.*

GENEVIÈVE;

OR, THE CHILDREN OF PORT ROYAL.

CHAPTER IV.—CLOSED DOORS.

"Closed gateways that are folded
And prayed against in vain."

"THE GATE OF PORT ROYAL IS SHUT."

MADAME MONTÈRES was a noble specimen of the noblest type of Frenchwoman, that type of which the celebrated Mère Angélique, whose wise counsels and holy influence had been the inspiration of her girlhood, was one of the brightest examples. Educated under the personal superintendence of that remarkable woman, and in the hallowed shades of Port Royal des Champs, she exemplified the best virtues of her instructors, if she did not quite escape their defects. Upon her naturally upright mind had been engrafted an ideal of faith and rectitude, lofty as that which made her venerated teachers, otherwise docile adherents of the Church of Rome, resist Rome herself rather than affirm that certain propositions were contained in the

works of Jansenius—when they had never been able to find them there. Above all, she was truly pious, after the Jansenist fashion of piety, probably the best and most enlightened Rome has ever tolerated within her bosom. Scarcely, indeed, did she tolerate that, since the Jansenists and their allies in Port Royal became the objects of a bitter persecution, in which the internecine enmity of darkness to light, of Rome to the liberty which is in Christ Jesus, was palpable beneath a thin disguise of zealous orthodoxy. The "five propositions" of Jansenius, about which men and women once so passionately contended, are not now of absorbing interest to the general reader, who will probably be content to know that they expressed, with some variations, those dogmas which we usually, though not very correctly, associate with the name of Calvin. But while the theological disquisitions of the Flemish bishop and his followers lie unopened on our shelves till the dust gathers thickly over them, the records that tell of the faith and patience, of the sufferings and constancy, of Mère Angélique and Mère Agnes, and their devoted sisterhood—of Arnauld and St. Cyran, of Nicole and De Sacy, of Jacqueline Pascal and her illustrious brother—noblest name of all that linger in the echoes of Port Royal—will be wet with human tears and dear to human sympathies as long as the world endures.

Madame Montères learned at Port Royal not religion only, but Christ. His Person, and His work were truly the centre of a system which showed a wonderfully slight admixture of the grosser errors of Rome. Neither saint nor virgin usurped His place in these devout and believing hearts; and, although good works were strongly insisted upon, and abundantly performed, yet the language of heart and lip was always that of sole reliance on the mercy of God in Christ Jesus. The pupil of Port Royal sought diligently to impart her own faith to her husband, her child, and all within her influence. Towards Edouard, much to her sorrow, she conceived herself bound over to silence by her husband. This had been a heavy burden on her conscience, and the rather because, in her ignorance of Protestantism, she had no idea how much common ground they would have discovered had they been able to talk freely together. Still less did she imagine that she was herself already half a Protestant; she would have repudiated the idea with horror, for like her teachers, she thought communion with the Church of Rome absolutely necessary to salvation. This, of course, intensified her sorrow and anxiety about Edouard, for whose conversion she failed not to offer up the most constant and fervent prayers.

A devoted wife and mother, she was, on that very account, in her own estimation less than the least of her cloistered instructors; for had she not embraced "the lower vocation," "the secular life," did she not "belong to the world?" She had been trained in ascetism, of a pure and lofty, but at the same time of a severe and narrow type. In practice this had been necessarily modified by her position, with its duties, interests and cares. Its duties she had admirably fulfilled, proving to her husband a real companion and helpmeet, a frugal manager of his ever-lessening means, and an indefatigable nurse in his long and trying illness. The education she had received at Port Royal stood her in good stead, for there both head and heart were well cultivated, and the requirements of domestic life were at the same time thoroughly fulfilled. It was held that a woman would make garments for the poor, dispense stores of meal and rye, bind up wounds and tend sicknesses, none the worse, but all the better, for a knowledge of Latin and Logic.

Up to the time of the breaking up of her home Madame Montères had borne herself, not well and bravely alone, but wisely also, under the varied trials of her life. But at the last stroke which robbed her of the Château of Cleudon, her presence of mind and practical sagacity seemed to fail her, although her faith and courage remained intact. She found herself involved in perplexities which she had not anticipated, and did not understand. To be without a home was something like being without a body. No past experience came to her aid; neither her natural good sense, her training, nor the habits of her lifetime availed her here. There was Geneviève to be provided for;—while only a few crowns remained in her pocket after everything belonging to them both had been sold, and a sum sufficient for the expenses of their journey to Paris deposited in the hands of the man of business, M. Avordun. The journey itself was a formidable affair, even although he had undertaken to arrange all its details, and to find them a suitable escort. In the new sense of weakness and helplessness, which was born of the uprooting of all the conditions of her past life, the naturally independent Madame Montères became ready to lean upon others. Once in Paris, she thought that she might calculate upon the help of Edouard; and, far more largely, upon the friendship and sympathy of the nuns at Port Royal de Paris, which was a branch of the same establishment; and under the same rule as the more celebrated Port Royal des Champs. She had no near relatives of her own, nor were there any of her husband's to whom she could confide Geneviève; and, what added grievously to her perplexities, she felt that her health was failing rapidly.

Journeys in France at that time were by no means either safe or easy; the country had not yet recovered from the effects of the war of the Fronde, and many of the roads were infested with bands of robbers. It was fortunate therefore that Madame Montères and Geneviève were able to travel nearly all the way by water; at Vernon, M. Avordun saw them on board one of the boats which then navigated the Seine, and although they endured much discomfort, they encountered neither difficulty nor danger until they reached the great city. But when at length the two solitary ladies found themselves standing on the Quai des Augustins, near the Pont Neuf, they felt absolutely bewildered. The confusion, the cries, the Babel of voices, the unaccustomed sights around them, might well have confounded less inexperienced travellers. Never in her life had

Geneviève trod the streets, or breathed the air of a city, while the very limited experiences of Madame Montères had been forgotten years ago. Happily, the captain of the vessel, to whom M. Avordun had given them in charge, came to their aid. He promised to see their modest luggage in safe keeping; and enquired if mesdames wished to go to an inn, or if haply they had friends in the city who would receive them.

Madame Montères answered promptly, "We wish to go to the Convent of Port Royal, in the suburb St. Jacques."

"The ladies ought to have sent for you. No doubt they have carriages," said the captain, who entertained, not unreasonably, a very high idea of the wealth and luxury of the great conventual establishments, and who was, moreover, a little puzzled as to how he might safely dispose of his charges.

"I am sure they have not," returned Madame Montères. "They have taken the vow of holy poverty. But as for ourselves, can we not walk thither? We are good walkers, my daughter and I."

The captain shook his head. "It is a long way," he said, "but that is the least part of the difficulty. The streets are horribly unsafe just now. Mesdames may be robbed and murdered in broad daylight, as like as not."

Madame Montères had not expected such a state of things in great Paris, the pearl of cities, the pride of all France, the dwelling-place of the king. But she hid her alarm and disappointment, and merely asked: "Then how are we to get there? Can we hire horses?" She did not dream of hiring a carriage, nor could she probably have found one for hire in all Paris.

"That is what you must do. The innkeeper, who is a friend of mine, will find you a couple of horses, and three or four stout well-armed men to protect you."

To this arrangement Madame Montères found herself obliged to consent, although it made a heavy inroad on her slender purse—a consideration which affected her more than it did Geneviève, who, mounted on her pillion behind a stout lackey in a buff jerkin, surveyed the busy scene with intense wonder and curiosity. Her first sight of the great city was however very disappointing. The streets through which they passed were extremely narrow and horribly dirty, and the houses on either side were tall, grim, and forbidding in appearance. The magnificent hotels and palaces of which she had heard so much, and in one of which she pictured Edouard, gay and smiling, ready to give them a friendly welcome, were for the most part jealously concealed from the public eye within the high walls of their gardens and pleasure grounds. There were it is true a few splendid exceptions, even then the Rue St. Honoré, the Place Royale, and the noble churches of old Paris would have charmed the unaccustomed eyes of a stranger, but they did not pass by any of these. They turned at last into a broader street which seemed interminable, and was also rather lonely, as on either side of great part of it were the high forbidding walls of convents or other large buildings. Her conductors said it was the Rue St. Jacques.

Presently they drew up at a gateway, where they were challenged by a sentinel. After some parley, however, they were allowed to pass, and leaving what was properly styled the city behind them, they entered the Faubourg St. Jacques. Here came more solitary roads between high walls, but, after traversing some few of these, and also passing by a church, one of the guides exclaimed suddenly, "There, mesdames, there is Port Royal de Paris."

"There?" said Geneviève. "I see nothing but a wall, and a soldier walking up and down under it."

"That is the garden wall, ma'amselle—wait till we turn this corner."

When they had done so, she saw a great gate jealously barred, and, as it appeared, guarded by soldiers.

At this point their guides asserted that their work was done, and that they must return home; demanding their payment, with additions so exorbitant that Madame Montères was roused to protest. But her gentle remonstrances evoked such insolent violence of language that she and Geneviève were soon glad to get rid of them at any cost, Geneviève taking charge of the small bag they had brought with them. "Now, at last, we shall find friends," said Madame Montères, clasping her daughter's hand, and advancing towards the formidable gateway.

They were promptly stopped by a soldier who seemed to be on guard. "No entrance, mesdames," he said firmly, though quite civilly. "On the part of the king."

"I do not understand," said Madame Montères bewildered.

"All the approaches are guarded," said the soldier. "No entrance is allowed, and no egress."

"But why—why?" There was no answer. Already the soldier, an archer of the king's guard, had passed on, he had no more to say.

Madame Montères stood as one in a dream, and murmured in a voice of desolation, "The gate of Port Royal shut!—shut against the poor and friendless! God help us!"

While she yet stood there, with the equally bewildered Geneviève by her side, an old priest came up to them and said courteously, "Mesdames, you appear to be in some difficulty. Can I be of any use?"

"Can you explain *this* to me, monsieur?" asked Madame Montères, pointing to the gate.

The priest shrugged his shoulders slightly, and looked embarrassed. It was not very safe, in those days of persecution, to "explain" the affairs of Port Royal to strangers in the street. For Jansenists of high degree and their sympathisers there was the Bastille; and there were plenty of other dungeons for more lowly offenders. "I presume you are a stranger in Paris, madame," he said evasively.

"Only just arrived, with my daughter. I thought we had nothing to do but to come to this door, and to claim the ever-generous hospitality of my old friends, some of them my old fellow-pupils."

"Then it is my painful duty, madame, to inform you that the Convent of Port Royal de Paris has been, for the present, closed and placed under a military guard by Monseigneur the Archbishop of Paris, acting with the authority of the king."

"Closed? How? Has Monseigneur given the inmates a house elsewhere? Or, has a fever or some other infectious disease broken out in the convent?"

"Yes, madame," the priest replied, in a low mysterious tone, "that is what they say. A disease of the soul, not of the body. You comprehend?"

"No indeed, I do not comprehend. A disease of the soul amongst these saint-like women! Monsieur, surely you are wrong there."

"I cannot be wrong, madame, since I affirm nothing. I only repeat what others say. I am no judge of such matters; but where Monseigneur de Paris condescends to speak, a poor *diacre d'office* is at least bound to listen in silence. Learned doctors inform us that Jansenism is a disease of the soul, and what is more, the name they give it is *Heresy*." He lowered his tone as he breathed, rather than uttered the fatal word. "And for their cure," he added, after a pause, "the poor nuns—whom God help, for they were truly charitable ladies, and very good to the poor,—have been dispersed amongst various other communities. The Mother Abbess—Mère Angélique, as they call her—is dead, as, perhaps, you know already."

"I should have thought," said Geneviève, "that to disperse the nuns would have been rather the way to spread the disease. But, mother, what shall we do now? Whither shall we go?"

"Ah! I cannot think—not just yet," said Madame Montères, far more occupied just then with the misfortunes of Port Royal than with her own. "It is all so strange: so sad!" Then, looking once more at the closed gate, she lost her self-control, and faint already with fatigue, hunger, and excitement, she gave way to a flood of unaccustomed tears.

It was Geneviève's turn now to act the part of comforter.

"Come, dear mother," she said gently, putting her hand in hers, "we must not grieve thus. God will make it all right for the holy nuns, who are persecuted wrongfully. The king and the archbishop will soon discover that they have been falsely accused. Besides, you know, mother, even if there were a little heresy amongst them, there are very good people who are heretics, such as Edouard. We must find Edouard now at once, mother, that is all. Shall we go to look for him? You have the address of the Hôtel de Graffont written down. It is in your pocket-book."

Madame Montères, ashamed of her weakness, struggled to overcome it, and was soon successful. Her good sense told her it was not wise to stand weeping in the street, with the shades of evening drawing on, and no shelter for the night secured for herself or her daughter.

"Not now," she answered; "it is too late, and the Hôtel de Graffont much too far away. We must go somewhere for the night, and consider what to do in the morning."

"Where shall we go, mother? Back to the inn?"

Madame Montères shook her head. That at least was impossible. The way was far too long, even if it had been safe for them to attempt it on foot.

The priest, who had withdrawn to a little distance, probably to avoid hearing any expressions of opinion about Port Royal, now came forward again, and said, with much kindness: "If madame desires a safe lodging with honest people, I think I can find her one."

"I shall esteem it a great favour, monsieur," said Madame Montères, thankfully. She had a true countrywoman's horror of the city and its perils, a horror under the circumstances quite well founded and justifiable. "But," she added, with a little hesitation, "I ought to explain to monsieur that we are poor. We cannot afford to pay much."

"The honest people I speak of are poor themselves, and will let you have a little room for a very modest rent. The woman is a widow, with a son who supports her, a mason. It is not very far from this, just within the gates. I will bring you there, if you like."

The weary travellers were only too glad to accept the offer. Under the guidance of the friendly priest, they left the faubourg, re-entered the city, and traversed several narrow, dirty streets, with lofty, many-storied houses on either side. It was nearly dark by the time they stopped before one of these, and, still piloted by the priest, found their way up the ill-kept staircase, common to the whole house. They were glad enough at last to reach a cold, bare room, which, inhospitable and uninviting as it looked, had at least the merit of being safe and respectable, "amongst honest people," as the good priest said. Their landlady, a large, busy, stern-visaged woman, who looked quite able to hold her own in a street brawl, gave them some hot soup, with black bread and a measure of sour wine; while the young mason, who seemed a good-natured lad, brought some additional articles of furniture to their little room, and promised to fetch their luggage for them on the following day.

Flowers.

THE lilies of the field had charms for Him
Whose human eyes looked out upon the world
His power divine created, and therein
Set His own thoughts of tenderness and grace,
That we might read, and know Him, as in books,
Music, or pictures, uttered thoughts we read,
And know the thinker. But what thoughts are *His*,
Who made these living gems, these forms of grace,
These daily miracles of growth and life;
Life out of Death;—Beauty, from buried dust;
Change infinite, and sweetness without end!

MARIAN SAUNDERS WRIGHT.

MARY WILLARD.

ABOUT forty-five years ago a little girl was born in one of the Western States of America. She grew up among some of the loveliest scenes in nature, with sweet flowers blooming around her, with forest paths luring her steps to delightful rambles beneath the lofty arches of green, with the broad blue river flowing perpetually in her sight, and wide prairies stretching away in the distance. She grew up loving all that was fair, and beautiful, and grand, looking deeply and earnestly into the things that surrounded her everyday life, and longing to be, as she termed it, "good," that she might please the Father who had strewn her path with mercies, and be of some use in the world that He had made.

She grew up in a sweet, happy home, under the care of wise and loving parents, with a dearly loved brother, and a sister who was her inseparable companion and the confidant of her heart; she grew up with friends round about her, whose affection she won by her gentleness, purity, tender kindness, and loving thoughtfulness. She enjoyed great educational advantages, and drank deeply at the fountains of knowledge and of thought. There was little to shadow, little to sadden her life. Even the terrible realities of the war that broke out as she was verging into womanhood brought no sorrow into her own immediate circle. She knew how to drink in enjoyment from the common things which made up the everyday round. She had no peculiarities of temper to cloud the hours as they passed. And yet, although her short, sweet life might justly be called a happy one, there was an unrest, a hunger, a longing in her soul, which was never truly satisfied until the last, closing hour.

'Thou hast made us for Thyself, O God! and our heart is restless till it rests in Thee.' So wrote St. Augustine. But many know not whence comes the restlessness, nor what can satisfy it. Mary Willard did know, and that knowledge often calmed and soothed the longing of her spirit, and was a pledge to her of perfect peace to come.

Mary's life was quiet and uneventful. The bright sports and rambles of childhood were succeeded by some years of earnest and happy study, latterly at the North-Western Female College, Evanstown, Illinois, where she "graduated" at the age of seventeen. Two more years were spent in her home, and then, before the noon was reached, her earthly sun went down and her place here was empty. "Nineteen Beautiful Years" is the title given by Frances E. Willard, the well-known founder of the Christian Women's Temperance Union, to the biography of her beloved and cherished sister, and no title could be truer.[1] The glimpse it gives into the mind and heart of a simple, unpretending, yet gifted girl, is indeed a lovely one. Yet if one thought above all others is left on the reader's mind after perusing the record, it is this:

"None but Christ can satisfy."

Mary Willard had the feelings and the fancy of a poet, and the mind of a philosopher. In her journals we come across exquisite little bits of description, and thought and pleasant fancy. Of a rainbow she writes:

"When I saw that beautiful thing reaching to the horizon on the north and south, I thought the earth was like a great basket full of leaves and flowers, and the rainbow was the handle of it."

Describing the approach of autumn:

"Nature looks at us seriously—calmly; like a strong soul saying good-bye to life. The fruit is being gathered; choice plants are being taken out of the ground and carried to the greenhouse. We hear the notes of the wild geese; and looking up, see the long, triangular-shaped company with the apex towards the south, and as the peculiar, indescribable sound is heard, and as I gaze upon the flying columns, my heart aches, and I wish that I were as free as those birds; but I remember that by-and-by I shall be infinitely more free than they. Up in the sky the shroud will soon be woven that is to cover the earth. Death is whispered of in every leaf; but we are not afraid, as when a human creature dies . . . In nature death is not repulsive; it takes the form of rich maturity. The acorns fall upon the roof and rattle down its sides wearily, as if glad to be so near their rest; and they lie quietly on the ground waiting for a new life, as the dead among mortals lie before the resurrection."

Concerning plain people:

"Characters whose features must have perfect symmetry, which, if the outside had been beautiful, flattery and vanity might have marred. Many plain people are like chairs and couches of velvet, covered with brown holland, to preserve, not to attract."

In the evening:

"Night is coming—the kind old nurse whose head is grey with moonlight, and who so tenderly puts the tired world to sleep."

A meditation:

"Here followeth a statement of one of my *likes*, with illustrations to match: I like to hear one woman praise and compliment another woman unreservedly, if she deserves it; and I like her to be in her heart glad on account of the virtues and attractions of that other. I admire a character strong and generous enough to be delighted by the happiness of two persons who love each other; though he or she may be at that time almost unloved. I believe this is the grace of character which we all most need to cultivate, if we would be like Christ; for it seems to involve all other graces. I honour Will S. for manifesting so much pride and interest in the success of his friend H.'s graduating oration, and seeming to think but little how his own was received . . ."

[1] Published by Morgan.

Concerning melancholy:

"In my heart there is a wishful, regretful feeling which I cannot explain; but I am far from being unhappy. There are not many graves of dead hopes in my spiritual burying-ground, for I have had few in the first place; and in the second they have seldom died; and in the third it has hurt me but little when they did. No, I do not believe in young folks making sorrow for themselves. Never allow foolish fancies to 'put up,' and take the 'spare room' in your hearts, my friends. It is a sad thing when one arrives at the conclusion that

'This world's a wilderness of woe.'

The 'w's' roll in musically along the line; but the sentiment might be the chorus of misery."

About a mouth:

"There is Mr. ——, with his mouth drawn up like the opening of an old-fashioned work-bag. I do not think God meant it to look so disagreeable . . . I think that a person who will take the pains to hold his mouth by mere strength of will, so that it shall not look cross, until it gets amiable habits, is an obliging one, and deserves well of his countrymen."

A passage in one of the above extracts (the one describing autumn) reveals the deep vein of longing which ran through Mary Willard's nature. It was not discontent with her lot, but the yearnings of the heart for the only true filling. Of a book she had been reading she says:

"The main idea is that we can live in fancy if we please. That imagination takes us on the longest journeys with unequalled rapidity, and without fatigue . . . Oh, I am glad I have some imagination! But I wish that it were more vivid and more cultivated; for I need the balmy, spicy breeze from some rare, strange country on my brow; for my cheeks flush and my tongue is parched sometimes with the fever of loneliness and seclusion, so I am going to try this fancy travelling to keep my spirits up; for sometimes of late the tears come into my eyes, I hardly can tell why. But this complaint is most ungrateful; for blessings are showered upon me all the time; though this touch of the minor key will steal into the song of my life now and then. As it says in the book I have been reading, we want to get *Home* more than anything else. There are many who have no place they call 'Home'; yet I have one down here in this world. But it is the *eternal* one, after all, that will satisfy all our hungerings, and give us what we are striving for, often in such odd ways."

Her feeling was in truth what the German poet Geibel has called "Home-sickness for Eternity" or for the Infinite, which is really the cry of that nature originally made in the image of God, after Him. Mingled with this feeling there was a strange and very real dread of death, as the gate into what was utterly unknown. She writes:

"Oh this living!—and I live! Oh mystic circle of eternity!—and I must enter it! If it were not for Christ, should we not each cry out, 'Would that I had never been born?'" . . . . "Oh, this change 'in the twinkling of an eye' from all we loved and knew as pleasant and familiar—how terrible it is!"

It strikes the reader as remarkable that one who truly loved her Saviour, and whose sole trust was (as we gather from short allusions) in His blood, should have been "through fear of death all her lifetime subject to bondage." Part of this was, no doubt, constitutional. Still, it saddens the heart to see how, for want of clear light on Christ's finished work (and perhaps, moreover, on His glorious Person) this devout soul groped in the darkness. But the record of her inward conflict and striving shows how tenderly and truly God was holding and watching over His child, and how, even in the dark, such an one could "trust in the name of the Lord, and stay upon her God."

On her seventeenth birthday she wrote in her journal:

"O kind and loving God! On this happy natal morning I give Thee unfeigned thanks for life and the blessings it has brought me. . . . Still keep and preserve me, Father, up in heaven; and grant that when unworthy I am taken from this pleasant, pleasant world, I may, through Thy great love, go to live in one still more beautiful, for the sake of Christ our Saviour."

But a little later on we find the following entries:

"I am almost happy, and if I were a Christian I should be very happy indeed."

"I went to the prayer meetings to-night, and listened to the petitions offered so confidently to the God I know not of. Yet, I do know of him though . . . I have just been reading the Bible, and it says that God is pleased with a broken spirit, and that He wants to receive all those who sincerely desire Him, and that He is anxious to help us on in everything that is good and holy. Oh, is not some of this for me? Oh, Thou Who dost hear prayer, whether we are conscious of it or not, teach me how to do Thy will!"

At length she was led to declare herself openly on the Lord's side. She thus describes it:

"Last evening I went to class meeting, and told the kind Christian people that I wanted to be good. I was very much frightened before I began to speak. My heart beat until I seemed to feel it leaping against my side; but strength was given me to declare in public my determination to seek for a true life henceforth. To do this, I thought reasonable, and my duty. I have been educated to believe that one must come out boldly on the Lord's side in this world, where those who are on Satan's side make no secret of the fact. . . . When I had done so, my heart, that had fluttered so painfully, became suddenly quiet. The hurricane that had swept over me was past, and I felt so queer, so still.

"After that, I did not think about the people who were all around me. The honest, earnest words of Mr. F., the leader of the meeting, were unheeded for a while. I thought I saw a bright place far up in the sky, and in it shone a star. I felt sure that God was up there; I forgot my weakness, my sins, my darkness; I thought only of Jesus Christ, the Saviour of the world—*my Saviour;* and I clung to Him."

Sometime after this Mary and her sister made public profession of their faith by receiving baptism. On that day she writes:

"I never had the feelings of which many people speak. It did not come to me just in a minute that my sins were forgiven. No, it was not suddenly, but gradually, that things changed. I thought of God with love; the Bible seemed like a new book: I tried harder to do right than

ever before; and felt that I *was helped*. But I have never been wondrously happy, as some are; though I feel very quiet and at peace. Sometimes the pleasures of life, and the love of my friends rise up like a mist between me and God; but I know that, although we must expect temptations, the penetrating rays of His glory and love will make all clear again, if we use faith and prayer."

But the light and the peace ebbed and flowed alternately. Later on we read such remarks as the following:

"Just now I was reading the war news in the evening paper, and thought how the transactions of our day will be added to the 'Revised Editions' of the United States History, and little children will learn about them when we are dead. I was frightened, and I put the paper down and asked myself, 'Where shall I be then?' and resolved in Christ's strength to try still harder to be good."

Mary Willard had a deep sense of the importance of life as a gift to be used, not wasted. On her seventeenth birthday she writes:

"Dr F. closed the Bible after his discourse at the chapel yesterday, with these words: 'Brothers, with most men life is a failure.' What thought could be more sad than this? I'll try—oh, I *will* try, to fulfil God's design in my creation as well as I know how."

Later on:

"My brother and sister are going away to teach—to be of use in the world. I have sometimes read in books, and once or twice I have heard persons say, that in wealthy and fashionable society a teacher is looked down upon. I cannot understand this. Surely God sent us into the world to work for Him in whatever way He should appoint. It makes me proud that O. and F. are doing this. I should like to be of use as well as they, but I am to wait for awhile yet."

Again:

"'Mary, why were you born?' This is a question that I cannot answer yet. For something, I have no doubt; for what, I cannot tell. As the closely-folded leaves of the bud open steadily, but without haste—so does my life develop. Very soon, it seems to me, the light must fall into my heart, as the sunshine into the flower; and then my mission here will be declared to me. That I shall live much longer for myself alone can hardly be, I think. Who is happier because of me? Birds sing among the branches; flowers bloom; cool breezes fan my face; and the sky is deep and blue; all make me happier, and were made for that; but I am doing very little towards following this beautiful example which nature sets so lavishly before us. . . . Our little village is so quiet, and every one seems so happy, I do not see that I am needed here."

But later she says:

"It seems to me that time is, to most of us, like an accommodation train, with eternity for its destination. We have opportunities of being useful to those in the same car with us at least. . . . Shall we sit idle, and hear that child crying for water? or shall we take the cup from our basket and offer it to 'one of these?' Shall we not inform that young girl, who seems innocent and dependent, concerning the best route for the place that she would reach? Shall we not arrange the pillows for that poor invalid, who is from necessity our fellow-traveller? Oh, shall we not help every one who needs us? For soon, by some mischance, we may switch off on the side track of adversity, and then we shall wish for some friendly hand to aid us. But I will not fret about the future, but will try now to do with my might whatever is in my power."

The fulfilment of her desires for usefulness was to be attained in a manner she dreamed not of. She was not to *do* any grand work in the world, like the sister who has traced with loving pen her life's course. She was just to *be* a sweet example, a bright memory, an influence for good all down the years that have passed since she closed her eyes to earthly scenes.

In the spring days which had always brought delight to her, she began to fail. She had no idea that her sickness was unto death, though the thought came to her that she might have to bid adieu to her days of health and be always an invalid. She said: "I should like to be well, if only for one day, so that I might do good to some one. I have never helped anybody yet, unless one or two of my Sunday-school class; and I am not sure about that."

Her last words in her journal had nothing to do with herself, her feelings or her desires. She wrote:—

"As I was lying here a while ago, the thought of *the silence of God* came to me with great force. How patiently He waits for 'His own good time'; sees His laws broken all over the world, and the fiendish tyranny of human beings! The cry of the wretched and oppressed reaches His attentive ear; but He is silent amidst it all! And yet we who love and trust Him know full well that *God's day is marching on!*"

After this her sufferings greatly increased, yet she did not apprehend danger. She enjoyed as only a loving, grateful heart can, all the kindness and affection lavished on her, and all the mercies by which she was surrounded. Looking with admiration at a beautiful strawberry, she said, "See, mother! and think of all the warm days and the sunshine that God sent to make the berry ripe and red. I should not wonder if He remembered a poor, sick girl, named Mary ——, and meant that it should be for her. Is not that a pleasant thought?"

Shortly before the end a gleam of bright assurance was given her, and she said: "Do you know it has come to me lately, that if I died I should go right to heaven!" Still she clung to life and longed to get well. The night before her death she said to a friend: "Pray that I may not cough much, and that mother and I may have a beautiful sleep; and that if God is willing I may grow strong again." Before dawn she started up, saying she felt "so strange," and in a moment she became conscious of her danger; and with a deep-toned voice exclaimed: "None but God can help me now." "Then," writes her sister, "we who had always stood between her and danger could help her no more. We must put her hand in Christ's, and be content to leave her in His care."

"Mary," said her father, "if I should tell you that God wanted you to go to Him very soon, should you feel?"

"I did not think that I should die—I am so young," she answered; "but if God should want

me, I don't think I should be much afraid; but I would say, 'Take me, God!'"

Presently she added, "I wish Christ would come nearer."

Earnestly her parents prayed that she might realise His presence, and quickly and fully the answer came.

"Oh, He has come! He has come! He holds me by the hand! He is all mine—oh no, not all! He is everybody's; yet mine."

Then, lying with her eyes closed, she went on: "Christ talks to me. He says: 'She tried to be good, but she wandered. But I will forgive her and save her. I did not die to save good people, but sinners. I saved the thief on the cross.'"

To her brother and his affianced bride she sent this message: "Tell them to help others to be Christians." On being asked for a message to her Sunday-school class, she answered: "Tell them all to be good!" and then, gathering all her strength, she repeated: "Tell everybody to be good!"

In a poor garret in the east of London, a woman lay dying—a woman who had lived an ungodly, drunken life, yet at the end of it had found mercy through the atoning blood of Christ, and who now knew Him as her own Saviour. Some old companions came in to bid her farewell, and solemnly and earnestly she delivered her last message to them. It was the same as that of the pure-minded, gifted, and highly educated young girl: "Remember my dying words: be good." In both of them goodness meant *Christ*, and *Christ* meant goodness.

And now, not mournfully and resignedly, but readily and willingly, stretching out her hands to the right, Mary Willard murmured: "Take me quick—dear God, take me—on this side," and fell asleep. The longing soul was satisfied at last.

But is there no present supply for the hungering and thirsting of the spirit—nothing to satisfy, in some measure, its longings in this life? There is, indeed; Christ fully apprehended, Christ fully received, satisfies *now:* "Whosoever drinketh of the water that I shall give him shall never thirst, but the water that I shall give him shall be in him a well of water, springing up into everlasting life."

So, as the late Ray Palmer sang:

> From thee, O Rock, once smitten, flow
> Life-giving streams for ever;
> And whoso doth their sweetness know,
> He henceforth thirsteth never;
> My lips have touched the crystal tide,
> And feel no more returning,
> My fever that so long I tried
> To cool, yet felt still burning.
> Ah, wondrous Well-spring, brimming o'er
> With living waters evermore!

"Ho! every one that thirsteth, come ye to the waters!"

SARAH GERALDINA STOCK.

HANS SACHS:

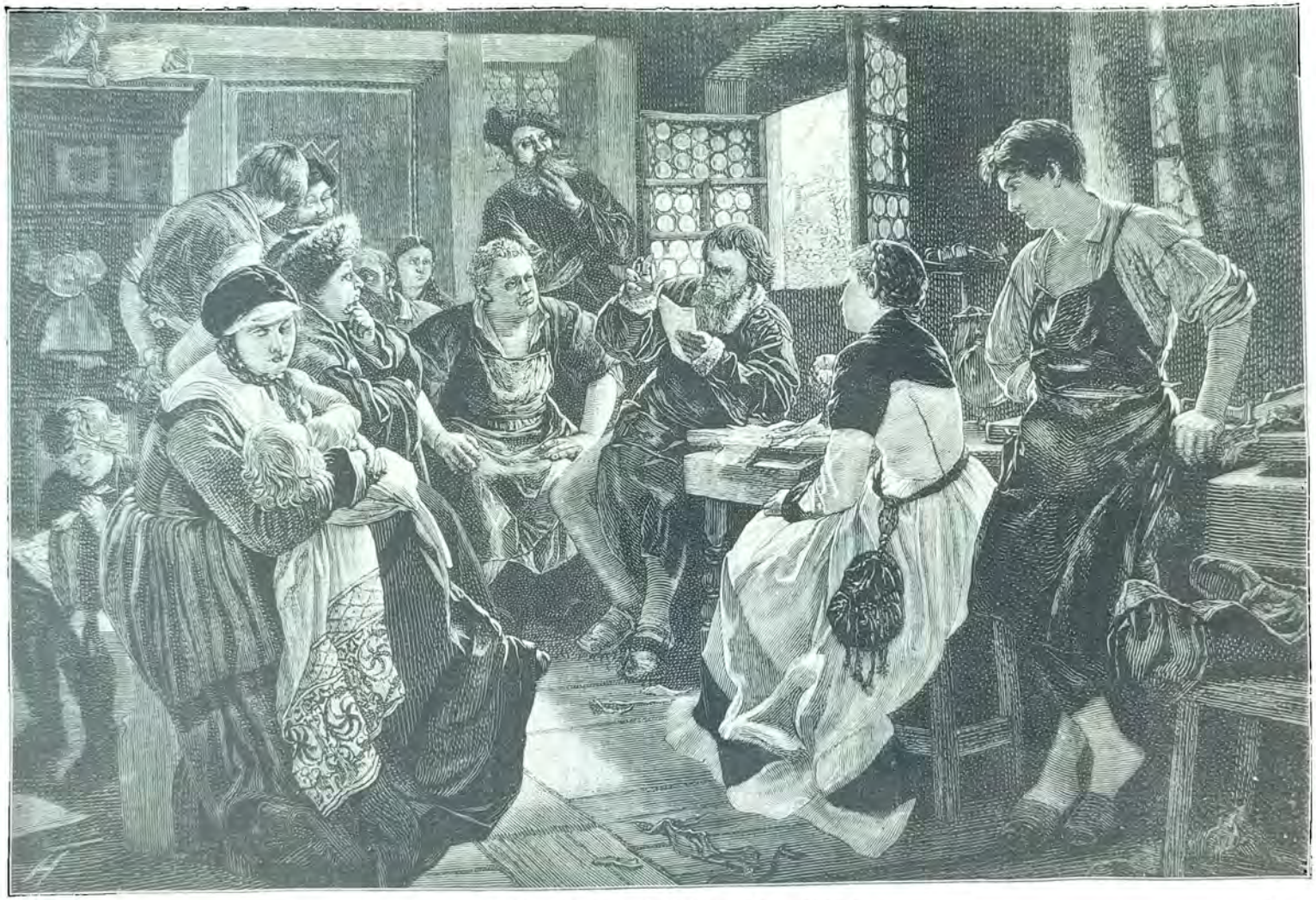
SHOEMAKER AND POET.

BY THE REV. JOHN KELLY, TRANSLATOR OF GERMAN "HYMNS OF THE PRESENT CENTURY."

IT was in the palmy days of Nüremberg, that Hans Sachs, the last of the master-singers, whose name is widely known, lived. Luther in his Table-Talk praises it as a wealthy and well-ordered city. It was one of the free cities of the Empire, and foremost alike in commercial enterprise and in patronage of art. Among the distinguished fellow-citizens and contemporaries of Hans Sachs were the painter Wohlgemuth and his pupil Albert Dürer. The time, too, as well as the place of Hans Sachs's birth was remarkable. It was the eve of the Reformation. He was born in the year 1494, on the 5th of November, thirteen years after Luther, and became an active agent in the dissemination among the people of the truth which Luther proclaimed, and in assailing the Papacy which Luther attacked.

His father, a master tailor, a man apparently in good circumstances, sent him to one of the Latin schools, where young Hans was taught grammar, rhetoric, logic, music, arithmetic, Greek, Latin, astronomy, poetry, philosophy, &c. In one of his autobiographical poems he repudiates all claim to be a learned man, praising God for bestowing on him, an unlearned man, who knew neither Greek nor Latin, so gracious a gift that his poetry could flourish and bring forth fruit. But this repudiation must be taken with some qualification, for in another poem in which he refers to his progress at school, he says that he learned to discourse Greek and Latin "nicely, truly and purely." Moreover, he reproduced some of the earlier Latin hymns in German, and translated the "Henno" of Reuchlin, and the "Hecastus" of Macropedius with great fidelity.

There does not seem to have been any intention of giving him a learned training. He received the education usually given to boys of his own class. It was customary for the sons of well-to-do parents to go through the Latin school. Hans was apprenticed to a shoemaker at the end of his fifteenth year, and during his apprenticeship probably became initiated in the mysteries of master-singing which was cultivated at that time in societies of tradesmen in every town, particularly among shoemakers, weavers, and curriers. His instructor in this art was Lienhart Nunnenbeck, a linen weaver.



HANS SACHS READING HIS POEMS.

The master-singers were the successors of the minnesingers. Heinrich von Meissen, who was born in 1250 and died in 1318, formed the link of connection between the two orders. His songs form the transition from the courtly minne or love songs of the crusading period to the middle class (bürgerlich) master-songs. Among his songs, which are to a large extent love ones, there are some more serious in tone. He seems to have led a wandering life until the year 1312, when, according to tradition, he settled in Mayence, married, and founded the first school of master-singers. It is said that he was a Doctor of Theology and Canon of Mayence. As a poet he was exceedingly productive. He used his learning to the detriment of his poetry, and the obscurity of his style renders many of his songs unintelligible to modern readers. Nevertheless he composed many good songs, and said many good things—particularly in praise of women. He is never tired of sounding the praises of the good wife—of singing of chaste love and the bliss of wedded life. For this reason he was called Frauenlob (Praise of women)—by which name he is known in the history of literature. On his death, women, an old chronicler relates, bore him to his burial and poured libations of wine on his grave in the cathedral. His tomb was destroyed during the last century and restored in the year 1842.

In the fourteenth century the master-song flourished in many other places besides Mayence—in Strasburg, Colmar, Frankfurt; in the fifteenth century, in Nüremberg and Augsburg, and subsequently in Breslau, but chiefly in the South German towns. The clubs or guilds of master-singers consisted principally of citizens or handicraftsmen who studied the art of singing and poetry according to clearly-defined rules for purposes of mutual edification and instruction, pleasing to God and to the world. In the majority of cases the masters of different trades who were fond of singing, associated themselves in a singing society. It was rarely that any society was composed exclusively of the masters of the same trade. The rules were very strict. Thirty-two related to words and syllables. Every member was taught by a recognised master, and all free production was prohibited. After passing through a course of instruction the pupil had to submit to trial in a public assembly of the school. If he passed successfully and showed that he understood the art of rhyming according to the code he became a "school-friend"—*i.e.* he ceased to be an apprentice. In order to become a master, the school-friend required to invent a "master-tune." In many schools there were some intermediate stages. The rigidity in the application of the laws of the singing-school was not universally submitted to. Only tunes by certain old masters were permitted to be sung. Nestler of Speier—an otherwise unknown poet—ventured on a new tune, which was not authorised by the school at Mayence. He had not connected his name with it, but it must have become known. A controversy broke out on the subject, which led to a new epoch in the history of master-song. A poet in Worms—Hans Folz by name—entered the lists against the Mayence school. In the end Folz migrated to Nüremberg, where some poetical life existed, which was still further stimulated by him and confirmed by the establishment of a master-school. In one of his songs Hans Sachs celebrates the foundation of the Nüremberg school, giving the names of the twelve founders, characterising each of them. The two last in his list were Hans Folz—whom he describes as the renowned German poet—and his own instructor, Lienhart Nunnenbeck. The meetings of the master-singers usually took place at an inn, where there was greater freedom, but the chief meeting took place on Sunday after service in the church. König, in his "History of German Literature," quotes a graphic description, true to the usages of the master singers, of one of their Sunday meetings at which the Emperor Maximilian was present, from August Hagen's interesting tale "Norica." In it Nunnenbeck is represented as taking part, and we get a glimpse of Hans Sachs.

"The interior of the church was beautifully decorated, and from the choir, which was to be occupied by the emperor, hung a costly purple curtain. Very solemn did the company of the noble master-singers look, who sat on the benches round about, some of them long-bearded old men; others smooth-faced young men, who, however, were all as quiet and earnest as if they belonged to the seven wise men of Greece. All of them were arrayed in silk garments, green, blue, and black, with elegantly folded pointed collars. Near the pulpit was the singing chair. It was only smaller, otherwise like a pulpit, which the master-singers had caused to be built at their own expense, and was adorned to-day with a gay carpet. In front, in the choir, a low scaffolding might be seen, on which a table and a desk were placed. It was the place where the marker, who took notes of the mistakes which the singers made in the form—against the rules laid down in" (what was called) "the Tabulatur; in the contents—against the narrative in the Bible, and the histories of the saints. When the emperor appeared, the liveliest commotion took place. A grey-haired master stepped up to the singing chair, and the marker called out 'begin.' It was Conrad Nachtigall (nightingale), a locksmith, who sang so plaintively that he fully vindicated his right to his name. He said many beautiful things, in very skilful rhymes and turns of expression, about the heavenly Jerusalem. From the marking-place, one of the masters read after him in the Bible, another counted the syllables on the fingers, and a third wrote down what these two whispered to him from time to time. But the masters below also were attentive and active, though silent. With their fingers they followed the metre. By their nods it was known when the speaker made a mistake here and there. After Master Nachtigall came the turn of a youth, Fritz Kothner, a bell-founder, who had chosen the history of creation as the subject of his poem. But the poor man was embarrassed and could not get on, and the marker bade him leave the singing-chair.

"From the singing-chair the voice of Lienhart Nunnenbeck might now be heard; a venerable old man in black dress. All wondered as he, according to the Apocalypse, described the Lord at whose throne the lion, the calf, the eagle, and the man, give glory and honour and thanks to Him that sitteth on the throne, and liveth for ever and ever; how the four-and-twenty elders cast their crowns before Him who hath created all things, and how they have made their robes white in the blood of the Lamb; how the angels who stood round about the throne and

round the elders, and the four beasts fell on their faces and worshipped God. When Nunnenbeck finished, every one was delighted, and the countenance of Hans Sachs, who was his grateful pupil, beamed with joy. Then another youth came forward as the fourth and last singer. He belonged to the guild of weavers, was called Michael Behaim, and had seen many countries. With indefatigable energy, he had practised the art of singing, and compared himself with justice to a miner who laboriously digs and seeks for precious gold.

"When Michael Behaim had finished his poem 'Of Two Maidens,' the markers left their place. The first went up to Nunnenbeck, congratulated him at some length, and hung about him a silver chain with the image of King David. The second adorned Behaim's head with a beautiful wreath of silk flowers that suited him very well. These gifts were not presents however, but only distinctions for the day. The festival was over for the day, and all pressed forward with real sympathy to those who had received the gifts joyfully to press their hands."

"Such," says König, "were the Sunday recreations of the handicrafts' men of the Middle Ages, and they contributed to preserve not only strict discipline and honesty, but a sense of the noble and beautiful in the German burgher class. For this master-song continued for many centuries. Its palmiest days were in the sixteenth century; but even the wars of the seventeenth did not extinguish it; it was still existing in the eighteenth. The last singing school was held in Nüremberg in 1770. In Ulm it continued until the present century. On the 21st of October, 1839, the last four members, who have since all died, handed over their long-preserved treasures (school register, tabulatur, banner, &c.) to the Ulm Song-wreath[1] (Lieder-Kranz) as the natural successor, and representative in modern times of the old master-singers, with the request that the banner should be carried by one of them by the side of their own on festive occasions as long as any of them was alive."

The art of the master-singers was chiefly devoted to sacred subjects.

"The Bible on the desk of the marker called forth independent reflection by provoking comparison of its contents with the doctrines of the church and the abuses that had arisen. Thus preparation was made in the singing-schools for the work of the Reformation."[2]

At the end of his apprenticeship, in the year 1511, Hans Sachs set out on his travels as a journeyman, and visited a great many cities in Germany; he traversed, in fact, the greater part of it, and paid flying visits to Genoa and Rome also. It was at Wels, where he was for some time in the service of the Emperor Maximilian, as huntsman, that he received, he tell us, the call to be a poet which he eagerly obeyed, while he continued to pursue his trade. He visited and assisted in the master-school at Munich and conducted a similar one at Frankfurt himself. In the year 1513 he wrote his first master-song. It was "A Lover's Parting Song," and in the following year the sacred song "the Gloria Patri."

On his return to Nüremberg in 1516, after five years' absence, during which period he had kept himself free from vice of every kind, he became a master tailor, and married Künigunde Creutzerin, of Wendelstein, with whom he passed above forty years of happy married life. By her he had two sons and five daughters, all of whom he survived. A year and a half after the death of his wife he married a second time. This union lasted till his own death in 1576, in the eighty-first year of his age. His poetry bears abundant testimony to the charms of both his wives, and the wedded bliss he enjoyed with them.

As a tradesman Hans Sachs was diligent in business. So little was he ashamed of his lowly occupation that he often signed his poems, Hans Sachs, shoemaker. In his leisure hours he was diligent in the cultivation of his mind and the practice of the art of poetry. With indefatigable industry he acquired large stores of knowledge. He was familiar with the old German literature as well as with the novels of Italy and the history and poetry of Greece and Rome—above all he was well versed in the Scriptures which had been made accessible to the people by Luther. He followed the Reformation from its very dawn in Germany with the liveliest interest, and he entered keenly into the conflict. It found followers in Nüremberg, and took root among the burgher classes of the population. The hymn "Salve Regina" of Herman Contractus, which had been universally sung, was altered by Sebald Heyden, a poet who was also a schoolmaster, into "Salve Jesu Christe," and published in its new form. This rejection of Mariolatry and the invocation of the Saviour instead of His mother, stirred up the passionate opposition of the Dominicans, the Franciscans, and particularly of the Carmelites. The controversy that arose on the subject was warmly taken up by the burghers, and was calmly watched by the council of the city, who at length declared themselves against the Roman Catholics by abolishing the "Salve" altogether, because many who were ignorant of Latin thought that they were still listening to the old version when they heard the new, and the people might beome confirmed in unbelief. Heyden who had hitherto been chanter (cantor) was promoted to be rector, and in 1524 the Council declared itself openly for the Reformation. These movements had their effect on Hans Sachs. For three years, from 1520, he produced no songs, and very few poems intended to be recited. During these years the most important and effective of Luther's writings appeared, and were quickly brought to Nüremberg through the flourishing bookselling trade that was carried on there, and thus became known to the young master. They overmastered him, and were studied with the greatest care by him. Luther's translation of the Bible appeared in 1522. It became his favourite book. This time of quiet study bore good fruit. In 1523 he wrote his celebrated piece "The Wittenberg Nightingale, who is heard everywhere." In it he compares Luther to a nightingale whose notes herald the dawn, the Pope to a lion (Leo x.), the bishops and priests to wolves, the monks and nuns to serpents. He represents the stray sheep as brought back from the wilderness to a sunny meadow by the voice of the nightingale, and concludes with an exhortation to all Christians to return from the Papal wilderness to the Good Shepherd Jesus Christ. His poetic gift was

[1] A Singing Society. [2] Uhland, quoted by König.

now called into exercise once more, and in the following years his songs were all spiritual and chiefly biblical in their contents, with the exception of a few fables and earnest parables. He wrote also prose dialogues in furtherance of the Reformation, which show how earnestly he strove to attain to independent convictions on the great subjects of his time, how firmly he held them, and how strong his faith was that the good work would have a good issue. His patriotism was deep and he spoke out the truth to princes, as well as to the Pope and Priesthood, exhorting them to unity, self-denial, and public spirit, in particular to set an example of civic virtue to their own class. He praises, moreover, the happiness of marriage and of domestic life, the blessedness of work, a quiet godly life, as that on which the morality and piety of the family depend. "His mother wit, sound sense, joyous disposition and irrepressible humour have full play in his comic pieces."[1]

It was from the Old Testament chiefly that he derived the subjects and drew the inspiration for his religious dramas, which were, we are told, the means of diffusing the breath of the sound piety and Scriptural knowledge of the Protestant burgers of the towns. The drama was not discountenanced by the Reformation in Germany. Luther regarded it with favour, particularly Biblical pieces.

The thorough-going evangelical faith and spirit of Hans Sachs find clear expression in many of his pieces. One in particular brings this out experimentally, giving us a glimpse into his inner life at a critical period. It is an autobiographical piece. In it he describes how, at one time, his fulness of earthly happiness made him self-sufficient and forgetful of God, how he was left to himself and fell, but was brought back. The following is a prose rendering of the closing lines of the piece: "Now I notice His grace and goodness; in contrast, my own godless disposition, that is only inclined to evil (as our walk shows every day), is subject to flesh and blood, and offers opposition to the will of God, and falls seven times a day, if God does not hold us up, plunges us through tribulation and a heavy fall, that our pride may be abated, that we may all truly acknowledge ourselves to be unprofitable servants and poor sinners, to whom God's mercy has sent us Jesus Christ the Saviour from Heaven, who died for us on the cross and obtained grace and favour for us with the Father. He is the Advocate for us all, and the Mediator also between us sinners and God, for He daily intercedes for us, reconciles and faithfully represents us whenever we truly cry unto Him only."

The literary productiveness of Hans Sachs was something almost unexampled. In all, he wrote over six thousand pieces of various kinds, containing, it has been estimated, about half a million of lines. In such a mass of work it is little wonder that a certain portion is of comparatively little poetical value, that the language is mixed with local peculiarities, and the versification often careless. But making allowance for such drawbacks, taking his work as a whole, his title to be regarded as the greatest German poet of his own time, nay, more, of the sixteenth century, is undisputed, and indisputable.

During the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries Hans Sachs was despised and ridiculed as,

——A shoe-
Maker and poet too.

but Goethe did him justice in his Poetical Mission of Hans Sachs,[1] picturing "the wreath of oak—ever green—hovering in the clouds, which posterity places upon his head." Honour was done to his memory also in his native city by the memorial which was erected there in 1874, an honour well deserved, for as König says, "he was wholly a poet, and moreover a people's poet, who was not hindered either by the restraints of the school of song nor by his learning from writing quite in the tone of the people."

[1] König's "Deutsche Litteratur-Geschichte." To this work, and to "Dichtungen von Hans Sachs, herausgegeben von Karl Godeke und Julius Tittmann; 3 Bde. mit Einleitungen, Zweite verbesserte Auflage," Leipzig, 1883-5, &c., the writer would acknowledge his obligations.

[1] "Hans Sachsen's Poetische Sendung," written after the manner of the master song in 1776.

BIBLE NOTES AND QUERIES.

Mark iv. 11, 12: "Unto you it is given to know the mystery of the kingdom of God: but unto them that are without, all these things are done in parables: that seeing they may see, and not perceive; and hearing they may hear, and not understand; lest at any time they should be converted, and their sins should be forgiven them."

THE quotation here, and in Matt. xiii. 13–15; John xii. 39, 40; Acts xxviii. 26, 27, is from Isaiah vi. 9, 10. All five passages should be studied together. The prophet's message would have the effect of hardening those whom it did not convince. But it must be noted that the obduracy is, in the first instance, self-caused: God does but visit upon men the consequences of their rejection of His truth. They *will* not see, and so at last they *cannot*. The spiritual susceptibility is so dulled that in the end it becomes almost or altogether lost. In truth, the principle is one of the widest application. For in art, music, morals, there must be a receptivity in the soul in order to true discernment. Christ uttered His parables with this principle in view. To the humble and sincere they were full of meaning, to the cold-hearted and sensual they were but idle tales. The phrase "lest they should be converted" refers to

the consequence of enlightened and reverent attention, and declares this consequence forfeited in the case of those of an opposite temper—"*so that it comes about* that they neither turn nor are forgiven." The words do not express the Saviour's wish concerning them, but the result of their own spiritual insensibility.

Psalm li. 4: "Against Thee, Thee only, have I sinned, and done this evil in Thy sight; that Thou mightest be justified when Thou speakest, and be clear when Thou judgest."

There are two important questions in connection with the interpretation of this passage.

First, how can David affirm that his sin had been against Jehovah *only?* Had he not sinned against Uriah, against Bathsheba, against his family, to whom he had set so grievous an example; against the state, that he had disgraced and imperilled? Feeling the force of these considerations, Jennings and Lowe propose the translation: "Against Thee, Thou only, Self-existent One, have I sinned." But the better view appears to be that the mind of David is so absorbed in the contemplation of his offence as a sin against the Infinite Majesty and Love, as to put out of sight for the time all its other aspects. Then, it must be remembered that as every earthly relation derives its true character and claim from the Divine, all transgression against our fellows is, in its deepest meaning, an offence against God Himself. The *only* therefore is more than justifiable.

But does David not seem, at least, to say that the purpose of his sin was to make the Divine justice more apparent? "I have sinned *in order that* Thou mightest be," etc. Such an interpretation would of course be inadmissible. It would imply the absurdity that David deliberately offended that the Divine justice might be magnified. But it is observable that both the Old Testament and the New often speak of *result* in language that seems to imply *intention.* The issue, which, as a matter of fact, sprang from a certain line of action, is set forth as though it were the purpose in view. Thus (Hosea viii. 4): "Of their silver and their gold have they made them idols, that they may be cut off." The result of their idol-making is represented as though it were the intention of the makers. So the sin of David led to the manifestation of the Divine righteousness. God was "justified," *i.e.*, shown manifestly to be just in His sentence, and "clear," *i.e.*, His character fully vindicated, in His judgment. For this David's transgression was overruled, even as though it were committed for this purpose. Dean Perowne well remarks that the Hebrew mind never "exactly defined for itself the distinction between an action viewed as the *consequence* and the same action viewed as the *end* of another action. The mind which holds the simple fundamental truth that all is of God, may also hold, almost as a matter of course, that all is designed of God. That from such a view, where the conscience is not healthy, a perilous misconception may arise, is clear from the way in which St. Paul argues upon this very passage in Rom. iii. 5, where he refutes the possible perversion that men are at liberty to sin because thereby God's righteousness is commended."

It will be observed that this passage in the Romans gives the words somewhat differently from those in the Psalm, reading, "That Thou mightest be justified in Thy sayings, and mightest overcome when Thou art judged." This latter clause (in which the apostle follows the Septuagint), if correctly translated, intimates that God's dealings, when rightly judged by man, vindicate themselves to his reason and conscience so as to "overcome" any objector or challenger. The meaning is not essentially different from that of the Psalm. But the R.V. brings the two into yet nearer accord, by translating the last clause of Rom. iii. 4, "When Thou comest into judgment." Dean Vaughan renders "when Thou enterest into trial as a litigant;" adding, "This figure is of frequent use in the prophets when expostulating for God with men. God is represented as having a controversy with them; appealing sometimes to heaven and earth, sometimes to man himself, to decide the question as to the reasonableness and justice of His dealings with him (Isa. i. 2, 18; xliii. 26; Jer. xxv. 31; Hosea iv. 1; xii. 2; Micah vi. 2). It is thus that David declares that this one sin of his will be enough to decide the great controversy between God and man, in favour of God's justice, mercy, and truth."

Hebrews vi. 4-6: "For it is impossible for those who were once enlightened, and have tasted of the heavenly gift, and were made partakers of the Holy Ghost, if they shall fall away, to renew them again unto repentance." What is the true interpretation of this passage?—A. P.

Our correspondent should have completed the quotation, as the rest of the passage states the condition which makes repentance impossible—"Seeing they crucify to themselves the Son of God afresh, and put Him to an open shame." For *seeing* the margin of R. V. reads *the while*; and this, no doubt, gives the exact sense. The passage does not sentence the persons named to hopeless ruin, *because they have* crucified to themselves the Son of God, but declares that *so long as they persist* in doing this, no renewal is possible. The reference is to those who having embraced Christianity, had fallen away to Judaism. There were many such in the early days of the church. It should be noted that the words as they stand in our authorised version "if they shall fall away" are an inexact translation. They should be in continuance of the preceding clauses: "were enlightened—and have tasted—and were made partakers—and have fallen away." There is no *if* in the matter. Certain persons well known to the writer and the readers of the Epistle are intended. "So long as they cling to the law, there is no gospel for them, *i.e.*, no repentance." The case is exactly that described in Galatians v. 4.

The question whether these persons were *truly regenerate,* is one which the passage does not decide. They had professedly accepted Christianity; they had acknowledged and experienced many of its influences; they may have even

"done wondrous things" in the name of Jesus; but we are elsewhere told that there were some of whom all this was true to whom He would say "I never knew you." Supposing such persons to be intended here; they were "enlightened" with the knowledge of Christianity as truth; they had "tasted of the heavenly gift" in proving something of the power and sweetness of religion: and had been "made partakers of the Holy Ghost" by entering the circle of professed discipleship in which His influences were imparted; and had "tasted the good word of God," or rather "had tasted the word of God that it was good," and "the powers of the world to come," *i.e.*, the spiritual influences characteristic of the coming age, the great dawning future of the world's history, the Christian era. All this the persons in question experienced, and yet they fell away! They advanced as far as any can advance short of that decisive step which unites the soul to Christ for ever. Yet they went back to a Judaism which virtually, and pushed to its natural result, would "crucify Him afresh and put Him to an open shame."

THE HAUNTED RUIN.

CHAPTER I.

HIGH up on the cliff, and facing the ocean, not many miles from one of our large south-eastern sea-ports, there stood, nearly a hundred years ago, a fine old family mansion, belonging, at the time of which we are writing, to Sir Hubert Grandcourt.

It was a handsome, imposing-looking house, built in the Elizabethan style round a square courtyard, and standing in its own grounds, which, at the back of the house, sloped away for acres and acres, towards the open downs, and the rich corn-fields beyond.

On a line with the Hall, as the house was called, but some half-mile away in a northerly direction, were the remains of an old ruined abbey. In its best days it had never been beautiful, and now, fallen into hopeless disrepair, it had the melancholy, desolate appearance that repels rather than attracts the eye. Even visitors did not trouble themselves to take more than a casual look at the dingy pile of broken stone which had no ancient historical association to give it an interest.

But if the ruin was connected with no thrilling histories from the long ago, it yet possessed an attraction, of a certain weird kind, for the ignorant and superstitious fisher-folk and farm-labourers who formed the principal part of the population of this village of Eastcliffe.

A legend of its having been haunted in old times, by the ghosts of wicked old monks, wrapt in their white grave-clothes, had of late been revived; for some of the villagers —simple, God-fearing folk enough—had solemnly averred that now and again, on dark nights, they had seen, as they passed the ruin, the occasional gleam of ghostly lights among its broken arches, while, at rare intervals, a dim, white, spectral form had been seen flitting in and out among the scattered stones, vanishing as though into the very heart of the earth at last.

But if these vulgar mysteries puzzled the villagers, they did not disturb the mind of old Sir Hubert Grandcourt and his worthy wife the Lady Bridget.

Indeed they had troubles enough already, of a real and tangible kind, without concerning themselves about the business of ghosts and their draughty dwellings among the ruins of the ugly old Abbey.

Truth to say, most of the troubles of the old Baronet were connected with his only son Harold, who, foolishly and weakly indulged from infancy, had grown up into a wild, dissipated manhood, recognising no authority, conforming to no rules, and seeming to think that a son's sole duty was to spend his father's substance.

This sole duty he performed with most conscientious diligence, until at last Sir Hubert's means had become straitened through the continual strains upon his purse, and he told his son severely that he should no longer be answerable for his debts, nor interfere to save him from the consequences of his own rash folly.

"You must learn to shift for yourself now, Harold," said Sir Hubert, in a stern voice, though his eyes were moist and his lips quivering. "You have all but ruined me by your extravagance, and broken my heart by your vices. Henceforth expect no further help; you must do as better men have done before you, and work for your living."

But Harold, whose life of self-indulgence had not fitted him for any honest employment, answered his father's reproof with angry and bitter words, and left the old man's presence, his heart full of mingled rage and remorse, his brain burning with wild schemes.

Sir Hubert let him go; he said nothing to keep him. Lady Bridget had met her son in the hall, and wept and hung upon his neck, but she dared not utter a word, for the young man's brow was lowering and black as a thunder-cloud, and though for a moment he suffered his mother's caresses, he did not respond to them, but tearing himself away as quickly as might be, opened the door, and got out.

There was only one in that household who ventured to follow Harold as he flung himself out of the house, and who dared to whisper a few words of loving remonstrance and entreaty. This was Wilfrid Grandcourt, a cousin of Harold: an orphan lad who had been adopted by Sir Hubert and his lady, and whose patrimony—left in trust for him—had, it was whispered, gone the way of the old man's money in payment of Harold's debts.

Wilfred was not ignorant of this, but he did not resent it, nor did he hate his cousin on that account. Very early in life, while his godly and beloved parents were yet alive, the lad had chosen, once for all, whom he would serve; and as the years went by, bringing sorrow and bereavement, he had only clung the closer to that Friend who is above all others. Striving earnestly to be like Him, he had learned

also to love for Christ's sake those who seemed unworthy, and to trace, even in the characters that sin had most deeply marred, some lingering likeness to the image Divine in which God has made us all.

And so it came to pass that it was Wilfrid, and he alone, who had the courage to grasp Harold's arm as the young man was leaving his father's home—as he believed—for ever.

"For God's sake, stop, Harold!" exclaimed the lad holding in both hands the powerful arm of his cousin. "Do nothing rash! Ask your father's pardon, and he will gladly receive you again. Oh, Harold, for his sake, for your poor mother's, for mine, nay for your own too, give up all that is evil, and let us welcome you back to our hearts and to your home. Dear cousin, risk not your precious soul for what can give you no true comfort or joy. Come back with me now, Harold, and let us henceforth try to help one another to do the right; for indeed I am often sorely tempted too, and where were any of us but for the mercy and the patience of our Heavenly Father."

"A truce to all this, Wilfrid!" rejoined Harold roughly. "I mean to go my own way, and you might turn a rock more easily than you will turn me. And as for fathers, I've had more than enough of one father, and I'm not disposed to try another. Nay, go your ways, cousin mine," he added in a softened tone, as the moonlight showed him great tears in Wilfrid's eyes. "I'm not worth weeping over, and that's the truth! But if there is a soft spot in this hard heart of mine, you've got it, Will my boy; and if such blessings as mine were worth anything, I'd say God bless you, Wilfrid, by way of good-bye."

"Say it Harold! Oh, do say it!" exclaimed the lad eagerly. "Bless me, that some blessing may rest also upon yourself." And Wilfrid clasped his cousin's hands, and gazed up in the dark face with a yearning look of passionate intensity.

There was a moment of silence, during which Harold's face worked, his lips trembled. Then he said brokenly, "The God whom I have neglected and hated all my life through, bless you, Wilfrid, as truly as He has cursed me."

"O stay! stay!" cried the boy, as Harold wrenched himself away and bounded across the garden path. "Stay, Harold! God curses not! He is ready to bless!"

But the eager words were unheard, for the young man had already scaled the wall that bounded the terrace at the very edge of the cliff, and was now, with the agility of some wild animal, running down the steep steps cut in the face of the rock, to the shore below.

Lady Bridget mourned for her son as one that would not be comforted; and as the weeks went by, and no tidings came of the young man, she began to pine and sicken, growing thinner and paler every day, and taking no interest in anything that went on around her.

Sir Hubert—sturdy old gentleman that he was—bore up bravely, and no casual observer would have supposed that he felt any real pain in the alienation of his only child; but those who knew him well, could not but see that from the hour that Harold turned his back upon his home and went forth to shift for himself, the old man's face had undergone a change; the lines in it had deepened, the bright clear eyes were sunken and heavy, and often dim with unshed tears.

It was now that Wilfrid's influence in the desolate home began to make itself felt. Hitherto he had been in the background, taken but little notice of by his uncle and aunt, and though treated with uniform kindness, no affection had ever been shown him. Often enough the lad's heart had pined for a little love, but no one had seemed to care for him, and in his great loneliness he had learned to lean upon that Love which fails not—upon an arm whose gentleness is as its strength, infinite; upon the Saviour whose he was, and whom he earnestly sought to serve.

But now that Sir Hubert and Lady Bridget were in such sore grief and trouble, Wilfrid's sympathy could not hide itself. Quietly and unobtrusively the lad anticipated their wishes, and endeavoured to cheer their loneliness, to comfort their desolate hearts, by lavishing upon them all the loving, thoughtful little attentions that a dutiful child of their own might have rendered; till soon they began to depend upon him, to take comfort in his love and a pride in his manly bearing and his frank handsome face. Indeed, now, for the first time since he had come to live at the Hall, he was treated as one very near and dear to the old baronet and his lady wife.

Once, and once only, Wilfrid had ventured to mention his cousin's name; but on that occasion he had been sternly checked by his uncle, who forbade him ever again to speak in his presence of the disgraced Harold. But later in the day Lady Bridget had come to the boy in his own little room, and with sobs and tears entreated him to tell her of his last interview with her prodigal son. And as Wilfrid repeated Harold's words, adding his own conviction that his cousin had too much real goodness in him to go utterly wrong, and saying that he should pray earnestly and constantly for his return to his home, and to a new life, poor Lady Bridget clasped the boy in her arms, and cried:

"Oh, child, child! pray for me too, for I have neither faith nor hope, and my heart is breaking. God has taken from me my only child, and he may be dying or dead, or hopelessly lost in sin and shame; and I am helpless, so helpless!"

Wilfrid let his aunt sob out her trouble for a while; then, when she was quieter, he soothed her with gentle caresses and tender words, whispering of the peace of God, which passes understanding, of the comfort which comes to the stricken soul, if it will but trust all in the Father's hands. And as he spoke, something of his own confidence and hope stole into the heart of the poor woman, and wiping her streaming eyes, she kissed Wilfrid lovingly on cheeks and brow, and went away to her room, there in silence and solitude to commit her cause to the unseen but ever-present Friend, of whose readiness to hear and help, she had been reminded by the orphan lad.

It was about three months after this that great excitement prevailed in the neighbourhood, on account of a large quantity of smuggled goods having been found stored in a cave in the cliff, about a mile away from the village. For many years that part of the coast had been a favourite resort of smugglers, because of the many convenient creeks and little bays which at high water made it easy to approach quite close to the shore. Here the free traders could hide their goods in the dark recesses which Nature herself had hewn out of the solid rock, and it was not often that these hiding-places were discovered, so cunningly were they chosen, and so completely did the sea in its constant tides, blot out all traces of man's work.

But after the discovery and confiscation of all this smuggled property, the coast-guardsmen were doubly vigilant, and in the immediate vicinity of the Smugglers' Cave—as it was thenceforth called—men were constantly on the watch to arrest the evil doers, and seize the goods.

Under these adverse circumstances, the smugglers perhaps feeling themselves overmatched, apparently ceased to haunt the place. At all events, nothing more was heard of them, and it was generally thought that they had been so thoroughly alarmed that they had probably turned their attention to some other distant part of the coast.

That ghosts, however, were not subject to the influences which terrified smugglers into flight, was proved beyond all

doubt by the rumours which again began to pass from mouth to mouth, of the strange appearances in the old ruined Abbey and its immediate surroundings.

One man coming home along the cliff late on a dark night, saw ghostly lights flickering and glimmering like so many will-o'-the-wisps in a marsh, and while he paused and gazed with a mingled feeling of awe and curiosity, he became suddenly aware of a tall, shapeless, white figure, gleaming with a horrible phosphorescent light, and advancing slowly towards him.

At sight of this, he declared that he cried aloud in an agony of fear, whereupon the thing, whatever it was, gave an unearthly howl, flitted yet nearer to him, among the stones, then vanished, after the usual and approved manner of ghosts, as suddenly as it had appeared.

Other stories of the same kind followed this man's testimony, and the superstitious awe of the place grew so rapidly that at last, rather than pass at all near the Abbey, by the short cut of the cliff path, the villagers would take the long round of the road in their journeys to and from the town.

We have said that Sir Hubert and his family had paid but little heed to the stir and talk caused in the village by the ghosts of the ruined Abbey, but we are about to record an incident which brought the matter home to them.

SCRIPTURE ENIGMA.

NO. XVI.

Docile and sweet, obedient utterly,
And ah, so brave!
Even when courage might have ruin'd her,
And dug her grave.
Jehovah used her gift of loveliness,
Her gentle mien;
He work'd a nation's good, a plotter's death,
Through this fair queen.

1. Visions were his, his prophecies to seal,
Strange living forms, and wheel within a wheel.
2. Elisha oft came hither; here was wrought
A miracle that life from Hades brought.
3. A leader bold (of Israel's conquering race)
This city built; 'twas his last resting-place.
4. These would he fain have eaten, just to save
From famine's lingering pain; but no man gave.
5. Stronger than Pharaoh was Jehovah's hand;
Forth went all Israel from the bondage-land.
6. Marvellous sight! The waters, mass on mass,
Leave this sea dry for Jewish hosts to pass.

M. E. B.

SCRIPTURE CHARACTER.

NO. IX.

1. There were two of this name.
2. One lived about two years after the other.
3. One was son of a priest; the other of a king.
4. Both died a violent death; one as we say by the hand of God, the other by the hand of man.
5. The sin of the one was perhaps unpremeditated; that of the other was continuous.
6. The death of the second had been foretold.
7. Along with the first a brother died.
8. Their father exhibited an exemplary resignation to God's will.

HIDDEN TEXTS.

NO. XII.

Mark a word in each text to find a wise saying.

1. To-day, if you will hear His voice, harden not your heart.—*Psa.* xcv. 7, 8.
2. For every tree is known by his own fruit.—*Luke* vi. 44.
3. Is any thing too hard for the Lord?—*Gen.* xviii. 14.
4. Where I am, there shall My servant be.—*John* xii. 26.
5. The kingdom of God is not meat and drink.—*Rom.* xiv. 17.
6. I have blotted out, as a thick cloud, thy transgression.—*Isa.* xliv. 22.
7. And a word spoken in due season, how good is it!—*Prov.* xv. 23.

NO. XIII.

A word from each text will give an injunction which should be obeyed by all.

1. My soul doth wait, in His word do I hope.—*Psa.* cxxx. 5.
2. The righteous also shall hold on his way.—*Job.* xvii. 9.
3. I am the way, the truth and the life.—*John* xiv. 6.
4. Is anything too hard for the Lord?—*Gen.* xviii. 14.

ANSWERS TO SCRIPTURE CHARACTERS.

NO. V.—p. 368.—ZEDEKIAH.

1. 2 Chron. xxxvi. 10.
2. Josiah.
3. 2 Kings xxiv. 17.
4. Jeremiah xxxvii. 21, and xxxviii. 10.
5. Jeremiah xxxviii. 17, 20.
6, 7. 2 Kings xxv. 1–4.
8. 2 Kings xxv. 7.

NO. VI. p. 384.—ZERUBABEL.

1. Ezra and Nehemiah.
2. Luke iii. 27
3. Ezra ii. 2.
4. Ezra iii. 8.
5. Zechariah and Haggai.
6. Zech. iv. 7.
7. Haggai ii. 23.

ANSWERS TO SCRIPTURE ENIGMAS.

NO. XIV. p. 400.—LAMB OF GOD.—John i. 35–37

L-ight of the world	John viii. 12.
A-uthor and Finisher	Hebrews xii. 2.
M-orning Star	Rev. xxii. 16.
B-ranch	Zech. vi. 12.
O-mega	Rev. xxii. 13.
F-orerunner	Hebrews vi. 19, 20.
G-ood Shepherd	John x. 11, 28.
O-ur peace	Eph. ii. 14.
D-ayspring	Luke i. 78, 79.

NO. XV.—p. 411.—JEHOSHAPHAT.—1 Kings xxii. 10, 32.

Hosea	Hosea xiv. 4; vii. 11.
Japheth	Gen. v. 32; vi. 14; vii. 5, 6; 2 Pet. ii. 5.
Asa	2 Chron. xv. 7, 8.
Ephah	Ruth ii. 17.
Jonah	Judges vii. 1, 19–25.
Hosah	1 Chron. xvi. 38, 42.
Jephthah	Judges xi. 32–35.
Asaph	Psa. lxxx. 7–9.

THE SUNDAY AT HOME

O DAY MOST CALM, MOST BRIGHT! . . .
THE WEEK WERE DARK BUT FOR THY LIGHT.—*Herbert.*

GENEVIÈVE;

OR, THE CHILDREN OF PORT ROYAL.

CHAPTER V.—SEEKING.

"And peace at last is nigh;
A sign is on my brow, a token sent
The o'erwearied dust from home."

SHE EXPENDED A FEW SOUS.

MADAME MONTÈRES and Geneviève little thought, when the door of Veuve[1] Manin's dreary little room closed upon them, how many weeks they were to wear out in that safe, but dismal shelter. The expedition which they made next day to the Hôtel de Graffont only resulted in the discovery that the duke, with all his household, had gone for an indefinite time to his château in Auvergne, for the purpose, it was said, of enjoying the pleasures of the chase. There was no one to give them any further information. The truth, however, was this: the Duc de Graffont was a warm friend and partisan of Fouquet, the wasteful and extravagant Minister of Finance, who had lately been disgraced by Louis XIV., and his office bestowed upon the able and honest Colbert, greatly to the benefit both of

[1] Widow.

the king and the nation. M. de Graffont however, shared the fortunes and misfortunes of his patron, and therefore found it convenient to absent himself from Court for a season—likely enough to be a long one, for Louis the Magnificent was revengeful; his courtiers dreaded his frown, and had much reason to dread it. Of him it might truly have been said, that his wrath was as the roaring of a lion, but his favour was like dew upon the grass.

Thus it happened that two public events, both of which seemed far enough removed from their sphere—the persecution of Port Royal and the fall of Fouquet—destroyed the plans and wrecked the hopes of the desolate mother and child, who thus found themselves stranded, as it were, upon the unfriendly shore of the great cold world of Paris.

They knew not what to do, or what steps to take next. They had not the means to return to the country; and, had it been otherwise, they had no longer a home there to go to. So they lingered on from day to day, and from week to week; Madame Montères perhaps hoping to find some of the ladies who had been driven from Port Royal, or to receive an answer to the letter which she addressed to Edouard at the château in Auvergne. But Geneviève did not at this time very clearly know what her mother hoped or intended; as Madame Montères was usually silent, and though gentle and loving as ever, showed a failure in spirit and energy which filled her daughter with vague uneasiness.

At last came a chill, unpromising November morning. The sky was grey and clouded, and a slight mist had begun to fall, while the tardy dawn was struggling feebly through the dull window of the little room still occupied by Madame Montères and Geneviève. Madame Montères had risen and dressed herself, and was moving noiselessly about; but Geneviève lay in a light slumber on the hard pallet they shared together. Presently, however, she stirred, and looked up, "Oh, mother, are you dressed already? Why did you not call me?"

"There was no need. It is yet early. Stay, my child," and as Geneviève was about to rise, she stretched out her hand to prevent her. "It is very cold, and we have no wood for the stove. Best remain where you are."

"Then, mother, dear, why have you risen? You suffer more from the cold than I do."

"I rose because I have to go out. I must go to the market, and get the few things we need. It is true that Mathieu Manin, who is so obliging, would willingly save me the trouble; but I do not wish his mother to know how little money we have to spend."

"Quite right, mother, we will not let Mathieu do our errands. I do not like it—or him! I do not want him to come near us!" cried Geneviève almost passionately.

"What has the poor lad done to thee?" asked her mother, with an air of mild surprise. "He is always very civil."

"A great deal too civil! I cannot bear him, mother; I would never like to see his face again," said Geneviève, with a crimson flush on her fair and delicate face.

Madame Montères' careworn features flushed also; as for the first time the idea crossed her mind that this son of the common people might venture to admire the beautiful girl with whom he was thrown into daily contact. What unheard of insolence and presumption! Gentle lady and good Christian though she was, Madame Montères could at that moment have crushed Mathieu Manin into the dust with a word or a glance of scorn. She was not noble, nor was Geneviève; but they were eminently "well born," of the very best of that Haute Bourgeoisie who passed on, with interest, to their social inferiors, the scorn with which they themselves were regarded by the proud and exclusive "noblesse."

"If he makes himself impertinent," she said rather stiffly, "we must go elsewhere."

"Indeed, mother, I wish we might; for if he is quite too civil, his mother is quite too rude. Veuve Manin does not like us, and would be glad to get rid of us."

"Still, she is honest and respectable, and one bears a great deal for that. Perhaps she thinks we are not punctual enough with our rent. I intend to pay her to-day," said Madame Montères, going to the chest which contained all the personal property still remaining to both. Having unlocked it, she took out a small leathern case, which she concealed carefully about her person.

Geneviève watched her with sorrowful eyes.

"Oh, mother," she said pleadingly, "must *that* go too?"

"That? It is a matter of no consequence. Only a ring, which I never wear now. But the ruby in it is a costly one, and the money it will fetch will be very welcome."

"But it was the gift of Edouard. Do you not remember how he brought it to you on your birthday, and said, 'I would it were a star, to shine for you in the darkness?' Edouard will be so grieved when he knows it."

"When he knows it," Madame Montères repeated, as if half involuntarily. Then her sad face brightened a little, as a purpose, half formed before, took definite shape in her mind.

"Do not be surprised," she said, "If I am longer away than you expect. For I must go to the jeweller, as well as to the market; and, moreover, as it is a festival day, I may also go to church. Keep warm in bed as long as you can; and there is bread and wine, and a little cheese, on the shelf for your breakfast."

"Will you not eat before you go, mother?"

"No; it is too early. I can get a roll at the baker's, as I pass."

Madame Montères wrapped a mantle about her, covered her white cap with the "capuche," or hood, usually worn by women of the class to which she now appeared to belong, took a small basket in her hand, and, with a word of tender farewell to Geneviève, went out.

First she bent her steps to the "Halles," where the stalwart, loud-tongued, half-savage market women were already busy attending to their stalls; and varying the occupation by an occasional passage of arms amongst themselves, or a torrent of foul abuse hurled at a dishonest or

niggardly customer. The silent, black-robed figure passed almost unnoticed through the noisy crowd, and at last reached the corner where an old woman, more quiet than the rest, sold such poor scraps of meat as working folk could afford to buy for the *pot au feu* which formed the best part of their nourishment. With her she expended a few sous, and having added some pot-herbs and some bread, she asked permission to leave the basket in her charge for an hour or two.

"Willingly, madame. See, I will put it here under the bench, and it will be quite safe." As Madame Montères turned away, old Babet pointed her out to her next neighbour. "Look there, m'amie! May I be brought before M. le Maire, and branded on the forehead for keeping false weights, if that woman has not been used to sit at home, and send her people to market for her, and plenty of them too. *Peste!* I know 'une grande Dame' when I see one, thanks to our Lady. But she looks very ill for all that."

Meanwhile Madame Montères had left the market, and was making her way, with quick agitated footsteps, not to the jeweller's, to dispose of the ring, but in quite an opposite direction. A new-born hope lent strength and vigour to her weary, fainting feet. Had not Mathieu Manin told her the day before that a troop of masons were at work upon the Hotel of the Duc de Graffont, and that one of his "gentlemen" had come to town on purpose to superintend the alterations? This information she had withheld from Geneviève, lest it might lead to disappointment; but not less did she determine to act upon it at once; and the rather because a sense of weakness continually increasing, frequent headaches and dizziness, and ominous flutterings of the heart, warned her that her time for action might be short. What could be more terrible than the thought of leaving Geneviève, alone and unprotected, to the tender mercies of Veuve Manin? The only person in the great city, who, by any stretch of imagination, she could call a friend, was the priest who had found the lodgings for them; and he, though not lacking in good will, had but little power to help. He was not only very poor and cruelly overworked, but wanting in resource and energy; a life spent in the performance of a ceaseless round of duties rendered mechanical by constant repetition, had crushed these qualities out of him, if indeed he had ever possessed them.

Madame Montères meditated sadly enough upon these things, as she trod the ill-paved, uneven streets of old Paris, the Paris of Richelieu and the Fronde. Emerging from the narrow alley in which Veuve Manin lived, she soon found herself in the Rue St. Jacques, whence she made her way to the Place Royale, and reached at last a stately gateway, with the arms of Graffont carved above it in stone. The great gate was shut and barred; but, at a little distance, there was an unpretending wicket in the wall, at which she knocked gently, in the hope of attracting attention.

She was fortunate; for by-and-by the door was opened, not, as she expected, by a mere underling, but by a person in the dress of a gentleman; though a gentleman in deep mourning. He was evidently going out, and drew back slightly on seeing her.

But she recognised in a moment her guest of three years ago, the duke's "first gentleman," who had been sent by him to bring Edouard to Paris. "M. d'Houditôt!" she exclaimed, with genuine pleasure, "Do you not remember me?"

She forgot the change that sorrow had wrought in her, forgot also the fact that she was wearing the dress of a woman of the Petite Bourgeoisie, such as the widow of an artizan or a small shopkeeper. Therefore the reply was somewhat unexpected. "I do not remember you, my good woman," said the great man, in tones that suggested, not obscurely, the immeasurable gulf between them.

But when she answered simply, "I am the widow of Etienne Montères, of Château Cleudon," position and rank vanished from the thoughts of the duke's first gentleman, and all that was genuine in his nature spoke out. "Is it possible?" he exclaimed. "Madame, I entreat of you to enter. The house is quite dismantled, but there is a small chamber near at hand where we can talk at our ease." He conducted her with much politeness across a spacious court, where the presence of loose stones, and heaps of mortar, told of repairs in progress. Then he unlocked a door, and traversed a passage leading to a small matted chamber, which bore signs of recent occupation. Here he placed a chair for her. "Madame looks fatigued," he said respectfully, "may I send for refreshments, or at least for some wine?"

She shook her head.

"No, monsieur," she said. "I thank your courtesy; but I connot eat or drink until I have heard from you that which I want to know. The sight of that mourning garb has alarmed me. It cannot—No, it cannot be—that M. le Duc"—she paused, and looked at him enquiringly.

"M. le Duc lives, madame; but he is in deep sorrow."

"His son?"

"No, madame. Of M. de Chevres we never speak; and we have not, for a long time, heard anything about him. The grief of my lord, and of all his household, is for his nephew, the brave young man who was to him as a son. Our grief, madame, will be yours also, when you hear that it is for M. de Sercourt. But madame is faint—*Peste*, what shall I do, she is going to be ill, and not a woman in the house!" Frightened out of his self-possession by the deadly paleness of her face, and the prospect of a catastrophe with which he knew not how to deal, M. d'Houditôt stood looking at her in the silence of utter consternation.

"Do not fear, monsieur," said she with a great effort. "I shall not faint. Only tell me quickly, and tell me all—is he dead?"

"Worse than that, madame, he is murdered."

Madame Montères sat still and made no sign. True to her word, she did not faint; but she looked like one stricken for death. Only a half-articulate, "How?" moved M. d'Houditôt at last to continue his story.

"We were all engaged in the chase," he said.

"Madame is aware that the country around the château is a desert, and very wild. M. de Sercourt, as was too much his habit, wandered to a distance from the rest, accompanied only by his page, who never left him. The boy's story is, that they lost their way in the desert; and, growing weary, dismounted to take some refreshments which he had brought with him, knowing his lord's fancy for solitude, and his custom of separating from the company. While they were thus engaged, a band of wild-looking men, with shaggy hair and leathern belts and jerkins, darted out from behind a rock and seized their horses. Of course, though the lad did not know it, they were smugglers—*faux sauniers*;[1] of whom a desperate band had its headquarters in that desert. M. de Sercourt expostulated with them; blows followed words, and a struggle ensued, of which the poor boy could tell but little, save that a gigantic ruffian threw him down, and was about to strangle him with his leather belt, when M. de Sercourt dragged him off, telling Henri to run for his life, and to report what had happened to the Duke. This he did, arriving at the château more dead than alive. Some say he ought rather to have died with his lord, but what would you have? He is only a child, so to speak; and life is sweet."

Madame Montères took in every word of this terrible story; and yet, strange to say, it did not greatly move her; it seemed to her as if she was listening to something which had happened long—very long ago. Her mind was sufficiently calm to weigh dispassionately all the circumstances of the case, to doubt, to question, even to hope.

"It appears to me," she began, in a changed, faint voice, which however gathered strength as she proceeded, "it appears to me that M. le Duc has been premature in surrendering hope. The *faux sauniers* might spare his life in hope of a rich ransom, or at least of pardon."

M. d'Houditôt looked at her curiously, touched by a vague alarm, He thought her eyes had a strange expression, nor did he like the colour of her face. Still her words were so quiet and reasonable that he could not believe there was much amiss. He answered:

"Ah, madame, if that had been the case we should have discovered it before this. He would have contrived to send a message or a token—but indeed those desperate villains would never have let him live for an hour. They know too well that for them there could be no making of terms, no bargaining for life, not to say for reward; for those gangs of *faux sauniers* do not contain a man who has not earned ten times over, not the gallows but the wheel. Even if M. de Sercourt, with their knives at his throat, had sworn on the crucifix to procure them all a free pardon, they are not the fools to trust an extorted oath like that, and put their heads in the lion's mouth."

"Have any arrests been made? Has M. le Duc taken measures to discover and capture them?" asked Madame Montères, still with the same unnatural calmness. It was characteristic of the times that she expected such interference from the duke, not from the king or his government.

"All has been done, madame, that it was in the power of man to do. Armed bands have scoured the county in every direction. Not a rood of ground has been left unsearched. But, in truth, these *faux sauniers* seem scarcely mortal. They come one knows not whence; they go one knows not whither. Like their father the devil—to whom no doubt they have sold their souls—they can make themselves visible or not, as they please. Over and above this compact with the Evil One—which no one doubts—it is whispered they are in league with the powers, and the spirits, which have haunted those desert places since the old heathen times. These are things one does not speak of, but which are there all the same. Without doubt, too, they have a secret understanding with the peasantry, and especially with the charcoal burners, who give them information, and, when necessary, conceal them in their huts."

"But M. le Duc will not abandon the quest until he has ascertained the truth?" Madame Montères asked, or indeed rather asserted, as something of which she was quite confident.

"Certainly, madame, he will not abandon the quest. But that is a mournful quest, in which we only hope to find the end of hope. By the desire of Monseigneur—who considers the fact of the murder beyond all doubt—we have all put on mourning. Every possible respect has been paid to the memory of M. de Sercourt, who was the delight and the pride of the whole household, from M. le Duc himself to the lowest valet. M. le Duc is spending quite a fortune upon masses for his soul."

"Ah! but he was a Protestant."

"True, madame; he belonged to the Religion,[1] like his father before him. But it was currently reported among us that he was about to become a Catholic; and we may surely believe that he was one already in intention. The good God will understand that it was through no fault of his that he could not have the last Sacraments—— But madame must permit me to fetch some wine for her—madame is ill."

"I am not ill, monsieur. As you have said, the good God will understand," she went on in a quiet dreamy voice, as if speaking to herself. "I can trust Edouard with Him. He will not send him away from His presence, because, at the last hour, there chanced to be no priest within call. How clear everything seems growing to me now!—It is strange!" After a short pause she resumed: "But I must go, monsieur. I have to tell all this to my daughter. I fear she will be greatly troubled; she thought so much of M. de Sercourt. I am not much troubled. I must try to comfort her."

"Madame will pardon me, but she looks quite

[1] The cruel and oppressive gabelle brought into existence throughout the country organised bands of smugglers of salt, called "faux sauniers." Exasperated by barbarous punishments, and largely recruited from the ranks of the ordinary criminal classes, they eventually became desperate robbers, and often murderers, the terror of society.

[1] So the Reformed Religion was often called by the Catholics.

unable for the walk, and ought not to attempt it," M. d'Houditôt remonstrated.

"Oh, no; I am strong enough. I am not ill, nor even troubled. It is best I should go home. Farewell, monsieur, I thank you for your courtesy."

She rose, gave her hand to M. d'Houditôt, and moved towards the door. He saw that she walked feebly and not too steadily, and following her, he offered his arm. She permitted him to conduct her across the court; but would not accept his escort any further, although, alarmed by her appearance and manner, he pressed it upon her. She said she felt quite well, and would rather be left alone.

It seemed as if the appalling news she had heard had only, as yet, reached her understanding, not her heart. She fully comprehended it, could have repeated its every detail without missing a single particular; but she remained inexplicably calm under what would have given her yesterday the keenest anguish. It was all like a dream—and not even a painful dream—to her. What she felt was not so much the numbness that follows a blow, as the rest that follows the cessation of a pain. She seemed to be lifted suddenly into the clear serene of the upper air, above the stormy wind and tempest. All was right—all was well. It was well with her husband, with Edouard, with herself—it would be well with Geneviève also. Why should she be troubled? Nay, what was there to be troubled about?

True, there was Geneviève. Geneviève would weep and mourn, and make sore lamentation for the play-fellow of her childhood. But God would comfort her. She did not doubt it in the least; but still she thought she ought to pray to Him to do it. Was not this a church that she was passing? a little, quiet church, with its modest door wide open, that poor people might go in and pray? A few poor women were there already, kneeling on the stone floor, with their market baskets laid down beside them. Could they lay down burdens of another kind as easily?

Slowly and feebly the dark robed figure passed in. Madame Montères instinctively kept a little apart from the others; and found a quiet solitary place, where she bent her weary knees, and still more weary head, in the attitude of prayer. But her heart was no longer weary now, God had given her rest;—was it the prelude and the foretaste of a deeper rest at hand?

There was no service at that hour in the little church; but its almost empty aisles were filled with the solemn tones of the organ, touched by a not unskilful hand. Softly and sweetly did they fall on the half conscious ear of Madame Montères. Words of prayer did not come to her readily. She tried some of the many collects, and other forms, that she knew by heart, but she could recall none of them accurately. Then she endeavoured, in her own words, to frame the petitions she wished to offer, but this also proved a fruitless effort. Still there was no sense of failure, no consciousness of regret or pain. The sweet tones of the music that floated around her seemed to be uttering for her that which she had no power to utter for herself. "Casting all your care upon Him, for He careth for you."—Or, better still—"I cast all my care upon *Thee*, for Thou carest for me."

Gradually the organ's voice grew low and faint, the words, the thoughts it had suggested vanished utterly; the little church, with its bare walls and tawdry altar, grew dark around her; and Madame Montères knew no more.

OUR ENGLISH HYMNS.

THIRD PAPER.

WE are indebted to many valued correspondents for letters on the subject of our lists of hymns published in May and June. One writer has compared the first hundred, as selected by our readers, with the contents of ten different Hymnals, five representing the Church of England, and five belonging to other Christian communities; with the following results:

Out of the hundred

Hymns Ancient and Modern, contains . . .	76
Church Hymns (S. P. C. K.)	80
The Irish Church Hymnal	88
The Churchman's Hymnal	93
Hymnal Companion to the Book of Common Prayer	99

In this last, Bishop Bickersteth's well-known collection, the solitary hymn omitted is Miss Havergal's "Take my life, and let it be."

Psalms and Hymns (Baptist), contains . . .	58
The Wesleyan Hymn-Book and Supplement. .	63
Congregational Hymns (W. G. Horder) . . .	80
New Congregational Hymn-Book and Supplement	83
Church Praise (Presbyterian)	94

Our correspondent adds that Lord Selborne's "Book of Praise" includes 56 of the hundred: we further find that the new "Congregational Hymnal" just issued has 89;[1] and that had the

[1] Omitted from the "Congregational Hymnal":—

43 I lay my sins on Jesus.
47 As pants the hart for cooling streams.
55 Prayer is the soul's sincere desire.
63 I need Thee, precious Jesus.
65 Safe in the arms of Jesus.
75 I was a wandering sheep.
82 While shepherds watched their flocks by night.
84 Jesus Christ is risen to-day.
85 I could not do without Thee.
86 Jesus lives! no longer now.
98 Tell me the old, old story.

Several of these hymns will be found among those omitted in the other collections; and, undoubtedly, for various reasons,

Baptist "Psalms and Hymns, with Supplement" been taken, its number would have been raised from 58 to 92.

Of the hundred hymns, 29 are in *all* the ten books that our correspondent has consulted (26 of them being also in the "Book of Praise"), 25 are in *nine* books, 15 in *eight*, 14 in *seven*, 7 in *six*, 4 in *five*, 2 in *four*, 2 in *three*, and 2 in *two*. These results are in many respects interesting and suggestive, indicating much substantial agreement as to what are the best hymns; as well as much diversity, also, of taste and judgment, arising to some extent from theological or ecclesiastical prepossession, but much more, we think, from the different canons of criticism adopted.

"A good hymn," writes Lord Selborne, "should have simplicity, freshness, and reality of feeling; a consistent elevation of tone, and a rhythm easy and harmonious, but not jingling or trivial. Its language may be homely, but should not be slovenly or mean. Affectation or visible artifice is worse than excess of homeliness: a hymn is easily spoiled by a single falsetto note. Nor will the most exemplary soundness of doctrine atone for doggrel, or redeem from failure a prosaic didactic style."

"Soundness of doctrine" is undoubtedly a first essential in a hymn. But the doctrine, being presented in forms appealing to the emotions, and calculated to arouse adoration and love, will be rather implied than categorically stated. Didactic hymns are seldom poetical; and the attempt to set our creeds to music generally weakens both the creed and the song. Only in the highest inspirations of poetic genius, like the *Te Deum*, can the directly doctrinal be attempted with success. Yet every part of the Christian verity has aspects of beauty, sublimity, and tenderness, which may well be made the poet's theme. Nearly half of the hymns in Lord Selborne's "Book of Praise" are "arranged according to the subjects of the Creed," and these are not the least beautiful of the series.

Some doctrinal topics lend themselves to such illustration more readily than others. Hymns, for instance, that celebrate the glory of the divine attributes will always hold a chief place in our worship, from the time when as children we have our hearts stirred and our imaginations kindled by strains like those of Watts, "How glorious is our heavenly King," and "I sing the almighty power of God." Dr. Johnson indeed would except such topics from the proper domain of poetry. "From poetry," he says, "the reader justly expects, and from good poetry always obtains, the enlargement of his comprehension and elevation of his fancy; but this is rarely to be hoped by Christians from metrical devotion. Whatever is great, desirable, or tremendous, is comprised in the name of the Supreme Being. Omnipotence cannot be exalted; Infinity cannot be amplified; Perfection cannot be improved."[1] True; yet, accepting the great critic's own words, there may be "an enlargement *of our comprehension*, and an elevation of our fancy" on these great themes, as truly as on any other topic on which the poet treats. It is his function, surely, not to exalt things as they are in themselves, but to raise our conceptions of them, and although "Omnipotence cannot be exalted," our *thoughts* of Omnipotence may be elevated to sublimer views, and our emotions quickened to a holier intensity, as the true poet gives utterance to his own conceptions of the Divine. Poetry, in this criticism of Dr. Johnson's, is treated too much as a *decorative* art. The work of imagination is shown more in insight than in adornment; and a sufficient refutation of the great critic's arguments may be found—to go no farther—in many a Biblical Psalm.

Once again, among our noblest hymns are those which celebrate the glories of the Son of God, in His Divine Majesty, His human manifestation, His atoning sorrows, His exaltation and second Advent. Such, we cannot but believe, was the great original purpose of the *Te Deum*. The early Christians, we know from Pliny, used to raise their morning hymn "Christo quasi Deo," "to Christ as to God;" and it is not improbable that if we could trace the history of this great hymn, we should find that the first verse was intended to read, "We praise Thee as God, we acknowledge Thee the Lord:" the stanzas on the Holy Trinity being a later addition. But, however this may be, the main body of the hymn is a celebration of the glory of Christ, in language of which the theological precision is only equalled by the poetic fervour. On this model some of our noblest Christian hymns have been constructed.

A characteristic of our day is the number of hymns on the human life of Christ, from the carols that echo the song of the "herald angels," to the triumphant strains that celebrate the Ascension. The tendency is good and wholesome; only two things must be remembered, which some of our Christian poets appear too much to have overlooked. The one is, that the human life of the Son of God receives its chief significance from His redeeming work; and it is possible to become so much occupied in the beautiful, touching, and, if we may so say, picturesque accessories of His earthly career, as to lose sight of the Divine purpose underlying the whole. The other point is, that from the very absorption of our human sympathies in the pathos of our Lord's life among men we may too much forget His Divine Majesty: so that in the glow of tender emotion a becoming reverence is lost. This is a defect in many otherwise beautiful mediæval hymns, in which also the tendency is aggravated by the *sacramentarianism* of these authors. Our own days have seen a revival of this tendency; and there is occasionally a *fondling* tone in our hymns, at variance with all healthy and Scriptural thoughts concerning our Lord. The late Dr. Fraser, Bishop of Manchester, once remarked at

most of them are less adapted to public worship than the rest. With regard to No. 47, we may take this opportunity of correcting a twice-repeated *erratum* on p. 317, to which a correspondent has called attention. This Psalm, by Tate and Brady, is of course a version of the 42nd, not of the 63rd Psalm.

[1] "Lives of the Poets: Life of Waller" (Chandos Ed., p. 115).

a clerical meeting: "Modern hymns are for the most part strangely namby-pamby, many of them grossly materialistic, those addressed to our Lord generally unctuous and sentimental." [1] The constant epithets, "dear," "sweet," "precious," as applied to Him, and the excessive reiteration of the word "Jesus," are symptoms of the tone of feeling which the Bishop thus severely reprehends. True, we would set no bounds to the intensity of affection with which the soul in its most exalted moods will set forth His infinite excellency; and yet we must not forget that the very apostle who "leaned on His bosom" when on earth, "fell at His feet as dead" when beholding Him in His heavenly glory. Rightly to combine the tone of trustful love with that of adoring veneration is perhaps one of the greatest difficulties of the sacred poet, and some of the hymns even in our "hundred" have in this respect not altogether succeeded.

There is another point in connection with the theology of our hymns to which two or three of our correspondents have called attention. The point refers rather to the *writers* than to the *sentiments* of certain hymns; and the question is whether the use of a hymn by evangelical Christians is precluded by a known want of orthodoxy in the poet. Thus,—to take examples not in our lists—may Christian congregations sing the hymn:

> In the Cross of Christ I glory,
> Towering o'er the wrecks of time;

or,

> How sweetly flowed the Gospel sound
> From lips of gentleness and grace:

inasmuch as their author, Sir John Bowring, is known to have been a professed Unitarian?

The particular reference, however, by our correspondents, is to the beautiful hymn, No. 7 in our hundred:

> Nearer, my God, to Thee,
> Nearer to Thee.

One writes: "I take the liberty of suggesting that in reference to the very high place the hymn 'Nearer to Thee' has in the list, some notice should be taken of the fact that it was written by a Unitarian. I know that a good many persons are quite unaware of this fact, who like myself would object to have it in a hymn-book for congregational use. Not that there is anything objectionable in it; but it is painful to have to address God in the words of one who denied the divinity of Him through whom alone our prayers and praises to God the Father are acceptable." In the same spirit another writes: "I hope that in your remarks you will notice that the hymn, 'Nearer, my God, to Thee,' should hold so high a place. I have always been loth to take into song to God, the words of one who repudiated the doctrine of the divinity of our Lord." The objection is a serious one; yet it arises entirely from our knowing who was the author. Had the hymn been anonymous, no one would have scrupled to accept it. It is, be it observed in passing, an *Old Testament* hymn, founded on the vision of Jacob at Bethel; a fact which many of our hymn-book compilers have overlooked, printing the first line of verse 2, "Though like *a* wanderer," instead of "*the* wanderer." As an application of the patriarch's story the hymn is unquestionably appropriate and beautiful. Then, it is cheering to know that we may not always judge the heart by the doctrines professed; that the "flock" of the Great Shepherd is larger than the "fold," or than all the folds together. Sometimes we may not do wisely in our endeavours to go *behind* the hymns we sing, and to judge concerning the spiritual state of the author. Can *we* adopt the language? Does a hymn adequately express our aspiration after God, our faith, our love? If so, we may be content to use it; and, for the rest, to acknowledge with thankfulness that to many who are feeling after God amid the mists of superstition or the bewilderments of rationalism, He will reveal Himself in love, and, leading the blind by a way that they know not, will guide them to Himself.

It is observed by two of our correspondents that in one collection an evangelical turn is given to this hymn by an added verse; which ends·

> In Christ my soul shall be
> Nearest to Thee, my God,
> Nearest to Thee!

But this addition has not generally commended itself to hymn-editors, who are content to accept the hymn as it is, knowing that, to the hearts of those who employ it, the spirit of an evangelical faith will glow in every line.

The question with regard to using in our worship the hymns of Romanist writers is essentially different from the foregoing. In this case we have not to supply deficiency, but to remove accretion; and many hymns from Roman Catholic sources are as spiritual in tone as they are beautiful in form. The best of Edward Caswall's hymns, or of Frederick William Faber's, who would lose? We say, the best: for we cannot but think that the hymns of the latter writer have been somewhat too numerous in some of our modern hymn-books. There is something unhealthy in the tone of many; and even the three which appear in our hundred:

> Hark! hark! my soul, angelic songs are swelling.
> Sweet Saviour, bless us ere we go.
> O Paradise! O Paradise:

are not quite free from the "falsetto note," of which Lord Selborne speaks. Some again have to be greatly altered before they can be used by evangelical congregations. Take a well-known hymn, "O come and mourn with me awhile." The second line, as Faber wrote it, is, "See, Mary calls us to her side." So with the favourite child's hymn:

> Dear Jesus, ever at my side.

As written by Faber, it is a hymn to the guardian angel; and begins:

> Dear Angel, ever at my side!

[1] "Life of Bishop Fraser," by Thomas Hughes, p. 217.

We cannot be too much on our guard against the entrance, it may be by unsuspected ways, of anything like a sensuous religionism.

We have referred, among hymns concerning Christ, to those which relate to the Second Advent. Here, by common consent, the noblest is that by Charles Wesley, No. 26 on our list.

Lo, He comes with clouds descending:

We refer to this more particularly, as a valued correspondent writes to correct us as to its authorship, ascribing it, as is often done, to Thomas Olivers.

The fact is, that Olivers wrote an Advent hymn beginning with the same line; but there can be no doubt that Wesley's, which, excepting this line, is different throughout, and is contained in almost all hymn-books, is the hymn intended by our competitors. The hymn of Olivers begins:

Lo, He comes with clouds descending!
Hark! the trump of God is blown,
And the Archangel's voice, attending,
Makes the high procession known:
Sons of Adam!
Rise, and stand before your God!

Crowns and sceptres fall before Him,
Kings and conquerors own His sway;
Haughtiest monarchs now adore Him,
While they see His lightnings play:
How triumphant
Is the world's Redeemer now!

and so on through ten more rugged stanzas, not without occasional fire and majesty. Wesley may have borrowed the first line, or the coincidence may have been accidental; his hymn seems really to have been suggested by an earlier hymn by John Cennick, beginning:

Lo, He cometh, countless trumpets
Blow to raise the sleeping dead:
'Mid ten thousand saints and angels
See the great exalted Head!
Hallelujah!
Welcome, welcome, Son of God.

The hymn, as we have it, was taken by Martin Madan from two of Wesley's *Hymns of Intercession for all Mankind*, 1758 (Nos. 38 & 39), their stanzas being felicitously combined, Madan adding two verses altered from Cennick; those beginning:

Every island, sea, and mountain,

and

Now Redemption, long expected.

The verses written by Wesley are the following:

Lo, He comes with clouds descending!
Every eye shall now behold Him.
The dear tokens of His passion.
Answer Thine own Bride and Spirit.
Yea, Amen! let all adore Thee!

Of these the third is omitted in most hymn books. The original close of the hymn, in Wesley's own triumphant style, was:

Jah, Jehovah!
Everlasting God, come down!

This was altered by Madan to the form now generally adopted:

O come quickly.
Hallelujah! Come, Lord, come!

The notion that the hymn was written by Olivers has gained currency, not only from the identity of the first line, but from the fact that Wesley adopted a tune which Olivers composed for his own hymn, the melody of which, it is said, he took from a street song. At one time, we remember, this tune (called *Helmsley*, sometimes *Olivers*) was almost always sung to the hymn; it is now very seldom heard, having been replaced, not always to advantage, by strains more consonant with the fashion of the day.

We cannot leave the hymns concerning Christ without the remark that hymns should be accurate in form, as well as sound in feeling. Errors in detail often mar what is intrinsically beautiful; and at least two of the hundred hymns, as different correspondents have observed, are vitiated by this kind of defect. The one is Heber's:

Brightest and best of the sons of the morning.

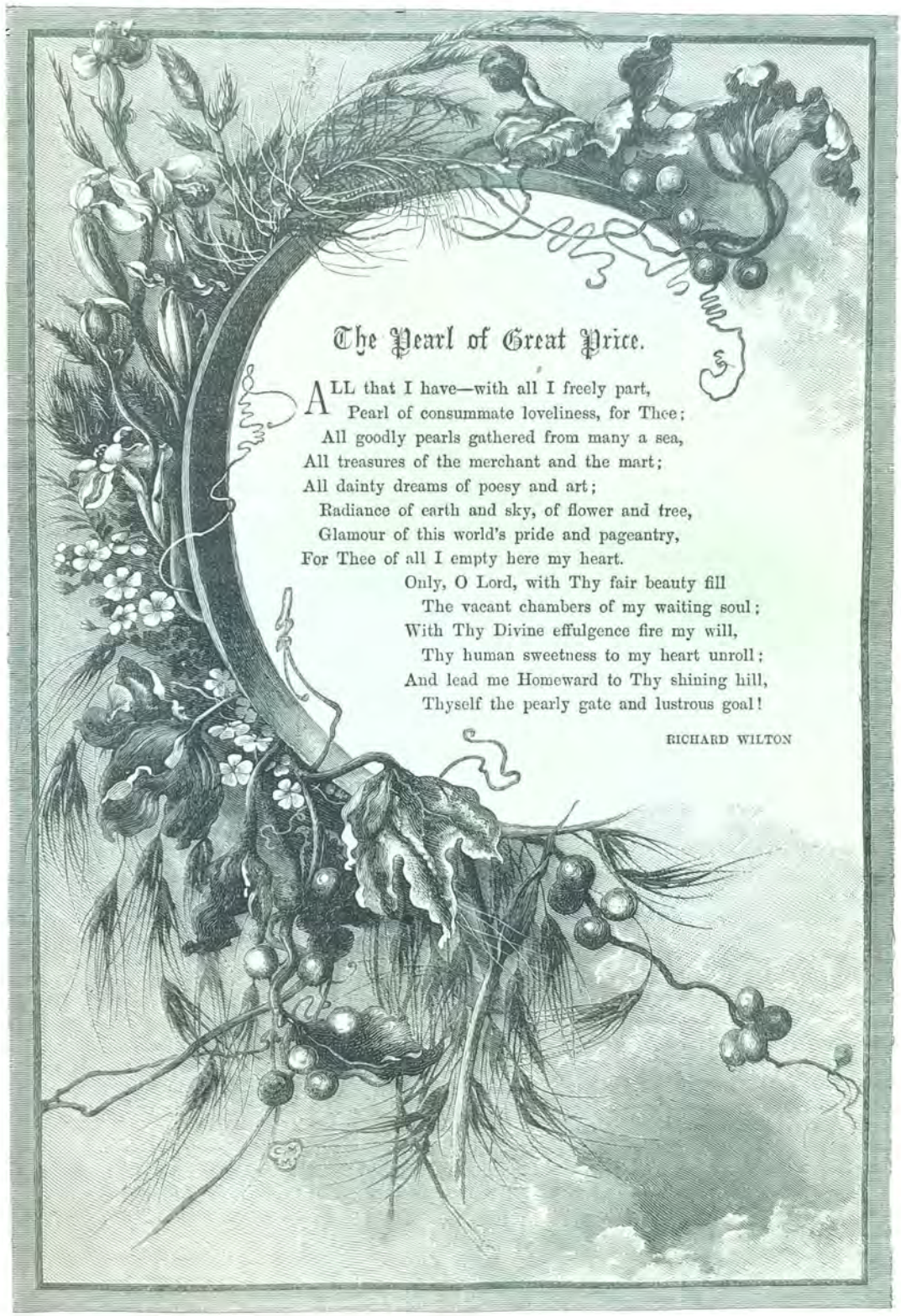
It is a glorious Epiphany hymn, yet it pictures the wise men as bringing their oblations to the *manger:*

Cold on His cradle the dewdrops are shining,
Low lies His head with the beasts of the stall.

Thus the scene of the Nativity is confounded with the place where some time afterwards the travellers from the East arrived; "the house" (as St. Matthew tells us expressly) in which was "the young child with Mary His mother." It is possible that in this instance the poet may have been misled by the painters; but a licence, perhaps permissible for the sake of artistic grouping, is scarcely to be allowed in a hymn. In reference to the same hymn, another correspondent observes that the popular phrase "Star of the East," embodies a misapprehension of the Scripture words, Matt. ii. 2. The magi in the East, "saw His star." *They* were in the East, and to their view the star was in the west. But the phrase is too familiar to be let go; and, after all, it may be vindicated as bearing the general meaning of "the star that shone over the Eastern land."

The other illustration is in Mrs. Alexander's sweet child's hymn:

There is a green hill far away;

so well known from the lovely music with which it has become inseparably associated. Our correspondent very fairly remarks, "We do not know that Calvary was a 'hill' or is 'green.'" It was certainly "without a city wall," but if the traditional side of the Holy Sepulchre is to be accepted, it is not so now. Without dwelling, however, on points like these, it will be sufficient to insist upon truthfulness in detail as essential to the value and permanence of a hymn.

The Pearl of Great Price.

ALL that I have—with all I freely part,
Pearl of consummate loveliness, for Thee;
All goodly pearls gathered from many a sea,
All treasures of the merchant and the mart;
All dainty dreams of poesy and art;
Radiance of earth and sky, of flower and tree,
Glamour of this world's pride and pageantry,
For Thee of all I empty here my heart.
Only, O Lord, with Thy fair beauty fill
The vacant chambers of my waiting soul;
With Thy Divine effulgence fire my will,
Thy human sweetness to my heart unroll;
And lead me Homeward to Thy shining hill,
Thyself the pearly gate and lustrous goal!

RICHARD WILTON

IN THE PAYS DE VAUD.

BY ANNE BEALE.

CHAPTER III.—OUR FÊTE.

MANY years ago, a Welshman informed us that he was positive Welsh was the language that would be spoken in Paradise. However that may be, English seems the tongue likely to be universal in this world.

At the Hôtel du Grand Muveran there was a young Swiss doctor who came periodically to visit patients there and in the neighbourhood who spoke excellent English, and who had studied and taken his degree in Edinburgh. He loved the Scotch and English, and returned to them whenever he was able, for his brief holiday. There was also a cosmopolitan and ubiquitous waiter, whose English was perfect, but who believed he was by birth an Austrian, and who had lived so long in England, Ireland, and elsewhere that he had almost forgotten the land of his nativity. In the Pays de Vaud up among the mountains, he was pre-eminently French, although Russians, Germans, and English shared his unwearied civility.

A gentleman whose cursory acquaintance we made, told us that he had been a traveller for thirty years, and that French had formerly carried him through the world. He knew the language perfectly. Now he spoke nothing but English, go where he would, he managed to make himself understood. What responsibilities and opportunities are thus opened out to English-speaking peoples at home and abroad! Still at Villars there was not much English, save among a portion of the 150 visitors and the waiter aforesaid. Host, manageress, and attendants were still, happily, French-speaking Swiss, and had not as yet attained the inordinate greed which is said to be born wherever the Anglo-Saxon sets his foot. Had they been somewhat extortionate they could scarcely be blamed, since a season of about three months has to support that enormous hotel. When it concludes, all its inmates migrate with the animals to the shores of Lake Leman, where other big hotels accommodate them and such tourists as seek a milder atmosphere.

To a novice in such matters, it was wonderful to watch our good-natured host telephone from his mountain fortress down to his plaisaunce on the lake, and hold a conversation with his adherents there. Four or five thousand feet of wire with a tube at either end, and the human voice somewhere, might astonish Gargantua himself and make him ask, "Of what use then is physical force? I made the mountains, these pigmies rule them." And what would he say to the telegraph poles perched high up in mid-air as if to look down upon those same pigmies who managed to place them there! What to the tiny post and telegraph office, and youthful clerk therein established! What, again, to the crowd of pigmies gathered about the said office every evening at eight, when the diligence arrived,—sole exciting event of the Villars' day? Gargantua never watched with beating heart for letters, or caustically criticised the wayworn tourist and jaded horses that arrived *en diligence*, or examined the pretty trifles of a Swiss bazaar. This latter faced church and hotel, and stood side by side with the post-office so that people would amuse themselves by spending their money while awaiting the sorting and delivery of letters. And here was an omnium gatherum of articles useful and ornamental, from pins and needles, pens and papers to sketch books and Swiss carvings. And how charming, complaisant, and patient was the pretty Vaudoise who sold the goods.

All the female attendants at the hotel were bright and ready also, and for civility, commend us to the natives. One Sunday evening we saw half-a-dozen of them seated round a table in one of the broad passages, just above the staircase, reading tracts, while awaiting such summons as might arrive. The tracts were in French, some translations from the English.

"They are very pretty and good. A young English lady who went away yesterday, left them for us," they said.

Let no one despise tracts. Perhaps in that busy house they were the sole religious instruction obtainable on that Sabbath; for where tourists congregate, meals and work must be attended to, and church services are too often only for the unemployed. Much is said about bringing the Gospel to the masses, while each isolated individual wants it just as much. Certainly those visitors who spent the best part of Sunday playing croquet and lawn tennis, did. At least the games should have been made to cease while Divine service was in progress close by. But, happily, the players were not English.

The kind young lady who left the tracts behind her, also left at our door in the early morning, a legacy of gentians, large and small. How "darkly, deeply, beautifully blue" they are. And what a contrast to the edelweiss, gathered equally on the heights. One must mount or soar to obtain, and these treasures can only be culled by up-hill work.

We went for a pic-nic with our pastor family of Chésières, and were surrounded by flowers and grasses. The children gathered them for us, heedless of Wordsworth's touching thought:

> 'Tis my belief that every flower
> Enjoys the very air it breathes.

"Make us a nosegay of orchids, Archie, not those common flowers, my boy," said the father.

Shortly afterwards Archie arrived, put his arm round our neck, and whispered, "Here are the

awkwards. Tell the little boys and girls in England, that Archie gathered them."

It was a grand bouquet of purple and yellow, and the laugh raised at the misnomer did not spoil the bright child's appetite, though he looked aggrieved at the amusement. But both appetites and pic-nic were soon grievously interrupted by huge drops of rain, succeeded by thunder and lightning. Everybody seized upon some pic-nic appliance, and tea-kettle, cups and saucers, rugs, baskets, and food, were jumbled promiscuously together, and slung on back or neck as seemed to the bearer best. While the thunder began to roll round the mountains, we stumbled down one of them, and were thankful to know that Chalet Collomb lay beneath. We reached it before the storm was at its worst, and had the satisfaction

glorious. Liquid gold was an appropriate term, because in its rapid course it drank up the moisture the rain had left, and grew molten and mellowed. The Rhone became a gilded pathway below, the humble hamlet of Chésières a sun-tipped paradise above, where raindrops hung like jewels from every carven eave and balcony, and the great tree on the village green sparkled with gems.

One pretty chalet shone forth resplendent in these adornments. This, like many others, was let for the season, and during the Swiss school holidays was usually tenanted by some lady principal of a Pension, who brought such pupils as remained with her through the year, for mountain air and change. And they need it, for Swiss education has reached a high level, and the schools have a deservedly great reputation. It

AT CHÉSIÈRES.

of being housed while the lightning kindled up mute nature into flickering flames of light, and "leapt the live thunder." During the progress of the storm our friends gathered round the piano and sang French hymns. The air was sultry, the windows were open, and as we gazed on the scene without, and listened to the occasional roll of thunder, and the continuous melody of voices, we felt that the Almighty was ever present in "the vast as the minute," in the thunder as in the Psalm. And was not the thunder a Psalm?

When both gradually ceased, and when rain and mist cleared from mountain and valley, out broke the evening sun. Everywhere sunshine is beautiful after rain, but to see it literally stream down the mountains and flood the vale was

seemed at first strange to hear of the Swiss moving for "mountain air," but before we left Villars several natives had arrived at the Grand Muveran from Montreux and other places on the shores of the Lake of Geneva, for the bracing of the higher ground. It would be impossible to speak too warmly of their friendly, kindly, hospitable manners.

It is now high time to tell how the Children's Fête did actually take place. The flowers had all been mown down and converted into very poor hay for the cattle; the cows and goats wandered over the smooth grass and their melodious bells delighted the ear; the herdsmen jödelled, and the children's holidays were over, when the great event came off. As we could not be present, owing to contrary circumstances, we

may be permitted to quote the brief description given by our pastor friend.

"The weather was lovely and the schoolmaster, or 'régent,' as the title is in these parts, marshalled the children and brought them from the school, his wife and the 'Monitrice' accompanying him. There were between fifty and sixty children. They brought their school hymn-books, and the régent made them sing a number of very pretty hymns both religious and patriotic. Some of them were really charming pieces, and seemed to give a voice to the glorious but mute nature by which we were surrounded. Two or three addresses were also given. They then fed heartily on buns, cakes, chocolate, &c., and afterwards ran races and scrambled to their hearts' content. Then, after more singing, the happy party dispersed, having testified by a show of hands their gratitude to the kind ladies who had procured such a pleasant afternoon for them. No steps have been taken at present towards forming a Band of Hope; but I trust that Madame Paillarde and Mrs. Shepherd will return from time to time, for meetings."

Who shall say what may be the result of this little English treat among the Swiss mountains? At any rate it must foster kindly feelings, and tend to show that people of all nationalities are children of one common Father. We certainly found the Swiss quite ready to accept this fact, and quite accessible to all who approached them in a friendly spirit. We were told that begging was forbidden by law established, but here as elsewhere, poverty is often stronger than law. We confess to a feeling of terror when once accosted, being alone and on the summit of a solitary eminence overhanging a ravine. A telegraph pole towered above us, a half-dry water-course sloped, fathom deep, below. We were seated, sketch-book in hand, and thought the approaching wayfarer looked picturesque. He paused, considered, and said: "I am out of work, I have nothing to eat. Will you bestow a sous on me?"

We took out our purse in trepidation. Would he seize it, would he tumble us down the precipice—would he?—but he had no evil intentions, and took our modest gift with a thankful *grand merci*, and went on his way. He might have caught at the purse; what might he not have done? But there is more honesty than crime among the Swiss mountains.

How sorry we were to leave them, and to bid adieu to the grand Muveran mountain and hotel and all their inhabitants. The departure of the diligence at 8 A.M. was as much an event as its arrival at 8 P.M., and there were always spectators. But the jangling of the peals of bells on the necks of the horses, was much more cheerful when they started after a night's rest, than when they arrived after four hours' uphill toil. Query: Do the horses like the bells? The patient oxen, too, as they plod along, carry with them this endless chime. Do they enjoy it? Are animals musical? It would be as difficult to answer this question, as the oft-recurring one, "Have they souls?" Any how they read us many a good lesson of patience under injury.

It was with sinking of heart that we bade farewell to our new friends and turned our backs on Villars, and its semi-circle of mountains. One of those friends had brought us a basket of Alpine strawberries which he had purchased of a peasant the previous day. Low be it spoken, if the Swiss are not allowed to beg, they manage to appeal forcibly by means of fruits and flowers, and even the children hold up a nosegay with a look that says plainly, "Please to give us a sous." Their harvest, like that of the hotels, is brief, and we will not begrudge it.

One descends quicker than one mounts, both morally and physically; and we were soon out of sight of Villars with its picturesque accessories of dark hamlet and white church and in sight of its neighbour, Chésières. Here other new friends were on the look out, and hats and handkerchiefs were waved from Chalet Collomb. Shall we ever meet again? we mused as we clattered down hill, and were, ere long, "on the margin of fair Leman's waters."

THE HAUNTED RUIN.

CHAPTER II.

IT happened after this wise. An old man, a former tenant of Sir Hubert's, who had moved away to a little farm some four miles off, was taken ill, and Wilfrid, whenever he could spare time from his studies, used to ride or walk over to pay the old farmer a visit and read to him.

One evening in October, he was returning home rather late from one of these visits, for his old friend had been suffering more than usual, and he had remained to read and chat, and help the patient to bear his pain.

The severe paroxysm had passed before Wilfrid started on his homeward walk, so it was with a lightened heart that he sped along, thinking nothing of the four miles by the lonely cliff path.

The lad had no notion of imitating the cowardly example of the villagers by going round by the road, and thus avoiding passing the Abbey; on the contrary, his curiosity had been roused of late by the numerous stories set afloat in the village, and he rather hoped that the ghosts would make themselves visible for his special benefit.

It was just the night for ghosts, dark, with a wild windy sky and occasional rain falling in cold splashes when you least expected them.

"I wonder if the ghosts mind wind and rain?" said

Wilfrid to himself, as he buttoned his rough coat to the chin. Those that live in the ruin ought to be pretty well used to all kinds of weather by this time? I wonder what in the world they find to do there! It must be a poor sort of occupation to scamper about with jack-o'-lanterns, and frighten any one who happens to be passing.

As these thoughts flashed through Wilfrid's mind, he came in sight of the Abbey. Grey and ghostly enough it looked in the fitful light made by the struggling moon, when for a moment she emerged from the masses of dark clouds that swept across the stormy heaven. But just as Wilfrid came opposite to the very centre of the ruin, he saw a glimmer of light among the stones.

Yes, he could not be mistaken; there it was again, now appearing, now vanishing, now up in the air, now low down near the ground.

"I must get a nearer view and see what this means," said the lad to himself; and so saying he ran quickly across the bit of open cliff that lay between the path, and the place where many of the crumbling stones were scattered about in melancholy profusion.

Once among these, he could hide behind them and follow the light, dodging from stone to stone.

"If the ghosts are ghosts, it is not much use hiding from them," thought Wilfrid. "Still, as one can't be sure whether there may not be danger from something beside ghosts, it is perhaps as well to be prudent."

At length the light that he was following became stationary, and the boy stole nearer, and peeping round a great stone, he was startled to see one of the same ghosts that the villagers had described; a tall, formless white thing, of which the light sometimes seemed to be the head, and somotimes to belong to other parts of the shapeless body. Wilfrid had hardly recovered from the surprise which the appearance of this ghost caused him, when another and yet more terrible shape approached. The face could be distinctly perceived, even in the darkness, for it was of a ghastly whiteness, while the flowing drapery was all ablaze with a strange bluish light horrible to witness.

For a minute or two the ghosts stood as though taking counsel together, then they moved slowly on, threading their way among the rubbish, as though fearful of striking their ghostly toes against the jagged fragments of decayed stones; while Wilfrid, plucking up courage, followed at no great distance.

For some time he kept them in sight, getting much nearer to them in his pursuit. Then they passed from his view behind a great heap of stones, and as they did not reappear, he ventured at last to creep round and see what had become of them. To his surprise there was no trace of them. But while he was still trying to solve the mystery of their sudden disappearance, he saw, a few feet away from him, what looked like a hole in the ground. Softly approaching, he looked down and saw a dim light, like that of a lantern, glimmering far below on a rough rocky stair that seemed to go down into the very heart of the cliff.

"If that's where the ghosts have gone, I'll have a try too," said the lad to himself. And without stopping to calculate what the consequences might be, he turned, and began to descend backwardsway, as you would go down the companionway of a vessel in a rough sea.

Down, down he went, until suddenly, after a sharp turn, he emerged under the over-hanging cliff, on to the shingly shore of one of the many little creeks with which the coast abounded, and the plash of the incoming tide was in his ears. Nor was this all, for there, at no great distance from him, on a ledge of rock nearer the sea, stood two men with their faces turned towards the ocean, while a heap of white wrappings and garments lay close to Wilfrid's feet. The moon coming out just then showed a sail-boat making for the creek, and the boy guessed easily enough what her freight must be, and what all these ghostly garments had been designed to hide.

"I must see the thing through!" resolved Wilfrid. "I wonder where I can hide!"

He looked about, and presently saw, in the shadow of the rude rock stairway down which he had just come, a deep fissure or niche, where he could crouch unobserved, hidden in the obscurity. He had only just found this refuge and ensconced himself there, when the two men's voices became distinctly audible, and he heard their steps along the shingle, as they approached his place of concealment.

"The tide will be full in about an hour," said one voice, "and then she will come in and we must have all hands down here to clear her at once."

"Yes," replied another, "it's a capital cargo this time, and we could never have got it in but for this ghost trick of ours."

Wilfrid started. The second voice—surely he could not be mistaken—was one he knew. Breathlessly he listened. The first voice spoke again—

"I must go up and see that the vault is ready for storing. Lucky, isn't it for us, that those old monks took such prime care of their wine cellar that it can be used even now! I wonder what they made this way through the cliff for? You'll stay down here, won't you, and give the signal."

Then the owner of the first voice, a big, burly ruffian, snatched up some of the white clothes that lay there, and tucking them under his arm, brushed past Wilfrid in his dark corner, and disappeared up the steep stone stair-way.

The other man came and stood only a pace or two from Wilfrid's corner; stood there looking sadly out to sea, and every now and then heaving a deep sigh.

Yes, Wilfrid had not been mistaken in thinking that the voice was one that he knew. For here, almost within reach of his arm, was the son for whom Sir Hubert and Lady Bridget were breaking their hearts; the spendthrift and gambler turned smuggler—Harold Grandcourt.

"O Lord give me wisdom and strength to do the right!" was the prayer that went up from Wilfrid's heart, as he recognised his cousin's face and noticed how it had changed during the months that had gone by since he had parted from him. Anxiety, care, conscious degradation, shame, weariness, disgust, all were there, and seeing these, Wilfrid's resolution was made with a strange sense that he was guided, and that the sudden thought what to do, had come in answer to his fervent cry for help.

Making a step forward, he laid a hand on Harold's shoulder. The young man gave a nervous exclamation.

"*You*, Wilfrid! You here?"

"Yes Harold, dear Harold. Ever since you left us I have been praying that I may find you and take you home, and now God has granted me half my prayer, and I believe He is about to grant the rest."

"But how came you here, boy? How have you guessed our secret? But I forgot, you must lose no time in talking. Quick, begone, before you are found, for even I could not save your life, were you discovered here."

"No, I dare say not;" replied Wilfrid coolly.

"Well then, get up that stone stair as quickly as you can. I think there will be time for you to get up to the top before I have to give the signal. Iwill hear what you have to say another time, if you will meet me by the ruin some night. Now be off with you, quick!"

Wilfrid folded his arms, and calmly looked his cousin in the face. "I will go," said he, "but only on one condition, and that is that you go too, and come home with me."

"How can I? The thing is not to be thought of!" exclaimed Harold. "You are mad to speak thus."

"Mad or sane, I shall not change my mind," rejoined the lad firmly.

"What shall I do?" cried Harold in real anguish. "I can't see you murdered before my face; yet if you don't go, Wilfrid, your life is not worth a rush."

"Then take the other alternative," replied the boy. "Your father and mother are longing and praying for your return. Your mother has pined for you till she is sore broken in health and spirits. And, Oh Harold, I see written in your face that you are weary of this devil's work, and would fain escape from its trammels. God has seen you, as He saw Israel in Egypt, long ago, groaning in the toils, and He has sent me here to bring you home this very night."

The young man hesitated. Then the thought of home rose up before him—the venerable white head of his father, his mother's tender smile, the life of quiet, of safety, of uprightness that awaited him, if he quitted his present career of vice and shame and danger.

"You have conquered, Wilfrid! You have risked your life, and I can't let you throw it away quite on such a worthless thing as I have become. And, truth to say, boy, you have read me like a book, and God knows I do long for the old life of home, where I may redeem (if it be not past redemption) my character, and be the comfort and stay, so far as in me lies, of my parents' last years."

"You are not beyond the love and the power of the Great Redeemer," said Wilfrid. "Of Him who loves us with an everlasting love."

"You shall teach me of Him, my Wilfrid, and lead me to Him. But now we must be moving, for there is danger in every moment that we tarry. Come, cousin, get on this ghost-gear, and up with you as fast as you can go; and should you meet any one and are spoken to, say *Blue Ruin*, and pass on."

"Give me your hand, Harold," said the boy. "Now we can go more quickly"; and the two young fellows mounted the rough rocky passage together, by the feeble glimmer of the lanterns fastened here and there against the rocky walls.

Fearing at every turn in the winding way lest they should meet some of the gang, they nevertheless gained the upper world in safety, and Wilfrid left his white robes there.

The boy allowed his cousin no further time for reflection, lest he should repent his decision, but hurried him on, away from the old Abbey, away from the scenes which had grown so familiar during the last few months.

On, quickly on, they went, towards the home which seemed like a very haven of rest, after tossing on stormy seas.

"Wait here one moment," said Wilfrid to Harold, as the great oak door opened, and admitted them into the spacious hall. "I will just go in and prepare your parents for the joy that awaits them."

Then Harold heard Sir Hubert's voice from the warm bright room, "Is that you, Wilfrid? How late you are, my boy."

"Yes, uncle," replied the lad, "I have been kept. I will tell you the whole story another time. But I have not come home alone. I have brought some one with me. Uncle, aunt, you have borne great sorrow; can you bear great happiness? The greatest that you can think of? Harold, Harold, come in! Dear ones, here is Harold, whom God has brought home once more, to be your own son again."

M. E. R.

Monthly Religious Record.

GREAT value attaches to many of the facts brought out in the anniversary speeches of the last few months. We cannot but regret that they should so soon pass into oblivion. They deserve to be known and pondered by a far larger multitude than can be assembled in Exeter Hall. This year they present varied and most striking evidence of genuine progress. The societies are some of them hampered by failing funds, or at least checked in new enterprises. But not the less are the signs of movement and inquiry visible in many directions. We have not simply the record of aggressive action, but the indications of responsive life in many spheres. We invite those who think that Christianity is decaying to give impartial scrutiny to the manifold forms in which it is influencing the world. One feature of the year is certainly the place given to facts. There have been fewer eloquent speeches, far fewer denunciations; but the tide of practical sympathy flows forth in diverse channels with gathering strength.

THE Earl of Harrowby presided at the meeting of the *British and Foreign Bible Society*. In the course of his speech he introduced many facts in evidence of the progress of the last fifty years. "Fifty years ago the Bible was circulated in 136 languages; to-day it is actually printed in 280 tongues and languages throughout the world. There is only one great language which has not the complete Scriptures, and that is the Japanese; but I am told that by midsummer, the Bible, complete in Japanese, will take its place on our shelves." Colportage is now one of the most interesting branches of Bible work. "Fifty years ago this was in its infancy. Two Frenchmen had the honour of beginning the movement, and starting the plan of sending the Bible round by colporteurs. What has happened? In the year 1887 you have in Europe 300 natives of the various countries employed in this work; elsewhere, chiefly in India, 200. To show you what a depth of feeling there must be in England for the Bible, England and Wales actually take annually 1,400,000 copies. Your colonies of Australia, and Canada, and the Cape, take another 600,000. People tell you that the Continent does not care for the Bible. You must remember that nineteen-twentieths of our books are sold for their proper value. How does Europe show her interest in these matters? France alone takes 124,000 of the Scriptures annually; Belgium takes 7,000; Holland, 30,000; Germany and Switzerland, 363,000; Italy, so long closed, 130,000; Austria and Hungary, 168,000; Spain, 56,000; Denmark, 46,000; and, marvel of marvels, Russia, 450,000 per annum; Turkey, 50,000; Egypt something of the same kind, and India, 250,000." The Archbishop of Canterbury afterwards referred to the many encouraging facts embodied in the report. The other speakers were Dr. Young, the president of the Wesleyan Conference, the Bishop of Manchester, the Bishop of Sydney, Pasteur Monod, and the Rev. Dr. Macfarlane. The total income for the year, it appeared, had been 221,754*l.*, of which 116,761*l.* was subscribed, and 104,888*l.* derived from sales. But this income had been exceeded, to the extent of 10,000*l.* As compared with two years ago, the income showed a falling off of 31,000*l.* The issues of the society during the year have numbered 3,932,678, and the total issues of Bibles since the birth of the society have been 112,253,547.

THE eighty-third annual meeting of the *Religious Tract Society* was held in Exeter Hall, under the presidency of Sir T. Fowell Buxton. An abstract of the report was read by the Rev. Dr. White. It stated that there had been issued during the year 665 new publications, of which 167 were tracts. The Society has, up to the present time, published in 186 languages and dialects. The total circulation from the home depôt, including books, tracts, periodicals, counted in numbers, cards, and miscellaneous issues, has reached 61,167,360, of which 23,720,300 are tracts.

The issues from foreign depôts may be safely stated at 15,000,000, making a circulation of 76,167,360, and of 2,526,329,340 since the formation of the Society. The total amount received from sales, missionary receipts, and all other sources, was 203,446*l.* The total expenditure in both trade and grant departments had been 201,629*l.* The amount received from subscriptions and other contributions, part payment for grants, dividends and legacies, was 25,763*l.* 8*s.* 6*d.*, the whole of this sum being available for the missionary objects of the Society. The missionary expenditure had amounted to 43,389*l.* The excess of grants over the missionary receipts, amounting to 17,617*l.* 3*s.* had been supplied from the trade funds, which had also borne the entire cost of management both of the business and missionary departments. The meeting was subsequently addressed by the Rev. E. A. Stuart, the Rev. Dr. Vincent, Chancellor of the Chautauqua University, and the Rev. James Chalmers, of New Guinea. The platform was in part occupied by children selected from some of the ragged schools, as representing those to whom the Society, in conjunction with Sir Francis Peek, gives annual prizes for proficiency in religious knowledge. These during the evening sang several pieces, and at its close a lively address was given by Mr. Eugene Stock for their edification.

The usual Missionary Breakfast brought together a large company. Mr. Samuel Smith, M.P., took the chair, and urged the need of still more vigorous effort to counteract the ever-spreading stream of vile and corrupting literature. Other speakers, representing the work in different spheres, followed each with his record of interesting facts. The Rev. John Brown, of Calcutta, said that every year an addition of three millions was being made to the reading public of India, and described the various ways by which the press was being used for Christian purposes in that country. Colonel Pashkoff described the state of affairs in Russia. The Rev. W. Wyatt Gill testified to the aid rendered in the South Sea Islands. The Rev. A. W. Clark, the American missionary at Prague, declared that in Bohemia they had reason to envy the religious freedom of Siberia; but said that, by providing them with hymns, by assisting them in the republication of the old Bohemian Brethren's Commentaries on the Bible, and in other ways, the Society had rendered valuable service. The Rev. R. P. Ashe spoke of the people in Central Africa as now some of them poring for hours over the printed page. Miss Macpherson bore glowing witness to the good effected among Canadian emigrants. We notice, by the way, an increasing number of lady speakers at the various meetings this year. Mr. Hermans spoke of tract distribution at Havre; Pastor Fliedner, of the difficulties in Spain. Among other speakers were the Rev. M. Piper, from Japan, the Rev. Newman Hall, and Miss de Broen, of Paris. The interest of the gathering, as in previous years, lay largely in the fact that every speaker drew from his own experience.

THE *Church Missionary Society* this year rejoices in the largest income it has yet received. The report, glancing back over the last fifty years, recorded that during that period more than 900 missionaries had been sent out, and 355 native clergymen ordained, while 80,000 adult converts, besides tens of thousands of their children, had been baptized. The ordinary income spoken of in last year's report was the largest ever received, but this year an income 6,555*l.* higher even than that, viz., 207,793*l.*, is recorded. In addition to this, 8,260*l.* has been given to the Extension Fund, 3,000*l.* being an anonymous donation for work among Mohammedans. The grand total of receipts on all accounts was 234,639*l.*, and of this amount more than 4,000*l.* was received as a result of the London February Simultaneous Meetings. The new president, Sir John Kennaway, Bart., M.P., took the chair at the morning meeting; and the Dean of Windsor in the evening. Among the speakers was Canon Westcott, who said that we came into contact with ancient communities that had sunk low, and we must strive, not to disintegrate them, but to bring them into vital contact with the transforming energy of the living Spirit of God. He looked forward to the time when the native churches of the East would have a great church of their own, pure in scriptural simplicity and apostolical in constitution; but before that could come there was abundant work to be done. Professor Sir Monier Williams spoke of the sacred books of the East. The Rev. H. Williams, of Krishnagar, said the result of his work in Bengal had convinced him that the Mohammedans would receive Christianity long before the Hindoos. Mohammedanism was sinking socially. Considering how much has been said as to the impenetrability of Mohammedanism, his testimony was noteworthy. The Rev. James Johnson, a native pastor from Lagos, on the other hand, declared that Mohammedanism was one of the strongest enemies he had to contend with, and though it had done good in the suppression of human sacrifices, he could not agree that it prepared the way for Christianity, as some thought. Its adherents there had increased since 1863 from 700 to 10,000, and Christian people ought to be alarmed at its progress.

THE *Wesleyan Missionary Society* reported an income of 143,182*l.*, but a debt still remaining of 10,768*l.* At the same time testimony was borne to the "revived and deepening interest in the work." During the meeting several large subscriptions were promised, and a movement initiated to clear off the debt. Sir Charles Warren presided, and gave some facts of much value gleaned in his own experience. He confessed himself "very strongly imbued with the idea that the great work of missionary societies to the natives is to evangelise and to allow them to select their own church, and that which is most suitable to their views after they become Christians." He said also that the expectation of results proved often a great stumbling-block. A man might labour for thirty or forty years, and show no results, and another man might come after him, and reap abundantly. Speaking of the Kaffirs, he said:—"I have been perfectly astonished when I have met some of these natives to find the refined feeling they possess. In 1878 in Kaffirland I had an interpreter, and when I rode about and talked to him, I quite forgot that he was a black man. All over the country I have found that there are grades and gradations of these people. There are some of them hardly capable of understanding anything, but a very large number of them are capable of the very highest education." Subsequent speakers contributed many facts in proof of the reality of mission work. Thus, the Rev. E. Mackenzie Cobham, replying to the assertions of some old Indians as to the worthlessness of missions, said:—"When one is always hearing that Indian native Christians are so bad, one is tempted to think that the magistrates must know something about them, so I went one day to our Chief Commissioner of Police in Madras to ask for the criminal statistics of our presidency. He very kindly gave them to me. First of all he told me who were the worst people in Madras. Government divide the population into three classes—Christians, Mussulmans, and Hindoos. In the city of Madras, a city of 400,000 people, which of these three classes is the best, which the worst? Government says: 'The statistics which we have received say this: The Mussulmans are not the best people, the Hindoos are not the best people, the Christians are the best people.' (Applause.) Out of every 447 Hindoos we have a criminal; out of every 700 Mussulmans in the city of Madras we have a criminal; but it takes 2,500 Christians to make one. (Applause.) Out of every 100,0 0 Hindoos throughout the 31,000,000 of the Madras Presidency we have 49 criminals; we have 62 criminals out of every 100,000 Mahommedans; but we have only 16 out of every 100,000 Christians. That is the testimony of Government—that is to say, speaking out before the whole world, Government says that the best men in the country are those men who, by the grace of God, have been lifted out of idolatry and heathenism and made Christians."

AT the *Baptist Missionary soirée*, the Rev. George Grenfell, of the Congo, spoke of the possibilities of negro races in terms almost as strong as those applied by Colonel Warren to the Kaffirs. "Low, as we count lowness, they may be," he said, "but they are not low if we count the indisputable possibilities of the people. There is no fear of the negro disappearing before the advance of civilisation and the white man, as the Red Indian is doing, and as the aborigines of other lands have done. There is a vitality of race and a power about him that is going to make him take his place some day among the nations of the earth." Referring to the statements made by Dr. Lenz as to the missionaries not teaching the natives to work, he said the two sons of the two principal men in Congo-land were engaged in manual occupations. "I have seen hundreds if not thousands of labourers," continued Mr. Grenfell, "who have been trained in Protestant missions, occupying all sorts

of positions as carpenters, blacksmiths, engineers, brickmakers, bricklayers, cooks, in fact every position in which a European traveller, trader, or missionary is likely to require intelligent assistance; I have seen hundreds of these people, but I have never seen nor heard of the case of a single workman who has been trained in a Roman Catholic mission being employed outside his own mission." Facts of this class should be more widely noted. They are known to those interested in missions, but they do not obtain the same wide circulation as the original calumny. The statement of Dr. Lenz comes to us from the continent and is given to all the world in the various newspapers; but why should the statement in answer be passed by almost unnoticed by a large portion of the secular press?

THE income of the *Baptist Missionary Society* reached 70,000*l.*, the largest sum yet realized, being 5,000*l.* in advance of last year. Nineteen new missionaries have been accepted. In ten years it has doubled its staff. Sir Robert Phayre presided at the annual meeting in Exeter Hall, and gave a comprehensive and interesting review of the work in India. The Rev. R. Wright Hay, of the West African Mission, drew a vivid and pathetic picture of what had been accomplished at the Cameroons. Other speakers dwelt on the more general aspects of the times. Special stress was laid on the dangers arising from the liquor traffic in India and elsewhere.

THE *London Missionary Society* was worthily represented at its annual meeting. Mr. J. J. Colman, M.P., presided. The report, a resumé of which was given by the Rev. R. Wardlaw Thompson, embodied many facts of general interest. In some parts of the South Seas the society is being "slowly elbowed out" by political influences over which it has no control; but as extensive fields are still open there, the directors deprecate any diminution of the staff of workers in that region. Mr. Thompson said that as he read the letters and statements which reached him from missionaries in the field, he saw his Master moving round the world as the conqueror of all human hearts. Dr. E. R. Conder was the next speaker. Then followed the Rev. Jonathan Lees, of Tientsin, who in a comprehensive speech reviewed the progress making in China. He quoted many facts as indication that the traditions of ages were passing away. It is new to be told that the whole of North China, and of the South, too—"for aught I know"—swarms with religious sects. "We speak of those great systems, Confucianism, Buddhism, Taoism, and so on, but the truth is that the whole country is honey-combed with sects; some are more political, some are religious, some are treasonable; but among the members of these sects will usually be found those who are dissatisfied with the faiths around them, and so seek after something higher and better." The local heads of these sects have often been seen at the mission chapels. "And why did they attend? In order to get pabulum to retail to their people, the truth being that Christianity had become so familiar among a class of the people that though they did not like to receive it from the foreigner they were willing to receive our statements and histories second-hand from their own people. That is just an illustration, at any rate, of the way in which Christianity is gradually soaking down among the population." Dr. Munro Gibson spoke next, and he was followed by the Rev. James Chalmers, with whose work in New Guinea our readers are already acquainted. The total income of the Society amounted to 105,382*l.*, and the expenditure to 121,110*l.*, leaving a balance against it of nearly 15,000*l.*

AMONG the speakers at the missionary meeting of the *United Methodist Free Churches* was the Rev. John Baxter, of East Africa. Notwithstanding the attack of the Masai on the Golbanti station, compelling a temporary withdrawal, he was able to give an encouraging account of the progress made. It is now twenty-six years ago since the mission to the Gallas was commenced; and before the sad events of a year ago ninety-eight Gallas had settled at the mission-station. These had come out of their heathen villages to live on the Christian station. Most of them had braved the threats of their countrymen; some had given up tribal distinctions and honours, and many had shown a decided change of life and character, and had received Christian baptism. In the attack made on the station twenty-one were either murdered or drowned. Four stations have been established among the Wanyika."

THE *Salvation Army* is no infrequent visitor at Exeter Hall, but has also its yearly meeting. If more sober in procedure, the anniversary this year was not less enthusiastic. General Booth said they had been taking longer and loftier flights than ever before. 494 lasses and 445 lads had passed through their training homes. Within the previous four months not fewer than 1,000 applications had been made for admittance as cadets, and within the same period thirty-five new corps and fifty-five outposts had been established by cadets sent out. The seven travelling corps, with their vans, had greatly helped existing corps, and had established twenty-six new corps. They had sent during the year 203 missionary officers abroad. Their success in Canada and the United States was beyond even that of the old country. In the States the number of corps had increased from 70 to 300 in two years. They had 14 corps in India and Ceylon, whither he hoped to go himself next year. There were 44 corps in the Transvaal, some of which were at the gold diggings; one in St. Helena, 14 in Sweden, and barracks were engaged in Amsterdam and Copenhagen, which were to be opened on Sunday. During the year the total corps of the Army had increased from 1,558 to 2,081, and the officers from 3,614 to 5,037.

THE *London City Mission*, which employs a staff of 465 missionaries, has this year increased its income to 62,803*l.* The Rev. C. H. Spurgeon was among the speakers at its anniversary meeting. "That is a poor soul," he said, "that can fulfil its destiny within the narrow limits of its own ribs."

THE *Ragged School Union* is not only maintaining, but, in some directions, extending its work. Every year the Union, combining with local schools, offers a prize of the value of seven shillings and sixpence to those scholars who can produce from their employers a clear twelve months' satisfactory character. This year the number of those able to do this amounted to eight hundred, the largest number ever known in the history of the Union. These prizes were distributed at the annual meeting.

THE Bishop of London presided at the meeting of the *Thames Church Mission*. Quoting the words that, he said, years ago set John Wesley's heart on fire, "Young man, you can't go to heaven alone," he made a powerful appeal. There are said to be 300,000 souls always afloat in the Port of London. These have to be provided for. The report gave an encouraging account of the year's work.

THE *Mission to Deep Sea Fishermen* is making substantial progress. Its chief want now seems to be a stable income by which to maintain its little fleet of mission smacks. Sir Andrew Clark, Bart., M.D., presided at the annual meeting. He suggested the provision of a hospital ship, and the establishment of some wise scheme of insurance. Mr. Thomas Gray, C.B., afterwards bore testimony to the efficient footing on which the society had been placed both as regards finance and administration. The receipts this year have reached 28,120*l.* Mr. Mather, the founder, announced a gift just made of a steam yacht. One evidence of good effected was afforded in the certificates of the National Health Society, presented by Lady Clark to the skippers of the mission ships, who had sought to qualify themselves for the simple treatment of illness or accident at sea.

AT the *Baptist Missionary Breakfast*, the Rev. J. B. Myers read a paper on "Frequent and Regular Giving," in which he propounded his "Penny-a-week system." Dealing with those members of his own denomination who do not already contribute ten shillings and upwards, he estimated that if 273,200 members were to give but one penny a week, the total sum contributed would be 59,150*l.* This is self-evidencing arithmetic. The power of the penny has been recognised in Methodism since the days of John Wesley. Its fuller application to the missionary societies is a matter that concerns them all. The amount lost since the lesson of our Lord was first given by *not* "gathering up the fragments" in the various departments of labour must be beyond calculation. If ten other societies—or Christian communities of the various nations—for any Christian objects, could each by a like levy reach another 50,000*l.*, it is plain the churches would be the richer by half a million a year. Is it too much to say that the ungathered "fragments" of a single century would reach a total of fifty millions or more?

THE SUNDAY AT HOME

O DAY MOST CALM, MOST BRIGHT! . . .
THE WEEK WERE DARK BUT FOR THY LIGHT.—*Herbert.*

GENEVIÈVE;

OR, THE CHILDREN OF PORT ROYAL.

A STORY OF OLD FRANCE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE SPANISH BROTHERS," "THE KING'S SERVICE," &c

CHAPTER VI.—THE HÔTEL DIEU.

"E'en that must leave me—that still face, by all my tears unmoved.
Take me from this dark world with thee."

WANTED AT THE HÔTEL DIEU.

HOW that long day wore by with Geneviève in her lonely room, those only can guess who have known a similar anxiety. Even in a great city of the present day, the prolonged absence of a person as unprotected as Madame Montères, would suggest terrible possibilities; and the Paris of the Fronde was not a great city of the present day. There was little security for life or property; there was no organised system of general communication. Solitary atoms of humanity, swept into the vortex, were swallowed up every day in that great seething mass of confusion and corruption; and who could ever trace them—who would even care to make the attempt? It would be as easy to track a missing ship in mid-ocean.

At last Geneviève could bear no longer the lonely burden of her anxious thoughts. Though

she had a salutary dread of her loud-tongued landlady, she ventured, under the pressure of a more terrible fear, to invade her premises. The time was unfortunate; for Veuve Manin had that day upon her hands the very unusual labour of a general wash. Geneviève found her bending over a steaming tub, and giving at the same time parenthetical replies to a neighbour who had come in upon some household errand. She received the timid greeting of her young lodger with scant ceremony, and without intermitting her labours, or even turning her head.

But Geneviève was already well aware of her dislike, and far too miserable to care for it just then. She explained briefly that her mother had gone out to the market very early, and had not yet returned, though it was now past noon—long past, she thought. What ought she to do? And oh, what did Veuve Manin think could possibly have happened?

Veuve Manin took a garment from the seething mass before her, wrung it out vigorously, and hung it up to dry. Then, at last, with the soap still glistening on her brawny arms, she condescended to turn round, and to face her trembling questioner.

"There are many things that could have happened, very possibly, and very probably too, my fine demoiselle," she answered. "Your mother may have been run over, and killed, by one of those new coaches the great folk are setting up, endangering the lives and limbs of honest people whom God made, as much as He made ladies and gentlemen. Or she may, quite simply, have lost her way; and not having any great things of a head, as far as I ever saw, she may wander about until doomsday. Or, she may have been murdered—or robbed, perhaps, at the best. Do you know if she had any money about her; or, possibly, anything that could be turned into money?" enquired the widow, with a look of sharp curiosity.

Scared by the terrible possibilities suggested, and heedless of all but her mother's danger, Geneviève answered, with more candour than prudence, "She had only a few sous with her; but then, I know she had also a valuable ring."

"Then I wish you may ever see it again. It, or her either. That is all I have to say."

Geneviève sank, faint and trembling, on the nearest seat; while the other woman, who looked kind, threw in a word of comfort.

"Come, come, Mademoiselle Manin,[1] don't take the heart out of the poor young thing that way. After all, a thousand things may have happened to detain the mother; and she may come back safe and well, with the help of the good God and our Lady. If I were you, ma'amselle, I would just go home and say a prayer for her; for I see nothing else you can do."

"I can go to look for her," came faintly from the white lips of Geneviève.

"Where would you look, I wonder? God help you for such folly, poor child. There would only be two lost, in place of one. And in the meantime the mother might return, and find no one to welcome her. It might be a different thing if a strong man, who knew the city, were to try what he could do. Mademoiselle Manin, that son of thine is as good-natured a lad as ever broke bread; and for the sake of a poor young lady who is dying of fright, he might, when he comes back from work——"

Neither the kindhearted neighbour nor the terrified girl was prepared for the burst of anger this suggestion evoked. Purple with rage and excitement, the widow recommended her neighbour to attend to her own affairs; and assured "the young lady" that honest lads had something better to do than to run about the city upon their errands, especially if they were to be treated afterwards as though they were the dust beneath their feet, and not good enough for that. "Honest lads had their mothers to mind, who toiled and starved and slaved for them, and often wanted the bit and sup themselves that they might not know what want meant. If they understood so little of their duty as to make fools of themselves, running after demoiselles with yellow hair and blue eyes, and hands that were white enough, to be sure, because they had never done a decent day's work—at least their mothers understood their's too well to allow it. All the more, when there was not even money in the case, but pride and poverty both together, and my lady's rings and trinkets having to be thrown into the *pot au feu*, to keep it on the boil." This harangue was seasoned with a liberal supply of the phraseology learned at the Halles, which in England would have been styled Billingsgate. Having relieved her mind by its delivery, Veuve Manin returned with renewed energy to her wash-tub; while the other woman threw in some feeble remonstrances, and Geneviève, thoroughly frightened, slipped out of the room.

Wrapping a shawl around her, she went out; and soon reached the Halles, where the friendly Babet told her all she could, and gave her the basket, expressing much surprise that the lady had not returned to claim it. Then she went to the church her mother usually attended, but with no better success. Weary, hopeless, and discouraged, she returned home; if that could be called home where there was no familiar face or voice to welcome her. Night was falling now; the cold, drizzling rain had recommenced, and nothing could well be more dreary than the bare, fireless room where hour after hour she sat, and waited.

When the darkness increased, she lit the little oil lamp, partly because it made her feel somewhat less lonely, partly that her mother, if returning, might see the guiding light.

She heard, in the room beneath her, the sound of steps and voices, indicating that Mathieu Manin had returned from his work; and she noticed that the voices were much louder than usual, apparently mother and son were engaged in an angry altercation. After what had passed, Geneviève could not ask the help of Mathieu, as, under other circumstances, she might perhaps have done. At last she heard him go out again,

[1] Married women of Veuve Manin's rank, and indeed much higher in social position, were then called Mademoiselle, not madame.

evidently in a very bad humour, for he flung the door noisily to behind him. Her mother's words passed idly through her mind, "If Mathieu spends his evenings at the wine shop, Veuve Manin has no one but herself to blame for it." But they were only interesting to her because they were her mother's words. How unutterably she longed to hear that voice, to see that face again!

Sleep, for her, was out of the question; she did not even undress. She lay down indeed for a little while, but the restless desire of misery for change of posture soon made her rise again, and pace to and fro in the narrow bounds of the little room. At last, however, fatigue and sorrow overcame her, and near the dawn of the wintry morning, she threw herself once more on the bed, and from utter exhaustion fell into a kind of slumber.

She was roused by steps and voices in the passage outside her door. Springing up, she ran to open it, hoping and fearing she knew not what. Veuve Manin, Mathieu, and a stranger, were there; and, as it seemed to the bewildered Geneviève, they began all to speak together. She looked piteously from one to the other, as if imploring some explanation which she could understand. Then Mathieu pushed his mother aside with an air of authority she had never seen him assume before, and coming forward respectfully, addressed her, "There is bad news for ma'amselle, I am sorry to say. Madame your mother is ill: she has been taken to the Hôtel Dieu. This good man," indicating the stranger, "is a porter belonging to the Hôtel, and has been sent to fetch ma'amselle to her."

Geneviève grew white to the lips, and trembled like an aspen leaf, she looked as though she would have fallen.

"Come, come, ma'amselle," said Veuve Manin, with a roughness which for once proved really serviceable, "if you are going to faint away like a fine lady, you will never see your mother alive again."

Geneviève shivered at the cruel words, but for all that, they gave her strength, and she turned to go with her guides.

Mathieu glanced round the room, and espying a soft, warm shawl, he took it up, and wrapped it around the trembling girl. Then he drew her arm within his, and signed to the porter of the Hôtel Dieu to lead the way.

Veuve Manin followed them in silence to the door of the house, then she cried out angrily, "Mathieu!"

"Do not trouble thyself about my dinner, mother," said he, looking back. "I may not be home for it."

"Mathieu!—I say, Mathieu!" the words came out quick and sharp, like pistol shots. "Take that girl's arm from thine, and come back this moment, or else never look in thy mother's face again."

But Mathieu's blood was up now as well as his mother's, and he answered with a coolness more provoking than any outburst of passion, "Aça, that last is as you please, my good mother."

Geneviève scarcely noticed this passage of arms, so intense was her absorption in the one thought that filled her soul. Her mother was ill—ill alone in a strange place among strange faces. She needed her child; and the moments seemed like hours until her child could stand by her side. Mathieu's long strides could scarcely keep pace with the little feet of Geneviève, urged as they were by fear, and hope, and love. Neither spoke; except that at first Mathieu put a question or two to the porter, in the hope of gaining some information for Geneviève. But the man was both stupid and indifferent; he could only tell that he had been given the address, and ordered to fetch mademoiselle at once, as her mother was very ill and wished to see her.

At last they reached the gates of that "House of God," where, for His sake, His poor and sick were received and tended, often—alas!—very carelessly and indifferently. Here Mathieu was refused admittance, and the silent, trembling Geneviève was received by an official in uniform, who gave her in charge to a Sister of St. Vincent de Paul. The Sister was kind, her face was refined and handsome, though slightly marked with small-pox. She whispered, as she led her charge through the gloomy, echoing corridor, "Be of good courage, my child, your mother lives yet."

Presently they entered a great hall, filled, or rather crowded with beds, each bed containing two, or even three, miserable sufferers. Instinctively Geneviève shrank back, and clung to her guide, but the horrible sights and sounds pierced even the absorption of her agony. The place seemed alive with writhing forms and ghastly faces, some gazing at her with a curiosity which even pain and sickness could not quell, others wrapped in their own sufferings, and impervious to every outward impression. Cries and groans filled the air, though now and then they were drowned by the shouts and songs of some patient in violent delirium. Was it in this horrible place that her mother—her refined, gentle mother—was lying ill, perhaps dying?

"Keep your eyes on the ground, my child," said the friendly Sister. "See and hear as little as you can. We shall soon reach the place now. We saw your mother was not like the others, so we gave her a bed for herself, alone, and in a quiet corner."

They came at last to the "quiet corner," from which a priest was just turning slowly away. His errand was not doubtful; for he was preceded by a boy carrying a bell, while an old acolyte followed, bearing the vessels used in the solemn service he had just concluded. Geneviève understood all but too well; but she could not speak. With no visible sign of emotion, save a slight shiver, she advanced to the humble couch on which her mother lay.

So white and death-like was the dear face—the face that filled all the world for her—that she did not doubt that death itself was present there; and a great and bitter cry broke from her desolate heart—"Mother!—mother!"

Then once more the dim eyes unclosed; and the failing voice murmured, in faint and broken accents, the last words that lingered in the mind

of the dying as earth and all its interests faded from her: "He careth for you—careth for—my child!"

Geneviève bent over and kissed her forehead; then took her hand, and felt the feeble fingers close upon hers with that dear clasp of the dying which speaks of love that can never die.

The Sister stood beside her, and watched.

In another hour all was over. Then the Sister drew Geneviève gently away, saying, "Come, my child. She is at rest now. It has been a blessed departure; I never knew of one more painless, or more peaceful."

"Let me stay!" prayed Geneviève; "oh, Sister, let me stay—to the last."

"It cannot be, my daughter. We must take her now to the room where we lay our dead, to await their final rest. You must go home. But you may come and see her once again. Come, if you will, to-morrow morning at nine o'clock."

At that moment an imperative voice summoned —"*Sœur Marguerite, vîte! vîte!*"[1]

She lingered but to whisper, "Be comforted, dear child. Go home; and when you come to-morrow ask for Sœur Marguerite."

Still Geneviève could not go. All she had on earth lay there cold and white, on that lowly bed. And in a few short hours even that would be hers no longer.

At length ruder voices bade her depart, and ruder hands conducted, indeed in the end almost forced her to the door.

When she found herself in the street she stood bewildered. Everything looked strange to her. Was it years since she trod that pavement—entered in by that gate?

But she was soon forced to move. Passers-by began to jostle her, and a litter, with a sick man in it, approached, the bearers telling her roughly not to block the way, but to go into the hospital herself, if that was what she wanted, as from her looks it appeared to be.

Mechanically, and half in a stupor, she walked on, and guided perhaps by some instinct, she found her way back to the Rue St. Jacques. Knowing nothing better to do, she trod its long and weary length, seeming to herself to be walking on and on for ever. She was not sorry to turn at last into the by-street where she lodged, and to find herself at the door of the familiar house.

As usual it was open; and Veuve Manin was standing before it, with arms akimbo, and the air of one prepared to do battle with all comers.

"My mother is dead," said Geneviève, feeling in her simplicity as if her sorrow made her kin to all the world, and made all the world kin to her.

But Veuve Manin had a sorrow of her own which shut her heart, as with bars and bolts of iron, against that of Geneviève. Had not her only son—that son for whom she lived, and for whom in very truth she had toiled like a bond slave—just assured her defiantly that he would have nothing to do with the excellent "partie" she had chosen for him, but that he meant forthwith to go and marry the penniless and hated Geneviève Montères? Mathieu had gone back to his work with bitter wrath and manly determination in his honest heart; whilst his mother remained on guard at home, vowing that never again, under any pretext, should Geneviève cross her threshold. Mathieu might look for her all over Paris to-morrow if he would, and see if he could find her!

Still it was not in human nature—even in coarse and angry human nature—to hear Geneviève's tidings without a touch of pity. Veuve Manin softened for an instant as she answered: "Well then, I am sorry for her. She was a good woman, as women go in these days."

But in another moment she had grown hard again.

"May I go up to our room?" asked Geneviève timidly, as she still stood barring the way.

"No, my fine demoiselle, you may *not*. I have had enough of you and your doings. I pray of you to seek another lodging. Perhaps you may find somewhere else a lad as soft as my Mathieu, without a mother like me who knows how to take care of him."

Geneviève's sorrowful blue eyes opened to their widest extent. She could not comprehend a word of all this. But she thought dimly that it was just one of Veuve Manin's not unfrequent outbursts of passion, in which she often said much but meant little. So she only asked again, very gently, though this time with a faint touch of surprise: "May I not go up to my room?"

"It is your room no longer, Mademoiselle Geneviève Montères. It is wanted for another lodger, who comes to-morrow, and I must clean and arrange it to-day."

"But, Mademoiselle Manin," remonstrated Geneviève, "our clothes are there, and our things."

"*Whose* things, my grand young lady? Do you know how long it is now since your mother paid me a single sou by way of rent? When I take all that rubbish and sell it up, as, please God, I shall do to-morrow morning, I shall barely save myself from loss. Not but what," she added in a lower tone, as her conscience began to prick her uncomfortably, "not but what all the world knows I am an honest woman. If those trifles of yours should fetch anything more than what you owe me, you shall have it to the last sou. That is, if you choose to come for it—to this door, be it understood, for one step beyond it you shall never pass."

"But," faltered Geneviève, tears for the first time gathering in her weary eyes, "but I do not choose my mother's things to be sold. I choose to keep them."

"Beggars must not be choosers, my good girl. And a beggar is what you are now, if I am not very much mistaken."

"Let me stay here, for this night only," pleaded the broken-hearted girl, "for I must go back to-morrow to the Hôtel Dieu, to see my mother."

"May I die of an apoplexy, without time to send for a priest, if I let you stay for a single hour," said Veuve Manin aloud; adding, as she did so, in her own mind, "Let her stay, indeed,

[1] "Sister Margaret, quick! quick!"

for that dolt Mathieu to find her here this evening! With that white, sorrowful face of hers, which almost makes a fool even of me, in spite of sense and reason! He would just take her to the church to-morrow morning, in defiance of all I could do or say. No, no, ma'amselle," she resumed, "we have had more than enough of grand lodgers here, and must ask you to take yourself elsewhere. You hold your head so high that no doubt you know fine people enough who will be ready to help you."

"I know no one," said Geneviève piteously. "I have no where to go to."

"What is that to me? Go anywhere you like, only out of my sight and my son's. You have brought us trouble enough already. He never gave me an ill word or look in his life, until he saw your face."

ANECDOTES AND RECOLLECTIONS OF BISHOP McILVAINE OF OHIO.

IN the "Sunday at Home" for March, 1873, we gave a memoir and portrait of Dr. McIlvaine, the Bishop of Ohio, one of the most honoured and venerable fathers of the American Episcopal Church. For that memoir, we were indebted to his near and sympathising friend, the Rev. Canon George Townshend Fox, of Durham. We have received from one, with still more intimate knowledge of the good bishop, the following characteristic anecdotes, showing his position and action in regard to slavery, the burning question of his time in the public life of the American Republic.

In the year 1858 he was in England, and returned, as on several previous visits, invigorated in health and refreshed in spirit. The only unpleasant point during his stay in the old country, was the humiliation felt, when questioned, as was natural he should be, on the continued support given to slavery by the American Government, and by so many in the American churches.

On his way to his own home in Ohio he stopped to spend Sunday at the Collegiate Town in his diocese, where his son was then studying. He arrived on Saturday, very late in the evening, and immediately his host, one of his most trusted friends, informed him that their little community had a short time before been thrown into great trouble and confusion by having the slavery question brought before them in a very painful manner. This was owing to the position taken by the chaplain, a man wholly in sympathy with slavery, towards a coloured man, a divinity student, in reference to his attendance on the Holy Communion.

The story which was told to the bishop was this. A coloured man, whose freedom had been bought, had come some time before to prepare himself in the divinity school of the place for his intended ministry among the free blacks of one of the northern cities. He had been admitted, and rooms assigned him in the hall with the rest of the students; but when the question arose as to where the poor man was to get his food, difficulties began, as in those days few white men would sit at the same time with the coloured men. However, a good clergyman had arranged that the man should join his family, and eat at his table, and that cause of dissension had been cleared out of the way. But immediately a far more serious one had followed, that of the question of how and when the coloured student was to partake of the Holy Communion.

The usual method followed in the administration of the Holy Communion in the college chapel, which was then also the parish church, was, that directly after the officiating clergy had partaken, the rest of the clergy who were present came forward, and were followed by the divinity students, who, in their turn, were succeeded by the rest of the parishioners. It would have been right and natural that the coloured student should have been found with his colleagues; but, by direction of the chaplain, he had been compelled to wait until all present had partaken, and then singly to present himself to receive the sacred tokens of the "one communion and fellowship" of the Lord and Master. "This," our host said, "is creating the utmost disturbance in our once quiet village, and we are having our own share of the fierce conflict which is waging without."

The bishop, with his usual promptness and "rightmindedness," as his remarkably clear power of discernment has been called by one who knew him well, replied to his old friend: "Leave the matter in my hands, but let no one be aware of my knowledge of the state of matters. I had intended to send word to the chaplain that I should preach for him in the morning; but as you say that there is to be a celebration of the Holy Communion, then I will defer my sermon until Sunday evening."

On Sunday morning, the bishop, who had arrived so late on the previous evening that his presence was not known in the parish, was seen seated in the pew of one of the professors, who had already given the poor man, who was not allowed to sit with his fellows, a right there, and the coloured student was by his side. After the service and sermon, and when the Holy Communion was proceeding, Bishop McIlvaine did not appear among the resident clergy; but when the turn of the divinity students came, his commanding form was seen advancing, with the poor despised coloured man following. They knelt side by side, and together received the tokens of

their Saviour's love. It is not necessary to record that after that impressive illustration of the true meaning of Christian communion and brotherhood, all disturbance ceased, and the cloud passed, and there was again calm in the little community.

I ought also to mention that the bishop had purposely left behind that morning his prayer-book, that he might have the opportunity of sharing the student's with him, thus exemplifying in a truer sense than is often the case, what is meant by "Common Prayer."

Those who were present at that Sunday morning service in that quiet town in Ohio, felt that the glowing words of Whittier's verse were nearer fulfilment then than ever before. The lines were written at the time when a copy of Ary Scheffer's beautiful picture of "Christus Consolator," inserted in an edition of the prayer-book, had been mutilated, by having the figure of the slave being freed from his chains (lest offence might be given to Churchmen of the south) taken out of the group of those who were being "loosed from all their infirmities."

Oh, heart of mine, keep patience! looking forth,
As from the mount of vision, I behold,
Pure, just, and free, the Church of Christ on earth—
The martyr's dream, the golden age foretold!
And found at last, the mystic Grail I see
Brimmed with His blessing, pass from lip to lip,
In sacred pledge of human fellowship;
And over all the songs of angels hear,—
Songs of the love that casteth out all fear,—
Songs of the Gospel of Humanity!
Lo! in the midst, with the same look He wore,
Healing and blessing on Gennesaret's shore,
Folding together, with the all-tender might
Of His great love, the dark hands and the white,
Stands the Consoler, soothing every pain,
Making all burdens light, and breaking every chain.

It may add to the interest of this little story to mention that Alston (for this was the coloured man's name) did not forget his revered friend's protecting kindness and delicacy, but that he showed his gratitude in a most characteristic manner, by, on the eve of his ordination, when the bishop was again in the parish, in the quiet of the summer night, coming, and with all the richness and power of his southern voice, singing beneath his window the Gloria in Excelsis. The bishop, who had thus beautifully and effectually shown him his Christian sympathy, never in his turn forgot this touching mark of appreciation from one who a few years before had been a slave on a southern plantation.

Another incident in the bishop's early life, which he has often been heard to relate, was the result of his almost boyish obedience to impulse in the same good cause, when just about beginning his ministry. It was in the small parish of Georgetown in the District of Columbia (then, and up to the beginning of the civil war, a slave district). Georgetown was only separated from Washington, the capital, by a small river. Many members of Congress and notable personages used to come to this church; Mr. Canning, the British Minister, afterwards the well-known Sir Stratford Canning, Lord Stratford de Redcliffe, was a regular attendant on his ministry at Georgetown. Mr. McIlvaine was one day busily occupied with the sermon which he was on the morrow to preach. He was startled by shrieks of distress, and on going to the window of his study, which was an upper room, he saw in a neighbouring garden, almost directly below him, a strong man, a slave, fastened tightly to a tree while he was being beaten with whips by his owner, a woman! To have offered any resistance would probably have been certain death to the poor man. Those who have heard the bishop recall this incident of his youth, remember with what satisfaction he used to tell of how in the blaze of his indignation, when looking around his peaceful upper chamber, and finding nothing with which to arrest the torture going on below, he had rushed to the box containing the fuel for his study fire, and had seized and hurled down at the wretched woman great pieces of wood and coal, thus frightening her away and causing her to stop her miserable work, but at the same time throwing himself open to the power of the law, then most severe against those who interfered in the "Divine rights of the slave holder."

The writer who was present, and witnessed the scene at the Holy Communion in 1858, is reminded of another scene witnessed by her two years before. It was in the winter of 1856, when the Ohio river, the boundary line between the slave and free states, was frozen over so completely that traffic was carried on across it as if it were solid ground. When she was in the town of Cincinnati, she was startled by the sound of shrieks and groans, and going to the window beheld large open vans passing by, loaded with men, women, and children, in chains, being carried by the police back to the masters from whom they, taking advantage of the ice, had effected their escape. The recollection of such a sight—of poor miserable fellow-creatures, less than half-clothed, and nearly frozen, having just tasted of the long-dreamed-of freedom, being caught and bound, and dragged back to a certain increase of misery—seems like some horrible nightmare, impossible to have been a true experience in our own days.

The fugitive-law then in force freed any slave brought by his master's will upon free ground, but it also required all who came there otherwise to be returned whence they came. This law, which under the constitutional recognition of slavery, was logical, was not only terribly hard when enforced, but led in its evasion to great cruelty. The southern lady and gentleman finding their climate in summer unbearable, used often to seek comfort and refreshment in some northern watering-place, and with their usual indolence were in the habit of bringing their personal servants with them as far as the boundary line, and there, with a selfishness hardly to be comprehended, putting them within prison confinement while they themselves went on to spend the hot season in some cool resort. This of course was done that, having benefited by their services as far as it was safe, they might, after cooler weather came, find their servants secure

when they came for them on their way back to their southern homes.

The civil war came, and in its history of bloodshed and horror, the moment also came when the exceptional power given by the war authorised the President, Abraham Lincoln, to free the slaves. Then throughout the length and breadth of the land was slavery destroyed, and for ever. Its terrible results for the white as well as the black race were not so quickly abolished, but they, if gradually, are surely wearing out. The old is giving place to the new, and it is becoming difficult for those whose memory does not go back to before the war to believe in what was then true, and what we who lived in the sad old days can tell about them.

It seems incredible now that the doctrines and the practices of the slave-holders, and of their sympathisers in the north, could ever have been defended by any person professing Christianity. Bishop McIlvaine was one of the few public men who, in the darkest times of the anti-slavery question, maintained the cause of righteousness and of freedom. While his heart and life rebelled against the accursed system, he felt the difficulty arising out of its being a legal "institution." He could only, by voice and action, take every opportunity of protesting against it. We may well believe that it was from the accumulated force of the earnest efforts of men of like spirit with the good bishop, that the abolition party gradually gained its mighty strength, and succeeded in clearing the nation and the world of this great sin and curse.

THE SAILORS' PALACES.

KING WILLIAM'S opinion of a sailor is still shared by the majority of his niece's subjects. The man-o'-war's-man is always a popular character, though the interest in him, as in other things, has considerable ebb and flow. At present the tide is rising. The world is talking of a Jubilee Fleet more powerful that any ever reviewed by an English monarch; comparing the ships with the ships of 1837; and asking if the men have remained at a standstill. Is the sailor any better or worse than he used to be? An important question, fortunately to be answered without hesitation. He is better in many ways; and worse in nothing desirable. He has shared with other folks in the fifty years' progress; and his condition is very different to what it was when the Queen began her reign.

The blue-jacket of to-day is captured at the cross roads of life where boyhood ends and manhood begins. He is trained for duty under careful masters. When he goes ashore for a time the way is made smooth for him to pleasant places where he can take his ease in a rational manner. He has many true friends, some of them, perhaps, rather more urgent and importunate than he likes, some anxious to lift him from a depth to which he never sunk, but all striving to help him on to the right road and bring their influence to bear for good. He is fortunate in his opportunities, he has not neglected them, and in every dockyard town the verdict is the same, "Jack is not what he used to be."

In this reformation—and it is a great reformation, although Jack was never quite as black as they painted him, and suffered much from the obtrusive shamelessness of the black sheep—two ladies have taken a very prominent part. The names of Miss Weston and Miss Robinson are known throughout the navy. Miss Weston was first in the field, but to Portsmouth, which is the Naval headquarters, Miss Robinson was the first to come. Between the institutes they have founded and the organisations they superintend there is no rivalry; the work is done together although on independent lines, and its amount is astonishing. And as no one interested in the life of a modern man-o'-war's-man can hope to understand him without some knowledge of this work, the centre from which it is directed—"Rest," or "Welcome," as it may be named—is becoming quite a place of pilgrimage.

The institutes are all founded on the same principle—current expenses being met by profits on food and accommodation, the building and establishment paid for by donations from charitable outsiders, and when the debt is paid off the balance at the end of each year, to go to the good of the missionary and philanthropic funds in aid of the subscriptions, which these special funds now receive. And the story of all is one of steady growth.

In 1874, Miss Robinson opened in High Street, Portsmouth, the Soldiers' Institute, which has now spread through to Penny Street and reached the front of the Grand Parade. The institute was designed for soldiers and sailors, but being some distance from the dockyard, and near the barracks, the soldiers gradually crowded the sailors out. At last, in 1879, the soldiers asked for a house of their own. Miss Weston, who was in full work at Devonport, was communicated with, but did not then see her way to come to Portsmouth, and Miss Robinson, yielding to the general request, opened a small house near the dockyard. No sooner was it opened than it was crowded, and as many as forty and fifty men at a time were sent away simply because the house could not take them in. This state of affairs lasted but for a few months. In April, 1880, a shop and furniture warehouse close by came into the market, and Miss Robinson, making a great effort out of her private resources, secured possession. This old furniture warehouse is now "The Sailors' Welcome." We have

heard much lately of people's palaces, the Welcome is a sailor's palace.

The front is modest enough, but this freedom from outside show is characteristic. Miss Robinson's "Blue Ribbon" in Nobbs Lane, a court near the High Street, has a front like a beershop, and gives no indication of the size into which its back premises run. It is much the same here. "The Sailors' Welcome" looks from the road like a small eating-house, but enter it, and see how you have misjudged.

Passing through the narrow public refreshment room, over a hundred feet long, we reach the folding doors beyond which only sailors and soldiers may go. These give into a lofty well-proportioned room, nearly thirty feet across, and some seventy from end to end, which is used as a clubroom. In the centre are crimson-covered tables, crowded with books and newspapers; round the sides are little marble tables and a long line of settees, broken here and there by the fireplaces and an aquarium. Everything is scrupulously clean; and the ventilation is perfect. Arm-chairs and rocking-chairs are many, and such an air of bright cheerfulness is about it all, that we feel no surprise at their occupants taking things easy. At first the strange sailors would peep in and go out again. "Such things are not for us, this is the officers' room!" But now the good report has spread, and the men come in crowds to have a quiet chat in the most comfortable lounge in Portsmouth. The walls are coloured and panelled. At one end is the clock amid a trophy of flags, at the other, above the mirrors which repeat the room, are pairs of horns, down the sides are trophies, and good pictures. On the walls are many excellent mottoes from out-of-the-way sources, one of them we may as well have as an example—

> He that good thinketh, good may do,
> And God will help him thereunto,
> For never was a good deed wrought
> Without beginning of good thought.

And another—

> Honour and shame from no condition rise,
> Act well your part—there all the honour lies!

To our left is a bar built of white and coloured marbles, and conspicuous with its bright nickel silver urns, in which the room is shown in miniature; on the other side of the doorway is a cabinet of curiosities, that might, perhaps, be better stocked; opposite to us is a fernery, filling a large bay window. All day long, the week through, this room has its visitors, and every morning it is thoroughly cleaned and set to rights, the only difference being on Sundays, when games are not allowed, and the tables are provided with the religious newspapers and magazines. The soldiers that come here are few and far between; the sailors have made it their own. Such a contrast is there between it and the dens in which they used to carouse—carouse is the correct expression, we believe—that we rub our eyes in astonishment.

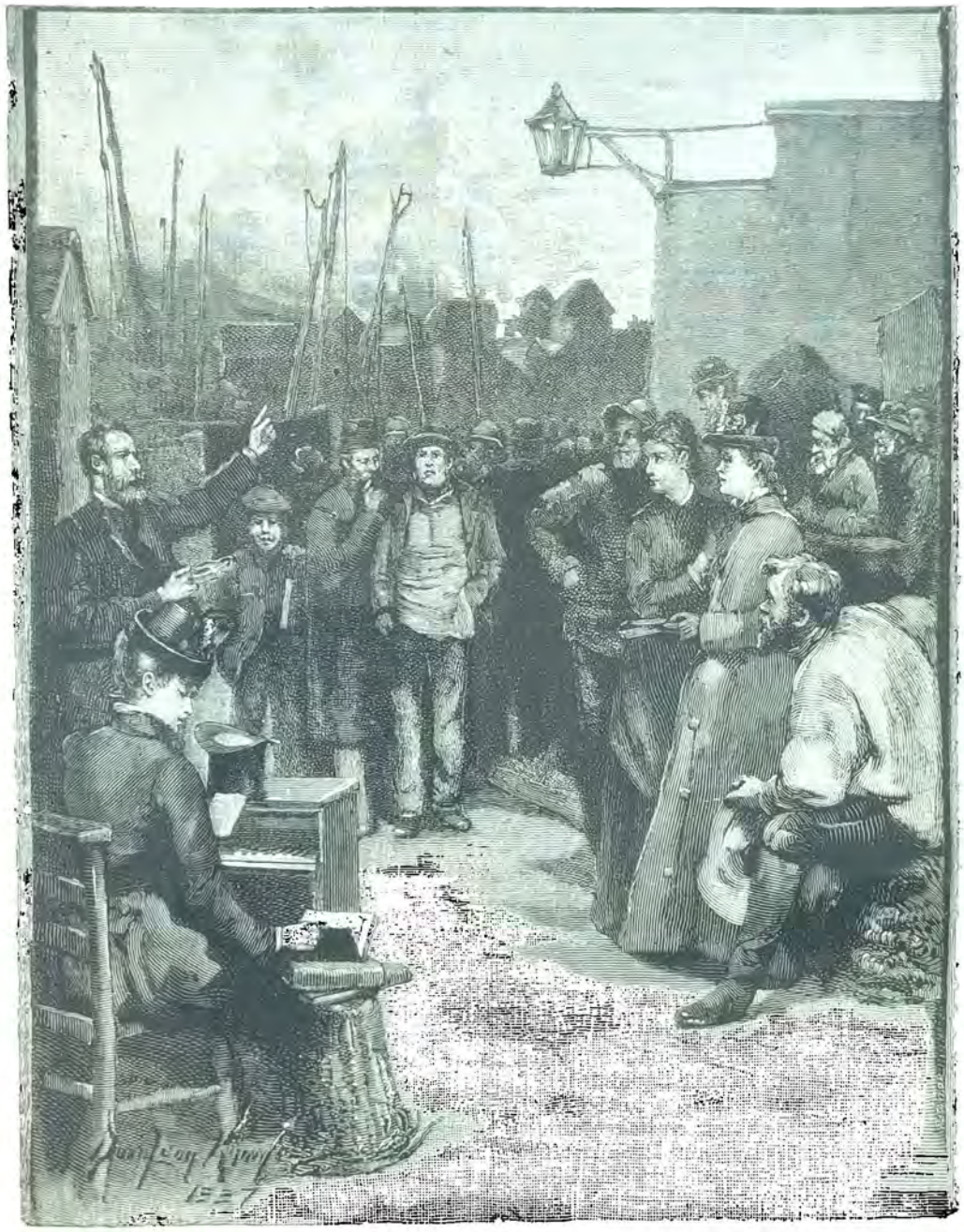
"Ah!" says the manager, quoting his neighbours, "Jack is not what he used to be!"

Beyond is a garden into which the door by the side of the fernery opens, and along one of the sides is the Locker Room with a row of sofas that serve for sleeping places when the house is full, for often in the summer does it happen that not only is every bed engaged but even the floor of the reading-room is covered with men spending their last night on shore ready to join their ship at seven o'clock next morning. The business done runs into large figures. In 1885 "The Sailors' Welcome" let 46,274 beds! Last year the lettings amounted to 46,924! These were the beds paid for, and the number does not include those for which no charge was made. The cost of a bed to a sailor, here as elsewhere, is sixpence, paid in advance, or three shillings a week. The system is simplicity itself. The man pays his money and receives a ticket bearing the number of his room. This ticket is torn from a book, and the man's name is entered on the counterfoil. When the man claims his bed at night he has to produce his ticket and his key is given him.

In the morning there are three calls, one at half-past five, one at six, one at half-past six, and at one of these he is supposed to turn out. Such a sight as the bar presents in the early twilight is worth seeing. The counter is prepared before the first call with a rampart of cups and saucers in many rows, flanked by piles of ready cut bread and butter, the urns full of steaming coffee, and a clear way left to the lift to the kitchen above. By six o'clock the men are round the bar three and four deep, and the lift is flying up and down with bacon and eggs at such a rate that it is no unusual thing to serve five hundred eggs before the clock strikes seven.

In the Locker Room are two hundred and twenty-five lockers, let out at eightpence per month. What does the sailor want with a locker? To hold his shore-going clothes! And these lockers are of good size, and of sufficient depth to hold an umbrella. For though Jack in uniform considers an umbrella would make him ridiculous, yet when he is in mufti he does not despise one. Here again we wonder. We admire the forethought that suggested the depth of the lockers, but it is not easy to realise a man-o'-war's-man out of uniform, and sporting an umbrella.

From the Locker Room a door to the left leads us to the first sleeping saloon, sixty-one feet long and twenty-three feet broad, cut up into cabins like all the rest. At the top end of the room is a row of basins and towels, by the side of the windows that open on to Hawke Street is a passage; and the rest of the space is divided like the steerage of a ship into so many cubicles, each about seven feet square and high. The top of the cabin is open, but guarded with wire netting to prevent thefts and practical joking, and yet give as much air as possible. Each cabin is a perfect little bedroom, in which bedstead, bedding and bedclothes are thoroughly clean; above each bed is a bracket with a Testament, beside each is a chair. Some of the cabins with their pictures and texts are quite gay. All are of pitch pine,



THE FISHERMAN'S COMPASS.

showing up well against the tinted walls and unsmoked ceiling, and framing pleasantly the spotless white of the sheets and pillows and the bright blue quilt. That such a well-found bed can be profitably let at sixpence per night is a discovery.

Most of the cabins are named as well as numbered. This means that they have been paid for by donors of 20*l.* who have either named them after themselves, or after the ships in which they have served, or after their friends. Here among the ship's names are the Warspite, the Duncan, the Cossack, the Orion, the Vectis, the Highflyer, the Euryalus, the Royal Albert, the Sappho and the St. Vincent. Here are Luck's cabin and Short's cabin, and a pathetic "In memory of a dearly-loved brother, a sailor." Of the same class is "Commodore Goodenough." Some have a touch of humour about them, as "Jack's House," and "Rest and be thankful," and "The Humble Bee," in which the Bee is presumably the initial of bed. In this and the rooms above are over two hundred such cabins, each tended as carefully as if the donor himself were looking after it; and one cannot help thinking a twenty pound charitable gift could not be better bestowed than in fitting up one of these cabins and naming it after some dear friend. Some bear double names, like "George and Margaret," telling how a little subscribing has gone on to raise the funds.

Altogether there is a healthy tone about these cabins in their design and upkeep, and the feelings that prompted their establishment, which is not met with every day. Every group is the same, with its row of basins and its passage by the windows, only that in the upper floors there hang along the well-lighted corridor at regular intervals certain coils of rope to serve as fire-escapes. Occasionally, we come to a larger room with ten or a dozen beds in it, all of them patterns of cleanliness, neatness and order, and then there are rooms for Bible classes and study, and a large hall holding five hundred people for meetings and services, which is not in quite such demand as it might be, or rather not quite so well filled as was hoped. At present, this large hall is the only part of the scheme that has not been a triumphant success. For The Welcome on current account is worked at a profit, and annually provides a small balance towards paying off the building debt, which all must hope will soon be liquidated.

"The Sailors' Welcome" is close to the Dockyard gates, and the huge letters on its roof can be read from the ships in the harbour. Its full address is 88, Queen Street, Portsea. "The Sailors' Rest," the headquarters of Miss Weston's work, is a mile away, in Commercial Road, Landport. Portsmouth, like London, is now a geographical expression. The original Portsmouth, the Portsmouth of our historians and story-tellers, with its old church and High Street, lies south of the recreation grounds, between the floating bridge and Southsea Common, and is almost as clean and quiet as Bath. The dirty streets with their noisy crowd are now to the north of the railway stations, and of these Portsmouth Harbour is in Portsea, and Portsmouth town in Landport. Turning to the right on leaving the town station, we are in three minutes at The Sailors' Rest, which occupies a conspicuous corner.

Unlike The Welcome, The Rest makes a bold show. It is a coffee palace of the modern type, and does a large bar trade with the public, who are, however, not admitted through the folding doors which lead to the reading-room. Miss Weston began her work in Portsmouth at a smaller building close by, and this one was not opened till June, 1882. Great was the excitement on the opening day. The Blue Jackets had made up their minds to commission the ship themselves and refused to be cut out by some personage of ornament, who would probably take an interest in the house only for the day. And they had their way. The only formal opening was opening the doors, and in came the sailors, filling the hall to overflowing, crowding the window sills, the banisters and the stairs, and taking possession of every perch to which only a sailor would think of clinging. When neither floor nor walls could hold any more, one of the men from the Excellent was called upon to speak, and his speech was much to the point. "We've no pennant," said he, "but we can fancy it's hoisted. Now then, mates, cheer the pennant and the new ship; a noble three-decker she is, and so snugly moored fore and aft, that, however far we may go, we shall find her here when we come back again. We'll rally round the place, and help Miss Weston and Miss Wintz to carry on the work; it shall be a long pull, and a strong pull, and a pull altogether." And then followed cheer upon cheer, long, strong, and all together that made the very furniture join in. And the men have kept their promise. From that day to this, the success has been unchecked, and the building is now to be increased, and thirty-two cabins added to the existing fifty-four. Often The Rest is so crowded that the manager does not know which way to turn; cabins, cots and shakedowns all are full; on the lounges in the sitting-rooms there is not an inch to spare; each marble table round is a pedestal for sleepers, and the central table in the reading-room gives "good accommodation for nine." The rule of the house is "never turn a blue-jacket away," and far into the small hours of the morning, the bell is ringing, often for some straggler brought—or charitably carried—by the police.

This Rest, which is on much the same plan as The Welcome, only that its "cabins" are fewer, and its mission-hall larger and more constantly crowded, has the largest income of Miss Weston's five establishments. From it much of the distribution is done of the popular "Ashore and Afloat," and the famous Blue Backs, telling tracts written as if private letters addressed to the individual, known on every ship in the navy, and which found their way to the farthest north in the Nares' expedition. It is the headquarters of much gospel, temperance and purity effort, the meeting-place of many promising societies, and, in short, the centre of a network for well-doing.

An interesting story is that of the growth of Miss Weston's work amongst the sailors. Beginning with visiting the sick in Bath Hospital, in

1868, she soon added to her labours the care of many prayer meetings and Bible classes. But in the early part of the year she had written to a soldier going out to India in H.M.S. Crocodile a letter which had important results. The soldier "read and re-read it, and finding comfort and help from its words of Christian sympathy, he showed it to a seaman. The seaman's eyes glistened as he handed back the letter. 'That is good,' said he, 'we poor fellows have no friend; do you think that that lady would write to me? I would give anything to receive a letter like this.' 'I am sure she will, and I will write and ask her.' And he did so, dating his letter from Suez." The asked-for letter was written in return, and in acknowledgment came a list of names of sailors all anxious to have letters of their own. Every mail the number of correspondents increased, and soon it became necessary to print, and now over a quarter of a million Blue Backs, as the seamen call them, go out every year. They go not only to the navy, but to the merchant service, and the fishermen, to the naval hospitals, the coastguard stations, and the lighthouses, and we hear even how "touching letters of gratitude, enclosing a few shillings in stamps, have been received from these solitary outposts, and many lighthouse keepers have come to the Sailors' Rest to shake hands, and to say that since receiving the little packets they have seen their way made clear."

To the tract and mission work there was added in 1873 the temperance work, and the same year, while Miss Weston was staying at Devonport, came the beginning of the Sailors' Rests. Seeing how the streets on Sunday were crowded with loiterers from the training ships, she took a public room, and by means of notices distributed among the boys on board ship invited them to meet her on Sunday afternoon for singing and reading. The first Sunday came and only one lad appeared, who was too frightened to stay when he found he had not a shipmate to bear him company. The next Sunday, and the next, and the next, not even one put in an appearance. What was to be done? Mrs. Wintz, in whose house she was staying, offered the use of her kitchen for a meeting, and volunteered a little tea and cake as likely to prove attractive. Two volunteers came forward, one a dockyardsman, the other a policeman, to go out into the streets and tell the lads what was in store for them. Twelve boys came; the tea and the cake and the kitchen proved excellent ground-bait. The dozen doubled, trebled; hymns were sung and talked over, simple Bible stories were read and told, prayer was offered, and before many Sundays had gone by the kitchen was packed with boys. "The lads would sit on the window-ledge, among the cups and saucers on the dresser, even inside the grate."

The kitchen meeting burst its bounds, and a room close to one of the landing places was secured. As the work widened and deepened, the question was constantly asked, "Can't we have a place to which we can come in the week—a temperance-house; in a word, a public-house without the drink close to the dockyard?" The temperance men wanted a headquarters, and the religious men wanted a headquarters. "But for the pressure brought to bear upon me by the men," said Miss Weston, "I do not know that I ever should have started the Institute."

In the autumn of 1874 a house became vacant in Fore Street, which is the main thoroughfare, to the great gateway of the dockyard. It was the very house for the purpose: not a dozen yards from the gate, prominent, substantial, well-built, and capable of extension if necessary. "Fully persuaded," says Miss Weston, "that this would be the place were the money forthcoming, I wrote to the *Christian* describing the need and the way to meet it. At the same time, in order to secure the house, I took it on my own responsibility for a year. The response to that letter in a few days' time was a sufficient sum to meet that twelve-months' rent, and then the money commenced to flow in."

How it continued, Miss Wintz has related in her "Life among our Blue Jackets." Many a touching tale could be told in connection with the gathering together of that noble sum of nearly 600*l.* which bought and fitted up the Sailors' Rest and Institute. The boys in the training ships put their coppers together, turned them into gold, and sent them to Miss Weston. The men, from the most distant foreign stations, sent their savings, often with the request that the sum might be entered as grog-money saved and devoted to the Lord's service. Officers and ships' companies sent handsome sums. Also from England, Scotland, Ireland, America, India, New Zealand, Switzerland, and Italy, came the needed supplies. As each contract had to be signed, the right sum was in hand, and borrowing or running into debt was never for a moment thought of; there was always enough in the treasury, though seldom much over. But while trusting simply and implicitly, Miss Weston did not shirk putting her shoulder to the wheel; while the workmen laboured at Devonport she travelled hundreds of miles through the length and breadth of the land to lay the case before the Christian public. Her clear, simple, true-hearted statement met with much hearty sympathy and response. Now the dust and confusion cleared away, and, "through the goodness of God, the place was finished, (as Nehemiah says, by the good hand of my God upon me,) and was opened, not by a grand meeting, an inaugural dinner, or a flourish of trumpets, but by prayer and praise," the date being May 8, 1876.

In the third year afterwards there was opened at the gate of Keyham steam-yard the "Homeward Bound," better known in the Navy as the "Little Sailors' Rest." Then came the Rests at Portland, Portsmouth, and Sheerness, outposts all to begin with, growing into citadels —centres of an ever-widening influence, working unceasingly, and doing a good work well.

W. J. GORDON.

HOSPITALS AND HOSPITAL WORK.

BY MRS. BREWER.

CHAPTER VII.—THE WESTMINSTER HOSPITAL.

THE difference between the London and the Westminster Hospitals may be aptly conveyed by the fact that the one is in the east, the other in the west. A greater contrast than they afford it is difficult to imagine. The one we are now about to visit is a fit representative of that part of London wherein it stands, and of which it is so interesting and picturesque a feature.

It is not the growth of a month or a year; it has a history, and as regards age stands next to St. Thomas' and St. Bartholomew's. It was the first hospital to depend upon voluntary contributions for support.

If we want to know the early history of the Westminster, we must go back to the year 1715, and to St. Dunstan's Coffee-house in Fleet Street, where it was the custom for four gentlemen, by name Henry Hoare, Robert Witham, Patrick Cockburn, and William Wogan, to meet and talk over matters which interested them.

They were very much interested in the condition of sick prisoners lying in the London prisons, whose sufferings they did their best to alleviate. This led them to consider the case of the sick poor generally, and having collected a little money, to think how best to employ it. After talking the subject over, and deciding what they wanted, they determined to advertise.

In the advertisement they asked if any charitable person, being a householder, would aid them by setting apart a room in his or her house for the reception of the sick and needy.

Their plan seems to have answered. For we find that a lady, Mrs. Frowde, in Westminster, came to their assistance, and set apart a room or rooms in her house for the reception of the sick, and evidently with some sort of organisation; for there is a letter still in existence, written by Dr. Colbatch to this lady, in which he says he had heard from his friend Mr. Wogan of the good work going on, both in her house, and in visiting the sick in their homes, that he admired it, and was willing to give his services as consulting physician gratuitously. And in this way the Westminster began its work.

In 1720 this small band of workers took a house in Petty France, among the very poor of Westminster, where they carried on their work for four years; Dr. Colbatch working always gratuitously with them until the year 1723, when, from ill-health or some other cause, he ceased to belong to them.

Their next move was to Chapel Street, still in the poor haunts of Westminster, where they worked for ten years. The hospital was now firmly established, and it became necessary to take new and larger premises; but at this point a dissension arose among the committee, the majority being of opinion that the hospital should be for the sick poor in St. Margaret's, Westminster, and that a certain house in James Street, Westminster, would answer their purpose; while an important minority fixed upon Lanesboro' House as a suitable site. The result of this dissension was that the minority separated themselves, and founded a new hospital at Lanesboro' House, known to us now as St. George's, Hyde Park Corner.

In James Street, Westminster, the hospital carried on its work for 100 years; and it was not until 1834 that it removed to its present abode, where it is our intention to ask you to accompany us.

It is an elegant hospital, compact and perfect in all its arrangements. There are as many as nineteen wards, but they are all small, containing only ten beds each; yet they are beautiful and bright and cheery, well-lighted, and with polished parquet floors and open fire-places, and with every appearance of comfort and almost elegance. There is a good supply of pictures and flowers in each; and on one or two the Kyrle Society has bestowed some of its best work.

The polished parquet flooring struck me as rather extravagant, and on my making some such remark I found there was good reason for having it, viz., that the constant scrubbing and cleaning of the old floors kept the place damp, and induced erysipelas among some of the patients, while with this flooring there is no particle of damp required for cleansing. The sisters' work is heavy and responsible, each sister having the charge of three wards, assisted by three or four nurses. Yet they have an advantage in the possession of a good day-room and dining-room on the first floor.

One advantage which this hospital enjoys over the London or even St. Thomas', is that there are two large day-rooms for convalescents—that for the men on the top floor of the west wing, where they are allowed to smoke if they please, and that for the women on the top of the east wing; the latter having a beautiful look-out over the Abbey and the Houses of Parliament.

These rooms are airy and cheerful, well furnished with cushioned arm-chairs and lounges, bagatelle boards, dominoes, plenty of books and illustrated papers, among which I saw volumes of the "Sunday at Home." For the children there are rocking-horses, doll's houses, and a variety of toys, beside a high safe couch, where a weary child may rest and look out of the window.

Another advantage over the London is that it supplies the patients with everything they require, including tea, sugar, and butter.

There was an air of cleanliness and reposo

about the patients who lay in all stages of disease. Those who were recovering were up, and seemed happy in giving what little help they could to the nurses. "They like to help," was the sister's remark.

As a good deal of complaint has been made lately about the early hour at which the patients in hospitals have their breakfast, we made a special point of inquiring for the opinion of the patients themselves. The answer was, "We are glad to have a cup of tea and be made clean and tidy, after tossing restlessly about all night; and often we get a beautiful hour's sleep before the doctors come round at nine."

At ten o'clock there is a little luncheon for those who can take it, consisting of a glass of new milk and a piece of bread. At twelve they have a good meal of hot meat and vegetables served in the ward. At five tea, and seven supper. At eight o'clock gas is turned down, and all is quiet.

The doctors' visits are looked for with pleasure, and it is plain to see that their work among the sick is well supplemented by the nurses.

The patients are permitted to receive visits, and those among them able and well enough to read are supplied with the daily papers by the West End clubs, so that time does not pass wearily for them.

Unlike St. Thomas' or the London, this hospital has a ward for incurables, supported by a special fund.

The Accident Ward is on the ground floor, a great advantage when it is remembered that during the year there are nearly two thousand accidents and urgent cases admitted at all hours of the day and night.

The chapel lately built is a great addition to the hospital. Canon Troutbeck took great interest in this building; the stained glass has all been presented. The choir boys are from the neighbourhood. After the services, an harmonium is wheeled into the wards, and the boys before dispersing sing a hymn to those who cannot go to the service.

The arrangements made for the reception and comfort of out-patients are admirable. They number in the course of the year nearly 24,000. A certain part of the building is set apart for them with separate entrance and exit, so that they do not set foot in that portion occupied by the in-patients. They are presided over by a special nurse and sister.

The nursing of the hospital is entrusted to the Westminster Training School and Home for Nurses, founded by Lady Augusta Stanley eleven years ago.

There is a Samaritan Fund in connection with the hospital, which enables the committee to send cases requiring country air to good convalescent homes by the sea or inland. In this good work they are greatly assisted by the Dean and Chapter of Westminster, who send them considerable sums from the offertory at the Abbey. By this means eighty-five patients were sent to the sea, and ninety-six to inland homes last year.

The average number of patients in the hospital is 170, and the number of people to house and board daily about 230. The death-rate is small, being 9·18 per cent.; and notwithstanding the perfect way in which the hospital is carried on, it is at less cost than several others.

The result of the step taken by the four gentlemen in St. Dunstan's coffee-house, Fleet Street, in 1715, is that nearly a million and a quarter patients have received benefits within the Westminster.

A MEMORY OF MISS HAVERGAL.

AMONG the Swiss mountains in June. I had reached the Pension Alpenrose in the rain, very tired, and headachy, and had been much lamented over by the kind hostess, and the equally kind Marianne, the maid. "*Ach, armes Fräulein! armes Fräulein,*" Madame kept repeating, as she and Marianne saw to my comforting in general, and put me to rest in the exquisitely white little wooden bower at the top of the house, reserved for me, I was told, because it was thought I should like to have the room Miss Havergal had had. From its window I could see the Jungfrau, and her fellows of mountains, and the pastures, and I could look right across the Lauterbrünnen valley, where the delicate mist of the Staubbach swept down the rock.

I got to know it all very well before my month's stay was over. It was wet a good part of the time, but when the sunshine came it was such wonderful sunshine, and one could lie out of doors on a waterproof cloak, with hosts of campanulas around one, and see the great mountains, and the etherealized water of the falls. And there I learned, as Miss Havergal had learned, the meaning of "whiter than snow." I had seen snow before, and often, but never such snow as the sheenful snow that lies in the rifts and clefts of the Alps.

The little peasant children would come and look at me, stopping in their progress, especially if I had a book or a note-book, and chatter to me and I to them, probably with much more goodwill than understanding. But I believe I can say "*Gute Obe*" (*Guten Abend*), with the purest Bernese Oberland accent.

One day I was sitting near the place where the hillside was cleft by a stream over which one passed by a little wooden bridge. Leaning over that bridge I have often drunk in the cool pureness of the water, and been refreshed as if I had tasted it with my mouth. A few yards off was a little cottage, and out of this cottage came a woman, who called out to me to know if I would not come and rest. So I went over and found in that little Swiss hut an old woman dignified and sweet, with a look of great peace on her face, and with the graceful ease of manner which we associate with the high breeding of a gentlewoman.

Despite my very defective German, I managed to have a little talk. I found out that my hostess

was the mother of the master of the Pension where Miss Havergal stayed the last time she was at Wengen, and of the mistress of that at which I was staying, and where Miss Havergal had also at one time sojourned.

We talked a little about the "liebe Hans," as his mother called him; the brave bright lad, so strong and good and kind, who met his death one winter by such a grievous accident.[1] And now the old Frau was living all alone, but her daughter sent one of her children to sleep in the grandmother's cottage every night. And she was not alone by day or night. You could not have seen her look as she spoke of God, *der liebe Gott*, without knowing that He was to her a living presence, a Father of whom she was ever learning more and more. And one of the first questions she asked me was whether I knew Miss-Ham-Ham-mer-ley. I knew she meant Miss Havergal, and gave the name. "*Ach, ja*, Meess Haavur-ghall." It is impossible to symbolize the deep gutturalization of the name among the Swiss folk. A man who was staying at the Pension wanted me to teach him how to pronounce it, and I tried. I tried very, very hard, but I failed.

They cannot pronounce her name, but the love and reverence with which they speak of Frances Ridley Havergal are very great. She seems to have taken hold of their hearts by her personality. Ought I not rather to say by love and kindness and her earnest religion? But personality is a great deal too. And they evidently think of her as a famous English woman also, in very deed, and the old Frau loved Miss Havergal's memory very dearly, I think, as one feels sure that many do. One is glad to know a little of how she, who loved so much, was loved, and to think that her memory is a comfort as her presence was a gladness, on those far-off heights of the Bernese Oberland.

I saw the aged Frau more than once afterwards, and it will always be a pleasure to me to think of her, and her graceful and beautiful ways.

Do you say that faith in God is common, and that there is nothing unusual in an old woman living all alone and putting her trust in Him? Well, if it be so, it is very good. And if it be common to find faith, one is glad. But it is no reason why one should not dwell on it with great delight. Flowers are common, too; and the scent of fir-woods, and the live leaping of water. And yet who can speak of them too often or too much?

E. H. H.

[1] See Miss Havergal's "Swiss Letters."

BIBLE NOTES AND QUERIES.

A correspondent, A. P., proposes the following text for explanation: "The Lord hath made all things for Himself; yea, even the wicked for the day of evil."—*Prov.* xvi. 4.

THE true explanation of this passage is given by Professor Plumptre, in the "Speaker's Commentary." "Better, 'the Lord hath wrought everything for its own end,' *i.e.* 'hath ordered all things well:' and this includes the appointment of an 'evil day' for 'the wicked' who deserve it. The A.V. 'for Himself,' is not justified by the Hebrew, and suggests an untrue view of the Divine government." The R.V., it may be observed, translates "for its own end," although it places in the margin "for His own purpose." Similarly, Delitzsch writes: "All is made by God for its purpose, *i.e.* a purpose premeditated by Him: the world of things and events stands under the law of a plan which has God its ground and end: the wickedness also of free agents is comprehended in this plan, and made subordinate to it. God has not indeed made the wicked as such, but He has made the being which is capable of wickedness, and which has decided for it, *viz.*, in view of the 'day of adversity' (Eccles. vii. 14) which God will cause to come upon him, thus making His holiness manifest in the merited punishment, and thus also making wickedness the means of manifesting His glory. It is the same thought which is expressed in Exodus ix. 16 with reference to Pharaoh."

This last passage is also cited by our correspondent, who asks whether Pharaoh whose heart "the LORD hardened" was not rather to be pitied than blamed? We answer by an appeal to the history. There are, as Professor Rawlinson has well pointed out (in Bishop Ellicott's "Old Testament Commentary for English Readers"), three distinct stages in the narrative. In the first period the fact is stated in general terms: "his heart was hardened" (vii. 13, 22); in the second, it is said that Pharaoh hardened his own heart (viii. 15, 32; ix. 34); in the third, that Jehovah hardened it (vii. 3; ix. 12; x. 1, 20, 27; xiv. 4, 8). "We may suppose that at first Pharaoh's nature was simply not impressed, and that then his heart is said to have 'hardened itself,' or 'remained hard;' that after a while he began to be impressed, but by an effort of his will controlled himself and determined that he would not yield; thus 'hardening his own heart;' finally, that after he had done this twice God stepped in, and smote him with a spirit of blindness and infatuation, as a judgment upon him (ch. ix. 12), thus finally 'hardening' him (compare Rom. ix. 18). This Divine action was repeated on three subsequent occasions (Exod. x. 20, 27; xiv. 8), Pharaoh's time of probation being past, and God using him as a mere means of showing forth His glory." The Divine action was in true accord with the laws of human nature. Canon Cook well remarks, in the "Speaker's Commentary": "Calamities which do not subdue the heart harden it; and the effects of God's judg-

ment, being foreknown, are willed by Him" (compare Exodus iii. 19 with iv. 21). Theodoret has a fine illustration: "The sun by the action of heat makes wax moist and mud dry, hardening the one while it softens the other, by the same operation producing exactly opposite results; thus from the long-suffering of God some derive benefit and others harm, some are softened while others are hardened."

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1 Peter iii. 19: "By which [Spirit] He went and preached unto the spirits in prison;" and iv. 6: "For this cause was the gospel preached also to them that are dead." How are these passages to be explained?—A. P.

Our correspondent has rightly associated these two texts, as they evidently relate to the same truth. The Apostle Peter is pursuing a train of thought which has not an exact parallel anywhere else in Scripture. The subject is one of the most difficult in all New Testament interpretation; and the history of its discussion, and of the various explanations propounded, would fill a large volume. There are two main lines of exposition; one which regards the preaching as addressed *to the dead*, in their "prison" of Hades, by Christ Himself, "in the spirit," *i.e.* in His disembodied state between His death and resurrection, and the other, which applies the words to the preaching of the Gospel in the spirit of Christ and by His servants, *to men on earth*, who are *now* dead, and in prison.

The former exposition, adopted by many of the fathers, and perhaps by most commentators in our day, gives the striking, even fascinating idea of a Gospel in Hades, the Son of God being Himself the preacher! But then comes the question of the nature of His preaching. It was "to those which aforetime were disobedient" (R.V.). But had they repented of their disobedience before they died, so that now they were "in guard" unto the day of Christ, with all the saints of old, awaiting the tidings of their complete redemption? If, with some, we take this view, Christ's preaching in Hades would be the announcement to these saved ones that He had won their victory and accomplished their deliverance. Or was His message to those who had died in their impenitence, to announce to them a second probation and mercy after death? If so, was this the first and last time that Hades was so visited, or is there still a Gospel for the lost? Such speculations take us altogether outside the limits of the Scripture revelation, and we cannot but reject the exposition that leads to them.

The second interpretation, which refers St. Peter's words to the preaching of the Gospel upon earth, is less obvious perhaps, but more in accordance with Scripture teaching generally; while in one respect the apostle's language, grammatically construed, strikingly confirms it. The literal rendering is not: "to the spirits ... . which aforetime were disobedient," but: "to the spirits . . . when once they disobeyed; when the longsuffering of God,"[1] etc. The text might then be paraphrased thus: "In which Spirit, also, speaking by Noah (compare 2 Peter ii. 5), He preached to the spirits who are *now* in prison, in the days when His longsuffering waited for their repentance." So, in the other passage, iv. 6, "The gospel was preached to those who *now* are dead; the purpose being that, although death, the penalty of sin, the general doom of mankind, must fall upon them, their spirits might live to God." This interpretation is not free from difficulties, but we believe it to be the best.

Another explanation, favoured by Augustine, makes the "prison," in iii. 19, and the "death," in iv. 6, to be descriptive of a *spiritual state*. "He preached unto spirits bound in the prison-house of sin;" or, "dead in trespasses and sins." This, however, is a strained interpretation, which the context will not bear.

A very full and valuable note by Professor Salmond, of Aberdeen, in Schaff's "Popular Commentary on the New Testament," maintains substantially the interpretation advocated above.

THE SPOTTED MIRROR.

"I CANNOT think what ails the glass. It must be dusty, for my face looks so queer in it."

Maggie Spencer took her handkerchief, for want of a proper duster, and gave the face of the looking-glass a vigorous rub. It seemed hardly possible that it could be dusty, for its old-fashioned frame was as bright as hands could make it,—and so indeed was all the other furniture,—whilst the room itself was spotless in its country purity, so unlike the dinginess of town.

Maggie was on a visit to her aunt and cousins, and was quite delighted with all around her, except the looking-glass. But this last was to Maggie a very important matter. She was very fond of standing in front of her mirror at home and seeing how clearly her pretty face was reflected in it. Her glass was a really good one, and the girl was never tired of gazing on the fair image represented there.

Yes; the image was fair. Nothing could alter that fact. Her complexion was pure and clear, and the colour on her round cheeks "Just lovely. Neither too deep nor too pale, but exactly what it should be."

At any rate Maggie thought so; and perhaps she might be excused for having decided opinions on the subject, for

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[1] See "Handbook to Grammar of New Testament," p. 231, note.

flattering tongues had so often whispered the same things in her ear and found her very willing to listen and believe.

I suppose no young girl who sees a fair face reflected in her glass can help knowing that it is so. But it is a happy thing when the knowledge makes her humble instead of proud, and when, instead of claiming any merit for the possession of good looks, she thanks God for them and all His other gifts, and prays that they may not be a cause of anything but pure pleasure to others, and that she may be kept from pride on account of them.

Maggie Spencer's was a pretty face—sometimes. In one sense it was so always; for there were the fine eyes, the fair skin, the beautiful, glossy brown hair, and well-shaped features. Nevertheless she was not always pretty in other eyes than her own. She was vain and foolish, and prided herself on her looks. She was apt to think them of more importance than anything else. No matter how kind, unselfish, or even clever and sweet-tempered other girls might be, if they were less pretty than herself she thought little of them or their good qualities in comparison.

Everybody did not, however, take Maggie at her own valuation. They thought that she might often look in the mirror and see reflected there a face that was anything but beautiful with the best beauty of all—that which comes from the soul. Maggie's temper was a very hasty one, and when it got the mastery the fair features would be distorted with anger.

Maggie's disposition also was a jealous one. Let her see a companion receiving more attention than herself and the sweet smile would change to a sullen frown. Show her some article of dress or ornament better than she possessed, and the spirit of envy which dwelt in her breast altered in a moment the expression of her countenance.

I dare say, however, that at such times Maggie did not trouble her mirror much. She only looked into it when the image it reflected was pleasant to herself.

When the girl arrived at her aunt's she had been told that the furniture of the room allotted to her was very old-fashioned. And so it was. Quaint oak chests, drawers, chairs, and bedstead with curious hangings of needlework, done generations ago by industrious fingers, seemed to suit their places exactly. The curious dressing-table with carved legs, and the old mirror, were of a piece with the rest. To move one thing would have been to spoil all.

Maggie felt this, and had admired every article, and thanked her aunt and cousins for giving her this room with its ancient furniture and lovely view from the windows. Now this dreadful old looking-glass spoiled all. It made her face hideous, and she felt so cross at the sight that anger rendered it still more unpleasant to behold.

Rubbing did no good. The thing was spotted all over, and there was no remedy for it.

When Maggie went down to breakfast, she was met by kind inquiries from aunt and cousins.

"I slept well," she replied. "The bed was delightfully comfortable, and I could smell the roses, even before I opened the windows. But, aunt, what a fearful looking-glass that is in my room! It made me so ugly. I could not see my face clearly at all for the spots in the glass. It did not reflect *me*. I tried to rub them off, but they would not stir."

"No, dear Maggie, your labour would be in vain," said her aunt. "The mischief is within. The outside is all right; pass your hand over the glass and you find it bright and smooth. The spots are on the back, but all covered up, and the reason is the mirror has lost something. It was perfect to begin with, and gave a true reflection."

"Can nothing be done to improve it, aunt?" asked Maggie presently. "It would be dreadful to see myself always like that."

"The silvering needs to be entirely renewed, my dear. Then the glass will begin to give a true reflection again. I am afraid it cannot be done whilst you are here. We did not think of it when we chose that room for you, but we can put you in an extra glass."

Maggie's face brightened at this promise, and she sat down to breakfast in a contented frame of mind, and ready to enjoy the good things before her. Her aunt was, however, anxious that the girl should learn something from the spotted mirror.

"Maggie," said she, "the old looking-glass has a lesson for us. When it came out of the maker's hands there were no spots to mar its usefulness, or the beauty of the faces reflected in it. It was like man when he came from God's hand—do you remember in what way?"

"I know, aunty. Man was made in God's image."

"Yes, and while he remained without sin he reflected that image. But when sin came the image was spoiled—the reflection became imperfect. No doubt his features would be unaltered, and yet there was a change. Not outside. You know, Maggie dear, you found out that while the spots on the old mirror looked like surface dust, no surface rubbing would take them away."

"They were within, all covered out of reach. I found that out very soon," replied Maggie, thoughtfully.

"And I that the mirror must go back to a mirror-maker, so that it might have the silvering entirely renewed. It is beyond your skill or mine to mend it."

The girl agreed. She was beginning to understand her aunt's meaning.

"So it is when sin gets down into the heart, hidden away out of sight of all but God Himself. No outside washing will take it away. Nothing that we can do will remove the spots which sin makes. They show themselves on the surface—for sin cannot dwell within us without altering the expression of the human face, and preventing it from clearly reflecting the Divine image. Every evil passion, every wrong desire, every impure thought, makes a spot on the human mirror, and helps to deface the Creator's likeness which should be reflected there. There is only one remedy in this case too, and I thank God there is this one.

"Just as my old glass must be renewed by the maker, so must our sin-spotted souls be renewed by God Himself. David knew this when in the depth of his sorrow and penitence he saw the pollution of his inner nature, and cried, 'Create in me a clean heart, O God, and renew a right spirit within me.' And St. Paul says, 'If any man be in Christ, he is a new creature.'"

Aunty was not given to much preaching, but she knew Maggie's failings, her vanity and love of admiration; and as she talked of the spots on the mirror, she hoped that her pretty niece might be led to think of those faults in herself, which, coming from within, spoiled the image in which she had been created. She prayed that the Holy Spirit would show the need of cleansing, and God's willingness to receive and create her anew in Christ Jesus. The prayer was not in vain. Maggie's glossy hair is streaked with grey now, and her youth and its fair beauty are things of the past; but the loss of these is more than made up by the loveliness of a heart and life cleansed and renewed in and through Christ Jesus.

RUTH LAMB.

SCRIPTURE ENIGMA.

NO. XVII.—A CHAPTER OF CONTRASTS.

In what chapter do we read of a great banquet and of famine; of God's abundant supply and a rich man's meanness; of a new-born infant and an aged man; of a quarrel and the worship of God; of weeping and laughing; of death and of marriage; of a promise, a reproof and a gift; of Philistines, Egyptians and Israelites?

L. T.

THE SUNDAY AT HOME

O DAY MOST CALM, MOST BRIGHT! . . .
THE WEEK WERE DARK BUT FOR THY LIGHT.—*Herbert.*

GENEVIÈVE;

A STORY OF OLD FRANCE.

CHAPTER VII.—HELP IN TIME OF NEED.

Love can bless
Even in this crowded loneliness,

Were ever-moving myriads seem to say,
Go! thou art nought to us, nor we to thee—away!

"HAVE YOU NO HOME, NO FRIENDS IN THE CITY?"

"I WISH I could die," thought Geneviève, as she stood outside the door so inhospitably closed against her. "I wish I could die. Only not until to-morrow. For to-morrow I am going back to the Hôtel Dieu. Oh, mother—mother!" A few slow and heavy drops fell from her weary eyes. As yet, however, they were but few, for she was too utterly stunned and bewildered for any outburst of grief. Happily, she did not realize as yet the full desolation of her position, and she was far indeed from understanding all its peril. She was alone in a city—in a great, wicked, lawless city—without food, without money, without shelter. She was weak and helpless as a child; yet she was exposed to dangers far more terrible

than those which would have menaced a forsaken child. Of such dangers she knew nothing; but she did know that the streets of Paris were very unsafe, especially after dark, and that robberies and murders were things of continual occurrence. That, however, was not her first thought, nor was it her most pressing fear. She felt more afraid just then of encountering Mathieu on his way from work; and of his arguing with her, and trying to bring her back against his mother's will. She did not feel able to contend with any one; and as to facing her formidable landlady again, she felt she could not do it, even to save her life.

No; she would go back again to the Hôtel Dieu, and entreat of the people there to let her in. Surely they would not refuse her. She would not ask for a bed; but perhaps they would show her some little spot on the ground, near her mother's resting place, where she could lie down and keep still until the morning, and feel as if all she loved was not so very far away. If the porter at the great gate would not listen to her prayer, she would beg of him to call Sœur Marguerite, who would surely have compassion on her.

But the Hôtel Dieu was far away, and she was very tired and weak. She had gone through much excitement and exertion that day, and she had not tasted food. Very slowly and wearily she retraced her steps along the Rue St. Jacques, which seemed to stretch out before her to an interminable length. But it was easier to keep moving than to stand still; and even the shadow of a definite purpose lent a little strength to her failing feet. So she pursued her way until she reached the Quartier St. Germain; and there at length she stopped, in dire bewilderment and perplexity. Whither was she to go next? Which turn was she to take? Her memory seemed a blank; all that she could recall was that in going to and coming from the Hôtel Dieu she had somewhere crossed a bridge; "Petit Pont" she thought she heard Mathieu call it. But instead of going straight forward, as she ought to have done, she turned to the left, and wandering along beneath the gloomy walls of the Sorbonne, began to realize that she had lost herself completely. She was afraid to ask for directions from the passers by; some of them looked so rough and forbidding, all of them so busy.

It could not have been late in the afternoon, yet she fancied that the light of the dim November day seemed already beginning to fail. It was horrible to think of being there all alone in the dark. What was she to do if the night overtook her? She thought the Hôtel Dieu must still be very far off; she feared she would never be able to reach it. Besides, her head was growing dizzy and confused; hunger and weariness were beginning to do their work upon her.

Still she walked on; growing every moment weaker and more bewildered. By this time she had lost all trace of her way, and almost all hope of ever finding it again. There were no street lamps in those days; but by-and-by an occasional light began to appear in a shop or a dwelling house; and she passed some public building—she knew not what—which had lanterns hung up before it. These signs of approaching darkness filled her with terror.

Wandering aimlessly onward, she found herself at last before the door of a great church. It was a "noble and beautiful house" wherein men might fitly praise the living God. Stately and graceful columns rose each above the other in a double tier, and two massive towers kept watch over the whole. Geneviève, weary as she was, looked about her with a faint wonder. She knew that she had never been here before. In the open space before the church well-dressed persons, some of them attended by servants, were passing to and fro. There were riders too upon handsome horses, and occasionally a closed litter with ladies in it. She saw one coach, a great lumbering machine, like a room on wheels, drawn by four horses. But coaches were still rare, and only used upon special occasions.

Feeling her exhaustion increase, she sat down on the steps of the church to rest, and, if possible, to think. But she was allowed to do neither, for an official with a badge on his coat, and a staff in his hand, sternly bade her begone, saying that was no place for beggars.

She rose and turned wearily away, but turned back again to ask the name of the church. Why she did this she could not have told; it was probably from the instinctive desire to relieve her loneliness by even a moment's conversation.

"You must be a stranger," was the answer, "or you would know St. Sulpice."

"I *am* a stranger," said Geneviève piteously. "I have not even a place to lodge in, or a sou to buy a bit of bread."

"Just as I thought—a beggar. Well then, go and beg from some of the fine folk yonder. They have plenty of money, and there are those among them ready enough to throw a little to any one who asks them."

Every nerve in the frame of Geneviève, every instinct in her soul, revolted against this suggestion. Yet what was she to do? She might not even lie down in peace on the threshold of God's house, and die. She must find some resting-place for her weary limbs, and some food, or she would faint. So she conquered her repugnance, came forward a little out of the shadow of the church, and stood watching her opportunity. But the passers-by did not look propitious or promising. To some of them she could not have spoken even to save her life, there was that in their faces that inspired her with absolute terror. Others seemed so busy, and in such a hurry, that she could not summon up courage to stop them. At last she noticed a lady who, she thought, looked rather kind; she was leaning on the arm of a gentleman, and preceded by a servant carrying a lantern. Advancing timidly, she proffered her faltering prayer for a few sous to buy bread and a night's lodging. The lady stopped and looked doubtful; but the gentleman interposed, and roughly bade her begone, asking "Jacques" what he was good for if he could not save his mistress from such annoyances.

Abashed by this repulse, she retired quickly

into the shadow of the church, and it was some minutes before she could recover her courage sufficiently to make a second attempt. This time she tried an old gentleman whose response was not unkindly; he even sought for his purse, but found he had left it at home for fear of thieves, so he passed on with a compassionate "God help thee, poor child."

The kind words nearly finished what sorrow, fatigue, and hunger had begun. Geneviève trembled from head to foot, and her tears came quickly. No longer able to stand, she sank down once more on the steps of the church, beside one of the slender, beautiful pillars which adorn its stately façade.

Utterly worn out, she was already falling into a kind of exhausted sleep—or, perhaps, stupor—when she was aroused by a voice, not unkindly—"What art thou doing here, my child?"

She started up in alarm, thinking it was her former acquaintance the beadle.

"Oh, sir," she pleaded, "let me stay here and rest just for a little. I can go no farther, I am so tired, and indeed I tried to beg, but no one would give me anything."

"Hast thou then been begging?" There was surprise, and even a little reproach, in the tone, as if the speaker knew that the position was for her unbecoming and even degrading. She looked, and saw him very clearly in the light of the lamp that hung beside the pillar. He was no beadle, but unmistakably a gentleman, as we understand the word. His dress was sober and far from costly—the dress of a grave professional person, or a man of letters, or of one who had withdrawn from the world, though without entering any ecclesiastical order. The face, which was not shaded by the usual perruque, looked worn and sad, and bore traces of recent sickness and suffering; yet it had quite a singular expression of power, which almost awed her. She felt his question as if it had been a rebuke uttered by the voice of authority.

"I could not help it, monsieur," she faltered, "I had nothing to eat, and nowhere to go."

"Nowhere to go—poor child!" Something in the tone of these words made Geneviève lose her fear of him. She drew a little nearer, and looked up appealingly in his face; while he, bending over her his massive brow, returned her look with evident interest. "*Et si belle!*" [1] he murmured as if to himself. And then aloud, "But where are your parents?"

"Ah, monsieur, my parents are both dead. My father died long ago, in our old home, and then my mother and I came to Paris. To-day—only to-day—my mother died in the Hôtel Dieu."

"But have you no home, no friends, in the city?"

"None, monsieur. The woman we lodged with was unkind, and turned me out to-day. I do not know what to do now. I would like to die. Only not to-night, for to-morrow I must go back again to the Hôtel Dieu. They said they would let me see my mother. It would break my heart if—if I never saw her again. Monsieur, for the love of God, will you give me shelter for one night, that I may go back again to-morrow to the Hôtel Dieu, and see my mother's face once more before they bury her? After that, I do not care what becomes of me. It does not matter to any one."

"Yes, my child, it does. It matters to God, to yourself, and to me. But first, you shall have the shelter you ask for. Come with me."

She obeyed, though with slow and tottering footsteps. Her guide, perceiving her weakness, turned towards her with a courteous gesture and offered her the support of his arm, as he might have done to any lady. She accepted it at once; and clung to him trustfully as if he had been the dear dead father of whom, in some mysterious way, he reminded her; not certainly from any similarity of feature, but probably from the look of suffering in his face, and the grave, gentle dignity of his manner. While they traversed a street or two neither spoke; except that he said once, as she seemed to falter, "Courage, my child, we have not far to go."

They soon reached the door of a large, though plain looking house, at which her conductor knocked. A priest appeared presently; and to him he said a few words in a low voice, unheard by Geneviève.

But she heard the answer, which was spoken with an air of deference. "Certainly, monsieur, certainly. Be pleased to come in."

They entered a small, bare parlour, where Geneviève quickly sank on the nearest seat. The priest murmured something about "a poor place," and said he would call old Mariette, the only woman in the house. He hoped monsieur would excuse——

"It is I who should excuse myself to you," said the stranger with grave courtesy. "My apology is your own character for charity and good works, which is well known to me, although I am unknown to you. It has led me to bring you this poor child, whom I found wandering in the street. She is quite unfit to go farther, even were there any place where she would be more sure of a kind reception. Give her shelter, I pray of you, for to-night; and to-morrow I will send some one to supply her wants, and to spare you further trouble. It is a work which will need the heart and hand of a woman."

"I willingly undertake the charge, monsieur; nay, I thank you for trusting me with it. Shall not this poor child also be allowed to thank her benefactor?"

"That needs not; but you, from whom I am soliciting a favour, have the right to a proof of my good faith."

At a slight sign, unnoticed by the weary Geneviève, the priest followed him to the door, coming back presently with a perplexed, but cheerful face. "Instead of his name, he gives me his gold," he said half to himself and half to Geneviève. "Well, my child, thou canst pray for him all the same, as God's minister, sent to help thee in thy need. Nay, do not try to speak, already thou art half dead with fatigue. Rest

[1] "And so beautiful!"

where thou art for the present; I will bring thee some warm soup, and then Mariette shall take thee in charge."

"But tell me, is he gone? Shall not I see him any more? And I never thanked him," said Geneviève remorsefully.

"Thank God instead. Now rest thee and be still, I go to fetch Mariette, and the soup."

At first Geneviève slept, from utter exhaustion, on the clean though far from luxurious couch to which the priest's servant conducted her. But the morning found her hot and feverish, tossing wearily from side to side, unable to rest and yet utterly unfit to rise. Many days of sickness and weakness followed, leaving her helpless and passive in the kind hands into which she had fallen. It was long before she was able to take up again the burden of her life. But she was conscious throughout of the almost constant presence beside her bed of a brisk, decided, elderly woman, with kind motherly ways, whom she used to call "mademoiselle," until requested by herself to use her Christian name, Euphémie. Under Euphémie's competent superintendence, Mariette ministered to her wants, and the old priest visited her frequently. She called him Père Antoine, as she heard Mariette and Euphémie do; and that was all she knew, or for the present cared to know, about her surroundings. Thus the days and weeks went by.

THE BEATITUDES.

BY THE REV. RICHARD GLOVER, BRISTOL.

IV.

"Blessed are they which do hunger and thirst after righteousness: for they shall be filled."—*Matt.* v. 6.

IN each successive Benediction there is a suggestion that it is the habit of goodness to improve.

The first blessed mere Poverty of soul, the second finds that poverty developed into something of finer fibre—into the Sorrow which comes of true life or true love. The existence of strong and gentle Meekness marks the development found where sorrow has purified and solace has sweetened the soul. And now we are to deal with a still nobler mark of manhood—*the Hunger after Righteousness.*

By "Righteousness," the Saviour means more than we usually note by that term. The wear of words, continually impoverishing their meaning, has told on this word "righteousness." Throughout Scripture it is habitually used for "Goodness" in its broadest forms. It is frequently used in the specific sense of generosity, and a sense of kindliness is never absent from it. Its meaning has worn away until, to-day, it suggests little more than uprightness—honesty of dealing, innocence of life, sincerity of character.

The Saviour employs it in its old Bible sense, as meaning all that is beautiful in lovingkindness, all that is stately in holiness, all that is gracious in honour.

There are those who hunger and thirst after goodness in this large sense. The world pities them, deeming their desire folly, their struggle at once painful and fruitless.

And the pains of this Hunger are indeed great and many. Yet the Saviour greets the Hungerers with His benediction, and promises that their longing will not be futile, nor their pain unrecompensed, but that they shall be filled with the graces they desire.

Let us consider this great word, and mark:

I. THOSE BLESSED:—"BLESSED ARE THEY WHICH DO HUNGER AND THIRST AFTER RIGHTEOUSNESS."

II. THEIR BLESSING:—"FOR THEY SHALL BE FILLED."

I. THOSE BLESSED: "THEY THAT HUNGER AND THIRST AFTER RIGHTEOUSNESS." The world imagines such are few. It sees men hungering after gold, comfort, knowledge, power; but the longing after purity and goodness is one which rarely attracts its notice. The biggest things in the world go unseen by the world, and when men see this hunger, they are sceptical of its sincerity and contemptuous of its solicitude.

And, indeed, it is to be admitted that those following after goodness are too few; and especially those whose pursuit has that intensity that would warrant the expression "*Hungering and thirsting.*"

But there are some, and indeed not a few, who cherish this strange desire with intensity. For we are made in the image of God, and there is no soul that is quite destitute of this trace of the Diviner quality of our being. The body is not the only seat of appetite. The heart has its yearnings for love, and reason its longings for light, and the soul has its yearnings for that goodness which is its true life.

Probably no soul is absolutely without some longing to become better than it is. A nature never resisting its evil inclination, or seeking to suppress a weakness, is surely so rare as to be phenomenal in its license and abandonment.

Most men have some wish to be better than they are. They show their spiritual nature by some shame or regret at the wrong they have done, by instinctive respect for goodness—even, to some extent, by the hypocrisy which copies

goodness or the envy that resents it. Were we not made for righteousness, the disquietude of soul at our imperfections shown in these various ways would not be felt. Unfortunately, too commonly the aim is poor, contemplating little beyond the conventional propriety and the common honesty of life.

Yet in many The Divine and Immortal Part is moved with higher aspirations. When Thought begins to ponder the meaning of life, Goodness takes a higher value in men's estimates. Any example of the beauty of holiness thrills them with a strange respect. With the feeling of immortality there arises a dread of an everlasting consciousness of imperfection, and an enduring self-reproach, and this dread stimulates desire still further. Mercies of God add force to those yearnings, and the demands of God elevate still further their aim.

Conscience—the Voice behind us, saying, "This is the way, walk ye in it,"—becomes clearer the more it is obeyed. Every penalty of wrong increases the desire to shed off the evil of our life. And the great Spirit of God that broods on all hearts, keeps stirring the sacred discontent and imparting power to the upward moving of the soul.

Hence, in vast multitudes of hearts the sense of an aching void. Hence, the religiousness of man which makes him everywhere a worshipper. Hence, the multitude of religious ascetics—(in India alone they probably exceed a score of millions)—seeking by abandonment of the world the purification of the soul. Hence all that yearning after God, which in all ages and lands has somewhat relieved the darkness brooding on the face of mankind.

And in innumerable hearts, where its presence is unsuspected, this longing works. None guessed that a hunger after righteousness dwelt in the heart of Zaccheus, and moved the modest munificence of his life. None thought that the breast of the woman who was a sinner was the home of sacred regrets and pure relenting. None guessed that in the heart of the dying thief, honourable feelings of compunction, reverence, and repentance, could find place.

But these feelings were there unseen; and feelings akin to these dwell in innumerable souls to-day.

We deem the number of souls ripe for surrender to God small and limited; but the Saviour deems *The Harvest*, that is, not the number of mere souls, but of *souls ripe for the gathering*—"*plenteous;*" and lamented the waste of candour, longing, preparedness through the fewness of those that gathered them. And when this *hunger* turns its eye Godward and gazes upon that Calvary Throne which is "the place of His people's Sanctuary," then it becomes the true repentance, which is the mother of all graces in the soul, the hand that grasps the salvation of God; the lowly grace over which the angels do well to rejoice; the mysterious reverence which adores the purity before which it trembles, which trusts the Saviour its sins have crucified, and which prays for cleansing, though it be possible only through a baptism of the Holy Ghost and Fire.

From this hunger of contrition the new life dates, and all Christian graces take their rise in it.

And where the growth of the better life is fair and unimpeded, this hunger and thirst increase. With each attainment a finer penitence and a loftier aspiration rise in the soul.

"Not as though I had already attained, neither were already perfect," is the feeling which moves to an effort ever rising in power and dignity. The longing to be conformed to Him, to know His resurrection power, to get that power of sacrifice and willingness to die for others, which Paul calls "the fellowship of His sufferings," dignifies the soul, till with more intensity of purpose than avarice or ambition ever know, the soul hungers and thirsts to be like its God.

"Then shall I be satisfied," said one great hungerer, "when I awake in Thy likeness."

Blessed indeed are those thus hungry; for this longing after goodness is the wisdom as well as the dignity of man.

The world thinks it foolish; but read the Book of Proverbs, and you can see the old Hebrew sage made the pursuit and practice of goodness the whole of Wisdom. Read the Dialogues of Plato, and you will find the Greek philosopher in absolute agreement with him.

For the perfecting of our character is the supreme good.

It is The State of our Soul, not of our Circumstances that chiefly determines our bliss. Righteousness is health of soul, a state in which—as in health of body—activity of every organ is accompanied with pleasure. In this health of soul reason is bright, anticipation hopeful, memory grateful, our friendly spirit lives in a friendly world.

This Righteousness is our only Safety. In the degree in which effort is strong and aim is high, we are safe from low temptations.

It is the secret of Highest Usefulness; it is our link of fellowship with God; yea, of more than fellowship, for where righteousness is, the promise of the Saviour is fulfilled: "We will come and make our abode with Him."

Righteousness is besides the immortal wealth of the soul—all other wealth we must leave behind us; but the soul carries its wealth with it. Happy he who lands on the further shore, with some meetness for the inheritance of the saints in light, with those beginnings of the Likeness of God which the vision of God will perfect, with tastes for the purities and powers for the ministries of heaven. How rich he is compared with those whose very wealth makes dying harder, and starts them on the further shore with sense of loss and weakness!

We do wrong to seek so earnestly what is of so little worth, and seek so languidly that righteousness which is our life.

Let us repent of our contentment with commonplace character, of our worldliness, of our indulgence of what is weak within us. And hunger and thirst, above all other things, for that righteousness which is God's Glory, God's Bliss, and God's greatest Power.

But this exhortation proceeds on the assumption, that the righteousness for which we hunger

can be attained. Can it be reached? The question leads us to the second part of this Beatitude.

Consider:

II. THE BLESSEDNESS OF THOSE HUNGERING AND THIRSTING AFTER RIGHTEOUSNESS: "THEY SHALL BE FILLED."

This is the strangest part of this strange greeting; for it promises satisfaction in a matter in which satisfaction seems impossible.

A feeling insinuates itself that we have our moral as we have our physical limit of stature, that as in bodily so in spiritual force, let us cherish ourselves as we may, we cannot develop more than a certain limited and poor amount of force.

And yet here the Saviour speaks as if this higher longing knew no disappointment, and this nobler struggle no failure. "*They shall*," He says, "*be filled.*"

Disappointment is a common experience in every other pursuit, and failure in every other enterprise. But here, of the pursuit and the enterprise in which success would seem most impossible, the Saviour affirms that a rich and complete satisfaction will await us. Is this true? that we may be filled—satisfied—in the triumph and success of our effort after righteousness? What glad tidings of great joy are here, if we may believe them!

This is The Truth of God, in the lips of The Faithful and True Witness. We do injustice in our common thoughts to the greatness of the Divine Grace that comes to us.

Consider what Hungerers after Righteousness really find which fills and satisfies them.

1. Turning to God *They find a Grace of God, assisting repentance, consecration and every duty.* The gift of the Holy Ghost is no nominal endowment. "To this man" He comes, "who is of a lowly and contrite heart." The Hungering after Righteousness opens the door to him who knocks, and it is a day to be remembered throughout eternity when the Holy Spirit enters a soul. For though He comes with impulses to high duties, impulses which are hard to obey, in every impulse there dwelleth power, and in obedience to it, triumph and peace.

The change which begins in conversion is due to a "Christ formed within us," and albeit, at first, He may seem weak as the Babe of Bethlehem, His omnipotence of grace in due time progressively reveals itself, mastering faults that are hard to conquer, and replacing with nobler purposes the selfishness which is slow to die.

Yes, Hunger after Righteousness and Christ will enter you, bringing His grace. And that grace though never *felt* is always *found* to be sufficient for us. The inward guest increasingly displays His Godhead till you can say with Paul, "*I live, yet not I, but Christ lives in me.*" And the Son of God dwelling in you, He is the root of that Divine Righteousness ("Righteousness of God" is Paul's phrase), which stands in such vital contrast with all the poorer righteousness, which unaided, law-driven man can reach.

There is a satisfaction, begun, when the great Christ so enters and inspires the soul, that the saving decision is made possible, and the soul addresses itself with hope and ardour to the life of faith and the high calling of God.

Hunger after Righteousness: and Christ will enter and fill your soul: will make His throne within you, and from the midst of His throne within you there will flow a River of the Water of Life.

That is not the perfect, but it is a supreme, satisfaction of the soul.

There is more than this:—

2. *In the pursuit of Righteousness, the soul can realize a larger growth than in any other direction.*

There is this great solemnity in sin: that every act of sin is a fall, involving us in the loss of some power or some finer sensibility.

There is this great advantage in righteousness, that with every deed of goodness a rise of the soul is achieved, a higher taste developed for things divine, a larger liberty, an enterprise, a courage, a dream of still higher reaches of sanctity and usefulness.

And indeed the progress reached and consolidated is sometimes amazing. What a rise Matthew found wrought by his hunger and God's grace, from the coarseness of a publican, to that artistic delicacy of moral vision which enabled him to portray the Lord! What an expansion of being was that, by which the fisherman of Bethsaida became the John of the fourth Gospel and the Seer of Patmos!

There seems an immeasurable development dividing Paul the Pharisee, from the Paul to whom to live was Christ.

One of the great masters of human thought has urged, in a great sermon on likeness to God, that one feature of man's likeness to God, is a certain infinity of moral qualities which sometimes is developed: a constancy of martyr strength, which all the world cannot shake: a fixedness of faith, which no arts of hell can overcome.

You know not the dimensions of a man till this hunger after righteousness admits its Lord. Then, light, strength, patience, sacrifice, victories on a scale which angels marvel at, become possible. The largeness of our hearts depends on what they hold within them, and if the Lord of glory be in them, they are great indeed.

I do not suggest that even when the growth is most ample, a consciousness of perfection is ever reached. No, the hunger grows on what it feeds. The "filling" stops the pain, but whets the appetite. It takes eternity to fully make a man, and the surest sign of growth is the growing elevation of standard and enlargement of idea. There will be defect and fault also over which to mourn; but in an immeasurable degree the forces of the soul may be, and in multitudes of cases are, developed, and it is undoubtedly true that to the last inch of space which hunger opens and growth enlarges in the heart, the forces of God enter and fill it.

And lastly:

3. *What grace begins and growth develops, heaven will perfect;* and if we are Christ's, one day the great complacency will be ours which comes, not from standard lowered, but from growth perfected. How that change will be

wrought we need not speculate. The yearning of man craves for it—the faithfulness of Christ pledges it. "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;"—like Him in purity, in pity, in love; *like Him in the graces that made Him leave heaven to save us;* in the tenderness that makes Him a great Intercessor both here and there; like Him in fitness for exalted service; in power to diffuse celestial blessings; in rulership over many things; in the charm which "drew all men to Him" when there lifted up. One day all of us who hunger and thirst after righteousness will find this perfecting of our being; this end of sin—this fitness for eternal joy.

Believe this future.

Now the struggle seems endless, progress doubtful, and sometimes the result seems likely to be the wreck of all our fondest hopes. Let us look again to our Lord, gaze on His cross, welcome His spirit and take His leading. The failures that we fear come not to the Hungerers and Thirsters after Righteousness. Be it ours to hunger and thirst after righteousness, and at last He will give us our heart's desire, and crown us with that Righteousness which is man's only and unfading Crown.

ASSUMPTION DAY ON THE BRENNER.

POST-HOUSE ON THE TOP OF THE BRENNER.

AM not a globe-trotter, much less a steeple-jack, up and down needle points of the Swiss Spitzbergens. It is nothing to me to go about like a gazetteer in gaiters, able to reel off the names of some hundred thousand obscure places which I have passed through and forgotten. Nor do I care to go about with an ice axe or alpenstock as evidence that I have been a few hundred feet above the ordinary haunts of men. But I confess to a partiality for places which have this kind of character that, like the minister Harley, they are never in the way nor out of the way. I like to drop in at old-fashioned wayside inns, on one of the great routes of Europe, where one race and language ends and another begins, and where the last torrent of one watershed touches on the first torrent of another. Show me such a *yoke*, as the Germans call it, a pass between peaks, and it is the very retreat for me.

Such is the Brenner Pass, which is one of the easiest to get over, and therefore the most frequented of the four or five great highways between Germany and Italy. It was also, for military reasons connected with her defence of her Italian provinces, the first to be spanned by a railway. The Austrian Brenner-bahn did not secure Austria her foothold in Italy, but it has been a pleasant sallyport for tourists if not for invaders ever since it was laid out. These considerations, not to name the usual attractions of romantic scenery, have always given a special interest to the Brenner Pass. The yoke, or summit of the pass, is reached at a moderate height of about 4600 feet above sea level. We here enter a valley of about a mile or two in length, locked in by high mountains on each side, and which, if not quite so stern and wild as the Pass of Glencoe, is still cool enough, even in August, to refrigerate those who come up from the steaming plains of Lombardy. Brenner, too, like Glencoe, presents the same feature of a kind of natural sallyport or outlet between the north and the south country.

Here, too, is the natural watershed between Germany and Italy. At one end of the valley every stream trends southwards towards the Adige and the Adriatic. North, the whole tribute of rainfall descends to the last drop into the valley of the Inn and thence to the Danube and the Black Sea.

It is also nearly, if not quite, the dividing point between two languages which meet, but never can mingle as French and Italian do in the *patois* of the Riviera. At the Brenner we meet with one village which is German-speaking, and the next a little farther down the valley will be Italian speaking, and the only explanation which the traveller can gather on the spot is that the Tyrolese having pushed over the Brenner down South as far as Botzen carried their language with them. These landmarks which language leaves behind her are the only altar of Terminus, the boundary stones between nations which treaties cannot remove. They are the unerring signs of how far any race has pushed, not its conquests merely, but its permanent settlements. There is little doubt that on the next occasion when the map of Europe is recast after a great war it will be on ethnographical principles. The nationality question has made such strides

already, that we shall not have long to wait to see it successful along the whole line; it will become the master key to the reconstruction of the Europe of the future.

But enough of these preliminaries to a Sunday on the Brenner. I had occasion to arrange for a family gathering of relatives, some of whom resided in Italy and some in England, so the most convenient half-way house we could think of was the Post Hotel, on the summit of the Brenner Pass. This is a roomy rambling stone edifice: one of those old-fashioned inns built two centuries ago, in a style to lodge man and beast of every class and degree, and which with all our boasted democracy is, I regret to say, giving way to the upstart plutocratic joint-stock caravanserai which carries on its front the distinct announcement that none without a long purse should enter here.

It was at this Brenner Post house that Goethe put up on the 7th of September, 1786, exactly a century ago, when setting out on his Italian journey; and a marble slab has been let into the wall beside the main entrance in order to remind the tourist that he is at one of the places of pilgrimage of the large school of Goethe worshippers. I am not a disciple of the Apostle of Culture, and am of opinion with the critics who note that this Italian journey was a mere sensational turning-point in Goethe's career. Luther saw Rome, and it disillusioned him at once of Romanism. Goethe, on the other hand, gained in breadth of view from that incursion into Italy, but he lost in depth and local patriotism. The poetic springs of his nature, resting as they must do on nationalism, ceased to flow as freshly as before; and if he became a thinker and a sage, as some would call him of a sceptical type, it was of a school so lax and liberal of the world's easy self-indulgent maxims that we must class him ever after among those whom the Apostle plainly describes as enemies of the Cross of Christ. Indeed, his own description of himself, as "neither a Christian nor an anti-Christian, but as a decided non-Christian," must decide their judgment of Goethe for all those who know that, at a certain stage of every one's moral growth, he that is not with Christ is against Him.

As the 15th of August last year fell on a Sunday, I happened to come in for the so-called Feast of the Assumption, which is celebrated here by the simple-minded peasants with an amount of open-air demonstration not to be looked for in great cities where a mixed population lives, such as Paris or Vienna. I was awoke at early dawn by the loud booming of mortars, which led me at first to spring out of bed and ask myself whether an explosion had occurred in some quarries near the hotel. Unable to understand why blasting operations could be carried on at this early hour and on a Sunday morning, I soon discovered the meaning of it when I came down to breakfast, and found the whole of Brenner hamlet—if a dozen houses deserve such a description—decked with flags in honour of the day.

Presently the peasants in their Sunday best began to stream in from all quarters; and the Tyrolese gala suits of green coats and red vests, with a turned-up hat and cocks' feathers, made a brave show. One would have thought that a division of riflemen had come down from the surrounding heights to do honour to the Virgin. In fact, it was a military gathering in all but name, and a sprinkling of regular soldiers with a colonel and one or two officers in undress uniform were present to lend *éclat* to the scene.

I did not look in at the church during the forenoon, preferring to spend a quiet day with my own relatives in a service of our own. These Sundays of solitude come rarely to those who have the care of souls, and who generally pass from one pulpit to another even in their holiday time. I like an occasional Sunday spent in what is called mending our nets. Besides, in the large towns on the Continent where there is an English church and a congregation of tourists got up in full dress parade there is less even of the day of rest than at home. We have our Sunday work cut out for us in an aggravated form; we have home labours over again, and that without the satisfaction that we are at the post of duty which makes all labour sweet. Then the Englishman out on his holiday too often puts up in his portmanteau with his Sunday best suit certain conventional ways and doings of the English Sunday which are, after all, but a compromise between two extremes. In the forenoon in black coat and top hat he has probably done his duty by appearing at the service and putting his coin in the plate for the support of the services of the Colonial and Continental Society. He has thus done all that conventional religion calls for, and regards himself as free to spend the rest of the day after the fashion set by habitual residents on the Continent, which is usually that of doing in Rome as the people of Rome do. The Swiss hotel keeper thoroughly understands us, and has taken our measure. He knows to a nicety how far we wish to go in our Sunday observances, and he caters accordingly.

This is one of the drawbacks to Sundays on the Continent which generally inclines me to choose, if I can, some out-of-the way place where I may escape this conventional kind of Sunday keeping. I prefer, if I am to see a Continental Sunday, to see it at least in its native dress. If I have to deal with superstitious forms of faith, I at least prefer to meet them as a bit of genuine mediævalism which has come down as a survival of old ideas, not in the masquerade of mock antique, such as the reactionaries of our day affect.

I have seen the Fête Dieu, or Corpus Christi procession, under the dome of St. Peter's, and I have also looked on at it in the street of a remote village in the Apennine, and have felt that the former was tawdry while the other was not. In the same way, if I am to be a spectator of the Festival of the Assumption in mid-August, I should prefer to look on at the procession of Tyrolese peasants, rather than at the spectacular display of a great Parisian church, mixed up as it was during the Napoleon dynasty with fireworks, and accompanied by reviews, and theatres thrown open at the public expense as a glorification of the Napoleon legend,—the one fable of the Church and

the other of the State being set off against each other, or rather, welded together in a forced and unnatural alliance.

At Brenner, I must say that the inartistic but not ungraceful procession of peasant girls garlanded with flowers struck me with surprise, after what I had seen of such show spectacles elsewhere.

The mistress of the hotel came round about noon, to ask the guests stopping at the hotel to give up their spare candlesticks and chimney ornaments, not omitting a few wretched oleographs of saints; and with these, two or three improvised altars were dressed up in the open air.

SCHLOSS TROSTBURG ON THE BRENNER PASS.

I noticed on one of these altars under my bedroom windows, the same battered old candlesticks and a kind of wall ornament which had stood over the toilet table in my bedroom. These were set up like the side pictures in a triptych, there were two daubs of the Emperor Francis Joseph and the Empress Elizabeth as side ornaments artlessly brought in to set off a picture of some unknown saint, which was the centre-piece of this strange and composite work of church decoration.

It was a sunshiny afternoon with a fresh breeze; and the procession which went up and down the village and round to the side altars was a pretty spectacle, made up as it was of young girls with fresh rosy faces chanting a Litany to the Virgin, followed by the old priest bearing the Host under a *baldacchino*. A short service, consisting of a hymn sung antiphonally by the priest and the village choir, was taken up in this way at each of these altars; and then the whole procession wound its way back to the church where the baldacchino and other church decorations were laid up in their wardrobe. The rest of the day was given to bouts of beer drinking which would have alarmed me, had I not known how much sour wine and thin beer these people can gulp down. I met troops of them on their way home in the gloaming, but I must say I did not meet one who was the worse for drink, and it must be said in justice to the Tyrolese that, judged by our standard, they are a sober people. They drink the frothy *lager* beer, but seem to know the point where drink is maddening and avoid it. In any case, we go back to Himmelfahrt, or Assumption Day at Brenner, with the impression of the whole day with its forenoon and afternoon performances, and ask why is it that the people of this country, with a pure and more Scriptural faith, do not exhibit a corresponding contrast in their lives? Why is it that there should be one dangerous indulgence, the taste for drink, which so many working men cannot resist; and which drags us down to a lower level? Why is it that southern nations escaping this form of temptation can put us to the blush?

A procession in honour of a legend which will not stand the light of history, and which no Romanist with a smattering even of modern criticism will seriously believe,—this is not an edifying aspect in which to present Christianity in the nineteenth century. For this reason modern

Romanism, like the old native cults of the fourth century, falls back for its chief support among the *pagani* or villagers of remote or mountain regions.

With all its defects and all its short-comings, of which no one is so painfully aware as the earnest believer in Primitive truth, our popular Protestantism has this advantage that it can bear the light of history and does not shrink from this test. Ours is nothing if it is not a historical faith, and even with regard to its belief in the supernatural, it draws a line at what are called ecclesiastical miracles, which are the after-thoughts of Church history. It applies this test to miracles, the one which Paley in his day laid such stress on, that well-attested miracles were wrought in open day in the sight of the opponents of the new faith and in attestation of a truth which was already confirmed by prophecy. Now the miracles of Christ and His apostles are all of this character. Ecclesiastical miracles, on the other hand, such as this legend or pious belief of the assumption of the Virgin, have this mark that they are laid in as adornments of a character on which a certain halo of sanctity rests. They may be lifted off, and the character remains quite as historical and even more venerable than when seen through this mist of mock miracles. Can we wonder that the haze of scepticism, through which the upper lights of Church history are discerned dimly if at all, should confuse even the minds of Romanists as to the truth of the whole story?

From Rome to infidelity is accordingly any thing but a far cry. Our new-fashioned and lenient view of Romanism is helping on the tendency to bring all forms of Christianity down to the same dead level of Agnostic indifference. When writers like Mr. John Morley agree to take the aggressive tone, and discuss what the attitude of the philosopher in the future should be towards what he condescendingly terms the "old religions," we begin to ask ourselves are we the contemporaries of Celsus and Lucian, and are we living in the second instead of the nineteenth century? Rome has resisted reform so long, that this unyielding attitude, as of a local cult which must be left to its fate and wither where it grew up, has been impressed upon her. She is accordingly taken at her word by the school of progress, and as she will surrender nothing, not even this legend of the Assumption, unheard of till the sixth century, the consequence is that, as far as her influence reaches, there is nothing between unbelief and blind submission.

Such are a few reflections which suggest themselves as growing out of a quiet Sunday on the Brenner Pass, and after witnessing a procession there in honour of the Assumption of the Virgin. Many signs of the times seem to point to the need of a fresh baptism of the Spirit, and a revival of faith whole and undefiled in Christ. No true Christian can look on at such senseless ceremonies as these of the cult of the Virgin and the procession of the Host, without being tempted to raise his voice in one indignant protest such as the apostle gave to the men of Lystra: "Sirs, why do ye these things?" This is the first impression of one who sees such a spectacle for the first time. Alas, that familiarity should deaden down the desire to protest. The cults of our day, reformed and unreformed alike, have settled down, since the last upheaval of the Reformation, each into its own groove. The Protestant worships apart in his decent little chapel, a chapel which he calls a temple in French, for the same reason that Whitefield called his a tabernacle, while the Romanist erects his temple and calls it a church. But we come no nearer each other—there is no friction on the one hand, but no fire on the other. The remedy lies in a fresh outpouring of the Spirit and in a fresh baptism into the belief of a living and ever present Saviour. "Come, Thou long-expected Jesus!" should be the cry of the waiting church. If our account of what we witnessed at Brenner helps to deepen this desire, we shall not regret having penned these reflections on a quiet Sunday among the peasants of the Tyrol.

J. B. HEARD.

Sea Sonnets.

STORM.

ABOVE the waves the seagulls wheel and soar,
The dark green breakers rising far away
Curl over in an arch of blinding spray,
And dash themselves in whiteness on the shore.
The winds have laid their mighty threshing-floor
Upon the seething waters of the bay;
And with tumultuous force no hand may stay,
Beneath their stroke the billows plunge and roar.
So, driven and tossed, the soul of man must be
That hath no refuge in the hour of woe,
When storms are loud, and waves are deep and chill.
Till One, who crossed long since the angry sea,
By ways of pain and anguish none may know,
Shall whisper through the darkness, "Peace be still."

CALM.

A world of silvery grey. On sea and land
Transparent folds of mist that seem to take
Their hue from sea-birds' wings;—the shadows make
A deeper grey beneath the cliffs, that stand
Half veiled in silvery light on either hand.
The ocean sleeps as though no more to wake,
And dreamily the long grey ripples break
In lines of silver on the twilight strand.
Far off the white sails of a ship becalmed
Have caught a gleam of crimson from the west,
The silent witness of a day gone down,
And all its bygone loveliness embalmed
In this calm hour, beguiles our thoughts to rest,
With whispers of the Rest as yet unknown!

MARY ROWLES.

OUR ENGLISH HYMNS.

FOURTH PAPER.

THE value of the hymn as an expression of doctrinal truth was briefly discussed in the preceding paper. One point of great importance remains to be noticed, to which we do not wonder that several correspondents have called attention. One writes: "Does it not strike you as strange, and as a sad feature of the present day, proving how much the work of the HOLY SPIRIT is ignored, that of the many beautiful hymns about the Person and work of the Third Person in the Trinity, only one, 'Our blest Redeemer, ere He breathed,' received a sufficient number of votes to be included in the hundred?" Another says: "I write to ask if it is possible that no hymn invoking the Holy Spirit, except, 'Our blest Redeemer,' came amongst the first hundred? One would naturally have expected 'Come, Holy Ghost, our souls inspire,'[1] to have taken a high place;' and there are several besides:

Come, Holy Spirit, heavenly Dove.
Come, gracious Spirit, heavenly Dove.
Come, Holy Spirit, come:

with others, which appear to me most valuable."[2]

These criticisms deserve attention, not only because the work of the Holy Spirit is not always adequately recognised in the religious teaching of our day, but because many of the finest hymns in the language are upon this theme. The *Veni Creator Spiritus* of the old Latin church,[3] and the still lovelier *Veni sancte Spiritus* attributed to King Robert II. of France, have given rise to almost innumerable versions. To the hymns mentioned by our correspondents, we may add the following:

Creator Spirit, by whose aid	*Dryden.*
When God of old came down from heaven	*Keble.*
O Spirit of the living God	*Montgomery.*
Gracious Spirit, dwell with me . . .	*Lynch.*
Gracious Spirit, Holy Ghost	*Wordsworth.*
Come to our poor Nature's night . .	*Rawson.*

It should be remembered, again, that every hymn to the Triune Jehovah is, in the thought of those who use it, a hymn to the Holy Spirit. It is, however, unquestionable that there are many devout Christians who do not regard the Third Person of the Trinity as separately the object of prayer and praise. The *Veni Creator Spiritus* itself has no *direct* counterpart in Scripture. The true recognition of the Holy Spirit often exists where He may not be explicitly named Is not this a part of the meaning of those deep words, "He shall not testify of Himself?"

[1] As a matter of fact, there were 773 votes for this hymn.—ED.

[2] The above-mentioned hymns will all be found in the supplemental list of fifty published in our June part.—ED.

[3] This hymn is often attributed to Charlemagne, but it is more probable that Gregory the Great was its author.

From our consideration of Doctrine, as expressed in hymns, we may now pass to the subject of Christian Experience, which above all seeks varied and complete utterance in these songs of the heart.

Akin to truth in doctrine is truthfulness of experience. The note of sincerity must be in our hymns. Perhaps the greatest of all temptations to those who would give voice to the deepest emotions of the heart is the temptation to unreality. Or, if the singer himself is true, our adoption of his words may be only in part sincere. We stand up and sing a hymn, which uttered the genuine emotion of some weary spirit longing for the eternal rest; but we only half mean what our words express. Sometimes, indeed, the very language of a true and noble desire brings the soul up to its own level; and it may be only morbid conscientiousness that refrains from giving expression to a deep conviction, a high resolution, or a triumphant hope, because it is as yet not fully felt. There is truly a "ministry" in song, a help and inspiration to those who "sing with the understanding." The experience of Augustine has been that of many hearts. He is referring to the Ambrosian psalmody of the fourth century. "How much," he says, "did I weep at Thy hymns and songs, Thou blessed Lord! Deeply moved was I by the voices of Thy softly sounding Church. These voices flowed into my ears; and Thy truth melted into my heart. Thus my affections were enkindled, and my tears ran down, and it was well with me then!"

At the same time no hope of edifying the worshippers can authorise the adoption, in general congregational worship, of what is manifestly overstrained or untrue. The late bishop of Manchester, in an address from which we have already quoted, with just severity characterised many modern hymns: "I venture to say there is not one person here who wishes to put on immortality. Let people not talk such stuff, and be a little more real about their religion. The sentimentalism of our day is one of the subtlest of our religious perils."[1]

A writer in the Quarterly Review for 1828 has some admirable criticism in a similar strain.

> Hymns should be so general, that any individual in a Christian assembly may join in them without impropriety; and at the same time should possess a sort of personal applicability to each separate worshipper. Hymns for public service should be suited to all times and seasons; to every rank and condition of men; to every state of religious feeling. They are the common property of the religious assembly; each individual may appropriate their general language as far as possible to his peculiar case; but he must not expect them to accommodate themselves to what we will call the

[1] *Life*, by T. Hughes, p. 217.

accidents of his spiritual state. Their prayers must be for the blessings which all alike stand in need of; their thanksgiving for mercies in which all partake. Hence the essential distinction between hymns and devotional poetry. What is permitted to, and often constitutes the beauty of the latter, is precisely that which renders it unfit for the former. Let us take an extreme case: we find in more than one collection of hymns for public devotion, Pope's well known "Address of the dying Christian to his soul." Could absurdity be more glaring than to hear two thousand hale and lusty Christians shouting out to their departing spirits, as if *in articulo mortis*?[1]

These criticisms are even more applicable now than they were sixty years since. Very much of our modern popular hymnody is occupied with descriptions of heaven, and aspirations for the life after death in which it is impossible that ordinary congregations should intelligently sympathise. Children's psalmody, a few years ago, was very faulty in this respect. "I want to be an angel" was a familiar Sunday School hymn: and although the expression of this extravagant and impossible desire is now, we observe, generally toned down to "I would be like an angel," we yet have in our School Hymnals not a few strains like the following:

There's a beautiful land on high,
To its glories I fain would fly:
When by sorrows pressed down,
I long for my crown,
In that beautiful land on high.

In that beautiful land I shall be
From earth and its cares set free,
For Jesus is there,
He's gone to prepare
A place in that land for me.

Is this childlike? Do we want our rosy, happy little people to sing about the sorrows that oppress them and their longing for the crown? Such a song may be touchingly, thrillingly beautiful when softly chanted in the chamber where a darling one is lying low and stricken; but shouted in the Sunday school, it is a melancholy incongruity.

So, in a measure, with the general congregation. Never, indeed, will such hymns be discarded as:

When I can read my title clear
To mansions in the skies·

or

Give me the wings of faith to rise
Within the veil, and see

or

I'm but a stranger here;
Heaven is my home.

or

We sing of the realms of the blest,
That country so bright and so fair:

or, to touch a higher chord,

Who are these like stars appearing?

But there is danger in the delicious abandonment to the thought of heavenly bliss—danger, first, that the claims of the present life should be forgotten or impatiently regarded in the ecstatic prospect: and secondly, that thoughtless people, accustomed as a matter of course to sing of heaven as their future home, should pay little heed to the conditions of entrance thither.

It is not indeed a matter for surprise that hymns of heaven should be among the most beautiful, as well as the dearest to the devout worshipper. The theme itself is one that inspires the poet: and all the deeper experiences both of sorrow and of joy awaken the hope of immortality. We would not silence one of those bards who have sung for us of the "happy home," the "beautiful stream," the harp and crown, and the glories of the beatific vision: only we plead against the thoughtless expression of longing for the endless rest.

There are two circumstances, we have often thought, besides the intrinsic fascination of the theme, that have tended to give to hymns on celestial happiness their prominent place in our psalmody. One is connected with the Wesleyan revival of the last century, in which one point much insisted on was the duty of seeking high spiritual attainments here on earth. Joy and peace in believing, a glad assurance of personal salvation, a will brought into entire accord with the will of God, the habit of communion with Him, so close and constant as often spontaneously to kindle into intensest rapture,—such were the experiences described, and often attained: and these were always set forth in the new hymnody of the period as the object of yearning desire. Such experiences were no less than a present heaven. Thus in Charles Wesley's hymn—

Lord, I believe a Rest remains,
To all Thy people known.

he is not thinking of that future state to which our superficial exposition of Scripture is apt to limit the promise of "the rest that remaineth for the people of God," but of the sabbatic peace that springs even here from faith and love. Thus he sings:—

O that I now the rest might know,
Believe, and enter in!

This is assuredly in no sense a longing to die. Or again, in a strain of yet loftier mood, when the Christian poet has rapturously and longingly depicted the eternal joy—he ends:

Thy grace with glory crown,
Who hast the earnest given;
And now triumphantly come down,
And take our souls to heaven!

This last couplet would be absolutely unmeaning but for the singer's deep belief that there is a "heaven" attainable here and now. In fact, to his exalted faith the two worlds were but one. Perhaps this bright conviction has been in a measure lost, and we moderns have made all our heaven to be beyond the grave.

Another very manifest influence in the same direction has arisen from the exclusive application of the closing chapters of the Apocalypse to the unseen world. The "New Jerusalem" has been the topic of many of our best-loved hymns. The

[1] *Quarterly Review*, vol. 37, art. "Psalmody," (Heber and Montgomery).

When first thy eyes unveil, give thy soul leave
To do the like; our bodies but forerun
The spirit's duty; true hearts spread and heave
Unto their God, as flowers do to the sun:
Give Him thy first thoughts then, so shalt thou keep
Him company all day, and in Him sleep.

Walk with thy fellow-creatures; note the hush
And whisperings among them. Not a spring
Or leaf but hath his morning hymn; each bush
And oak doth know I AM—canst thou not sing?
Oh, leave thy cares and follies! Go this way,
And thou art sure to prosper all the day.

Henry Vaughan

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marvellous "Rhythm" of Bernard of Cluny, has here set the example; and the unknown ancient "F. B. P." in his touching hymn, "Jerusalem, my happy home," has given an even sweeter expression of the Christian's hope. The song of Bernard dates from the twelfth century, a time of almost universal corruption and degeneracy. His poem is entitled "On the Contempt of the World," and its purpose is to set forth the contrast of present wickedness and disorder with the future and eternal blessedness. The three hymns,[1] extracted from the late Dr. J. M. Neale's version of the whole, are now among the churches' choicest treasures; while the plaintive song of F. B. P., itself a fine paraphrase of the mediæval *Urbs beata Hierusalem*, dates, probably, from the reign of Queen Elizabeth. In the form in which it appears in our hymn books, it is abridged and altered with (in many of them) one verse due to the expositor Burkitt, who certainly was no poet; ending with the couplet:

> Where congregations ne'er break up,
> And Sabbaths have no end.

In the new hymn books, we note that this stanza is generally omitted.

Such a way of contemplating the New Jerusalem was natural, perhaps inevitable, in a distracted and almost hopeless era, and from a monk's cell. But there is an application of the great prophetic vision, also deeply true, and not to be left out of sight. That City of God "descending from God out of heaven," is the ideal universal Church, in the midst of "the nations," for whose sins and sorrows there is healing in her tree of life, and in whose light "the nations" walk.[2] We lose something, even when we expatiate on the glories of the better land, if in the glowing hope we ignore the "living present," in its possibilities of service and of joy.

The following communication opens up a kindred question of deep interest:

"The second hymn in the list is 'Abide with Me.' Why? Is this hymn 'full of Christ' therefore acceptable? Is it not rather the expression of a despondency so deep as to remind one of the words on the cross, 'My God, my God, why hast Thou forsaken Me?' Is it not like the imploring cry of one, who has not only lost all earthly joys, but who is stretching out in the darkness for Jesus, unable to see or feel him near? No comforting thought of Christ's dear love, no blessed hope of the home beyond, to lift up the heart of the mourner who is often (as I know by experience) obliged to stand through the hymn in church, as well as he or she can, every note of it echoing the pain of the sad heart."

In reply, we would first say that Mr. Lyte's hymn does not strike us quite in this way. We read in it the language of trust, if not of exultation. Let it be remembered that the words are those of a man who has consciously closed his life's work. For the last time he has retired from the pulpit, from the Lord's table. He is physically feeble, "scarcely able to crawl," as he himself said. Had he been utterly overcome by depression, we should not have wondered, yet these are his words:

> I fear no foe, with Thee at hand to bless,
> Ills have no weight, and tears no bitterness:
> Where is Death's sting? where, Grave, thy victory?
> I triumph still, if Thou abide with me.

To us, in view of all, this seems the victory of faith. But the use of such a hymn in ordinary public worship is, we agree with our correspondent, a different matter. It should hardly be sung, for instance, as an ordinary evening hymn, alternately with, "Glory to Thee, my God, this night," or "Sun of my soul," or "Saviour, breathe an evening blessing." We would not banish it from use. There are moods in individual life, and even in the high-wrought emotions of a congregation deeply stirred by the thought of the approaching eternity, when the language ceases to be extravagant or unreal. Almost in literal reality "heaven's morning breaks, and earth's vain shadows flee." These are the truly exalted moments of life; preparations for coming toil and sorrow: and it is well that in our choicest hymns, provision should be made for the full utterance of the soul beneath the powers of the world to come.

Things New and Old.

A Bechuana Chief.—Some pleasant glimpses of Bechuanaland were given in recent speeches at Exeter Hall. Sir Charles Warren, speaking at the meeting of the Wesleyan Missionary Society, said, "I will give you some little account of the building of the church at Mafeking which has been alluded to. One of the most remarkable points with regard to it was the way in which the natives came forward and gave their offerings. On the occasion of laying the foundation stone, the tribes assembled and helped to build the church. And I may say that the plans and designs were made by Colonel Durnford, of the Royal Engineers. On that occasion the old chief, Montsoia, who is not a Christian, but is very well disposed, and has been so for some years past, to Christianity, and is very near being a Christian, when asked to lay the foundation-stone, said (he is over eighty years old), 'How am I to know if it is properly laid?' And he would not say it was properly laid because he did not know it. At last he said, 'They tell me this is well and truly laid.' There is a great deal in that. The native mind has certain ideas of truth, and we are too much inclined to think they are tremendous liars. My view is they are not nearly such great liars as the people in Europe and in this country. They have a different code of morality, and they have their particular views upon different subjects, but there are many points on which I would rather take a native's word than that of a European. When the chief

[1] Brief life is here our portion.
For thee, O dear, dear country.
Jerusalem the golden.
We may add here, as a reply to some enquiries from correspondents, that as the great mass of our competitors regarded these hymns as three, and not as parts of one, we have so treated them in our list. This also is the case in most hymn books.

[2] The true reading of Rev. xxii. 24, is: "The nations walk in (by means of) its light," not "The nations *of the saved*." The true spiritual Church of God is a light and blessing even to the unregenerate world.

laid the stone he said, 'I cannot understand what all this ceremony is about, but I trust in the white people that it is all right, and will do good to our people,' and he added, 'It may be all humbug, but I hope it is not.'"

The Rev. Owen Watkins gave afterwards some further particulars respecting this same chieftain: "The old Chief Montsoia, who was once a persecutor of the Christians, and who is not yet a Christian, for he has never professed to join the Christian church, but he is a good deal more Christian than some folks of a whiter complexion. Every morning in the chief's enclosure at Mafeking, just after the break of day, a bell is rung, which means that all the members of his family and all the chiefs who have come to visit him, and his other guests, are to assemble in the courtyard, where a hymn is sung, and a portion of God's word is read and expounded, and solemn prayer is offered to God. This practice began before Sir Charles Warren went there, in the time of the great trouble of the people. The old chief said to the members of the church, 'There is none other than God who can fight for us. Let us pray to him.' Family worship was accordingly established in the chief's enclosure morning and evening. When he went away to a distance for safety, until the general came and it was safe for him to return, he took with him two local preachers, who were his court chaplains. Morning and evening he had family worship, and he has done the same ever since. When he came back during the occupation of the English Army our local preachers thought, 'the old chief will not want to have prayer now,' and they did not appoint a man to conduct family worship. But soon afterwards the old chief summoned his council and issued what in civilised countries I think would be called a four-line whip—saying, 'If the heavens fall you must come.' Every man was there. Part of the old man's council is composed of Christian men, and he said to his councillors, looking at the Christians among them, 'What great sin have I committed?' They said they did not know that he was any more wicked than usual. 'But,' said he, 'do you consider that I have got beyond the mercy of God, and that it is no use to pray any more for me?' Oh, no, they said, they did not think any such thing. 'Then,' said he, 'why have you left me and my family without a man to speak the word and to pray to God for us, and for the people?' So the local preachers took it in turn and were on duty for a month. They never failed to attend, or if they did fail the old chief would send a guard down and fetch them up."

THE STORY OF A RAINMAKER.—"I remember," said the Rev. James Chalmers, of New Guinea, speaking at Exeter Hall, "once travelling along the coast; we had been out all night, and were anxious to get on to the beach in the morning. We had to cross the reef. We took down sail and unshipped the mast, and then I took the tiller myself, and had five good men at the oars. I was watching the seas in the distance to find a quiet break in the waters. Now, it is a long pull, a strong pull, and a pull all together, because, if there is the slightest mishap, your boat swamps, and all may be dashed on to the reef. We got on to the top of the sea that carried us for some distance; then came the backwash; but again we were carried forward, and this time right over the reef into the lagoon. I found a lot of natives on the beach. We became very friendly. They came from Delena, a place in Hall's Sound. They begged very hard that I would go up to the coast range and see the chieftess there, named Kalaka. I was told she was a very great friend, and I ought to go and see her. I said, 'No, I cannot; it is going to rain.' 'No,' they said, 'it cannot rain.' 'Why not?' 'We have got the rainmaker here, and if he tells it not to rain, it won't rain.' 'Where is he?' 'We will send for him.' I said to him, 'It will rain this afternoon.' He said, 'No; I will speak to it, and it won't rain.' I foolishly did go; I left my thick clothing behind, and away we trudged up to the top of the range, and there I saw the rain coming, I said, 'There it is, coming.' He shouted out, 'Rain, stop.' I called out, 'No, no; rain come.' Then turning round savagely, he said, 'Hush, the rain will hear you, and will come.' It did come, a terrible downpour. We had to remain there the night, and I had to be content with my wet clothes. The rainmaker and I became capital friends from that time. I went down to Hall's Sound with a native to put up a mission house for teachers that we expected. The plan we adopt is to have short prayers every morning at sunrise and every evening at sunset. When travelling on foot or on board a boat, or when living with natives ashore, we have prayers at sunrise and sunset. The rainmaker became interested in these services. I taught him a little prayer, 'Great Spirit of Love, give me light. Save me for Jesus' sake.' Again and again and again I had to go over it. He would go down to the village and, by-and-by, come back and say, 'I have forgotten it'; but at last he got a hold of it and remembered it. I left a few months afterwards, but returned to the same place and found the rainmaker had been killed by a friend of my own. Thinking that because I had preached peace to his tribe he had the power to bring peace to all other tribes, he sent for two Naara men to come, and he would talk to them of peace in the neighbouring village. These two men were with him when the dancing began in the evening, and he saw the chief of the Lolo tribe coming stealthily through the crowd with spears. He threw one, and would have struck a Naara man, but the rainmaker stepped in front and received the spear himself, and they carried him home to die. When he was dying his one great wish was to send for me, but it was impossible as the south-east wind was blowing too strong. Every now and again that poor savage, in his great darkness, could be heard saying, 'Great Spirit of Love, give me light. Save me for Jesus' sake.' He could not understand all that he was asking: I know that well; but I do think that the Great Spirit of Love stretched out the great arm of Divine strength, took that poor dark savage by the hand, and led him from the darkness and superstition and savageism of earth up to His own home in heaven."

THE EARLIEST SABBATH LAWS.—The first laws upon the observance of Sunday are especially in the interest of the working classes, and clearly manifest the influence of the new ideas in the Roman world. Thus one (321) forbade other labours than those of the fields on Sunday, and all civil public acts, except emancipation. Soldiers, too, were allowed the privilege of assisting at Divine worship on that day.

If we reflect on the condition of Roman slaves and all labourers at that period, how incessant and wasting the toil, and what sacrifice of human life was the result, we shall appreciate the humanity of the first "Sunday Laws."

A Law of Emperor Leo says: "On the Lord's Day, eternally worthy of honour and veneration, let no act of legal procedure be done, let no debtor receive a summons, let no pleadings be heard, let there be no process, let the hard voice of the public crier be silent, let the pleaders see their discussions interrupted, and enjoy a moment of truce, let adversaries agree, and repentance enter into their soul. We make, then, this day a day of repose, but we do not wish that obscene pleasures should fill it. On Sunday let all theatrical representations, and races in the amphitheatre, and lamentable combats of wild beasts, be suspended; and if the solemnity of our birth or coronation fall on that day, let the celebration be deferred."—*Gesta Christi.*

THE BEST SORT OF FIGHTING.

CHAPTER I.

THE Reverend Hugh Mildmay, rector of the pretty little village of Woodvale, kept a school for young gentlemen. A very small school, though if anybody were to blame on this account it was the worthy rector himself, for he might easily have had sixty boys instead of six confided to his care, had he so chosen. It was no secret that the half dozen pupils at the rectory had a happy time of it, one way and another. They were under the training of a Christian, a gentleman and a scholar. Their creature comforts were well looked after by Mrs. Broad, the housekeeper (the rector being a bachelor); and the very first glimpse of Mrs. Broad's motherly face, and stout but comely form, was enough to make the most timid of new boys pluck up courage and feel at home, even before he had personal experience of her many good qualities—her marvellous power of keeping all sorts of ill-used garments in order and repair, her talent for jam-making and cookery in general, a talent which occasionally soared to positive genius, in the invention of some specially toothsome dainty; as when she produced those celebrated cakes, immediately dubbed "broady-buns" by one enthusiastic pupil, and known by that name ever after. Yes, kind Mrs. Broad had undoubtedly much to do with making life pleasant at the rectory. And so the boys would have told you, had the two fat ponies frisking the paddock, whose sole duty was to bear a youthful rider on either side of the rector, when he went out on his grey cob; and the rabbits, guinea-pigs and white mice, which formed an interesting colony in one corner of the coach-house; and the sunny garden, with its old-fashioned flowers, and capital swing fixed under the great pear-tree, whose shade the boys found remarkably pleasant one hot July afternoon.

They were all there, from little Scott Lister, in a brown velvet knickerbocker suit, to tall John Allan, who was already anticipating his first tail coat, and bestowing much anxious care on two or three downy hairs which had recently appeared on his upper lip. Fun-loving Jack Herman had been known to predict they would be "killed with kindness." And this remark, coupled with sundry allusions, to the usefulness of microscopes and magnifying glasses, had considerably raised Allan's ire, although he was too proud to show it. All the same he mentally "owed Jack one" for his sauciness, and as he never forgot to settle old scores of the kind, there was every chance that this would in due course be paid.

No such consideration, however, troubled Jack; who at that particular moment was balancing himself on the swing in an attitude more remarkable for eccentricity than grace, and at the same time holding forth to the assembly generally.

"I say, the fellow who wrote 'Tempus fugit' knew what he was about. I can hardly believe the term will be up in a couple of days."

"Except that it's so nice to see my mother and sisters," piped the shrill voice of little Scott, "I shouldn't care a bit about going home for the holidays."

A hearty murmur of assent from everybody followed this declaration.

"Right you are, youngster," resumed Jack. "It's a prime place, this school of ours, and no mistake, and if it wasn't for that fad of his about fighting, the rector would be the jolliest old card out!"

Now Jack, by dint of great exertions, had at length succeeded in establishing himself comfortably on the broad of his back, while his legs swarmed up the ropes which supported the swing. His range of vision was therefore nearly limited to the zenith; and he was consequently at a loss to understand the solemn silence which greeted the last remark, until a well-known voice caused him hastily to assume a sitting posture, and confront the reverend Hugh Mildmay himself.

"I am really much obliged to you, my boy," that gentleman was saying, "for the compliment—your language was rather ambiguous, but I presume it implied a compliment—you have just paid me."

"I—I beg your pardon, sir!" began Jack.

"Dear me!" said the rector, affecting the deepest concern, "then the phrase was after all not so flattering as I thought. Well, well, never mind, my dear sir—listeners, we are told, seldom hear themselves praised."

"But it was—it did,——" stammered Jack, to the intense enjoyment of the group, who had caught sight of a roguish twinkle in the rector's eye. Jack saw it too as he looked up, and he added frankly, "You are laughing at me, sir, and I deserve it. I ought to have remembered how you dislike slang; and have just said what I really meant, that you are always kind, and make us happy."

The rector's face beamed approval; but he could not resist another sly thrust.

"Yes," said he, "I own that an aversion to slang is another of my 'fads.'"

Again Jack's cheeks grew uncomfortably warm.

The rector continued, "By the way, Herman, if you still hold the same opinion about fighting as when you came to us at the beginning of the term, I must congratulate you on the self-restraint you have practised. You have fairly earned the reward I promised; at least in two days more you will have earned it; and as I do not fear you will break faith with me at the last, I do not mind telling you that the St. Bernard puppy is already at your father's house, awaiting his new master."

In order to render this speech quite intelligible to the reader, I must explain that at first Jack Herman's sojourn under the hospitable roof of the rectory had threatened to demoralise the whole of that tranquil establishment. Jack was ever ready to advance his views by a free exchange of blows; and to regard as a coward every boy who failed to respond to his invitation to settle all disputes in this rough-and-ready fashion. It was astonishing and heartrending to the peace-loving rector, to note how rapidly the rage for warfare spread. One day Jones minor was hardly to be recognised by reason of an enormously swollen cheek. The next, the redoubtable Jack himself exhibited the result of his prowess, in an awkward cut on the lip, giving Mrs. Broad quite a turn. Even the knife-boy appeared at prayers with a black eye; and, an explanation being requested, owned that it was the result of a "little set-to" between himself and Master Herman in the coach-house.

Human nature could bear no more. The Reverend Hugh Mildmay summoned his household, and issued an express command that no member thereof should raise his hand against another. With his usual kindheartedness, the rector realised that strict obedience to this mandate would be harder for his new, hot-headed and untrained pupil than for the rest; and he therefore proposed to reward Jack Herman's attention to it by the present of a handsome St. Bernard puppy on which that young gentleman had cast longing eyes. The good rector's policy had been quite successful in one way. No more unseemly brawls disturbed the tranquility of his home. But standing under the shady pear-tree that July afternoon, he sighed to think that all his teaching had failed to weaken the martial spirit which seemed part and parcel of Jack's nature; and to imbue him with a sense of the worth of such heavenly virtues as forbearance, long-suffering, meekness and gentleness.

He received Herman's rapturous thanks for the coveted puppy with a kindly nod, only saying rather sadly, "It seems, however, I was wrong in thinking you had got over that fancy of yours for using your fists on every possible occasion."

"Indeed, sir, I should never give a blow so thoughtlessly and hastily as I used to do. But—but—I cannot help thinking boys should fight. I suppose we look at it from different standpoints, sir."

"I suppose we do, my boy," said the rector, secretly amused; "and pray, what is yours?"

"That it makes a fellow plucky to fight," promptly returned Jack.

"Ah! I take higher ground," said the rector; and he laid his hand affectionately on the lad's shoulder. "When you go to bed to-night, Jack, just open your Bible, and turn to the 16th chapter of Proverbs, and the 32nd verse. There is my standpoint, and, looking at the question from that, I think you will allow it is sometimes even pluckier to avoid fighting than to fight."

There was a little pause. Then Jack, watching the retreating figure of the master, bending over his favourite Horace, said, "I wish he wouldn't look sad, seems as if I had hurt him somehow."

"I expect you did hurt the poor old chap when you coolly let him know your wonderful goodness was all put on to get that dog," remarked Allan.

"If that were true," retorted Jack, his blue eyes flashing dangerously, "I should punch your head, seeing that I have got the dog. But you know you are safe, since as long as I am under the rector's roof, I shall respect his wishes."

"Fine sentiments," drawled the other, tenderly caressing his upper lip.

Here little Scott Lister unconsciously threw oil on the troubled waters by exclaiming, "When you have boys, Jack, shall you let 'em fight?"

To which question truth compels me to own the reply was an emphatic—"Rather! I shall say—My dear children, fight as often as you like, and every time you win, you shall have sixpence, but—" here Jack's voice took a tone of fatherly warning and exhortation, "every time you are beaten, I shall give you a jolly good licking!"

"Oh, I say! rather hard lines," murmured one or two of his hearers. However, their further enlightenment with regard to Jack's method of training his prospective family was prevented by the ringing of a bell, whereupon the whole troop hurried in to tea.

But Jack did not forget to look in his Bible that night, and he found the rector's standpoint in these words: "He that is slow to anger is better than the mighty; and he that ruleth his spirit than he that taketh a city."

SCRIPTURE ENIGMA.

NO. XVIII.

Is thy God . . . able to deliver thee?
Where is the lamb?
Shall I die for thirst?
Who hath believed our report?
How can we know the way?
What good shall my life do me?
Art thou that my lord Elijah?
Tell me, I pray thee, thy name?
Wherefore didst thou flee away secretly?

Tell now the names of each of those who ask
These varied questions; 'tis an easy task,
The words are so familiar to the ear
That, one by one, the speakers soon appear:
Collect initials now, and rearrange
In order new, and all their places change,
Until they spell a sad enquiry, made
On that dark night which saw our Lord betrayed

L. T.

SCRIPTURE CHARACTER.

NO. X.

1. He was cast out from his father's house.
2. In the time of distress his brethren sent for him.
3. A neighbouring nation had made a false claim to some of the land of Israel.
4. In going to battle against them he made a vow.
5. In the hour of victory the fulfilment of his vow plunged him into deep sorrow.
6. Another tribe quarrelled with him after his victory.
7. The strife with this tribe has made a certain word memorable.

HIDDEN TEXT.

NO. XIV.

1. For the poor always ye have with you.—*John* xii. 8.
2. And he shall be like a tree planted by the rivers of water.—*Psalm* i. 3.
3. Abhor that which is evil, cleave to that which is good. —*Rom.* xii. 9.
4. O Lord, thou hast searched me, and known me.—*Psalm* cxxxix. 1.
5. Ye see then how that by works a man is justified, and not by faith only.—*James* ii. 24.
6. And hereby we do know that we know Him, if we keep His commandments.—1 *John* ii. 3.
7. And if it bear fruit, well; and if not, then after that thou shalt cut it down.—*Luke* xiii. 9.

ANSWER TO HIDDEN TEXT.

NO. X.—p. 384.

Fools make a mock at sin.—*Prov.* xiv. 9.

ANSWER TO SCRIPTURE CHARACTER.

NO. VII. p. 432.—SALOME.

1. Mark xv. 40; 2. xvi. 1; 3. Matt. xxxii. 56; 4. James and John; 5. Matt. xx. 21; 6. xx. 22; 7. xx. 24.

ANSWERS TO NATURAL HISTORY NOTES.

NO. V.—p 448.—LEVIATHAN.

1. Rom. i. 23.
2. "Whom Thou hast made to play therein."
3. Job xl. 15; "Behemoth, which I made with thee."

THE SUNDAY AT HOME

O DAY MOST CALM, MOST BRIGHT! . . .
THE WEEK WERE DARK BUT FOR THY LIGHT.—*Herbert.*

MY OWN LITTLE GIRL.

Not what we give, but what we share,
For the gift without the giver is bare.—*J. R. Lowell.*

CHAPTER I.

"BUY A FLOWER, LADY?"

I AM an old maid. I do not think any one would think the worse of me for that, if they knew my past history. My sister Maria, who married John Strange, and who has now two great boys at Eton, and one at Cambridge, thinks it is mainly through weakness on my part that I am not married. But who is stronger than Death? I acknowledge I am weak; but if

strength in any form would have brought back life to a calm sweet face, that I saw lying in the hunting field turned up to the wintry sky, the smile would have come back and the lips greeted mine as they had done before. This, however, is not a story of my own life, and yet it is, for "whoso findeth love, findeth life." Yet you will think it is a funny love story!

I will tell you how I met my own little girl. It was upon an afternoon late in the year. I had been to Westminster Abbey, to the short service; it was a little foggy and growing dusk, and as I passed out of the iron gate, a girl pushed herself in front of me and said, "Buy a flower, lady?" I explained to her that I did not want any flowers, as I always had them sent from the country. This was after my mother had died, and I was living in —— Square, the house she and I had lived in ever since we left Sands, when my eldest brother married. These country flowers were always a great joy to me, so different to town flowers. Now I think I like the town flowers best, not because they smell of onions, but because my little girl has taught me so much. She was not quite my little girl then; she was only a ragged rough girl pushing against me. "Do buy them, lady," she said, not in a winning way, but almost fiercely. "The Bobby's coming, and he will cop me, if I ain't off—and I have nowhere to sleep." She said this as if it was forced from her.

I had often heard that girls and children are turned out into the streets at night, and I had always paid a guinea a year to some one who seemed to know about those things. I did it because my mother had done it, but privately I had often thought that perhaps they enjoyed the independence of it; and I certainly never pitied them much, it seemed to me better than their stuffy houses. But when this girl kept pushing herself against me, I realised that she was a girl, just as I had once been a girl, and it seemed a different thing.

"Please don't push me," I said, as politely as I could. "I will see that the policeman does not take you up, if that is what you mean; but if you have done no harm, why need you be afraid of him?" She made no answer, and I went on: "Tell me where you are going to sleep to-night?" "I don't know," she said sullenly. "I'm turned out." "Turned out of what?" I asked. "My sister's house—her husband is a—(I don't exactly know what she said, but I am afraid it was one of the bad words I had such a trouble in breaking her of afterwards), and he paid me, and then turned me out." "Then you have some money if he paid you?"

Instead of replying she burst out laughing, but it was such a dreadful laugh that instinctively I said "Oh, don't!" I found out afterwards that she meant he had hit her with the poker.

Then she began to talk to me as if I had been a child, till it made me quite angry; we were by that time walking down Victoria Street. "Don't talk to me like that," I said at last. "You need not think I am quite silly, because I don't understand all you say." She stopped quite short in the middle of the pavement, and looked at me. She had a dreadfully hard face, and she looked about twenty, but I found out afterwards she was only sixteen. "You are a queer old cuss," she said almost below her breath. "What did you say?" I asked, gasping a little. "You are a kind old lady." I did not say anything. I did not want to make her tell lies.

When she had explained that she could not go home to her sister's room, I asked her if she hadn't any friends. "I have got lots of pals, but there was only one I could turn in of a night with, her name was Nellie Mahoney." There was something in her voice that made me feel I should like to get home to my cosy fire and tea. "They killed her," she said fiercely. "Who killed her?"

"Well, it was like this," she began to speak very quickly. "She went out with her flowers like me and the rest, but always very quiet, and the like, and one morning she had been up to the market, and it was them hot days. And then she had wheeled Mrs. O'Brian's barrow to the stand, because Mrs. O'Brian's Polly had got the information on the lungs, and Mrs. O'Brian wasn't strong enough herself to take it. And Nellie had just said to her mother as she went out, 'Put the kettle on the fire, mother, I'll be back early for a cup of tea.' And those were her last words, you might almost say. She was took queer somehow, for she sat on a doorstep, at least she was sitting there when the 'coppers' found her and they said she was drunk, and she had never tasted a drop of drink in her life. And they put her on a barrow and the basket on the top of her, and took her to the police station. Right into a cell they took her, and she a respectable girl. It fairly turned her blood, and her mother would never have known about it, only some neighbours saw her being carted off and told her mother. And to think that she had only said 'Put the kettle on, mother, I will be back early for a cup of tea,' that very morning——"

She stopped and looked at me, and that look frightened me. I think I laughed. If you had seen her face you would have laughed, or done something else. She turned from me in a kind of slow anger.

"You may laugh," she said, "but if you had seen Nellie Mahoney in that cell, you might have laughed to another tune. But you don't care. She was only a poor girl, and you are a lady—what did it matter, if she had not time to say 'Lord have mercy!'"

She was walking away, when I laid my hand on her arm. "I do mind," I said, with a feeling in my throat as if I had swallowed an apple. "I want you; will you come home with me, I am very sorry." I said it in a stupid kind of way, but she stopped and listened, looking at me all the time. "I don't know if I can stop the night," she said in an off-hand way, as if she was accustomed to be asked to visit in Belgravia, "but I don't mind, if I go so far with you."

And so we went back to my house; I being a little frightened as to what Mrs. Buck would say.

Mrs. Buck was very angry, I am sure; I had her up into the hall at once, and I think it disturbed her tea. I made her see the girl, and then

I told her I wished her to sleep here. "Carrying dirt and I don't know what other animals into the rooms; if the house was going to be turned into one of those nasty refuges, she had better give warning at once, and perhaps Miss Maria had better know."

She always called my sister, Mrs. Strange, "Miss Maria," because she had been our nurse from childhood.

All this she said and much more, and I seemed to feel all she said was true, on her side, but, as I stood there, a new curious feeling came over me, as if old things had passed away, and new things were appearing. It was this feeling that made me say, "Very well, I am sorry to lose you, but it cannot be helped; will you take this girl downstairs and give her some tea?"

Then I went upstairs. There was no light in the drawing-room, except the light from the fire, which shone on the silver tea-pot and the solitary cup that was on my little tea-tray. It had always seemed so cosy before, though I had often felt dreary and lonely as I sat there by myself, but now all the things looked dead in the room, and that little egg-shell cup seemed like a symbol of myself. I got down on the rug by the fire. "Oh, Roy! Roy!" I thought, "if you had lived, would you have helped me to live a different life, or would you have wished me to forget all things but myself, and my crewel-work, and my little daubs of painting?" Then I thought of what one of our carter-lads had said of Roy after he had gone: "He war a gen'leman, he war, and taking a bite of wittles with that old tramp t'other day couldn't make him naught else."

Was it the old feeling that had come back that was hurting my heart so much now, or was it something I had almost known with him, and was seeing more clearly now?

That the girl should stay here and work in the kitchen, I had determined before my egg-shell cup was empty the first time. Mrs. Buck was always complaining that the work was too heavy, and she wanted some one besides the kitchen-maid, who could run messages for her. Here was the very girl! When the lamps were brought in, I said I should like to see Mrs. Buck. I found at this particular moment she was helping the girl she had objected to so much to take a hot bath, and was coaxing her to say that the little bare room at the top of the house was very comfortable. I did not disturb them then.

After dinner I had the girl up into the drawing-room; she came in her old clothes, but with a clean apron and was cleaner all over, and her hair was very neat and shiny. She looked all round, but made no remark, and went with that swaggering air I had noticed before, to the arm-chair by the fire, and sat down. I let her stay there. I began by saying I hoped she had a good tea, and then I said, as if I was engaging a servant, "If you seem to suit me, I should like to have you altogether in the kitchen." I did not say this in reference to the arm-chair. "You can wash up, and do those kinds of things?" I vaguely asked.

"Very well, indeed," she said gravely; "we had a lot of company where I was last; in my place in the country there were ten of us, all in the same room, too, and the beds all made of the best Irish feathers. You would not have known yourself if you had been there. We had our meals in the hop-fields, nice and airy, especially on a rainy day."

"I want you to be serious," I said.

"Aren't I serious?" she said, bending forward and extending her hand towards me. "You ask Moggy Smith if there wern't two grown men and a boy and a woman and two little boys and three girls besides myself in that room. So if you think there was much room to eat inside, perhaps you haven't been down hopping?"

I replied I never had been into the fields, only having admired the hops from the distance. "Are you telling me the truth?" I asked. Then she said something so horrible and emphatic that I put my hands over my ears, and she laughed. "Were you never taught how wrong it is to say such things?" I asked. "No; I don't see any harm in the words; it's what you mean by it, and I don't mean nothing," she said, with a curious smile. "I have heard dukes and lords say just as much, and a good deal more besides."

I did not wish her to go on, so I changed the subject by asking her what education she had had. "When father was alive, I was very respectable," she began. "He wouldn't let me go out with my flowers. I was the kitchen-maid, though we hadn't a kitchen, only a room at the top of the house. I don't remember mother. Schooling? Well—I guess I did without that. I went to the Ragged School, if I came in for the treat, but father used to be ill, so sometimes I went for nothing." "But did no one come and ask you to go to school?" "Oh, yes, lots of them; but I always said we had only just come to the place, and so we had, and that was no lie, for we were always moving from one room to another. When father was ill we could not pay the rent, and it was all I could do to get enough to eat anyhow. I used to go out every morning and get bread from the 'Imperial,' you know, the hotel by the Aquarium; it was just fighting for it with the others, but I don't know what I should have done without it, there are kind gentlemen there."

"But lately you have been living with your sister," I said, "and you have had to pay her, I suppose?" "Yes; I pay her seven shillings a week; it is more than it's worth, but it helps her and the kids, and I take good care to see that it is turned into food before *he* comes home, or it would soon be turned into drink." "Is your sister happy?" "Oh, I don't know; she has got the consumption, and is mostly ill. She goes to the hospital for medicine, but it don't seem to do her no good." "She won't be frightened at your staying away to-night?" "Bless you, no!" she said, smiling somewhat grimly. "I ain't never going there again. I don't expect he will forget what I gave him to-day; but I told him I would do it if he laid his finger on me." "But you must forgive him," I said soothingly. "Forgive him! never!" and there was the look of a devil in her face. "No! I never have been to church, and never mean to, so it is no use your talking, and as to

hearing about forgiveness, it is no use doing that when I don't mean to forgive him."

I could say no more, but as she seemed quieter, I got my Bible and opened it and read, looking across at the curious figure of the girl opposite me. Her face was darkened with passion, but there was a pitiful look round her mouth, which made me wonder if she would have been different if she had had a mother's kiss on her lips. I began to read, and as I went on, it came to me that this One of whom I was reading was nearer in His life to her than He was even to me. "A man of sorrows and acquainted with grief"—that might do for me; but then "Despised and rejected of men"—nowhere to lay His head—the little figure opposite seemed to make it all feel more real. When I closed the book and looked to see what she thought of it, I found she was fast asleep, her face looking young and almost beautiful. She must have been asleep for some time.

It was all managed beautifully, and she said she would stay. Mrs. Buck came and told me all about her, and said she would give her valuable time to teaching her, and she even condescended to inform me that she did not know if she would not have done just as I did if she had been in my place. But she thought—and here I agreed with her—that it was no good troubling Mrs. Strange about the matter, because probably she would want to come up and weigh our little girl in the balance of her right and wrong, and we tacitly acknowledged she might be found wanting. Mrs. Buck kept her dignity to the last. "It was a pure charity," she said, folding her hands over her silk apron. "One could not turn a poor thing into the streets." Then, remembering perhaps that was precisely what she had wished to do, she ended with: "I am sorry, Miss Jane, I was so put out at first, but it was enough to make one, and me having such a horror of the lower orders through living in the country all my life."

I did not inquire how Nature had fitted her for this animosity against mankind, and she departed, leaving me in a state of thankfulness that she had so far adopted my little girl. She seemed so strangely my own little girl. Never before had I wakened in the night and thought, with a sudden pain, that my kitchen-maid might be making up her mind to leave me, but I did lie restless that night, saying to myself, "My little girl will never stay here." Somehow—I suppose because I had found her myself—she seemed to belong to me, and not to Mrs. Buck; but while I thought about her, I found myself thinking of the other servants as well, and I remember making up my mind that I would let Ann the housemaid go home and see her father before Christmas.

What she told me about that other girl seemed to ring in my ears, and when I slept, I dreamed I was that girl asking my own self for a penny, and receiving a snake which unrolled itself in my hand.

After breakfast I asked my little girl what she was going to do. It was a foggy, wet day, and I saw her look out of the window before she answered me. I told her I was wishing to keep her in the kitchen, if she would do as Mrs. Buck told her. She said she would stay and see how "she did," which meant, I suppose, how she liked it.

We set to work at once to get her clean clothes and print dresses, and when she was arrayed in them the change was wonderful. She said she could not read, so I determined to teach her every evening for an hour. She came up without the least shyness, that first evening. She had been very good all day helping Mrs. Buck in the kitchen. "But with no more idea of what's what, than an unborn babe, and not so much," Mrs. Buck said. "Why, you would scarcely believe it, miss, but when I told her to fetch a second vegetable dish, she said she could not imagine why you didn't have them all together. And no disrespect to you, miss, she said as such a little lady as you might quite do with one dish for everything. She makes us laugh with her antics, but she is quite a lower order!"

I do not think she meant to read much that night. I had begged her to let her sister know where she was, but she said she would go and see her one day, and she gave me two or three wrong addresses, and then laughed and told me not to try and find her there, as I might be disappointed. She began to talk of her former life. I was afraid sometimes she was not speaking the truth, and stopped her, but her eyes flashed, as she said: "Well! don't believe it; but you go and see for yourself." I could say no more then, only telling her that she should take me to these suffering ones some day. She said the one change in the year which she looked forward to was "going down hopping," but from her account she was nearly starved to death, and used to go out and steal whatever she could lay her hands on. Once she had walked down into the country, and slept at a cottage, but she found it so noisy, she said, she came back the next day. "I could not sleep in the morning. I heard the dogs barking and the people shouting, and I thought there was a fire, so I ran down into the yard just as I was—No! I like the quiet of London," she said, confidently. She seemed to be a good walker. "I go across the river sometimes and turn up the embankment just to blow the stink off one." "Oh, hush! that is not a pretty word," I interposed, "we never talk of such things." "Because you have no stinks to blow off," she said, more quietly. There was no bitterness in her tone, perhaps she scarcely knew what scarcasm she might have put into the words.

We tried to go on with the lesson, but she began to talk of the places and people she had left, and I was only too glad to listen. How was it I had passed not two hundred yards from that misery, and had known nothing whatever about it? I asked my little girl about her friends, or "pals," as she called them, and she always referred to the little girl who had been done to death; and a look so hard and terrible would come into her face, that I shuddered to think how much she had gone through before it was made into an expression.

Then she would tell me of what she called

"games"—rather serious games they seemed to me; but the term is generic, and ranges from looking into the shop-windows and stalls in Lambeth Walk and the New Cut, to pinning papers on to the coats of strangers and setting light to them.

When she left me that evening, I took my book and work to the fender-stool. I did not read, I was thinking of what my little girl told me. Then I tried to work. I had not touched the silken embroidery since my little girl had come into my life. What was I before? What was I now? I was a silly weak woman always; but to-day I was a part of a great system, and I knew it; and before—well, before I was part of that system, but dead to it. Some strange feeling of freedom and largeness of life made me take my velvet and silk-covered work and put it into the fire, and watch it crumble into black dust. "I shall have to buy myself something else to work at," I said to myself in a reproving tone, and laughed. "It would have been wiser to have finished it and spared money for that which was to come; or it had been well to have given this artistic richness to gladden the eyes of those to whom outward beauty is almost a thing unknown." But for all these wise thoughts I laughed. There are times when nature must have her way with symbols, and I joined the brotherhood of those who had offered the holocausts and hecatombs. I had been living in a room with many doors, all of them closed and barred, and my little girl had begun to open them for me.

After the first repression of all astonishment or feeling, my little girl began to give her opinion on all kinds of subjects. She liked everything in my drawing-room, especially the pictures, which she would stand and look at for several minutes at a time, making no remark. She could not understand that I had the whole house to myself, and that all the servants were to wait upon me. "I expect I shall have to go when the other lodgers come back," she said; and I had the greatest difficulty in making her understand that Mrs. Buck was "beholden" to me, as she called it, and not that I was "beholden" to her. Perhaps, all things considered, that was an easy mistake to fall into.

It was so curious to talk to any one whose ideas had been built upon such a different basis to my own. I found that, in spite of the trouble and expense that had been expended on my education, I was learning more from her than I could possibly teach her. Perhaps it was because I had been taught the art of learning; but more, I think, because her ideas were built upon a groundwork of hard facts, and mine on a groundwork of things that might, could, would, or should be. And her arguments were coarse but plain. "That won't fill your stomach," she said bluntly on one occasion. "But there are often things that want filling besides—besides those things," I would reply, nervously. "But you must fill your stomach first," she would reiterate with glee. "If all those old gentlemen who sweep in and out of the Houses of Parliament had to earn their living, they wouldn't waste so much time in there." "But that is just why they can go and help to make laws for the country; they have plenty of time to think, and no one can say they are doing it for money." "Well, they ought to go and try what kind of laws they would make if they had to fill their stomachs," she persisted, with great vulgarity. I was afraid she was a radical, so I left off arguing. But I must say I thought there was something in her remarks.

THE GARDEN OF THE SOUL.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE CULTURE OF PLEASURE," ETC.

TOWARDS the middle of the last century, "the Leasowes" was a place well-known to the English tourist. It was a garden and ornamented pleasure ground, laid out by the poet Shenstone, in a very tasteful and picturesque style. Beautiful walks commanding extensive views and shaded by intercepting trees at points where the landscape was uninviting, led across it. Water flowed murmuring along in rivulets that gracefully meandered. Seats with classic inscriptions were placed on eminences commanding the choicest prospects, and here and there were ornamental urns and statues. It was a spot where the designer delighted to come and feast himself with the elegant creations of his fancy.

A garden has from time immemorial been selected as a type of the soul, and the one just referred to was indeed no unmeet emblem of man in his unfallen condition in Eden. All then was beauty, order and symmetry. His will united to the divine will reigned supreme over his other powers as yet unconscious of evil. Intellect was clear; conscience was a mirror without a flaw and without a stain. His affections were pure, and loving God supremely, loved all other things subordinately. His passions were regulated and his appetites temperate. The Creator viewed with delight the being He had made, and man at peace with His Maker held sweet communion with Him.

There is something saddening in walking amidst the ruins of what has once been beautiful. We experienced this feeling a summer or two ago, as in the suburbs of London, we sauntered along a plain grass-field, where some cattle

were peacefully pasturing. There was nothing to indicate that on that spot had once stood Wanstead House, a repertory of magnificence in its day, with its equally famous gardens. The extravagance of one of its proprietors had, however, caused it to be pulled down, and all beauty had departed from the scene. Not a vestige of what had been so much admired by a preceding generation remained. Had the park yielded grain instead of grass, the lines in which Pope described the gardens of a pompous man of wealth returning again to a state of nature, would have been literally realized:—

> Another age shall see the golden ear
> Imbrown the slope and nod on the parterre;
> Deep harvest bury all thy pride has planned,
> And laughing Ceres reassume the land.

Still more melancholy was the aspect which the Leasowes themselves presented to Hugh Miller, the geologist, when he paid a visit to them about a century after the death of Shenstone. What a change had ensued! The spot had been neglected. The paths were all but obliterated. The seats had been destroyed, the posts to which the poetical descriptions were affixed had disappeared. A large classic urn, for which the visitor specially looked, had rolled down from its eminence and choked up the tiny rivulet into which it had fallen, causing the intercepted water, once the source of beauty, to form an unsightly morass. Neglect, decay and sluggishness had taken the place of the elegance that reigned in the day of the original owner. Shenstone's heart surely would have been broken could he have revisited the scene of his ingenious labours, and witnessed the desolation that had supervened.

In like manner, speaking in the language of men, must the Great Creator be grieved, when He sees what sin has made the once glorious garden of the soul become—the wall that enclosed it broken down; no vigil kept against the assaults of evil; nettles and thorns, the emblems of wrong affections and tempers, covering the face of it; the wild boar of the forest ravaging it; the asp or the adder curled up under its foliage; and the slothful keeper with eyes shut and hands folded in drowsy slumber taking no care to repair his criminal neglect. Such has been the soul's condition by nature since the fall, and neither philosophy nor education have been able to restore its primitive beauty. What man could not do, however, it is now the province of the Saviour to accomplish. In the allegorical language of Bunyan, He has redeemed the garden by His blood from its usurping possessor, "All Iniquity." He offers to pardon, through faith in His love and atonement, the sinful neglect of its keeper; and by putting His Holy Spirit within him, to awaken him from his deadly sleep; and make him once more with loving diligence so to dress the ground committed to his charge as to restore it even here to a measure of its pristine beauty, and hereafter to a condition of unsurpassable loveliness.

In the fourth chapter of the Song of Solomon, and at the twelfth verse, will be found a description of a garden thus renovated, typical of a soul pardoned by Christ and renewed by the Divine Spirit.[1] It is called a garden enclosed. The Master built a wall of separation around it. He means the place to be for his own peculiar delight, where no intruders may approach. When William Cobbett was admitted to the grounds of Fonthill Abbey, lovely and enchanting as they were, he found that a portion of them, which the owner reserved for his exclusive use, had a wall round it ten to twelve feet high, while above that again was an oaken palisade pointed with iron. A high wall is necessary in some gardens to prevent the approach of plunderers. Such a wall must have been needful in the grounds of the Incas of Peru, where some of the flowers were of gold and silver exquisitely wrought. It may be necessary too, for aught we know, in the case of some modern luxurious conservatories, where a single rare plant has cost more than a hundred pounds. A wall is required also to keep out animals that would trample down the blooming parterres and spoil the ripened fruits. It is needful, too, that the wall when made should be carefully examined, and kept in sound condition. An American gentleman could not understand how a hog got into his garden, without leaving any traces of the spot where it effected his entrance and exit. At last he discovered that one of the logs of which the enclosure was made was hollow, and that the animal had crept through it. Prayer, communion with God, the reading of the Scriptures, meditation, the means of grace, the day of rest well kept, faith and love, these may be said to be some of the materials of which the Christian's wall of separation is built. How, then, may we ask, stands the condition of our own wall? Is there no crevice in it through which our enemy may creep?

This garden too contained a fountain and spring of water, carefully shut up, with the door sealed, that the owner of the garden might have the liquid for his private use, and kept cool and uncontaminated by any defiling ingredients passing into it. We well recollect in the days of our youth a well on the seashore which was fitted for drinking purposes at low tide, but at spring tides was spoiled by seawater flowing into it. When we saw it in after years, however, some benevolent individual had enclosed it and made it free from impregnation by external sources of impurity. We have often thought of this well in connection with the sealed fountain in the passage before us, as a type of that care to keep the soul uncontaminated by the world, and in a state to relish communion with God,

[1] The verses are as follow: "A garden enclosed is my sister, my spouse; a spring shut up, a fountain sealed. Thy plants are an orchard of pomegranates, with pleasant fruits; camphire, with spikenard, spikenard and saffron; calamus and cinnamon, with all trees of frankincense; myrrh and aloes, with all the chief spices; a fountain of gardens, a well of living waters, and streams from Lebanon. Awake, O north wind; and come, thou south; blow upon my garden, that the spices thereof may flow out. Let my beloved come into his garden and eat his pleasant fruits."

which the Christian should observe. In the language of the poet, let us resolve:

> Henceforth may no profane delight
> Divide my consecrated soul;
> Possess it Thou who hast the right,
> The Lord and Master of the whole.

This garden again is described as being a fruitful one. Beautiful indeed must some of these gardens in tropical countries be, judging from the descriptions of those who have seen them. One lady described to us a foreign orchard in which grew orange-trees, bearing, as its owner computed, no fewer than ten thousand oranges shining in all their golden splendour. In the garden mentioned in our text was the pomegranate, with its cooling and grateful acid, the sweet cinnamon-tree breathing its spicy fragrance; the calamus, myrrh and frankincense shrubs, with others suggestive to the oriental mind of delicacy, odoriferousness, and beauty. If we refer to the thirtieth chapter of Exodus, verse 22, we shall find several of the plants here named, mentioned there as those that yielded the choice spices from which the holy anointing oil and perfume used by the high priest in the service of the sanctuary, were to be compounded. And so the garden of the Christian's soul should produce richly the fruit of the Spirit, love, joy, peace, long-suffering, gentleness, goodness, faith, meekness, temperance. In these the Saviour delights—He may be said to see in them of the travail of His soul and be satisfied.

But without water no garden would be fruitful; while its presence, as it flows in graceful forms, lends charms both to the senses of seeing and of hearing. "Everywhere," says a writer, describing the royal gardens at Palermo, "everywhere the sound of falling water came upon the ear, the clear transparent liquid fell glittering into marble basins." In the garden before us, in addition to the sealed spring already alluded to, were fountains of waters, living, not stagnant streams, flowing down from the snowy heights of Lebanon; an emblem apt and beautiful, of how the Christian should seek to have the Holy Spirit, flowing as a river through his soul, fertilizing and beautifying all it approaches.

This garden too had an exposure both to the north and south winds. Each was needful in its season; the one to brace, the other to ripen. So with the renewed soul: it welcomes at the proper hour the invigorating touch of trial and discipline—as well as the sweeter airs of comfort, that seem at times to be breezes of Paradise blowing upon earth.

It was the joy of the keeper of the garden to hope that the owner of it, when he came to visit it, would be pleased with the condition in which he found it. His cry was: "Let my beloved come into his garden, and eat his pleasant fruits." He longed for his Master's appearing. We remember in youth being present when a gentleman after a long absence visited his garden, and reprimanded the gardener for the unsatisfactory condition in which he found it. The joy of a true gardener is to have his master's approval. We were reading lately of the Duke of Buccleuch's garden, at Drumlanrig, in Scotland, that the flowers were so planted that they should be in full perfection of bloom when the duke and family paid their visit to the place. So, reader, it may be with us in the day of the Saviour's appearing. While depending for acceptance on His great work, may our souls be found by Him as a watered garden, producing richly those graces which are to the glory of God and make of us Christians indeed, whom not only the doctrine adorns, but who adorn the doctrine.

LIFE IN NEW GUINEA.

BY THE REV. JAMES CHALMERS.

V.

IN July, 1880, I determined to visit Kabadi and to take the teacher Piri and his wife with me.

Two Boera trading canoes also accompanied us to procure food. At Boera rumours reached me of an impending attack, but I did not believe them. The next day in spite of a strong wind we loaded our boat and were crossing the reef when we saw a Chinese boat approaching which had gone along the coast with a junk three weeks before. They reported that they had been attacked, seven men killed and the junk taken. I was anxious about the teachers whom I had placed there eighteen months previously. The chief Koapena had been such a friend to them that it was difficult to believe that he would allow them to be murdered. Yet in the heat of passion what will not savages do?

The natives at Boera said that the Chinamen must have been misbehaving, and on our arrival at Aroma we found this to be correct. Our celestial acquaintances had irritated the people by flirting with the young girls in an outrageous manner, and giving them presents, in spite of the repeated remonstrances of our teacher, hence the attack. The teacher tried to stop the fight, but was barricaded in his house and detained by order of the chiefs. Three of the Chinamen were killed on the ship, and four jumped over to get into the boat, but were speared in the water. A dog was caught in a wallaby net and speared, and after-

wards with thirty-three pigs formed part of a grand feast. Koapena says, "Peace with all foreigners but Chinamen. Every one of that race must be killed." A man and a woman were struck by spent bullets, and two others received small shots in hand and leg. The teachers were found quite well, but frightened.

We visited Manumanu, a large village with about 350 inhabitants. It was erected by a large party of people who left Hannabada forty years since in consequence of a quarrel. The houses are fine and plantations good, but there is too much mangrove swamp for it to be very healthy. They tell me that the Doura tribe which lives inland from here has communication with people on the other side of the mountain range and the sea on the East Coast.

Arriving at Toulon we went up the river, passing a deserted village which was attacked a few months before by natives of Lese, when ten men, twenty women and four children were killed. About eight miles up we found a large body of water flowing in; it is said to come from the Coombes River. The Chief Aroseri of Aroiduno came on board, and we passed numerous villages. The people were greatly astonished at seeing a white man and his boat for the first time.

We arrived at Kabadi when it was dark, and Naimiarua conducted me to his duba. The following day this chief took me round to all his villages, and food was prepared for us at each. I heard that the people of Naara were anxious that we should visit them. Nainiarua sent me a really delicious dish of prepared bananas covered with a thick layer of fresh grated cocoanut which looked like snow. It was fit for any civilised banquet. I borrowed one of their spoons and had it well washed; my five companions used their fingers.

In all the houses and dubus they have hammocks used as seats and beds. Some are very beautiful. They are bought from the inland natives with salt and other commodities.

When we left Kabadi we travelled inland with the chief and three carriers, passing at first through a fine country studded with banana plantations, and we had grand feasts on kangaroo by the way. The second day was spent in crossing five rivers and wading knee-deep in swamps. We came to a deserted village in a dilapidated state, which is used by the inland natives when they come here for the sago season. They then live on sago, wild pigs, cassowary, and wallaby. There is a large oven used for cooking sago. We crossed the Varimenana, and on nearing Iduna the natives rushed out so frightened that they were about to throw their spears at us. Everything is very primitive here. They have the worst stone tomakawks I have ever seen, and they sleep in hammocks, Ashantee style.

We travelled for several days along a most wretched track, swampy in the extreme. Coming back to Kabadi, we were for a time busily engaged in buying food for the return journey. There are no wholesale dealers in New Guinea, so when you want a quantity of any particular article, you must buy a little from one and another.

While we were thus engaged, a neighbouring chief died and all went to wail. Being a stranger, I was forbidden to approach, and my purpose to visit Keveho was also thwarted by a message to the effect that all the women had joined the crowd of mourners and no food could be cooked.

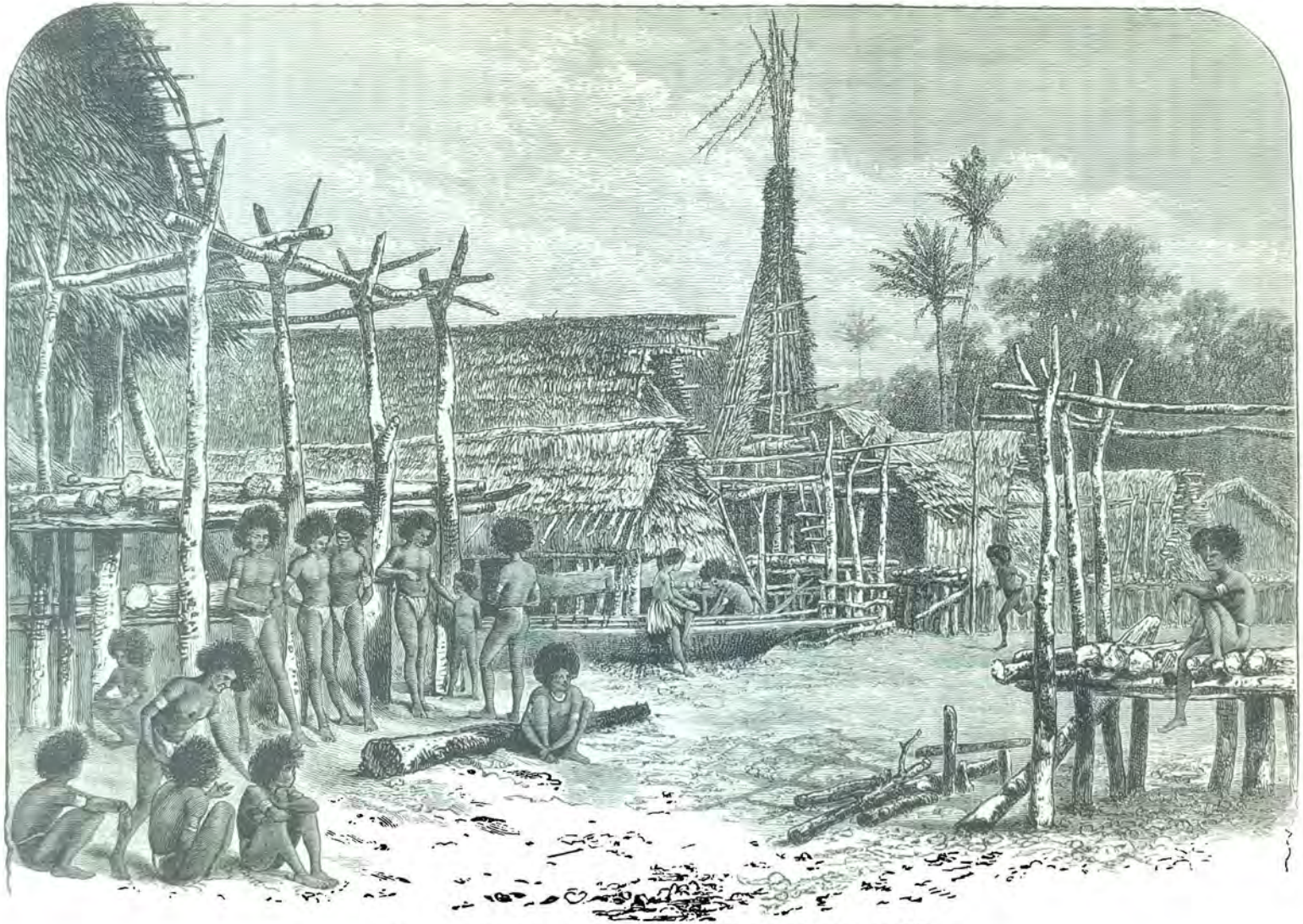
The people pleaded hard for teachers. Some asked, "If teachers do not come, will not sickness and death come swiftly?" No people have shown me greater kindness than those of Kabadi.

Starting with a good wind, we had a fine run down the river. When we were still inland the Boera natives had come to the teacher Piri, and wanted tobacco to pay the sorcerer to get wind for us along the coast and to cause the sea to go down.

Any account of travel in the south-east Peninsula of New Guinea would be incomplete without some reference to a method of travelling peculiar to that part of the country, viz., by *lakatoi* to the Gulf of New Guinea. I had long wanted to take such a trip, so on the 4th October, 1883, I engaged a passage in one of these lakatois called the Kevaubada, commanded by Vaburi and Aruako. Long before daylight the next morning the sounds of weeping and wailing from the village told us that at last the traders to the west were really about to leave. After a good-bye to friends, I left in my whaleboat and followed the canoes which had left, and joined my lakatoi at Kohu, about two miles from Port Moresby. Many friends were there to bid good-bye to the adventurous spirits who were about to leave on the longest and most hazardous journey taken by natives of New Guinea. Wood and water were put on board, sails were squared, and then began a terrible scene of weeping, howling, tearing of hair and faces, long embraces, and affecting ejaculations of farewell.

There were thirty-five persons on board, and our lakatoi consisted of four large canoes lashed together; the bulwarks were large, and there were two masts with a large sail on each, while fore and aft were houses full of cargo, which consisted chiefly of pottery. The canoes were heavily laden, and in the centre of the lakatoi's platform was a crate also filled with goods. On the top of this was a plank, upon which I had my quarters. Close by me was Vaaburi, who did not speak and kept himself covered until we passed Idler's Bay. Aruako was on the other side of me and he did the same. Hanging by each was a small uro (clay pot) filled with burnt banana leaves. They told me that although we had a good breeze it was impossible for the lakatoi to sail well, as there was too much feeling with the friends left behind, but to-morrow I should see what they could do.

We went about four knots an hour, and the little boys had each his station, and were constantly employed in baling out the water. When we anchored at eleven that night, all had sore throats with singing so much, and were soon asleep. Our captains being sacred could only have cooking done on their own fires by a special man, and must not touch the food with their hands; also when eating they did not speak. The cooking for the crew was done on the platform outside the bulwarks, in places specially made for the purpose. The uncooked food was



A NEW GUINEA VILLAGE, WITH HOUSE OF CHIEF.

first presented to each mast, when something was said to the spirits; but things are changing in New Guinea, and now, in many such lakatois, a prayer is offered to the living God.

We continued coasting for several days, and each night anchored in some safe place. They all appeared most interested in my writing, and at each landing place it formed one of the chief topics of conversation with their visitors.

On arriving at Kovara, the village of my friend Apohe, we were regaled with fresh cocoa-nut water—a beverage more delicious than the best champagne produced in the wine districts of Europe. Apohe brought one hundred warriors to meet us as a guard of honour.

Our Maipua friends from Vailala followed us, and said we had better proceed to the most western village of Orokolo, that being nearest to Maipua.

Apohe accompanied me, and also a crowd of children, who seem much more numerous here than anywhere else I have visited. The chief Mama received us in his new dubu, and was dressed for the occasion in a short jacket and small coloured bag on his head for a cap. I had given him these two years previously. After I had selected my apartment, I went out to be seen by the crowd, to whom I was a curiosity in every respect. They were amazed at the softness of my white skin, and could not understand why the soles of my feet were not hard like theirs.

I was sorry to find that Johnnie, my attendant, had left the beads behind at Vailala, as they are much sought after. I examined the large villages; some houses were very good, the rest wretched hovels. They seem to put all their strength into the building of dubus, that is buildings which are used as places of worship, and club houses for men only. The men pass three months of each year in these dubus apart from their female relatives, and are then esteemed helaga (sacred). The hideous orgies and barbarous practices carried out upon certain occasions, I am unable to relate here.

The inhabitants, people and animals, were all much excited, and at dusk I returned to the dubu. In the dark we had prayers, and our native deacon gave an address. About a dozen of the heathens were present, and I taught them to pray, "Oh, Jesus, give us light, save us." And will He not?

The great trade along the Gulf Coast is in fish-hooks. Nearly every one, who can muster courage, asks for some.

The messenger sent to Maipua soon returned. All there rejoiced that I was coming, and he said I should be met at the river.

I had a large escort, but they left me before we met the Maipuans, as there was war between these people. A man came with a wretchedly small canoe, but I refused to go in the rickety thing. Presently he returned in a large one, out of which a man sprang, and running up, embraced me. It was Ipaivaitani, the leading chief of Maipua.

The large canoe, though without an outrigger, was skilfully navigated, and after passing across a large river, which I called the Wickham, we continued along creeks through malodorous swamps until we reached a very large village, with beautiful temples and houses with raised platforms in front, and well-built bridges over each creek. The population numbered about 1,800, all thoroughgoing cannibals, believing that no food on earth is equal to human flesh.

After looking through the dubu where I was to lodge in the chief's compartment, I had dinner and breakfast in one. The long day's travel had made me very hungry, but there was a slight drawback to my enjoyment of the meal in the number of human skulls in a heap close by, some very new. In the evening I went about the village, and found my Motuan friends afraid to go near the dubus. They were not cannibals, and had heard some awful stories of the hideous doings in those places. In each dubu I preached Christ, as revealing God the Father's love, and begged them to relinquish fighting and man-eating, which they faithfully promised to do.

One peculiar feature of the place was the small flower gardens near the houses, elevated ten feet above the ground. A platform is formed upon poles, and earth placed upon it, and surrounded with a fence. They also grow tobacco with the flowers.

It is very tiring to walk along wooden streets all elevated, and across bridges, some very shaky indeed. There is water everywhere; no dry land can be seen in that dismal swamp.

Although not a prepossessing people, and short in stature, I think they would treat a teacher well.

I was very hospitably entertained, and left with regret, though our Vailala friends rejoiced, as they had been terribly afraid of being killed and cooked. We were sent back in a fine canoe, with many others following as an escort.

I carried back a message of peace to Orokolo, and hope both these tribes will adhere to their promises.

We walked along the coast through the Orokolo villages to Vailala, where I found all my goods safe in the dubu, upon which the old chief had placed a taboo the day after I had left. My experience among savages is that when trusted with entire charge they faithfully carry out their trust, and allow no one to meddle with the goods.

My impression about the rivers round Bald Head is that they are all part of the enormous delta formed by the Fly River which drains all Central New Guinea. There are no large rivers on the north-east coast. I think this river must drain the northern sides of Mount Owen Stanley and other ranges, and then follow a tortuous course through the centre of the island.

While waiting for the preparations for our return journey, and the completion by my friends of their trading arrangements, I employed the time in building a house for services to be held. I hoped to be able to place a teacher there.

The people appreciated singing, but mine will not steal their hearts away. They sang a most peculiar round in two notes to good time, and apparently in parts. I tried them with the sol-fa

gamut, and they did it very well indeed. I think they will in time become capital singers.

My boat arrived from Port Moresby in charge of Charlie, our best boatman. I, however, preferred to wait the return of the lakatoi. Friends began to bring in presents, but I had to warn them against bringing too much.

After a few days' further delay we attempted to leave in my boat, but nearing the bar I found that she could not ride over in the heavy seas, and gave orders to put her about. Just at the critical moment of turning round we were followed by a tremendous crocodile. I was anxious, owing to the roughness of the sea, but we escaped from our double enemy and were able to land again.

The next day the Motuans played me the old trick of filling my boat with parcels of goods in the names of our crew. I had them all cleared out, anchored the boat, and declared I would walk along the coast and get taken on from one tribe to the other. After a whole day of talk, they came and begged I would return in my boat, and assured me the crew should have no parcels to care for. So we started, and were again followed for some distance by a huge crocodile, but arrived at Port Moresby without any mishap.

I have made many attempts to penetrate the country covered by the Owen Stanley Range, but the jealousy of the natives and their fear to accompany me far from their homes, except among people whom they know and are at peace with, have made it very disappointing labour.

There is of course a weird kind of experience gained by passing through such tribes, and for a time living as they do, in all sorts of places, healthy and unhealthy, on hill tops and in swamps. I have in the earlier part of this paper given an account of a visit to the hill tribes, and in the Gulf trip as well as in the cruise to the south east the incidents of coast-life are seen.

There is a method I have often pursued to which allusion has not yet been made, viz., to take a shallow boat or canoe and ascend one of the numerous creeks as far as possible, and if upon inquiring and careful reconnoitring I find a probable opening for advance, then to proceed inland on foot.

In one of these trips I left Lealea, and by creek reached Kevani, a Koitapa village. This place was surrounded by swamps, and here I had to spend the night. The boards of the dubu were very uneven, with plenty of space between them through which the mosquitoes found me out. It was a most romantic night, clear moonlight; beautiful lilies tinted blue and white adorned the swamp; a tropical forest spread around with gigantic trees. I slept on a platform twenty feet high which swayed gently with the breeze, and on the front of the dubu and sides of the platform were coarsely-carved figures and pigs' jaws which served as pegs on which we hung our things. Mosquitoes were singing outside our net, and rascally ones biting us inside; men, women, and children were coughing, the last-named also crying; and ugly dingoes collected underneath with evil designs were howling frightfully. Who would not be a traveller to pass through this; or who will be a missionary and pass his life in it?

I spent three days tramping about the lowland but could find no encouraging prospect of a clear road to the mountains, so returned to Lealea.

Cannot these mountains be penetrated? Are we to be baffled in all our attempts to reach these "giant stairways of the world" and from them to view the central portion of this lone land? Truly a great darkness broods over this primeval country; but if the prospect of geographical renown, if the temptation of rapidly acquired wealth and a quickly developed trade will lead men to attempt the solution of this hard problem, surely the Christian missionary has a more inspiring object and higher resources of strength. Will not the churches of England come forward and assist us in this work?

GENEVIÈVE;

A STORY OF OLD FRANCE.

CHAPTER VIII—FACING LIFE AGAIN.

"We need not bid, for cloister'd cell,
Our neighbour and our work farewell,
Nor strive to wind ourselves too high
For sinful man beneath the sky."

GENEVIÈVE'S indifference passed away with her weakness; but returning strength brought with it many sad and some anxious thoughts. "Dear Euphémie," she pleaded one morning, "you see I am better—so much better. Will you not tell me now some of the things I want to know?"

She lay in the little matted parlour into which she had been brought on that first sorrowful night. A simple but comfortable couch had been placed for her there, as being better suited to an invalid than the dark cellar where Mariette slept, and where she had passed her first night.

Euphémie rose, and so shifted the blind that the welcome winter sunshine might fill the room without incommoding the patient. Then, resuming her seat and her knitting, she answered: "My dear child, I will tell you willingly—what is it you want to know?"

"First—about my mother. I did not speak

of her before. But I am thinking of her always."

"Think of her then as with God; released from the cares and sorrows of this miserable world. Such thoughts will bring you comfort."

"I know. But I am troubled because I could not go back to the Hôtel Dieu. There was not one who loved her to follow her to her grave, or even to see where they laid her—" the last words died away in the quick hysterical sobs of weakness.

The nurse spoke firmly, and even with a little air of sternness: "Calm yourself, my child. I must not talk with you about anything which makes you weep. For you are not yet strong enough to weep without doing yourself harm. But if you will be wise and brave, and listen to me quietly without tears, I will tell you something you will be glad to know."

"Oh, tell me, dear Euphémie. Indeed I will be calm."

"Ill as you were when I came here to nurse you, you were yet able to give me your name when asked for it,—Geneviève Montères. We knew already, from what you said, that your mother had just died in the Hôtel Dieu. So, although we were not in time for the burial, we were able to identify the grave, over which we have placed a simple cross. When you are strong enough you can go to see it."

"Oh, how good!—how kind!"

"Wait, there is more to tell you. A lady, who has taken the robe of a sister of St. Vincent de Paul in order to work amongst the sick poor, attended your mother, and was much drawn to her, and to you. She enquired for you with great interest; and gave me a ring for you, which she said was the only thing of value found upon the person of Madame Montères."

"The ring of Edouard! I am so glad! Will you not give it to me, dear Euphémie?"

Euphémie looked at her keenly, and perhaps with a little womanly curiosity. Who was this Edouard? But she only said: "Child, I do not carry jewels of value about with me in my pocket. I have the ring in safe keeping, and under lock and key. But I will bring it to you whenever you wish to have it."

Geneviève was satisfied. She had started up in her eagerness, but now she lay back again upon her pillow, thinking. Her next words were in a changed tone, and about another subject.

"You have been very good to me, dear Euphémie; I do not know how to thank you."

"Child, I have only done my duty, and followed my calling, which is to nurse the sick. If I were not nursing you, I should be nursing some one else."

"Every one has been very good to me; you and Mariette, and Père Antoine, and the surgeon. But what I want you to tell me, dear Euphémie, is this—where do the soup, and the wine, and the *tisane*, and all the medicines I have to take, come from?"

Euphémie smiled a little.

"I thought you would be asking that some of these days," she said. "I have no great opinion of those who go on eating, and drinking, and sleeping in good beds, without ever troubling themselves to think where anything comes from."

"But I want very much to know," pleaded Geneviève, the crimson flush of eagerness suffusing her pale face; "please tell me."

"I can tell you little more than what, if you have thought seriously about the matter, you have no doubt suspected already. The same hand that brought you here has supplied your every want from that day to this."

"Euphémie, *who is he?* Tell me, that I may pray for him."

"Do you not already do that?"

"Of course; but I want to pray for him by name."

"Since that is not his wish, it may not be. Nor should you try to discover what he wishes to conceal. You seem to have had a very careful education, and all that I have seen in you makes me think you a well-bred, high-minded demoiselle. So you will accept what has been done for you in a right and becoming spirit."

"Yes, yes, I will not ask again. Only promise me one thing, dear Euphémie. If I do not get well—if, instead, I grow worse, and am like to die, then, and only then—you will ask him to come to me, and to let me see his face once more."

"Chut, chut,[1] Mademoiselle Geneviève. I shall have no occasion to ask him anything so foolish. Rouse yourself, my dear, and do not give way to idle fancies. You are not in the least likely to die; on the other hand you are getting well. We shall have you up to-morrow, I expect, and sitting in this fauteuil for a little change."

"And when I get well, what is to become of me?"

"Come now, that is a sensible question. Have you any relatives? But I rather suspect, from certain circumstances I have noticed, that you have not."

"You are right," Geneviève acquiesced sadly. "I had only my mother, and she is gone." And in spite of her restraining will, two large tears stole from under the pale, half-closed eyelids.

Euphémie hesitated a moment before she said, "You have mentioned a certain M. Edouard in connection with the ring. Probably, he also is with the dead? Was he your brother, or perhaps your cousin?"

"Not dead! Oh, no; he is not dead; God forbid! But he is no relative of mine, only a ward of my father's, who was brought up in our house. We were just like brother and sister."

Euphémie prudently forbore comment until she should see a little further into the case: in which this seemed a new and perplexing element. She only asked, "And what may be the position, at present, of this young gentleman?"

"He is the nephew of the Duc de Graffont, M. Edouard de Sercourt," said Geneviève frankly, and perhaps a little proudly.

Euphémie changed countenance. She had heard—as who by that time had not?—of the last great crime of the *faux sauniers*, and the tragedy that robbed the noble house of Graffont

[1] Hush!

of its brightest hope and ornament. Evidently, this poor child was as yet in ignorance of the fate of her friend and playfellow. Only just bereaved of her mother, a further sorrow was in store for her; and how keen a sorrow it might prove to the susceptible heart of the young girl, who could tell? Euphémie could not bear to strike the blow, indeed she thought that in her patient's present condition it would be a serious risk. Prudently postponing explanations, she merely said, "I believe the Duc de Graffont and his household are far away in Auvergne."

"I know it," said Geneviève, with quiet resignation. "If Edouard had been in Paris, he would have helped us. He will be very sorry when he hears all. He was so fond of my mother."

There was a pause, then the nurse resumed more cheerfully, "Trust in God, *ma chère*. He is the Friend of the friendless."

"If only—" faltered Geneviève—"if only I could go to Port Royal!"

"Ah, child! those hospitable doors, which were never closed before to the poor and needy, are fast shut now by the malice of our enemies. But I am glad to find that you are one of those that love our Zion."

"But, I suppose," Geneviève hazarded, "I suppose there may be other convents where I could find a refuge?"

"Not many convents, nowadays, where they take in portionless girls. Besides, my dear, do you think you have a vocation?"

"I wish to serve God," said Geneviève simply.

"That does not say all that is required. Suppose, mademoiselle, that I could find for you a suitable place?"

Geneviève's pale face flushed hotly. "Oh, no," she said impulsively. "Not *that*, my mother would not have wished it for me."

"I do not know," said the nurse. "I think it would depend upon the kind of place, and the position you were to occupy. There are places and places." She was silent for a while; perhaps to allow this oracular saying to sink into the mind of her hearer. Then she resumed, in a kind, though serious tone: "Think for a little, *ma chère* demoiselle. Seeing that you have within reach neither kindred nor friends; do you not suppose that your mother would have wished for you an honourable independence? Would she not have esteemed it better for you to work with your own hands the thing that is good, than to rely, longer than needful, upon the help of strangers?"

Geneviève hid her face, and did not answer for some minutes. At last she said, perhaps with a touch of petulance: "I do not care—so much—what happens to me now. It does not seem to matter."

Then the words of her unknown benefactor recurred to her mind. "It matters to God, to yourself, and to me." That grave, kind face, with its look of fatherly compassion, seemed to reproach her, and she said in a changed, gentle voice: "I wish to do what is right. I think it will be best for you to ask the kind friend who has done so much for me—since I may not know his name. I will do whatever he wishes."

"It happens, my child, that, by one of those strange chances which ought to be called Providences, you have it in your power just now to oblige him, by entering the service of a family which he holds in high esteem. A nobleman of the first rank, whose friend—that is to say, to whom he considers himself under obligation—is seeking for his sister a young lady of the haute bourgeoisie, well bred and well educated, to act as her demoiselle. You will understand, my dear, that such a place, in such a household, carries with it, even in a worldly point of view, nothing derogatory, but quite the reverse."

Geneviève was silent. The thought of entering a great household—perhaps like that of M. le Duc de Graffont—was very terrible to her. Besides, what would happen if Edouard should come to see her, and find her perhaps engaged in some menial occupation? To her youth and inexperience, the distinction was by no means clear between "a femme de chambre," and a "demoiselle d'atours"—between a waiting maid and a lady in waiting. But, on the other hand, here was an opportunity of pleasing her unknown benefactor, and of serving his friends. Could she refuse to do this? No! a hundred times no! She would take the place.

"There is one difficulty," Euphémie continued thoughtfully. "Some weeks at least must elapse before you are strong enough to enter the household. But I think Mademoiselle will be willing to wait for you. There is one great point in your favour; you have not been yourself at Port Royal, but you have been very carefully brought up by a mother who, we have learned, was educated there."

"I suppose it would have been better still if I had been there," said Geneviève.

"No; for then you could not have entered the household at all. The circumstances of the young lady in question are very peculiar and very painful. If you are to serve her, I think it better you should hear her story beforehand, told truly by my lips, than learn through the gossip of the household. But this is on the understanding that you will accept the place, should we succeed in obtaining it for you?"

"I will accept it, and try to do my duty," said Geneviève submissively.

"Well, then, listen to me; and learn that the rich and great have often worse sorrows to bear than the poor and needy. The young Duc de Roannez, who is amiable, gifted, brilliant—rich in all the world holds dear—has seemed for years, like the youth in the Gospel whom the Lord Jesus loved, to be hesitating between the lower life and the higher.[1] But while he lingered on the threshold, his sister passed in before him, and chose the better part. Of rare grace and beauty, a great heiress, and with the incense of flattery burning perpetually before her, life never opened more brightly for any one than it did for Mademoiselle Charlotte Gouffier de Roannez. The subtlest snares of pleasure were spread for her feet; and I need not tell you she had no lack of

[1] The characters of the Duc de Roannez and of his sister, Mademoiselle Charlotte Gouffier de Roannez, are historical.

brilliant suitors, the flower of the young nobility. Yet she turned away from all, resolved to give herself to God alone."

She paused; but, as Geneviève made no comment, she presently went on: "You may guess the vexation, the anger, the despair of her family, who were thoroughly 'of the world,' and who had destined for her a splendid alliance. In the storm of opposition and persecution she had to endure from her mother, her uncles, and her other relatives, only her brother stood by her; but he, though the head of the family in name, could not, in fact, do much to protect her. However, it is thought that he assisted her to leave her mother's house secretly, and to take refuge in the sacred shadow of Port Royal des Champs."

"But," questioned Geneviève, "was that right? Ought she to have disobeyed her mother?"

"'Whoso loveth father and mother more than Me, is not worthy of Me,'" quoted, or rather misquoted, the good nurse, whose naturally strong sense and right judgment were overborne in this instance by false and misleading theories of the religious life. She had herself also been trained at Port Royal; and she had learned from her instructors much precious and valuable truth, mixed with some grave errors.

"Well, it may have been right," Geneviève acquiesced. "But *I* could not have done it. Not for all the world."

"That is because you have not a vocation," said Euphémie, though she ought rather to have said, "That is because you had a good mother, who commanded your love and reverence." She continued: "At Port Royal, Mademoiselle de Roannez won the admiration of the good Mère Angélique herself, of M. Arnauld, M. de St. Cyran and M. Pascal, who corresponded with her, and strengthened her in her pious resolutions. She made a vow of celibacy; and she would, in due time, have taken the veil, but her family interposed with fatal effect. I suppose you know the obloquy and persecution of which the holy nuns and recluses of Port Royal have been, and are still, the victims. Such was the animosity felt against them in high places, that the uncles of Mademoiselle had no difficulty in procuring a *lettre de cachet*[1] from the king, obliging her to return to her family."

"That was hard," Geneviève allowed.

"*Hard?* She had rather have been laid in her grave. Moreover it was sacrilege; taking again from the altar of God what had once been offered there. And thus—from the very gate of heaven as one might say—she has been dragged back into the world—*into* it, but *of* it she will never be. Surrounded by a gay and thoughtless circle, she lives as retired and self-denying a life as she can; endeavouring to keep alive in her heart the flame of piety that all around her are seeking to extinguish. Even now I hear that a great alliance is being pressed upon her; but this she resists, not only as a fall from a higher state to a lower, but as a grievous sin—the sin of perjury Has she not vowed to be the bride of Christ? She says herself that she would rather be a poor paralytic in Port Royal, than enjoy the greatest fortune the world could give her. Judge if it would not be a blessed task for you, my child, to soothe by your ministrations the sorrows of this persecuted saint."

"Oh, yes—yes!" said Geneviève, with a flash of sympathetic enthusiasm. "I shall be glad to serve Mademoiselle de Roannez. I hope I shall soon be strong enough, and that she will have me. I should like to try and comfort her."

Neither the woman of mature age nor the young girl could recognise, beneath its garb of beauty and purity, the subtle error that was destined to break the noble heart of Charlotte Gouffier de Roannez, as it has done many others as devout and true. There is, for the follower of Christ, no vocation, except the "call to be a saint," which is addressed alike to every member of the body, and to each in particular, that special call to special service, which is made known by the position assigned and the gifts bestowed. The vocation of the wife and mother is as sacred and honourable as any; and infinitely more honourable than any self-chosen withdrawal from the world. Nay, more, the call to be "a bride of Christ" has never yet been addressed to any individual. There are no "brides of Christ"; the very thought is unscriptural, if it be not also revolting and blasphemous. The Bride of Christ is *one:* that "glorious Church, not having spot or wrinkle, or any such thing," which He shall present to Himself at the great Marriage Supper —the sublime festival for which all Creation waits, yearning and longing in its pain for the promised manifestation of the sons of God.

[1] These *lettres de cachet* were arbitrary orders, consigning obnoxious persons to imprisonment during the king's pleasure. They were often used as above, to compel recalcitrant sons or daughters of the aristocracy to conform to the will of their families.

There's None so Poor but he can Give.

THERE'S none so poor but he can give,
No need for this of worldly pelf;
A blessed thought to those who live
In the stern grasp of want itself.

God is a righteous judge; His law
Man may not gauge with mortal skill;
He does not ask for bricks from straw,
Nor claim what we can ne'er fulfil.

Sweet sympathy is strong to aid,
And gentle tones have power to cheer;
'Twere hard for us if riches made
The sum of all our treasure here.

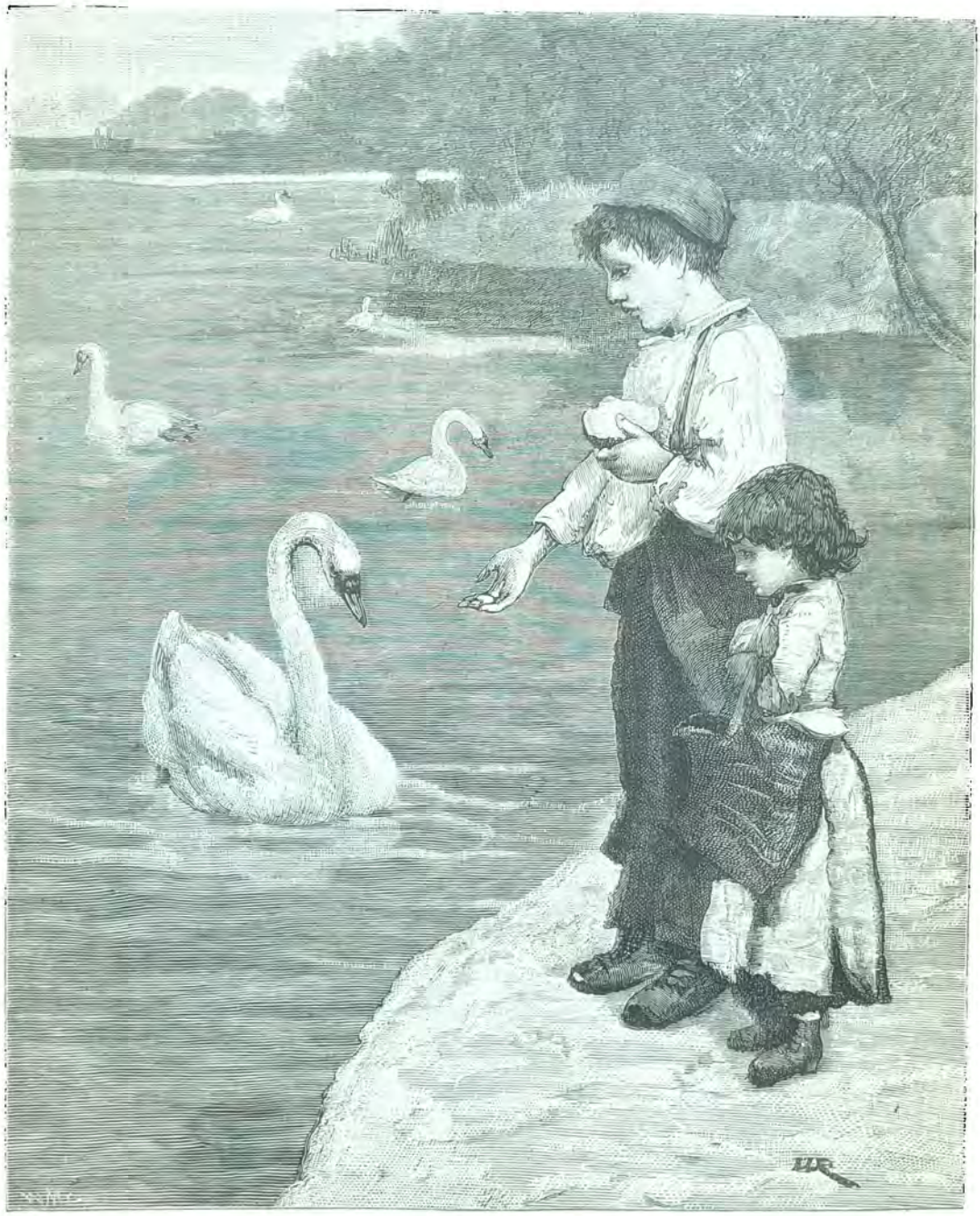
He who approved the widow's mite,
Knows well what triumphs Love has won;
And precious in His holy sight
Is every kindly action done.

The crumbs which from a scanty meal
Some starveling scatters to the birds;
The courage which will grief conceal,
And spare another hopeful words;

Even the friendly smile that lifts
From little hearts a childish woe,
He counts them all most gracious gifts—
And these the poorest can bestow. *S. Grey*

THE BEST SORT OF FIGHTING.

CHAPTER II.



SHARING A CRUST.

THE next day a message coming that little Scott Lister was to meet an uncle in the village, and go home by the noon-day train, John Allan and Jack Herman were deputed to walk with their young schoolfellow, and see him safe in the care of his relative. The three set out in the high spirits usually induced by the near approach of holidays.

The park, through which they had to pass, had surely never looked so fresh and beautiful; the lake with its stately swans was a glimpse of fairyland. Not very fairly-like, however, were two small figures standing at the edge of the water. A beggar-boy of eight or ten, and by his side a tiny girl as ragged and unkempt as he. The pair were too intent on a penny loaf which the lad held, to notice they were being observed. To judge by their looks, they were very hungry; but they ate every mouthful with great deliberation, as if anxious to lengthen the unwonted enjoy-

ment of a satisfying meal, and to give their eyes, as well as their palates, an opportunity of feasting on the food. Presently up came a swan, arching his graceful neck, and letting them know in unmistakable swan language that he would have no objection to a bit himself.

"Give him some," said the little girl.

"He ain't hungry," answered the boy, clutching the loaf tighter.

But the girl persisted. "We're not sure; and it's so bad to be hungry, Bill."

Bill found this argument irresistible, for nobody knew that better than he did; so he stretched out a grubby hand, and offered a precious morsel to the swan.

Little Scott whispered in great delight, "Isn't it good of him? My sister Jane is right; she says the very poorest people can give, and that God loves their offerings best of all."

"Shut up!" said Allan impatiently. "Can't you see that big fellow"—pointing to a dirty, rough-looking lad about his own size—"skulking up to the young ones. Keep behind that tree; there will be some fun before long, or I'm mistaken."

Fun did not seem exactly the word to apply to what followed; for a short parley, which reminded the listeners of the fabled conversation between the wolf and the lamb, ended in the loaf being knocked out of the hand of the small boy, and transferred to the keeping of the new-comer.

This proved altogether too much for Jack. He threw off his jacket and rushed to the rescue. His hand, though out of practice, had not lost its cunning, and hot indignation lent vigour to the blows that rained steadily, one, two, three, straight from the shoulder, on his astonished antagonist. After an exciting few minutes, during which they both saw stars more than once, the bully retired worsted from the conflict, the bread was restored to its rightful owner, and Jack, his personal appearance somewhat marred, rejoined his friends, and suggested that they "ought to be getting on."

"You look like getting on," said Allan, laughing. "You had better go back; though, no doubt, you would rather put off facing the rector. I should myself in your place; it will look bad after what he said yesterday about breaking faith."

"I have no cause to fear facing him," cried Jack. "I don't believe he will blame me. Nobody but a coward would have seen that poor little beggar robbed by a fellow twice his size without standing up for him."

The other's dark face flushed at this; it was very like calling him—John Allan—a coward; but he answered with affected cordiality—"Ah! of course you can make a very plausible story of it with a little care, and come out quite the hero."

"I make a plausible story!" exclaimed Jack, angrily. "Look here, Allan; I will not say a word one way or the other. Go on with Scott; I'll wait for you here. When the rector asks the meaning of this"—touching his face—"I shall refer him to you. You can only tell him the truth, and the truth is all I want him to know."

"As you please," said Allan, quietly. But a gleam of malicious satisfaction came into his eyes, as, followed by wondering Scott Lister, he turned away.

I promise you the rector got a shock when he met his two pupils returning from their mission. Unluckily Herman had not even time to slip up to his room and make himself a shade more presentable; for he ran full tilt against his tutor in a side path of the garden, by which he had fondly hoped to gain the house unobserved. The reverend gentleman stared aghast at Jack's face. A blood-stained vest and torn collar did not improve matters; and all things considered, it is not surprising that the question came with unwonted sternness: "What does this mean, sir?"

But as Jack here turned imploringly to Allan, the rector directed a questioning glance to his elder pupil.

"It was a fight, sir," replied the latter.

"And with whom, pray?"

"Some poor boy—a beggar, I believe."

"The reason, if you please?"

"I think they fought about a cake or something of the kind," said Allan, and was silent.

The rector waited, but no further explanation appeared to be forthcoming, and he prepared to speak, when Jack, who seemed suddenly attacked with a slight difficulty in breathing, muttered: "Please don't!"—he paused, and then adding abruptly, "I will send the puppy back directly I get home," turned hastily away.

That day Master Herman dined in solitary state in his own apartment, and Allan went fishing, and tried to persuade himself that he enjoyed it.

Meanwhile Scott Lister and his uncle had contrived to miss their train, and during the afternoon they put in an unexpected appearance at the rectory. Scott, who admired Jack immensely, was very anxious in his inquiries after that wounded warrior; and Mr. Mildmay, finding the little boy had also witnessed the encounter, soon had a correct version of the whole story, and one which threw another light on the matter.

So Allan and Jack were summoned to the study, and the face of the former flushed with shame as the rector's mild tones fell upon his ear.

"I love peace, Allan, you know well; but truth and honour I value far more, and it grieves me that you have failed in both to-day. Yes, yes"—for Allan raised his head to speak—"I am quite aware you uttered no word which was untrue; but you wilfully left untold that which you rightly guessed would alter my judgment of Herman's conduct. I cannot blame the generous feeling that prompted him to use his strength in aid of the helpless and oppressed: although," continued the rector, a little smile relaxing the corners of his mouth, "I could wish that our impetuous friend had given himself time to try milder measures first."

"Indeed, I will try to do so in future, sir," said Jack; "but the other measures seem to come easiest."

"And you need not send back the dog, Herman; but perhaps under the circumstances"—the rector's gaze rested rather comically here on the still unlovely countenance of his pupil—"you had better not exhibit him as the reward of pacific propensities."

Jack laughed—at least he began to laugh, but pulled up suddenly in the middle of it, and thought how unkind he was; for there stood Allan, silent and depressed, with downcast eyes still fixed on the floor.

The short silence which followed was broken very unexpectedly by the voice of the senior pupil: "I have behaved dishonourably, sir; and I am ashamed of it. Jack, if the rector forgives me, will you?"

Could it be possible?—was this indeed proud John Allan? Jack, quite startled, answered nothing with his tongue, but warmly grasped an outstretched hand. As for the rector, he was busy just then polishing his spectacles, and clearing his throat. That done, he spoke:

"Why, Allan, my boy, you are beating even Herman in valour. If he fought well this morning, you are fighting better now."

"Of course!" cried Jack joyously. "I see it all plainly at last—'He who ruleth his spirit.' Yes, sir, there is something pluckier than using one's fists. Allan has shown me what is the best sort of fighting—and the hardest."

SYDNEY GREY.

*** Let our young readers write out verse 32 of Prov. xvi. and find some other texts that teach the same lesson.

THE SUNDAY AT HOME

O DAY MOST CALM, MOST BRIGHT! . . .
THE WEEK WERE DARK BUT FOR THY LIGHT.—*Herbert.*

THE GLOAMING.

"Now in the peace and leisure of the gloaming,
Abide with us, O Lord."

No. 1739—AUGUST 27, 1887.

The Gloaming.

IN fiery chariots of the west ascending
  The day hath passed in triumph, Lord, to Thee;
Its fallen mantle glows, with twilight blending,
  On the far, shadowy spaces of the sea;
It is toward evening—oft at noontide roaming,
  Our hearts have met with Thee in sweet accord,
Now in the peace and leisure of the gloaming,
  Abide with us, O Lord!

The ocean like a dreamless child is sleeping,
  Hushed in the hollow of Thy mighty hand,
One star a-tremble in the west is keeping
  Lone watch o'er all night's solemn borderland.
Enter, dear Lord, our loaf is yet unbroken,
  Our water shall be wine by Thee outpoured,
We yearn to hear Thy "Peace be with you" token—
  Abide with us, O Lord.

Low murmurs through the seaward boughs are wafted,
  A breath of roses steals along the shore—
More calm, more sweet, Thy living words engrafted
  In our responsive hearts for evermore;
Yet more we crave, O tarry in our leisure
  And to the hunger of our souls afford
Thy love and joy in overflowing measure,
  Abide with us, O Lord.

It is toward evening—soon from out the shadows
  A deeper shadow on our brows must fall,
So soon across the dim, familiar meadows
  The hour will come when we must leave them all;
Ah, leave us not with death alone to wander,
  Let Thine own hand unloose the silver cord,
Through nightfall here, until the daybreak yonder,
  Abide with us, O Lord!

MARY ROWLES.

MY OWN LITTLE GIRL.

Not what we give, but what we share,
For the gift without the giver is bare.—*R. J. Lowell.*

CHAPTER II.

MY little girl had gone! On the third day, after breakfast, Mrs. Buck came to me, and told me that she had insisted upon leaving early that morning. She had changed back into her old clothes, and had told them in the kitchen she "could not stand it any more." She was suffocated by being cramped in a house all day, and she thanked them kindly for what they had done, but she must go. She was asked to wait till I came down to breakfast; but the girl merely said, "She will ask me to stay." And so she had gone.

"Why did you not come and tell me at once?" I asked. Mrs. Buck raised her eyebrows, just as she used to do when we were children, and asked to get inside the nursery fire-guard. "You were not up, Miss Jane," she said. "But what could you have done?"

No! what could I have done? But I would do something now; I would try to find her. Think of trying to find Mary O'Brian or Anderson in Westminster. She told me she was sometimes called one name and sometimes another; she was not sure which was her real name.

I saw and heard many new things in my search; but my little girl I neither saw nor heard. I made all inquiries, but day by day came back with the same result. I felt I should have to give up all thoughts of finding her. Perhaps, after all, my old life was better; perhaps it was never intended that I should like anything but in the old dull way. But I thought—if heaven is such an opening into other worlds—if to be with Christ is to be in sympathy with His whole creation, then, indeed, death is life's high mead.

I settled back into my every-day state, and painted my little pictures that no one cared to see, and worked my beautiful work for those who were sated with beauty. I sent my subscriptions to the "poor," and made all the servants work at warm garments to give away; but I felt that every stitch they were taking was a cry against something better that might have been done.

"If my little girl had opened all the doors it might have been different; as it was, they seemed to bang again and bolt and bar themselves," I thought. I mentioned to some of my friends what had taken place, and they seemed surprised that I was not glad of the end of such an "adventure," as they called it. They added that they expected she would turn up at Christmas-time, and demand a Christmas-box; and I built my hopes on that.

But she did not come, and Christmas was over and gone. Two months had passed; and I was sitting reading one day, when I heard a funny little single knock at the door. Somehow I knew it was my little girl, and, without one moment's thought, I ran downstairs and opened the door myself. I pulled her in, and made her come quickly upstairs into my little boudoir. "You are wet," I said, before she had time to speak; "and how ill you look!" As I

spoke my hands were feeling her thin clothes, and my eyes were scanning her face, which looked older and more worn than before. The same bright funny look came into her eyes, and she shook her head; but when she tried to speak she was stopped by coughing. Then all my pent-up love for her, that I knew then was so strong for her, burst forth. "Oh, my child!" I cried, "have I only found you to lose you? Where have you been? But do not answer me; wherever you have been, or whatever you have been doing, it is the same to me. You must not die!"

She took my silly old hands in hers, and put me down on a chair, and stood over me. "I am all right," she said hoarsely. "I have come to you because my sister is dying. *I* am not going to die, but she is."

"Shall I go to her?" I asked meekly.

"Yes, I want you."

"Will you wait here while I go and put on my things?" I glanced round the room as I spoke; it was not my heart, it was my Education that looked out of my eyes. "All right; I will not sneak anything," she said quietly, in reply to that look; and I went away silenced and ashamed.

In a few minutes we were together in the street. "What have you been doing?" I asked. "Trying to get my sister round. Her husband was killed—fell from a ladder when he was drunk, and brought home dead. She fairly frets to death for him; and he did knock her about, too. She has had the consumption ever so long; now I think she is going fast." "You went straight to her?" "When I heard that he—devil was dead." "Don't call the dead names."

We walked along in silence for some time after that. "How have you been earning your living?" I asked at last. "Selling flowers," she answered shortly. "And had you to keep her and the children?". "Yes," still more shortly. "You have a bad cold yourself." But this time there was no answer.

Through small narrow streets, where all smelt of dirt, we went, till we reached the house where she lodged. "Take care of them stairs," she said, going in front of me, and putting out a hand which I could barely see in the dark. I laid my hand in her strong young one, and she half pulled me up the wretched, filthy (that is one of the words she has taught me to use) stairs, with holes and pitfalls at every step. At the top of the house she pushed open a door, and went in.

A young woman lay on a miserable bed—the only furniture in the room. My little girl went up to her, and said gently, "I've brought the lady." The sick woman raised her head, and at the same time two ragged little heads peeped out from under the scanty clothes. They looked so comical, and were laughing in such an infectious manner, that I could not help smiling; and the mother smiled too. I looked to see if my little girl did so as well. She was moving her lips, and her eyes looked pleased; but the smile was gone.

Those who have seen a smile rubbed out of a young face will know how I felt. It seemed to me as if it was so important to bring that dead smile to life as to keep the dying woman a little longer in the land of the living. We could not do that long, though we tried our best. I asked the clergyman of the parish to come and see her. He had not been long in this great parish, and it was impossible to know all cases of illness. The pain in his face apologised for him. The woman seemed troubled but would say nothing. He read to her of the great undying Love that had died for her; but she seemed indifferent. "Unto God's gracious mercy and protection we commit thee," he said, with a deep ring in his voice. And something behind the words broke her silence. "I don't know what's to become of *him*, he's too little to be taken in anywhere."

She indicated the smaller of her two boys, and her large eyes rested lovingly upon them both. Seeing this they immediately ducked below the ragged counterpane and lay chuckling together there.

"We will see about them," the clergyman said, standing beside her. "You must trust them to us."

He took the little lads in his arms. And soon after she lay in her Father's gracious Arms, scarcely struggling, her earthly home had not been one hard to leave.

When the funeral was over it was difficult to decide what was to be done. My little girl said she was going to live on there with the two little boys. I wanted them all to come and live with me. She quite refused to do this, but things settled themselves. She was soon too ill to do anything but let herself be taken to my house and be nursed. She had a severe attack of bronchitis. I really think Mrs. Buck was glad to see her, and anyhow she was very good in preparing the little room next mine for her. My little girl had suffered much from hunger and cold. I saw the doctor did not think she would pull through. He asked who she was, and smiled at what I suppose he called my weakness. As I sat by her I could not help thinking how funny it was that one thought more of one body than another body.

My little girl was very thin, but beautifully made; the richest mother might have been proud to have had such a perfectly formed child. The richest mother would not have clothed her darling in more becoming garments than the simple linen night-gown my little girl lay in. There was only one thing I envied any mother. The child of her heart would have accepted as its right all the care and anxiety lavished upon it. My little girl kept turning her face towards me and saying, "I am such a nuisance!" I begged her not to say that. I think I showed her a little what love is, and how one can only wound it by not drinking it in as it is poured out.

I will tell you why I think she understood what love is. One evening the doctor told me he did not think she could last till the morning. I was to tell her that. I asked her if she minded going to be with Jesus. She turned her face and hid it against me as she lay in my arms. She was so weak she could only whisper. "Is He like you?" I know she did not mean myself but the Love that was making its way to her heart;

and I said, "Yes, only better, I am only a part of Him."—"Then I don't mind going," she said gently. But she did not go. She quite recovered, though she was a long time about it.

After the struggle of giving her up I felt she was really given back to me as my own. Maria had other opinions on the subject. I had to write and tell her what had happened, because she asked me to go and stay with her. Directly she got my letter she started for London. I went from my child's bedside to meet her. She kissed me affectionately and said I looked younger than I had done for many years. I said I felt so, in spite of the anxiety I had gone through. Then she began to upbraid me. What anxiety was it? One of my own making, and for what? Nursing a horrid little gutter child, who would have been far more happy in a hospital. What could have induced me to be so silly? Did I not know that every one was laughing at me and calling me a whimsical, nonsensical old maid. When I replied that I was unaware of the fact, but was glad that any one took enough interest in me even to laugh at me, Maria changed her tactics and became pathetic. Was it fair on her? Had she not always watched over me like a mother, and been ready to come to me at the shortest notice? Had she not been willing to share her joys and sorrows with me, though fortunately for herself she had very few of the latter. Had I not always pretended to take an interest in the well-being of her three strong sons? Did I not know when there was the smallest change in any cottage on the estate? She begged me to think how I used to sit with and read to the under-gardener when he nearly cut his foot off: was not that doing enough "good works" without going out of my way to pick up a dreadful girl out of the streets? Then, after sobbing a little, she became more stiff.

"If you have no feelings for John and me," she said, "I think you ought to know what great harm you are doing in taking a girl out of her proper sphere, and totally unfitting her for her right place in the world. It is not as if you knew the girl. You are not aware what germs of wickedness as well as disease may be in her. You do not realise the awful importance of what you are doing, you are trifling with life!"

Then I up and spake. I told her that my little girl was a very serious piece of life to me; indeed, for a long time, I had scarcely known what life was till I had found her, and I said to Maria, speaking firmly, but inwardly quaking much: "I must ask you to say no more about the matter. I cannot send my little girl away; you must trust me to do the best for her. You have your husband and your boys—go and love them. I have my little girl, do not grudge her to me."

When I left her I went upstairs and gave my little girl her medicine, which she protested she did not need, as she was feeling so strong and well. I sat down by her and drew her head on to my shoulder. I told her something of what had taken place. "I am not going to stay and be a nuisance," she said wearily. "I don't want to make all your folk angry with you—let me go!" There was a sob in her voice, and she tried to push me away. But I held her fast. I told her I could not spare her. I told her—though she did not understand—how my love for her had unlocked my life and made the love that I thought was dead blossom again. "You don't want a poor girl," she said; "no one wants a poor girl—we are different to ladies—let me go!" Surely it must be difficult for "poor girls" to understand that the Christ that the rich women worship needs them, when they see that His followers and children care nothing for them. But, after a time, this "poor girl" lay still in my arms, and I felt her lips press against my neck.

So she stayed, and now if she will marry the baker's "young man" how am I to prevent it? He seems honest and respectable, and she thinks it will be nice to have the two little boys with her. They have been very happy in a Cottage Home, but she must do as she thinks right.

Maria soon gave up upbraiding me; and though sometimes my little girl was not so good as she might have been, I think few mothers had less to complain of. Maria and I have become nearer and dearer to each other. One of her boys gave her much anxiety, and over our culprits we became firm friends. Maria declared that my own little girl's naughty fits were owing to "bad blood" in her; but when I suggested that the argument ought to hold good on her side she could not see it. When the tempers were over, and I told my little girl how much she grieved me, I am sure the purest blood in the land could not have shown greater signs of penitence. I only wish that all mothers had as little to say against their darlings as I have against my own little girl.

And she has taught me much, and has taken me deep down into the heart of the People. I always wondered what that term meant, spelt with a big "P." Now I know it means men and women and little children waiting to be loved and to love.

Recognition.

AMIDST a crowd of alien men,
Who came from countries over sea,
One eager glance had drawn my ken,
A moment more—I hailed again
A long lost comrade who, till then,
Had been among the dead to me.

More deeply sunk in vanished years,
Beyond all mortal vision fled,
Yet, like a sunbeam through my tears,
Some face of friend to thought appears;
I claim him mine, nor heed the fears
Of memory whispering he is dead.

Bright beings gone from earthly view,
Ye further in the past retreat!
Yet one swift glance may all renew;
Heaven's days are many, earth's are few;
Ours shall be visions clear and true,
To know each other when we meet. F. MANN.

GENEVIÈVE;

A STORY OF OLD FRANCE.

CHAPTER IX.—NEW FRIENDS.

"You never saw her with a smile,
Or with a frown;
Her bed was never soft to her.
Though tossed of down.
She never heeded what she wore
Kirtle, or wreath, or gown;
We think her white brow often ached,
Beneath its crown,
Till silvery threads showed through the locks
That were so brown."

GENEVIÈVE recovered steadily, though not rapidly. She had the advantage of youth, and of a constitution perfectly healthy, if somewhat too finely strung to be absolutely robust. She had besides a genuine desire to get well, so as not to continue a helpless burden upon those who had been so kind to her. Nor was her recovery retarded either by any want of proper care or caution, or by any injudicious over-management. So before many weeks had passed away, Euphémie had the satisfaction of conducting to the Hotel Roannez a pale and slender girl in deep mourning, who was ready, though with a trembling heart, to begin a new life amongst strangers.

Euphémie left her charge in a spacious hall, where she waited in shy bewilderment amidst a throng of M. de Roannez's "people," who came and went paying little attention to her. At length a femme de chambre took her in charge, saying she had been told to take care of the new demoiselle. She administered refreshments in the form of pastry and light wine, and then called a page, whom she requested to lead the young lady to the presence of her mistress.

It was evening, and Geneviève presently found herself entering a salon, not large, but richly decorated and brilliantly lighted. The ladies of the family were alone; for some reason they did not "receive" that evening. There were five or six in the room, reading or working. An elderly lady, evidently the chief personage there, occupied a large fauteuil at the upper end; a book and a piece of embroidery lay beside her on a small Buhl table, but she was not too much occupied with either to favour Geneviève with a very keen glance from bright black eyes that contrasted strangely, though not unbecomingly, with the soft whiteness of her powdered hair.

Confused by this unexpected attention, and by the change from the comparative darkness of the corridor into the blaze of a score of *bougies*,[1] Geneviève stumbled over a dainty rose-lined basket in which two diminutive lap dogs were reposing.

"Take care! This way, ma'amselle," whispered the page; while Geneviève heard some one exclaim: "Gauche little creature!" and one of the outraged favourites, raising his pretty head with its long silky ears, began to bark furiously at the disturber of his repose.

This small mishap had the good effect of lending a brilliant colour to Geneviève's pale cheeks, as she stood before her new mistress and made the low and reverent obeisance that etiquette demanded.

"Mademoiselle," for so the household always called her by distinction, sat a little apart from the rest. They were all brilliantly dressed, in silks and satins, *très decolletées*,[1] and with a profusion of jewels; while she wore a plain dark serge, close-fitting and buttoned to the throat, and unrelieved by any ornament. Her fingers were employed, not with delicate embroidery, but with work for the poor, for such was evidently the destination of the thick woollen garment into which she was fitting a sleeve.

At the approach of her new attendant she looked up, and surveyed her, as the timid girl could not help feeling, with indifference, if not with actual coldness. Yet, in spite of her embarrassment, Geneviève's young eyes saw far more just then than did those of Mademoiselle de Roannez. They saw a face beautiful as that of a Grecian statue, and, like it, cold and colourless, in majestic, almost stern repose. But in the eyes—dark like her mother's, though utterly different in expression—there was no coldness, neither was there any repose. Such a look of silent, repressed, yearning sorrow, had Geneviève never seen in any face before. And then the young heart, ready to spring at a touch into loving sympathy, was chilled and thrown back upon itself by the first words spoken by the stately lady.

"You are Mademoiselle Montères?"

"Geneviève Montères, to serve you, Mademoiselle," replied the girl in a low voice.

"The mistress of the wardrobe will take care of you, and tell you what to do. I have no need of you this evening. I hope you will be comfortable."

Geneviève, understanding that she had leave to retire, made another reverence, and looked about for the friendly page, who had meanwhile been impressed by the owner of the lap dogs into the service of those interesting animals, and

[1] Wax lights.

[1] Made very low, so as to expo e the neck. The difference in dress, between ladies who professed piety and those who did not, is not exaggerated above.

was regaling them with cream and almond biscuits.

But a voice accustomed to command put an end to her momentary indecision. The quick imperative tones came from the fauteuil of Madame la Duchesse. "I pray of you, Mademoiselle, send that little girl of yours to me." In the formal, almost exaggerated courtesy towards her own daughter, in the indifference that relegated a girl as refined in mind and manners as that daughter herself to quite another and a lower sphere—spoke the spirit and temper of the Haute Noblesse of old France. Rather more kindly than before, Mademoiselle said to her new attendant, "Go, Geneviève, and make your reverence to Madame."

Geneviève obeyed, this time with careful avoidance of impediments, but not without hearing the comments, made indeed with utter carelessness whether she heard or no—"Gauche—but very pretty." "She has the air of a convent boarder with a vocation, praying to be allowed to take the veil."

"That is only because she is in mourning. Her air is very good for a little bourgeoise. Perfectly genteel."

Meanwhile she made the lowest reverence she could to the aged, but still alert and vigorous lady in the fauteuil, and stood awaiting her orders.

"How old are you, little one?"

"Fifteen, madame."

"Do not whisper, I am rather deaf. That is better," as Geneviève repeated her words. "Hold up your head, and do not look frightened. I have no intention of hurting you. Quite the contrary, I think I shall like you. Can you read well?"

Geneviève hesitated, then she said, in as steady a voice as she could command, "I am used to reading aloud."

"That is well. But it is not everyone who can read distinctly. Some people mutter and mumble, and mix their words until it is impossible to understand them. If you are really a good reader, I think you will be of use to me." (Spoken as if Geneviève, in that case, would adequately fulfil the highest ends of her existence). Here, take this book, and let me hear you."

The book was the "Astrée" of D'Urfey, a French romance, very popular at the time. "If you please, madame, where shall I begin?" asked Geneviève.

The old lady found the place: answering at the same time what either was, or was supposed to be, a look of remonstrance from her daughter.

"Mademoiselle need not look at us so gravely. The poor child will have books of piety enough to read, and time enough to read them in. We are not all born old, nor born with vocations either, for which we may thank Providence—go on, Mademoiselle Montères."

Geneviève's first attempt was hardly a success; but an admonition to raise her voice had, happily, the desired effect. When she had read about a page, madame said condescendingly, "That will do. You read well, and have a very pretty accent. I foresee that I shall want you often. Now you may go."

This time the page was awaiting her. He was a lively, good-natured youth; very proud of having such a pretty young lady given in charge to him, and very anxious to win her good graces. As soon as the door of the salon closed behind them, he began to congratulate her. "You are very fortunate, Mademoiselle Montères, as, indeed, so fair and sweet a young lady could not fail to be. Madame has taken a fancy to you. That being the case, she will make you completely her own; and never allow you so much as to take up a pin from the toilette-table for anybody else."

"But—" said Geneviève, who felt disappointed, and even dismayed at the prospect—"But I was engaged to wait upon Mademoiselle de Roannez, and by her special desire, too."

The page shook his head. "Mademoiselle, like the rest of us, must give way to the fancies of Madame," he said, "that is, in everything, except being religious, and giving up the world, and so forth. *There*, mademoiselle, is as firm as a rock, and M. le Duc himself, though he loves a quiet life, and stands much in awe of his lady mother, takes her part, and will not allow certain persons to go too far. Come to this window for a few moments, ma'amselle. There is a good view of the garden; and it is not yet quite too dark to see it. Here is a comfortable seat, and we have time in plenty."

Geneviève went to the window, but she did not like to sit down. "What sort of gentleman is M. le Duc?" she asked, as she stood looking out on the darkening shrubs and trees in their straight and formal rows.

"He is the noblest and kindest gentleman, and the best master in the world," said the lad with enthusiasm. "He is religious, too, like Mademoiselle, only less—less—how shall I say it? with a little more softness; you understand? Still, he is a strong Jansenist, and he has gone through a whole world of trouble about those weary 'five propositions.' We were afraid, at one time, that the king was going to send him to the Bastille, all because he said he could not find them in the book of Jansenius, and by way, I suppose, of giving him time to look for them there.[1] I could never understand about those five propositions. *Ma foi*, if they *are* in the book, why cannot somebody find them out, and put them down in plain black and white, with such-and-such pages referred to, and then there would be an end of the matter? Do you not think so, ma'amselle?"

"I have hardly heard about it at all," said Geneviève.

"Every one agrees in condemning the five propositions; that is, every one who understands them, and, I dare say, a great many who don't.

[1] This was the formal question in dispute between the Jansenists and their opponents. All parties agreed in condemning the obnoxious "five propositions," but the Jansenists maintained that they did not express the opinions of Jansenius, and were not to be found in his book, the "Augustinus." The Pope decided that they were; upon which the Jansenists asserted that his holiness was infallible in matters of doctrine, but not in matters of fact, and refused to accept his decision. But this apparently trivial dispute was in reality only a pretext—they were persecuted on account of their genuine living piety, "the world hated them, because they were not of the world."

But the Jesuits say, and the Pope unfortunately agrees with them, that these propositions are contained in the book of M. Jansenius about St. Augustine, whilst those who are called Jansenists say they are not."

"But, surely," said Geneviève, "the Pope ought to know."

"His Holiness the Pope," said the page, with an air of superior wisdom, "is infallible in matters of *faith*, but not in matters of fact."

"Oh!" said Geneviève, trying to understand, but showing by the blank expression of her thoughtful, intelligent face that she failed utterly. "Oh? Is that what the nuns of Port Royal think? I know it is about this matter they are persecuted, and I am sure they are in the right."

"And I am quite sure M. le Duc is in the right," said the page, with equal confidence. "I am very glad you are on our side, ma'amselle. But we must, both of us, keep our opinions to ourselves. Madame la Duchesse is a bitter enemy of the Jansenists, and would be quite capable of turning us out into the street if she heard us talking Jansenism. Still, if she said anything to me, I would take shelter under the skirts of her precious favourites the Jesuits. 'Madame,' I would say meekly, 'pardon me—I was only advancing a probable opinion.'"[1]

"Would not that be just a little impertinent?" asked Geneviève, rather mystified.

The page laughed. "Why, of course, it would! I should not probably, but certainly, be rewarded by the sight of Madame in a towering passion, and the further favour of having my ears boxed by her august hands. She cannot bear the most distant allusion to the Little Letters."

"What are the Little Letters?"

"Is it possible you have never seen the Little Letters?"

"No; nor even heard of them."

"Ah! What a pleasure you have in store! They are splendid. They have fairly demolished the Jesuits, pounded them to mincemeat, ground them to powder. They have set our friends all right with the world, and have shown, as plain as the sunlight, that it is not *they* who are the heretics and the impious. And then, they are so amusing."

"So amusing!" repeated Geneviève, who was now shocked, as well as puzzled. "I thought you were speaking of a good book, monsieur. No good book would turn religion into ridicule."

"No, surely, not religion. Only the irreligion of the Jesuits, and their wicked hypocrisy and immorality. That is what is wonderful in these Letters—one moment you are laughing at their wit, the next, weeping at their pathos, or glowing at their eloquence. But I will lend them to you, ma'amselle. M. le Duc used to bring them in as they came out, and give them to us. The other gentlemen have sent their's to friends in the country, or lent them about until they are torn to pieces; but I kept mine carefully. I stitched them in a cover, on which I wrote the title people give to them now, 'Letters to a Provincial from one of his Friends.' I will bring the book to you this very night, ma'amselle."

"Thank you, Monsieur——" Geneviève paused, hesitating.

"Roland de Viremont, very much at the service of Mademoiselle Montères."

"Thank you, M. de Viremont; but I suppose we ought now to go to—to whoever is to take charge of me," said Geneviève, who was more impressed with the idea that she ought not to linger in the corridor talking with the page, than enlightened about the controversy between the Jesuits and the Jansenists.

"Immediately, ma'amselle, immediately. I will not forget the book. But you may as well not show it too openly, as most of the household are on the side of Madame—the winning side, just at present."

"Who wrote these Letters you are going to lend me?" asked Geneviève.

"That is a secret, ma'amselle. But since it is a secret known to a great many, there is no harm in making it known to you. The 'Little Letters' are from the pen of my master's most honoured friend, the great M. Pascal. Surely you have heard of him?"

"My father used to speak of him. He is a great mathematician, is he not? He has made discoveries in science. Was it not he who weighed the air?"

"That was in former years, when he belonged to the world. In those days he and M. le Duc were very intimate, they were just like brothers. He had a room here, and used to live more here than in his own house. There was nothing M. le Duc would have withheld from him, so greatly did he love him. Of course, I was not then in the Service, but others have told me the friends never seemed to remember that one was a great noble, and the other a simple Bourgeois; on the other hand, it was M. le Duc who seemed to feel himself honoured by the affection and confidence of so great a genius. But by-and-by M. Pascal took it into his head to become religious, and to go into retreat to Port Royal to make his salvation. That is how M. le Duc and Mademoiselle became religious also. M. Pascal could make them believe whatever he believed, and nothing would serve him but to do it. He converted them, as the word is. *I* am not religious, ma'amselle. Are you?"

"I should like to be," Geneviève answered simply.

"So should I, if it just meant being good and true, and kind to everybody, like M. le Duc. But to give up the world! To take no pleasure in anything! Not to go to a play, or a dance; and even to forsake one's own friends and relations, and all there is in life worth caring about—*ma foi, no!* But here we are. I leave you now, ma'amselle, in better hands than mine."

Having delivered up his charge to a portly and stately personage, robed in silk, who inspired Geneviève with nearly as much awe as Madame la Duchesse herself, the sprightly page made his bow, and departed.

[1] The allusion is to the Jesuit doctrine of Probability. Their casuists taught that it was safe to follow, in practice, any probable opinion. A wide door was thus opened to immorality.

THE DECIPHERMENT OF THE HITTITE INSCRIPTIONS.

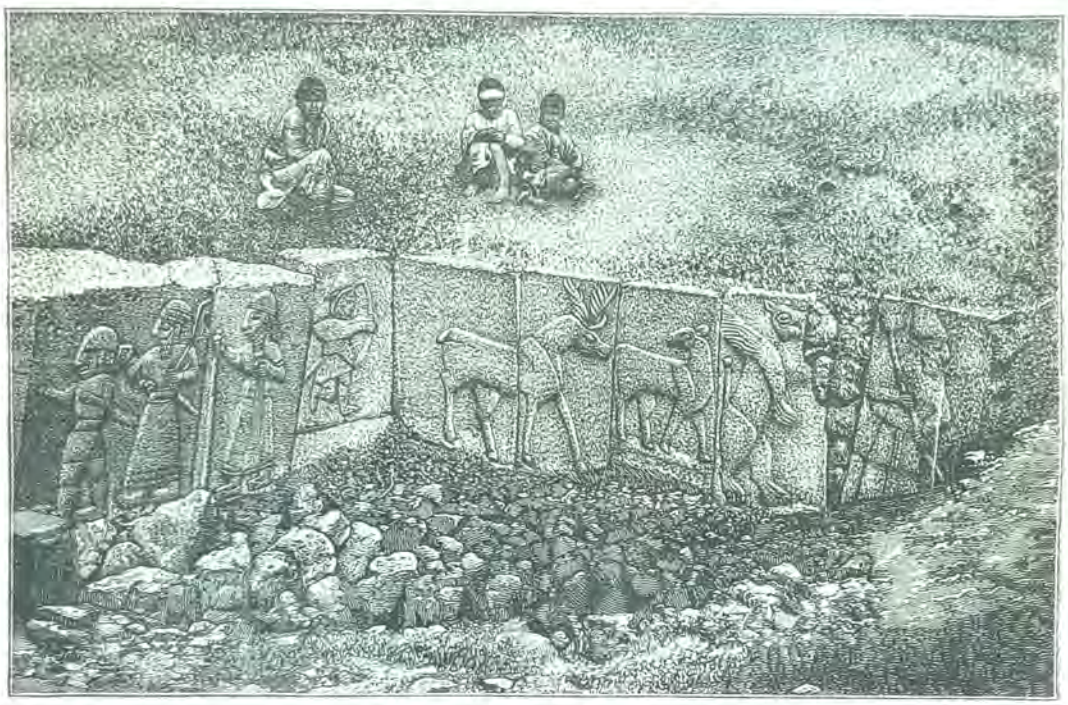
FOR many years past, careful observers have been collecting from various parts of Asia-Minor and Syria ancient relics on which are carved figures possessing marked peculiarities and a strong indviduality, the figures being in many cases accompanied by strange inscriptions. These carved stones have been found in places scattered over a very wide area. In 1812, the great traveller Burckhardt noticed in the town of Hamah, on the Orontes, in Syria, the ancient Hamath, a stone carved with strange hieroglyphics. In 1870, the United States Consul and one of the American missionaries identified Burckhardt's stone and found four others. In 1872, Dr. Wright, now of the Bible Society, obtained good casts of the five, and ultimately they found a resting-place in that sepulchre of antiquities, the Museum at Constantinople. In 1838, at Ibreez, in Lycaonia, Major Fischer discovered a curious sculpture, carved on the face of a rock, representing a god, of gigantic size, to whom a king is presenting offerings, the inscription being in characters similar to those on the Hamath stones. In 1874, the late George Smith found at Carchemish a broken statue, on the back of which were cut more of these strange characters. Later excavations on the same spot brought to light larger and more interesting monuments of the same kind. At a place called Karabel, between the towns of Smyrna and Sardis, are two bas-reliefs which were visited by Herodotus, and are described in that ancient traveller's interesting history. These were long supposed to refer to the Sesostris of the Greeks, that is, Rameses II., the "king who knew not Joseph." Professor Sayce has recently visited them, rediscovering one, the site of which, for some years, had been lost, and identifying the hieroglyphics as similar to these at Hamah. At Boghaz Keui and at Eyuk, places situated on the eastern bank of the Halys on the road from Sardis to Armenia, are a series of sculptures of divinities and more Hittite hieroglyphics. At Thebes, and at Abu Simbel in Egypt, are some magnificent paintings, dating from the time of Rameses II., that is the fourteenth century B.C., depicting a great battle between that king and an army, where soldiers in figure and dress are identical with the figures carved upon the rock and bas-relief already referred to.

During the last few years extensive excavations have been carried on in the district of Aintab, in Syria by Mr. Haynes, under the auspices of the American Archæological Society. These have resulted in the discovery of a very large number of monuments and inscriptions. The result of these labours will be published in the course of a few months, and will probably throw a good deal of light upon the whole Hittite question. Meanwhile through the kindness of Dr. Trowbridge, one of the American missionaries stationed at Aintab, we are enabled to give engravings of two of these sculptures. The slab containing the figures was unearthed at Koller, a place sixteen

SLABS WITH HITTITE SCULPTURES.
(*Photographed in situ at Koller, near Aintab.*)

hours west of Aintab. They exhibit the characteristic facial type, and the turned-up boots. They are also in a much finer state of preservation than most of the previously discovered sculptures of this class. The other engraving represents some sculptured animals found at the same place. The slabs stand as a continuous series and seem to have formed the walls of a chamber or of a passage.

thick, and there is little attempt made to delineate the muscle. The feet are shod with boots which have the ends turned up, the head is usually covered with the so-called Phrygian cap, and the spear is often placed in one hand. At Boghaz Keui the female deities wear mural crowns, from which we may infer the Hittite origin of this decoration of Ephesian Artemis. The mural crown seems to have been a specially Hittite invention.



SLABS WITH HITTITE SCULPTURE.
(*Photographed in situ at Keller, near Aintab.*)

It is only within the last few years that any serious attention has been paid to this curious collection of ancient monuments and that any attempt has been made to decipher them. As far back as 1874, Dr. Wright expressed his opinion that the Hamah inscriptions were Hittite. With no knowledge of Dr. Wright's view, in 1876 Professor Sayce reached a similar conclusion, and in a lengthy and important paper, contributed to the Society of Biblical Archæology, in July, 1880, elaborated his theory of the Hittite Empire. Two or three years later he summed up his views in a chapter of his little book, which has aroused so widespread an interest in Europe, and done so much to bring archæological learning within the ken of the general reader, "Fresh Light from the Ancient Monuments."

All these widely-scattered monuments exhibit the same striking peculiarities from an art point of view, and evidently belong to one type of civilisation. In 1880, Professor Sayce thus described their art characteristics: "It is modelled upon the bas-reliefs of Nineveh, or rather the gems of ancient Babylonia, and like them represents human figures and other objects in relief upon stone. But it has a peculiar roundness and thickness; the limbs of the figure are short and

The most striking peculiarity of the Hittite system of writing is that the characters are always in relief. We may infer from this that the earliest Hittite inscriptions were not upon stone but plates of metal. This inference is supported by the fact that the Hittite copy of the treaty made with Rameses II. was engraved on a plate of silver."

What then do we know about these mysterious Hittites? From Egyptian and Assyrian sources we know that they ruled a powerful kingdom in Western Asia between the seventeenth and the twelfth centuries B.C. and held the balance of power between the Egyptians on the one side and the Assyrians on the other. They had two capitals, one, Kadesh on the Orontes, which Captain Conder a few years ago identified with Kades on the Orontes, a place a few miles south of Lake Homs; the other, Carchemish on the Euphrates, now called Jerabis. It was at Kadesh where the great battle with Rameses II. took place, and though the Egyptian monuments claim a glorious victory, the fact that Rameses married a Hittite princess would serve to indicate that the powers were on a somewhat equal footing. Carchemish was captured by Sargon, in B.C. 717, from that time the Hittite power as a great kingdom vanished.

In the Bible there are many interesting particulars concerning these people. From a Hittite Abraham's sepulchre was purchased. To a Hittite David did the most grievous wrongs one man can inflict upon another. The "land of the Hittites" was in Northern Palestine; when the Syrians heard the noise of chariots and horses at the siege of Samaria, they thought "the kings of the Hittites" had come against them. Solomon travelled with Hittite princes and a princess of that race found a place in his harem.

The view that the ancient empire of the Hittites was of vast extent and very great power has not met with universal acceptance among those qualified to judge. The evidence seems tending in that direction, and in the meantime the energy of those most interested in the subject is concentrated upon the decipherment of the inscriptions. The only substantial progress up to the present year has been made by Professor Sayce, and his efforts have not done more than discover the sounds and meaning of a few of the characters. But the theories more or less fanciful have been many, the latest being launched on February 26th, 1887, by Captain Conder, who published a letter in the *Times*, stating that he had been able, he believed, to solve the problem, and to read the mysterious inscriptions. Captain Conder, whose long and valuable services in the work of Palestine exploration are known and appreciated by all Biblical students, has never been able to give much time to the study of Assyriology and Egyptology, and is unable to speak with the authority on these subjects that he can upon the topography of Jerusalem. Yet although his theory is exposed to weighty and just objections, it may yet happen that he has furthered the work of interpretation.

The results of his study have just been given to the world in his book "Altaic Hieroglyphs and Hittite Inscriptions." What first led him to think that he could translate the inscriptions was that on February 7th, 1887, while looking at a collection of Cypriote inscriptions he was particularly struck with one character to which the sound MI had been assigned. "It is a double triangle, just like the emblem to which Professor Sayce, arguing from the silver boss (that is, a silver boss upon which is inscribed an inscription in Hittite and Cuneiform) has assigned the value of 'country.' It struck me that I had already ('Syrian Stone, Lore,' p. 24), from the Egyptian parallel concluded that the Altaic emblem did mean 'country,' and that the sound MI was very close to the sound *Me* or *Ma*, which in Akkadian, and in the Proto-Medic, represents the word for 'country.'"

Professor Sayce has pointed out a very formidable objection to this rendering, viz., that *Me* or *Ma* does *not* mean "country" either in Proto-Medic or in Akkadian, and several other of Captain Conder's interpretations are open to similar criticism. His theory, however, runs side by side with Professor Sayce's view at any rate to this extent that they both hold the inscriptions to belong not to an inflexional language, like the Semitic, but to an agglutinative like the Chinese.

It is quite needless to trace fully here Captain Conder's method of decipherment. That his results will not bear severe scrutiny, the few scholars competent to speak on the subject seem to have decided.

Whether future investigation tends to confirm his views or not, Captain Conder's book cannot fail to increase the interest already felt in this strange people of the far-off time, and to spur on those who seek to solve the archæological puzzle presented by these inscriptions.

NURSERY INFLUENCES.

A TOUCHING expression in one of St Paul's epistles reveals not only his feelings towards his converts, but the treatment which he considered natural, and had probably himself experienced in early days from the friend of his childhood—his faithful nurse. No one who had not himself been blessed with tender care when young would have written, "We were gentle among you, even as a nurse cherisheth her children" (1 Thess. ii. 7), and one hopes that she, whose love left an abiding memory on the mind of the Apostle, may have been spared to know what manner of man her nurseling became in after years, and what a powerful effect her gentle example had upon his mind and ways.

Much has been said and written on the importance of early influences, and especially on the importance of the character and behaviour of nurses. We would like to add something to the subject in the way of encouragement to those who are seeking to fulfil faithfully their duty to the little ones under their care, and the very words "little ones" reminds us of that highest and most valuable of all encouragements, "Whosoever shall give to drink unto one of these little ones a cup of cold water only in the name of a disciple, verily I say unto you, he shall in no wise lose his reward" (Matt. x. 42). For our Lord Himself was once "a little one." During all His earthly pilgrimage, He showed peculiar tenderness towards young children. It is He Himself who says, "Take heed that ye despise not one of these little ones" (Matt. xviii. 10). And for the consolation of those who do not despise them, but treat them tenderly, He also says, in His character as the great King and Judge, "Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these My brethren, ye have done it unto Me" (Matt. xxv. 40).

A remarkable instance of good seed sown by a faithful nurse, producing a harvest of untold richness, has been lately made known in the history of that eminent Christian philanthropist, the Earl of Shaftesbury. Neglected and untaught, the poor, solitary boy grew up till his seventh

year without sympathy or help in his yearnings after God, except from one whom in after years he was wont to call "the best friend I ever had in the world," his faithful nurse, Millis. This good woman used to take the forlorn child on her knee, and tell him "the sweet story of old," the story of a Saviour's love, of the manger of Bethlehem, and the cross of Calvary. She also taught him his first prayer, dear to him through many a day of sorrow in following years, and often repeated even in old age. Her tenderness contrasted strongly with the coldness of his parents, whose rule was one of fear and not of love. And when he heard at the school to which he had been sent, that this beloved nurse had died, his grief was overpowering. Happily, however, she had guided him to that Friend who lives for evermore, and in his sorrow he sought and found his Saviour. He turned for comfort to the Book she had taught him to love, and during the five years that he spent at a school where his life was made miserable to him by cruel treatment, he never gave up the habit of praying and of reading the Bible, which, indeed, was his only comfort. In after life Lord Shaftesbury showed his constant remembrance of the sufferings of his early days, by peculiar sympathy with the sorrows of neglected or oppressed children. To the relief of those helpless little ones his most earnest efforts were invariably directed, and their Christian education was ever an object of his zealous efforts. He knew how to pity them, for he had himself suffered; but he knew also how effective the teaching of the truth, when blessed by God's Spirit, may at a very early age become, for he ever affirmed without hesitation that his own spiritual history had a beginning when he was only seven years of age, under the gentle influence and teaching of his nurse, Maria Millis.

Such an instance of the good, resulting from the teaching of a humble Christian nurse, may well encourage those who are striving to serve Christ by making Him known to the children under their care. In the case of Maria Millis this teaching was impressed all the more on the mind of her young charge, from its being accompanied by a tenderness to which on the part of his parents he was unfortunately a stranger. Where the father and mother do their part faithfully and lovingly, caring for both the bodies and souls of their children, the work of the nurse is not, as in this instance, the child's only visible means of grace. Still it is very important as an aid to that of the parents, and will be recognized as such, in proportion to the earnestness with which those parents seek the spiritual good of their children. An instance in the family of the present writer's grandparents may well encourage faithful nurses as well as believing parents. Here, all were of one mind; the lessons of the father and mother, made memorable by unwearied acts of love, were the same lessons taught by the old Scotch nurse in the nursery; a very large family grew up under such influences, of whom not one was a stranger to the love of God in Christ. Often has the writer heard one and another of those dear relatives,—now nearly all with the Lord whom they served and loved,—speak in warm terms of gratitude of the humble friend of their childhood, Peggy Lang.

Peggy was a reader, and a good story-teller, and some of her favourite stories were taken from what she called "Plootract," supposed by the children to be some tract unknown to fame; it was not for many a day that they recognized Peggy's heroes in old Plutarch's Lives.

But themes of more importance were the chief subjects of her narrations, for, like Maria Millis, she loved and sought to make her charge love "the sweet story of old." She had been herself brought to the Saviour at ten years of age, through the means of the preaching of the Gospel at what was known as "the revival of Cambuslang," about the middle of last century. This had proved no mere passing impression; it influenced her whole life and character, and was, by God's blessing, made the means of influencing the children whom she cherished, and through them a younger generation whom she never saw.

In her old age Peggy retired to live with her own relations in Glasgow. From thence she kept up a constant correspondence with her dear "bairns." Her letters were full of loving interest in their concerns, and of wise and simple counsels, and were highly valued by those to whom they were written.

Nurses have often to go through much fatigue, and to exercise great self-denial and unwearied patience in the care of the children committed to them. It may encourage them to remember that they have also special opportunities of being useful in bringing to Christ those of whom He says, "Suffer the little children to come unto Me."

M. A. S. M.

HOMELY LIGHTS ON HALLOWED TEXTS.

NO. VI.

"And Jesus called a little child unto Him, and set him in the midst of them, and said, Verily I say unto you, Except ye be converted, and become as little children, ye shall not enter into the kingdom of heaven. Whosoever therefore shall humble himself as this little child, the same is greatest in the kingdom of heaven."—*Matt.* xviii. 2-4.

MINISTERS take texts from the Bible when they preach, but our Lord and Saviour took on this occasion a little child for His text. How strange it must have seemed to His disciples, and yet, it was a sermon which they never could forget. It told them that God honours humility of heart more than beauty of face, and that to be great, in His kingdom, it was necessary for them to be humble.

As we read the chapter, the scene rises before us like a picture. Jesus was at Capernaum, with His disciples. He so often visited the city, and did such mighty works there, that it is called "His own city" (Matt ix. i). His disciples came to Him, eager to inquire who should be greatest in the kingdom of heaven. Their hearts were filled with vain and foolish thoughts, for they were thinking more of themselves than of their Master.

The tender and compassionate Saviour looked round upon the group of men and women who thronged Him, and His eye rested on a little child. That look went right down into the child's heart. The Lord of Life read there the obedient humility that is always so beautiful, and calling the little child, He took him in His arms, and put him in the very centre of the company.

What a picture we have here of a little follower of Jesus!

Loving, obedient, and humble, he was just such a child as we should all love. May we seek to be like him! It was not the beauty of his face or form, but the inward attractions of his gentle loving heart, that made him so acceptable to his Saviour.

And Jesus honoured him, by using him in his service. We may all be used for His glory, if we have the same spirit.

But some may say, We are too small, and too unworthy. That is not our concern. If our hearts are set to obey and follow Jesus, He will surely make use of us in some way. This little child did not say a single word, you notice. It was not what he said, but what he was, that was pleasing to his Saviour. Jesus read his secret thoughts, and used him as a text for His wonderful sermon on humility.

The disciples would have striven for the chief place, but in doing so they would have shown themselves unworthy of it.

Once upon a time there was in France a terrible famine, and a rich man invited twenty of the poorest children in the town in which he lived to his house, and pointing to a basket, said, "In that basket is a loaf for each one of you; take it, and come back every day at this hour, till God sends us better times." The children pounced upon the basket, and wrangled and fought for the bread like wild animals. Each desired to get the largest loaf, and when they went they forgot to thank their benefactor.

A poor but neatly-dressed child stood modestly apart, and when the rest had gone she took the smallest loaf which had been left in the basket, and approaching the gentleman she kissed his hand in token of thankfulness, and then stole quietly away.

On the following day the same scene was enacted, but this time her loaf was not half the size of the others. When she got home, however, and her sick mother cut it, behold! out fell a number of bright silver coins.

Alarmed at such an unexpected sight, the mother sent her child back in all haste with the coins, which had evidently got into the bread by mistake.

"Not so, my child, it was no mistake," the gentleman said. "I had the money placed in the smallest loaf, as a reward for your humility."

And so it always is, that the humble and contented spirit has a special blessing with the smallest good. God promises a rich reward to those who come to Him in meekness and humility. He makes them members of His kingdom and family. They become His own dear children. "God resisteth the proud, but giveth grace unto the humble."

But, it may be asked, Does Jesus call little children to Him now? He is in heaven and we are on earth; but we know from His own word that the Holy Spirit seeks to draw all hearts to Him. No little heart is too small for Him. He calls us each one, and then He sets us in the midst. We may not be able to preach about His great love: but if our hearts are truly humble and loving, we shall be used by Him. Others shall take knowledge of us that we have been with Jesus.

May God help each one of us to be His true disciples, and to honour Him both in our thoughts and deeds.

Things New and Old.

THE IROQUOIS INDIANS.—A very gratifying testimony to the utility of Christian missions has been borne by M. Paul Passy, son of M. Frédéric Passy, the French minister of public education. M. P. Passy was sent out to report on education in America, and it was only incidentally that he met with the Christian Indians of whom he thus writes: "The first Indians seen by me were Iroquois. They formerly constituted a powerful nation, famous in old times for its wars with the French, and the most resolutive foes of the Canadian settlers. I was shown a place above the Falls of Niagara where a few of the Iroquois destroyed a whole battalion of French troops. The Indians were posted in ambuscade behind a knoll near the river. At the moment that the French were passing they raised the war whoop. Our soldiers thinking they had to deal with a large number of warriors, sought shelter in the underwood, but the bushes concealed a precipice on the verge of which they were. Many fell down the precipice, and the remainder were massacred by the savages. To-day the Iroquois are, for the most part, Christian and civilized, laborious and peaceable tillers of the soil, many of them of substantial means, and of good character. They have a pastor, M. Frank, Mount-Pleasant, who is also schoolmaster and farmer. He preaches in *Tuscarora*, a language very rude and difficult, but they sing hymns in the English language, and very fine voices they have. After the service, I went to see the Sunday school. It is one of the best schools I know. I do not remember ever seeing in France a school more orderly, and altogether more efficiently managed. I was almost ashamed and envious, but I refrained from showing what I then felt. M. Frank asked me to speak a few words to the Indians. They listened with the most earnest attention, M. Frank interpreting. When I sat down, they all rose. Supposing that they rose for prayer, I also rose, but they could not restrain their laughter till M. Frank explained that their rising was the customary way of their rendering thanks to me, and when I also rose the cause of their merriment was that I seemed to be thanking myself for my own speech! They have a quick sense of humour, I thus perceived. These Christian and civilised Iroquois are in many respects models and examples of good conduct to all around them. I afterwards visited the tribe of the Dakotas, whose chief, Sitting Bull, long carried on a formidable war with the United States troops. His brother, being killed by General Caston, the Indian chief, in reprisal, lured a body of two hundred Americans into a defile, and destroyed them to a man. The commander was slain by Sitting Bull with his own hand. The latter also ate part of the heart in token of avenging his brother's death. This fierce savage, I was told, has since that time ceased his enmity, and now professes himself to be a Christian, and desires to devote his great natural powers to the service of God."

Such is the report of M. Paul Passy, which is the more valuable from its impartiality and from the state of the Indians being previously unknown to him.

AN AUSTRALIAN WREATH.—It is not unusual for young men of consumptive families, even after symptoms of the disease have shown themselves, to be sent to Australia, instead of to nearer health resorts. By the long sea voyage, and the thorough change of climate, the constitution is sometimes so affected that life is prolonged, even when complete cure is not obtained. The frequency of these Australian trips, and the number of friends at home who are anxious about their results, make us think that the following statement will be read with interest and sympathy.

The only son of a retired Navy surgeon, having completed his medical studies, and having prospect of a good position in the profession, was advised to make the voyage to Australia, in order to establish his health, before settling at home. He went to New South Wales, and seemed to derive permanent benefit by his residence there. He was a man of independent means, but having literary tastes, he sought occupation in connection with the press. He

became a great favourite with all who came in contact with him, and his return to England was deeply regretted by his comrades, whose esteem and goodwill he had gained.

For a time the Australian trip appeared to have been of use, but before long the malady resumed its course, and the bursting of a blood-vessel hastened his end, to the inexpressible grief of his parents. In due time, the news having reached his Australian friends, there appeared in Sydney papers obituary notices, which showed how warm the feelings were which he had inspired during his short sojourn there. One journal spoke of "his conversation and society being cheerful as the sunshine." Another paper contained a poetical tribute, the comfort of which to a now widowed mother we may well imagine. We transcribe the lines, not so much for their literary merit as for the example and encouragement given to others, so to live as to leave enduring regret and remembrance in those among whom they go as strangers in a distant land.

"IN MEMORIAM.

"JOHN MACKIE MARTIN, AGED 25 YEARS.

"Life is fleeting, life is transient,
But a dimly flickering ray,
Scarcely giving light to guide us
On our sad uncertain way,
Through this maze of sin and sorrow,
To that Home beyond the skies,
Where the happy future waits us
And eternal rest supplies.

He whose memory lingers with us,
Lived but through the morn of life,
When the angel kindly led him
From those scenes of earthly strife
O'er the swelling Plains of Promise,
Which we faintly view afar,
To the golden glittering City
With its jasper gates ajar;
Free to all who wish to enter
That bright region of the blest,
'Where the wicked cease from troubling,
And the weary are at rest.'"

SPOILING A CHILD.—1. Begin young by giving him whatever he cries for. 2. Talk freely before the child about his smartness as incomparable. 3. Tell him he is too much for you, that you can do nothing with him. 4. Have divided counsels as between father and mother. 5. Let him learn to regard his father as a creature of unlimited power, capricious and tyrannical; or as a mere whipping-machine. 6. Let him learn (from his father's example) to despise his mother. 7. Do not know or care who his companions may be. 8. Let him read whatever he likes. 9. Let the child, whether boy or girl, rove the streets in the evenings—a good school for both sexes. 10. Devote yourself to making money, remembering always that wealth is a better legacy for your child than principles in the heart, and habits in the life; and let him have plenty of money to spend. 11. Be not with him in hours of recreation. 12. Strain at a gnat, and swallow a camel; chastise severely for a foible, and laugh at a vice. 13. Let him run about from church to church; eclectism is the order of the day. 14. Whatever burdens of virtuous requirements you lay on his shoulders, touch not with one of your fingers. These rules are not untried. Many parents have proved them, with substantial uniformity of results. If a faithful observance of them does not spoil your child, you will at least have the comfortable reflection that you have done what you could.—*From "Manners Makyth Man." By the Author of "How to be happy though Married."*

"Borrowed!"

A BROODING mist, smoke-laden,
O'er street and alley hung,
As through the gloom I hurried,
The motley crowd among.

Hard by a flaring corner,
A voice my ear assailed;
In tattered rags, a woman
A doleful ditty wailed.

A little babe she carried;
Beside her, shivering cold,
With outstretched palm, stood begging
A boy some six years old.

I hastened on unheeding,
But ere few steps I went,
Relenting quick I turned me,
To help them my intent.

But lo! nor babe nor woman
On pavement I descried;
The lonely child stood gaping,
Then timid sought my side.

Two wistful eyes one moment
My face, all doubting, scanned;
And then, my own grasped tightly
A grimy little hand.

"Poor boy!" I asked, "whence comes it
That thou art here alone?
But now I saw thy mother!
Say, whither is she gone?"

"No mother have I," answered
The boy without delay.
"*She* beats me oft and leaves me,
Sometimes I find my way;

Sometimes I meet a bobby;
I'm borrowed, don't you see?"
Then—with a sudden impulse—
"Oh! won't *you* borrow me?"

Whilst waiting for my answer,
He tighter clasped my hand.
Within the flaring palace
I saw the woman stand.

No longer did I waver,
But stooping towards the boy,
"Come with me, child," I whispered;
He bounded high for joy.

Ere long, I found his father
In poverty and blind;
He gladly to my keeping
His little boy resigned.

Now, when a school I visit,
Well fed and warmly clad,
Sits, eagerly attentive,
A bright-eyed little lad;

His face with pleasure beaming,
All gratefully to me
He whispers: "I'm so happy!
You borrowed me, you see!"

MRS. HENRY CREWE.

NATURAL HISTORY NOTES

ON THE REVISED VERSION OF THE BIBLE.

NO. VI.—VULTURE.

WHEN we turn to the birds of prey mentioned in the Bible, and see how their names are treated by the Revisers, we find traces of considerable embarrassment. This is not to be wondered at. Vulture and eagle are very easily confounded. In old times people did not observe living creatures and their habits very accurately. Most likely any large bird would be called eagle or vulture; it was near enough for that time. There is, to be sure, a Hebrew word which most scholars think ought to be translated "eagle," and there is a Greek word which certainly ought to be rendered so; but when we look into the texts, and see how the words are used, we find them very much mixed

GRIFFON VULTURE.

up. The habits of the birds themselves are mixed up too; the vulture, for instance, usually feeds on dead bodies, but we cannot venture to say that the eagle never does so.

The following is the use of the words in the Revised Version. Almost the first mention of these birds is in Lev. xi. In the 13th verse, though "eagle" is left in the text, there is in the margin "great vulture"; in verse 18, for "gier-eagle" we have "vulture." Passing on to Deut. xiv. we have similar changes in verse 12; in verse 13, instead of "vulture" after his kind, we have "kite"; in verse 17 instead of "gier-eagle" there is "vulture." In Job xxxix. 29, the word "eagle" remains, though, as we shall see presently, there is a good reason for putting "vulture." In Prov. xxx. 17, "eagles" remains in the text, but "vultures" is added in the margin. More examples of this kind need not be given now, especially as some will occur further on.

The bird intended by the vulture is probably that known to naturalists as the griffin. It is found in nearly all European countries, though not known in England. Its nest is to be found in high places; from its lofty post of observation, as is said in Job xxxix. 29, she spieth out the prey, being remarkable for keenness of vision. In size it very much exceeds the eagle, and the spread of its wings gives a majesty to its movements which could not fail to make it a noticeable bird. In Judæa itself it is found in the mountains of Lebanon and on the high rocks about Jericho and the shores of the Dead Sea. Its food is nearly always dead carcases; the mere sight of a living animal is enough to scare it away. Indeed, unlike the eagle, it is unfitted to prey upon living things. Its claws are not long, and it has no power of grasping anything by the contraction of its feet. In this we have an unfailing criterion of the bird intended in some parts of Scripture. For example, when we read in the passage already quoted from Job, "Where the slain are there is she," we can have no doubt about the interpretation. So in Matt. xxiv. 28: "Wherever the body is, there will the eagles [or rather vultures] be gathered together." The same remark applies to Prov. xxx. 17, when the fate of him that mocketh his father is described: he shall be cast out when dead for these birds of prey to pick out his eyes.

The head and neck of the vulture are characteristic also. They are covered with short white feathers, so that in some languages it is called "white-headed." This is the object of remark in Micah i. 16: "Enlarge thy baldness as the eagle" (read "vulture").

The habits of the vulture everywhere excite disgust. It will remain for days in the same spot, gorging itself with carrion flesh, until it is too heavy to rise with any speed, even upon its widely-extended wings. In captivity its only care seems to be to glut itself with food. Yet this very voracity becomes in the Creator's hands a means of good. The office of this bird is to clear away the festering carcases of dead animals, an office which it shares with the dogs that howl about Eastern cities. Therefore, when we have looked at the subject all round, we must say, in the words of Holy Writ: "Every creature of God is good."

We propose the following questions:—

1. What event is alluded to in Matt. xxiv. 28?
2. We have a curse pronounced on those that mock their parents; what promise is made to those who honour them?
3. Where is it said that "Every creature of God is good"?
4. Where is it said that the Lord has made all things for Himself?

ANSWERS TO SCRIPTURE CHARACTERS.

NO. VIII.—p. 464.—THOMAS.

1, 2. Matt. x. 3; 3, 4. John xi. 16; 5. John xx. 24; 6, 7. John xx. 25; 8. John xx. 27–29.

NO. IX.—p. 480.—NADAB.

1, 2, 3. Lev. x. 1 and 1 Kings xiv. 20.
4. Lev. x. 2, 1 Kings xv. 28.
5. 1 Kings xv. 26.
6. 1 Kings xiv. 13.
7. Lev. x. 3.

ANSWERS TO HIDDEN TEXTS.

NO. XI.—p. 464.

Surely goodness and mercy shall follow me all the days of my life.—*Psa.* xxiii. 6.

NO. XII.—p. 480.

To everything there is a season.—*Eccl.* iii. 1.

NO. XIII.—p. 480.

Wait on the Lord.—*Psa.* xxvii. 14.

ANSWER TO SCRIPTURE ENIGMA.

NO. XVI.—p. 480.—ESTHER.

E-zekiel	Ezek. i. 5-21.
S-hunem	2 Kings iv. 8-36.
T-imnath-serah	Josh. xix. 50, and xxiv. 30.
H-usks	Luke xv. 16.
E-gypt	Exod. xii. 41.
R-ed Sea	Exod. xiv. 21, 22.

Monthly Religious Record.

A SUMMER of unusual sunshine has added a brilliance of its own to the various festivities which have accompanied the celebration of the Queen's Jubilee throughout England. In the midst of all—the pomp of state and the manifold forms of popular demonstration—there has been far and wide a spirit of devout thankfulness, not only in the retrospect of the Fifty Years, but in the sense of present good manifested in the bearing of the nation. For a brief interval there was a truce to controversies, and a grateful recognition of the general progress. The sermon preached at St. Margaret's before the House of Commons, was but the prelude to discourses from almost every pulpit. The Thanksgiving Service at Westminster Abbey was more than a formal ceremonial. Amidst all the excitements that surrounded it, it ought not to be forgotten that the true significance of the day lay in the religious motive thus given to it. The letter addressed by the Queen to the Home Secretary after the ceremonial, may fitly have place in this brief record: "I am anxious to express to my people my warm thanks for the kind, and more than kind, reception I met with on going to, and returning from, Westminster Abbey, with all my children and grand-children. The enthusiastic reception I met with then, as well as on all these eventful days, in London, as well as in Windsor, on the occasion of my jubilee has touched me most deeply. It has shown that the labour and anxiety of fifty long years, twenty-two of which I spent in unclouded happiness shared and cheered by my beloved husband, while an equal number were full of sorrows and trials, borne without his sheltering arm and wise help, have been appreciated by my people. This feeling and the sense of duty towards my dear country and subjects, who are so inseparably bound up with my life, will encourage me in my task, often a very difficult and arduous one, during the remainder of my life. The wonderful order preserved on this occasion and the good behaviour of the enormous multitudes assembled merits my highest admiration. That GOD may protect and abundantly bless my country is my fervent prayer."

MR. JOHN BRIGHT, speaking at a Sunday School conference at Rochdale, said he was convinced that there was "no field of Christian labour which has yielded a greater harvest to our national interest and national character than the great widespread institution of the Sunday School." He spoke of some of the things that they might teach children in a Sunday school without much troubling them with books—such as the value of truthfulness, our need of temperance, and the baseness of all cruelty to animals. Amongst other points he touched briefly on the question of national duties. "In our own day," he said, "it seems to me that what I am saying is of more importance than it has been in previous times. We know that out of every ten houses throughout the country, probably in nine of them, there is a man who every three or four or five years, as the case may be, is called upon by the Queen, by proclamation as it were, to come forward and give a vote concerning questions of the gravest magnitude affecting the interests and condition of the whole kingdom. If that be so, it seems to me that nothing can be of greater importance than that these people of every class should be taught something of truth and of honour, and of the necessity, the propriety, and the righteousness of observance of the law. There would be the greatest danger if by all these multitudes, these hundreds of thousands, these three or four millions—I don't know exactly how many of these electors there are—truth and honour and regard to law were to be considered of no account; and if each of these men went to the poll and gave his vote without the slightest inquiry as it were of his intellect or his conscience, of what good would that vote be? I am not arguing for particular opinions or views of politics. Whatever opinions I hold myself, whatever party I belong to, I think I should be equally strong in impressing upon you, and in suggesting to all those who are the teachers of youth, that if it be possible each youth should grow up with some sense of the responsibility which the constitution of the country will thrust upon him as soon as he becomes a man, and that he should become as it were a soldier in the ranks of truth and honour."

MR. FOUNTAIN T. HARTLEY replying to some criticisms on Sunday-school teaching, says that in his judgment, after fifty years' experience, while there are still unwise and inefficient teachers, "a great improvement has been gradually taking place of late years—through the spread of a healthy literature, the institution of training classes for teachers, the examination of scholars and teachers, and other instrumentalities which have been put forth; and it would only be wise and kind in the leaders of public opinion to recognise this fact, and, instead of libelling Sunday-school teachers as a class, encourage them to strive after efficiency still greater."

THE *New York Independent* recently published some statistics of the Churches of the United States of America. Without including non-denominational fragments, independent congregations, Jews, or Mormons, there are in America 132,435 churches, 91,911 ministers, and 19,018,977 members. The net increase of members in the last four years has been over 1,600,000, and the ministry has increased within the same time by nearly 10,000. In point of numerical strength the Methodists are first, the Roman Catholics second, the Baptists third, the Presbyterians fourth, the Lutherans fifth, the Congregationalists sixth, and the Episcopalians seventh. Every fourth communicant is a Methodist, every fifth a Baptist, and every seventeenth a Presbyterian.

CHILDREN'S sermons, as a part of the Sunday services, are growing in favour. Among the Presbyterians in London Dr. Monro Gibson, for instance, has long set an example in giving a portion of the morning to them. In some other chapels, there is on recurring days a brief five-minutes' address preceding the sermon. The Rev. R. Glover, speaking at Bristol, said that he had been in the habit of setting apart one Sunday morning a month for an address to children, and he had found it valuable in linking children to the life of the Church. "He had also found that the old people generally liked his children's sermons better than they did the grown-up sermons. Perhaps that was due to the fact that sermons preached to the young required a great deal more time to prepare. Children did not want to be addressed with the technicalities of theology. They wanted to know what these meant, and to simplify the sublimities of religion was a difficult task, though very remunerative. All their churches wanted wakening, softening, and gladdening by the presence of children, and the children wanted strengthening, sobering, and enlarging by the presence of their elders."

THE Methodist Mission at Barcelona is gradually making its influence felt. Some interesting cases of conversions are reported. But, says one of the missionaries: "The people amongst whom we labour belong mostly to the lower labouring classes—the poor and the very poor. In this we rather rejoice, as, lit from the bottom, the whole pile must sooner or later catch the flame. We cannot yet gain the ear of even the upper middle class, much less that of the upper classes, most of whom look upon us, as far as religion is concerned, as vile heretics, if not very heathen. And we need not go far to prove this. In the last house we rented, a member of the family that succeeded us as tenants fell ill. The illness was attributed to the evil spirits of us Protestants who had so recently inhabited the place; and so the priest was called. He shortly appeared with attendants and incense, and, by going through a special performance, thoroughly purged the house of all unclean Protestant

spirits, leaving it a fit habitation for the children of the true faith. It was the proprietor of this very house who, on letting it to us, asked if we Protestants worshipped the sun."

THE Congo Mission of the Baptist Society has again been stricken by death. Two missionaries have fallen—one from a cause that would have proved fatal at home; another from rapid fever—on the same day. Within a short time one of the lady missionaries at Stanley Pool has also succumbed. Many fresh offers of personal service have already been made. From San Salvador, as well as from other points, however, there are cheering tidings of awakened interest. The week-evening services are attended by large numbers. It is also recorded that some fifteen of the king's wives are among the attendants; he endeavoured to stop their coming, but some of them disobeyed his orders. Then he came down himself with gun and sword, and there was a great clanking of anklets and screaming; but no harm was done. Finally, the king gave way at the remonstrance of the missionaries. There have been considerable accessions of "converts" in some places, but those on the spot are well aware that these need testing, false ideas sometimes mingling with the professions made.

THE conquest of cannibal Fiji seems now to belong to a remote chapter of missionary history. The island has since passed through some severe trials. Its transfigured life has been made familiar to many in the pleasant pages of Miss Cumming's volume. The following, however, is a statement made at a missionary meeting held in Melbourne, by the Rev. A. J. Webb, Wesleyan missionary, long resident in Fiji:—"I have the latest Government returns showing the present state of the people, but they only partially represent it. The true character of the work cannot be estimated by figures, but by the inner lives of the people. There are at present in Fiji—Fijians, 111,743; Europeans, 3,567; half-castes, 796; Asiatics, 4,230; Polynesians, 5,664; Rotumans, 2,414—total, 128,414. Of these 111,743 Fijians 100,154 are attendants at our own public worship—a very large proportion indeed. I may say that where fifty years ago there was not a single Christian, to-day there is not an avowed heathen. There may be heathens, but if so they do not stand up and say so. When I went to Fiji there were thousands of them. In my first circuit of Rewa there were more heathens than in any other—men who would stand up and avow it proudly, too. I well remember one wild young fellow, of an immense size (some Fijians are very fine-looking men), and with a head of hair standing out on all sides, which added to the wildness of his appearance, coming right in front of me, and looking me boldly in the face, saying, 'I'm a heathen, and I'm going to be a heathen,' as if it were something to be proud of. But there is none of that now. We have at present 53 native ministers, 44 catechists, 1,877 local preachers, 3,192 class leaders, 27,421 members of the Church, 4,121 on trial, 2,795 catechumens, 1,019 teachers, as well as day and Sabbath schools with their teachers, for all the children of Fiji are educated in the Mission Schools. It is difficult to believe that in a place which fifty years ago was studded with heathen temples—where the first parsonage was a canoe house, open at both ends—there is not to-day a single heathen temple; in 1,255 places of worship God's Word was preached yesterday (Sunday), and will be preached again next Sunday."

THE China Inland Mission now numbers a missionary staff of 225, including forty-three wives of missionaries; besides which there are 117 paid native helpers. The work is carried on in fourteen provinces, in which there are fifty-two regular stations and fifty-six out-stations. Since the commencement of the present year twenty-six new missionaries have been sent out, and twenty-one others have already been accepted. The income increased during the past year by 3000*l*. Referring to the growth of the work and its present position, Mr. Hudson Taylor said:—"We have to praise God for 2438 persons who have confessed Christ in baptism in connection with the work of this Mission since its formation. To some this might seem a small number for so many years' labour, but the difficulties in opening up some provinces were very great. One brother for six years lived a homeless life in travelling from city to city of two provinces trying to get a settlement. In another province it was years before a church was formed, but last year the missionary had the joy of baptizing ten converts. Last year the number baptized, according to the reports received, was 402, but as some reports had not yet come in, the probability is the actual number is about 450. In the province of Shan-si nearly two hundred were added to the Church last year."

GENERAL HAIG, referring to the late edict which required the submission to the official censor of every book published within the Turkish empire, states that it put a complete stop for two or three months to the issues from the Protestant printing-presses of Beyrout. "But the actual result has been to facilitate in a very important degree the circulation of the Scriptures and Christian books. Out of about 350 different works submitted to the censorship by the Beyrout missionaries, 280 had been returned to them, passed, before I left Syria, and the remainder were expected soon to follow. And not only so, but every separate volume will now be stamped with the official seal. Thus in future every Christian book and every copy of the Word of God printed in Beyrout, or elsewhere, will go forth to the Mohammedan world with the official imprimatur of the Ottoman Government upon it, which will at once authorize its circulation throughout the empire. Thus the effect of the law, however unintentional, will certainly be to facilitate the circulation of Christian literature."

THE Egypt Exploration Fund is reaping a harvest of discoveries. The latest excavations have brought to light some relics of the city of Bubastis, the Pi-Beseth of Scripture. The first temple upon the site thus laid bare is believed to date from about 3300 years before the Christian Era. A thousand years later a new building was erected, which, after another interval of a thousand years, was enlarged and enriched by Ramses II., another king some 500 years later adding a festive hall. Among the statues found are several representing Ramses II. The numerous bas-reliefs are covered with groups of great interest.

A TASTE for western literature is reviving in Japan. We are glad to note that some portion of this interest is directed towards books bearing on religious questions. Not long since we recorded the publication of 'The Pilgrim's Progress,' in Japanese. The 'Present Day Tracts,' issued by the Religious Tract Society, have been exceedingly well received. A number were some time since sent out, as ordered, but before the Christian part of the community had time to apply the whole consignment was sold, chiefly to men in business and seamen on board ships in the harbour. This was followed up by requests for nearly 100 volumes and over 2,000 separate tracts of the series. A correspondent writes:—"That the Bible and Tract Societies are the two greatest factors in the evangelization of this country is a fact that ought to be dwelt more upon at home than it is."

THE Mildmay Conference again this year brought together a large assembly of devout and earnest Christians. The special topic under practical review, was: "The grace of the King, the power of the King, and the glory of the King." At the missionary meeting the Rev. George Gregson said Intellectualism had faced Mohammedanism in India, and the product had been *nil;* they wanted men who had faith in the power of the King, the weapons of the King, and the triumph of the King. The Rev. H. Grattan Guinness referred to the fact that the Soudan had been greatly over-looked by missionary workers, though it was peopled by a hundred million of people, speaking a hundred languages. There was not a solitary missionary among all these people, who present one of the most interesting of all missionary problems.

THE veteran George Müller, founder of the well-known Bristol orphanages, has made a preaching tour round the world. The actual distance covered was 37,000 miles; but of far more interest is the character of the message he has delivered in so many various countries. He went first to the United States, where he had intended spending the winter in preaching. Yielding to a pressing invitation from Australia, he went by way of San Francisco to Australia and New Zealand, thence to the Straits of Malacca, Japan, and China, and returned through Europe. Although eighty-two years of age, he is still strong and hale, and was heartily welcomed home by the 2,000 children whom he has gathered about him.

THE SUNDAY AT HOME

O DAY MOST CALM, MOST BRIGHT! . . .
THE WEEK WERE DARK BUT FOR THY LIGHT.—*Herbert.*

GENEVIÈVE;

A STORY OF OLD FRANCE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE SPANISH BROTHERS," "THE KING'S SERVICE," &c.

SHE DID NOT REJECT THE MUTE CARESS.

CHAPTER X.—THE WRITING OF GENEVIÈVE MONTÈRES.

"You never heard her speak in haste,
Her tones were sweet,
And modulated, just so much
As it was meet.
Her heart sat silent through the noise,
And concourse of the street;
There was no hurry in her hands,
No hurry in her feet,
No joy drew ever near to her
That she should run to greet."

Hotel de Roannez, July 1, 1662.

TO my dear mother in heaven. To my dear, so dear, mother. I wonder if it be wrong to write thus, and to let myself dream, while I write, that those dear eyes might one day read the words. But for this dream—only a dream, as of course I know it to be—I could not write it all. And I think I ought to write. I remember how my dear father said to me: "My daughter, I am teaching you Latin; but

not so much that you may read Cæsar and Virgil, as that you may read other things with a clearer and a better trained intelligence. It is usually enough for a woman to read the best books in her own language, and to write that language well and clearly."[1] I am reading such French books as I can find here; but I know that I ought to write as well as to read. And what can I write about, except the things that I see and hear from day to day? Mademoiselle Amand, the Mistress of the Wardrobe, who has served in three noble families, is writing the memoirs of her life, and she says she will leave the MS. in her will to her nephews and nieces. I could not do that. I should not know how to begin a memoir, or what to say in it. But I will think I am writing to thee, my dearest mother, and then the words will come to me.

Mother, mother! how I long for thee! Just for one moment to sit down beside thee, to rest on thy dear bosom this weary, weary head. Oh, mother, the world is so wide, so busy, so gay, and thy poor forsaken child is so lonely in it! Sorely perplexed and sorrowful, and moreover, often afraid, with too much cause, that she is wandering from the right path. Mother, help me, if thou canst, for indeed I need thy help.

Perhaps I ought not to have written all this; for I do not always feel in this way. Nay, I am sometimes gay enough; and there are hours, and even days, when I feel really happy. It seems almost as if I were two different persons, leading two quite different lives. There is the Geneviève who sits alone in this bare, dark little room, thinking sadly of Château Cleudon, and of the dear father and mother, and of all the happy past that is gone from her for ever. It is this Geneviève who longs so much to be good and religious, though she knows only too well that she is not so. But when she has forgotten God, and has been betrayed into sin, she is very sorry afterwards. Only she never knows what to do, or whither to turn. She is like one who has lost his way in the dark, and cannot find it again, and is afraid to stir hand or foot lest he should go astray yet farther. And this Geneviève is the true one.

But there is another, who is like a mask, to hide the real face. This other Geneviève lives on the outside of things; and it must be allowed that, pretty often, she enjoys her life. She attends Madame at her *levée*, and hears what all the fine gentlemen who wait on her have got to say. They are so diverting, these gentlemen! She serves Madame at other times also. She reads romances and poetry to her; and, when she is not on duty, *messieurs les pages* and the other people of the household are always praying for leave to take her out. Sometimes they go to see the sights of the city, or to the theatre, to hear a play of M. Corneille's. These plays are very instructive, being historical, and M. de Viromont says that M. Corneille is a really good man, beside being a great genius, so I think it cannot be wrong. At all events, it is very pleasant.

But now I must try to set down in a quite simple, straightforward way, what I have got to tell. It is now nearly six months since I came here, a quiet, sad little girl in deep mourning. At first I was terribly frightened. It was bad enough in any case to go alone amongst strangers, and worse when the strangers were such great people. Even supposing I contrived to please my noble lady herself, what of the household? I remember my father used to say that the servants of great people are often more insolent and exacting than their lords; and I am bound to confess, besides, that the one thing I depended on, the one hope I had in coming here, has failed me utterly.

I had been engaged, as I understood, to wait upon Mademoiselle de Roannez, and Euphémie had told me a good deal about her goodness and piety.—But the name of my kind nurse reminds me of something that I am forgetting—something too of the greatest importance. I must write down the thanks, the warm and grateful thanks, which I owe to that dear, good woman, to Père Antoine, and above all, to him whom I may not know. Nothing that I could need, that I could wish for even, was forgotten when they sent me here. The deep mourning, the liberal supply of useful clothing, even the little purse of louis d'or fresh from the Mint for pocket-money, witness to their thoughtful care for me. Best of all, the white cross on thy grave, mother!—that dear, sacred spot—it is such a comfort that I can sometimes go and weep there.

No doubt Euphémie thought I would be safe from temptation under the sheltering wing of Mademoiselle. That was what I thought too. I dreamed of a sweet saint, who would teach me and counsel me, and even perhaps in due time confide in me; rash, presumptuous child that I was! I fancied I might soothe and comfort her by my devotion and my homage. How differently it has all turned out! On the very day of my arrival, Madame took a fancy to me, and my services were forthwith transferred to her. As far as I know, Mademoiselle gave me up without a word of remonstrance. Probably she did not care about me; but, even if she had, she would have done it all the same. They say she yields instant obedience to her mother in all that is not matter of conscience. That is right, of course, and it shows that she is really a saint. Still, it is very hard for me to be religious, and to wait upon madame. In fact, I do not see how it is to be done at all. Instead of going to church and to visit the poor, as I should do, if I served Mademoiselle, I am obliged to lead quite a worldly life. Is it my fault?

Madame is always imperious, sometimes passionate. We are all terribly afraid of her; yet I think we all love her too, for she is generous and kind—that is to say, as kind as a great lady can be to those so far beneath her. I know she is kind to me. Once or twice she has even pinched my cheek, and called me her "little cat," which Mademoiselle Amand says is a wonderful mark of favour. It is certainly another that when she

[1] At this period the women of the haute bourgeoisie were often well and solidly educated, indeed cultivated to a remarkable degree; much more so generally than those of the noblesse.

completes her toilet in her carriage, which she often does, she takes me with her to put on the rouge, and just the touch of powder she likes to have. She says I do it "with more delicate discrimination" than any one else. I think I am getting over my fear of her. After all, why should I be afraid? No one need be awkward who keeps possession of her senses, and minds what she is doing; and no one can offend by speech who only answers questions, and who is always careful to use the proper titles of respect.

It is a white morning for me, and for others too, when M. le Duc waits upon madame at her *levée*. But he is often absent. I know not why, or where. There is a general impression amongst us that he visits M. Arnauld, M. Nicole, M. Singlin, and other chiefs of the Jansenist party who are either in prison or in hiding; and that he and they are planning measures for the defeat of the Jesuits, and the destruction of their influence with the king. And sometimes he goes to his estates in the country. But when he is here we are all of us the better for his presence. I ought to try and describe him. Mademoiselle Amand describes the great personages she writes about, and she is sometimes good enough to read her descriptions to us. They are full of cleverness and "esprit"—but *I* have no esprit, so I will not try to describe any one. M. le Duc is tall and fair; he is quite middle-aged, that is to say over thirty, but like every one else, he is very submissive to his lady mother, who in fact, does whatever she pleases. I think he does not greatly love his uncles and cousins; those numerous *Gouffers* whose titles I never can remember, but who are always staying here, or coming in to dine and sup, and to talk against the Jansenists with Madame. But he loves Mademoiselle tenderly; more so, I think, than she——

What was I going to write? How, indeed, shall I write at all of Mademoiselle? She is so good, so grand, so beautiful! Especially, so beautiful. I have never seen any face at all like her's. It is pale, just touched with the faintest rose on either cheek; and there is in it such dignity, grace and loveliness, that you feel as if you could kneel at her feet and gaze at her for ever. She wears her beautiful brown hair *au naturel*, discarding powder as a vanity, and I think this suits her severe and stately beauty. But it is her eyes that are most wonderful to me. Such far-looking, pathetic, yearning eyes. There is something in them that pains and disturbs, even almost terrifies me. Mademoiselle is religious, and she is persecuted; and does not the Gospel say, "Blessed are those that are persecuted for righteousness' sake?" Mademoiselle, I suppose, is blessed, but I am sure she is not happy. I see it; I am convinced of it. Perhaps it is because she was taken from Port Royal, which she loved so well, and forced to come here, and to live in a world she detests and despises. Perhaps it is because her mother and her uncles wish to compel her to marry the Duc de la Feuillade, which would be, for her who has vowed herself to Heaven, a perjury and a sacrilege. But they will not succeed in so wicked an attempt. Mademoiselle would rather die than yield to them. And after all, there is M. le Duc to protect his sister.

July 3rd.—Until quite lately Mademoiselle seemed scarcely aware of the existence of the insignificant little girl, who was brought here to wait on her, and who, for her part, could have kissed the dust beneath her feet, so passionately did she—and does she—admire and revere her. But to-day she has honoured me with quite a long conversation, which has changed reverence into something else. I must write down every word, while it is fresh in my mind. When she spoke to me, I trembled as if she had been a queen, yet would I not have missed a word, a gesture, a tone of her voice. She sent a maid to summon me to her boudoir, where I had never been before. I was surprised to see the bare, dreary little room, scarce better than this attic where I write, save that of course it has a good window and a chimney. Its only ornament is a crucifix, and its chief furniture a table covered with books, before which she was sitting when I entered, in a straight high-backed chair. I came forward and made my reverence, whereupon she had the condescension to desire me to be seated on a footstool near her.

"I wish to ask you a few questions," she said.

My heart beat quickly between fear and hope. I longed, oh how intensely, that she would say something to me about religion, and about the salvation of my soul, though I trembled and shrank into myself at the thought of having to answer her. I was much more disappointed than relieved, however, when she only asked me about my father. Was he not the son of the wealthy Farmer-General M. Montères? Had he not been counsellor to the Parliament of Rouen? I answered "yes" to both questions. Then she asked if I had ever heard him speak of a certain M. Pliant.

"Think, my child," she said. "If he ever uttered the name in your hearing, it was probably with some natural resentment, as the name of an enemy."

I answered, "I never heard him speak of any one with resentment, or as an enemy. He was at peace with all."

"That was well, my child," she said. "But if you do not remember the name of M. Pliant, perhaps that of his client, I may add his tool, the Abbé de Gars, may not be unknown to you. Think again."

I said, "Oh, yes, mademoiselle, my mother has told me of the Abbé de Gars. It was he who began the lawsuit against my father. That unjust, cruel lawsuit that ruined us."

Then she told me that M. Pliant had been the advocate and counsellor of the Abbé, and she believed his instigator. "But I am glad," said she, "to find the name unknown to you, and your mind free from the entanglement of hard and resentful thoughts. But were it even otherwise, you might dismiss them now, for your father's enemy lies on his deathbed, in great poverty and suffering, and in yet greater mental distress. He repents him bitterly of the part he acted in that affair."

Something in her look and manner prompted

me to say, "Mademoiselle, if *I* could say or do ought to comfort him, I know my father would have wished it, and my mother also."

Her grand, calm face had a softened look, as if my words had touched her. She said, "You are a good child, Geneviève. Yes, you can pray for him, and you can let me tell him from your lips that the past is forgiven by you, and that you believe it was forgiven by your father, before he passed away."

"I humbly pray of Mademoiselle to be so good as to tell him so," I answered.

Presently she resumed, "You have had the great blessing, Geneviève, of good parents, and especially of a good mother. Never forget to thank God for that. I have been told that Madame Montères was educated at Port Royal, under the care of the now sainted Mère Angélique; and that she carried the spirit of Port Royal with her throughout her life, even though she chose the lower path, was given in marriage, and lived in the world."

"She *never* lived in the world, if it please Mademoiselle," said I:—zeal for that beloved memory overcoming even my awe of her. "She always lived in the country, in our own château; and she never went to Paris, except at the end—to die."

"Poor child," said Mademoiselle, a little scornfully as I thought. "Do you then think that Paris is the world?"

"I do not know, Mademoiselle," I answered, certainly with truth. I hoped she would tell me what the world really is, for that is a question which puzzles me sorely; but she turned from the subject, and began to talk to me of my dear mother, and of her death. Euphémie, whom she seems to know very well, had told her about it. She said then, as I thought with feeling, "It was God who directed your steps, that sorrowful evening to the door of St. Sulpice."

"And surely God's angel met me there," I murmured in reply.

Her next question surprised me.

"Have you a clear remembrance of the form and the features of your benefactor?"

I looked up in her face and met her eyes. Somehow I felt drawn to her, closer than ever before; I was not afraid of her any longer; for she seemed to be speaking now, not like a saint who was trying to edify herself or me, but only like a woman, who asked because she really wanted to know. As I hesitated for a moment, she asked, "Should you know him again if you saw him?"

"I should know him," I said, "anywhere and in any disguise. Should I never see him again on earth, I shall know him, if it please God, before His throne, and thank him there."

"Was he young or old? Or, haply, in the prime of life?"

"Not young," I said. "And, if old, I scarcely know, for he was worn and bent, as if with long sickness and pain. The only feature I noted distinctly was his great broad forehead. When he stooped over to speak to me I felt a kind of awe of him, as if he were the king. But then his look of pitying kindness made me feel instead as if he were my father."

"What did he say to you?"

For answer, I repeated carefully every well-remembered word. I was in no danger of omitting aught, for many and many a time have I gone over all again, fixing in my memory every tone and gesture. So keen and sympathising was the attention of Mademoiselle, and so carried away was I with my story, that in the end—I am ashamed to write it—I forgot myself so far as to ask her a question, which, as every one understands, is a grave breach of etiquette on the part of an inferior.

"Is it that Mademoiselle may possibly know him?"

A moment afterwards I was aware of my fault, but I was not punished as I deserved; rather was I rewarded by a sight I had never seen before—a brilliant flush (not by any means a flush of anger) overspreading the pale cheek of Mademoiselle, while her dark eyes glowed and kindled. It was as if a flood of rosy light had welled up suddenly from some deep fount within. It made me think of madame's favourite lamp of radiant Venetian glass, when first the wick is kindled inside. I never thought a human face could look so beautiful as her's did then.

If there was a slight shade of reproof in her words, her tone took it all away.

"You should scarcely ask me that, my child; and yet I will answer you. I do not *know*, but I can guess. If I guess aright, you may pray for your benefactor as the greatest, the noblest, the holiest of men, and at the same time, one of the most sorely tried and tempted. Now go, and God bless thee."

She laid her hand for a moment, just a moment, on my head, then withdrew it, and dismissed me with a gesture.

I had always loved her, but never so passionately as at that moment. So I ventured—I know it was very daring—to slip from my low seat into a kneeling posture, and to press my lips on her thin white hand. I marvelled to feel how hot and how trembling it was.

She did not reject the mute, reverential caress, though she accepted it, as it were, under protest. My mother has told me that at Port Royal the very children in the schools were forbidden to fondle and kiss, or even to touch each other. Such endearments savoured too much of attachment to the creature. Mademoiselle is a saint, it is true, but I think she is much else besides that. She said to me quite gently, "Poor child, you have no mother. I would willingly befriend you and help you as far as I may. It is our duty to help one another; though we should do it because it is a duty, and not from weak and sinful earthly preferences and attachments. I shall speak with you, if God wills it, from time to time. But now you must go, for it is the hour when you ought to attend upon madame."

She will speak with me sometimes, if God permits. Is it any wonder that I am happy? Mother, mother, if you can know it, how glad you must be! To think that one so good and holy as Mademoiselle should condescend to befriend me, even to counsel me! Surely she will explain everything that perplexes me; surely

she will help me to be good and religious, and to make my salvation. But how can I keep free from "earthly preferences and attachments," when I feel, as I do at this moment, towards her? How ought I to keep free from them, when my attachment to her makes me wish to grow better and holier? Is she free from them herself? Has she been so always? Strange thoughts rise in my mind—but I must not write them down, it would be far too daring. What business have I, a foolish little girl, to weave fancies and to dream dreams about the doings and sufferings of these great people, so far above me? But at least there can be no harm in the daily prayer I mean to pray henceforward for Mademoiselle, that God would comfort all her sorrows, whatever these may be, or may have been. I shall always name her name together with that friend of mine, who has no name for me. I think that would please her, if she knew it.

OUR ENGLISH HYMNS.

FIFTH PAPER.

WE have already seen that many of our best hymns are a record of personal experience; and that what was in the first instance entirely individual has become through its own intrinsic fitness the chosen utterance of the many. In most cases of this kind there was probably little or no thought of the multitude, as the singer poured forth the fulness of his own soul: and a higher stamp of truth often belongs to what was so written than to that which was consciously, and from the first, intended for the congregation.

The life of individuals, as of the Church, is thus reflected in our hymns; and it is pleasant, as we turn the familiar pages, to recall the incidents and emotions mirrored there. Thus, it is well-known that Dr. Watts was led to his meditation on "the land of pure delight" while gazing on the broad reach of the Southampton river in full tide, with the lovely glades of the New Forest beyond, where

> Sweet fields beyond the swelling flood
> Stand drest in living green:

and that Charles Wesley, on the promontory of the Land's End, was moved to his solemn heart-searching thought of the narrow neck of land between two eternities. It is less known perhaps that Watts, when slighted by the maiden on whom he had set his affections,[1] found some consolation in inditing the verses:

> How vain are all things here below,
> How false and yet how fair!

Familiar too is the pathetic story of Cowper's strangely frustrated attempt at suicide which led to the composition of his finest hymn: "God moves in a mysterious way," penned in "the twilight of departing reason." Public events, again, often suggested topics for song, especially to the Wesleys. Thus the earthquake of Lisbon was commemorated in the majestic hymn: "Stand the omnipotent decree!" and the troubles connected with the movements of the Pretender, in the midst of which the followers of Wesley were harassed with charges of disloyalty and were much persecuted, led to the verse in the hymn, "Ye servants of God, your Master proclaim," which has been omitted from the hymn books of happier times:

> The waves of the sea have lift up their voice,
> Sore troubled that we in Jesus rejoice;
> The floods they are roaring, but Jesus is here;
> While we are adoring, He always is near.

Biography, then, and history, alike are in our hymns. An illustrated hymn book of the Church—illustrated by the events without and the emotions within that inspired the several strains, would be filled with wondrous stories that can never now be told on earth; the life of the individual in its vicissitudes, the life of the Church in its toils, its sorrows and its triumphs, having inspired many a strain, which for want of the interpreting facts we can but partially understand.

This collective experience of the Church, even more strikingly than any individual history, is reflected in its hymnology. A well-known compilation is entitled "The Hymnal Companion to the Book of Common Prayer." A "Hymnal Companion to the *History of the Church*," if it could be adequately given, would be a record, unique and priceless, of the Church's inner life from generation to generation; its growth in knowledge and in grace, its struggles and defeats, its trials and failures, with that expansion of its purposes and hopes that has pre-eminently marked these latter days. To attempt such a task would be beyond us; we can only note how first the spirit of praise found direct and simple utterance in song. For a time, in the ancient Church, the *Hallelujah*, the *Trisagion* or Thrice Holy! from Isaiah, with the two Doxologies—the *Gloria Patri* and the *Gloria in Excelsis* in their simplest forms, and the New Testament Hymns of Mary, Zacharias, and Simeon, were the chief additions made to the Psalter for the Church's service of song. To these were added by Clement of Alexandria, about the end of the second century, the great

[1] The lady was afterwards the devout and accomplished Mrs. Rowe. It should be added that the late Rev. Paxton Hood throws some doubt upon the story.—*Life of Watts*, p. 185.

invocation to Christ, a fragment of which appears in our hymn books, in Dr. Dexter's translation:[1]

Shepherd of tender youth,
Guiding in love and truth,
Through devious ways.

and an evening hymn of unknown authorship, beginning "Glad light of holy glory,"[2] to which Basil of Cæsarea (d. 379) refers as "an ancient composition."

These are the earliest Greek Christian hymns; a multitude of writers followed: notably Gregory of Nazianzus and Synesius of Ptolemais,[3] with the more modern writers, whom the late Dr. J. M. Neale has made familiar to us in his free and beautiful renderings. Ephraem the Syrian in the fourth century was also renowned as a writer of hymns, one of which evidently supplied the groundwork of Ken's Evening Hymn. We quote part of it from a translation by the late Rev. Dr. Burgess.

Grant, Lord, that if I keep my vigils,
I may stand in purity before Thee;
And if, O my Saviour, I slumber,
Let my sleep be free from sin.
If in my watching I commit iniquity,
O Lord, by Thy grace forgive me;
If I sin when sleeping,
Let Thy kindness be my expiation.

And through the cross of Thy humiliation,
Afford me refreshing slumber;
And deliver me from disturbing dreams,
And from profane imaginations;
And in sleep full of peace,
Let all the night conduct me;
Let not evil beings have dominion over me,
Nor thoughts full of iniquity.

In the Western Church, also, in the fourth century, Hilary of Poitiers and Ambrose of Milan (reputed author of the *Te Deum*) contributed many noble hymns to the service of the churches, followed in the next century by the Spanish Prudentius, and in the next again by Gregory the Great and Venantius Fortunatus. To Prudentius we owe the Hymns, as translated by Dr. Neale and Mr. Caswall repectively, "Of the Father's love begotten," and "Earth has many a noble city;" while, as noticed in a former paper, the *Veni Creator Spiritus* is probably due to Gregory. The name of Venantius is connected chiefly with his fine hymn *Vexilla Regis prodeunt*, "The royal banners forward go."

Up to this time the hymns of the Church had for the most part been vigorous and simple expressions of Christian faith, ascriptions to the Trinity, and praise to Jesus Christ as Redeemer, mingled with prayers for grace, purity and peace. The sentiment, and often the very language, of these hymns occur in our own devotions oftener than we know; and there is not a good hymn book of modern time that might not be largely annotated with illustrations and parallels from the early and militant era of the Church. Another age was to succeed, fertile also in hymnody, for the most part originated in the monastic cell, often characterised by sacramentarianism and passionate mysticism. But it is to this mediæval period that we owe some of our grandest and sweetest Christian lyrics. It may suffice to mention "Hallelujah, song of sweetness" (*Alleluia, dulce carmen*), a fresh version of which appears in almost every hymn book, the best perhaps being by Dr. Bonar, published in the SUNDAY AT HOME for 1878; also the two hymns of Bernard of Clairvaux, "O sacred Head, once wounded," and "Jesu, the very thought of Thee;" with the "Jerusalem" of Bernard of Cluny, noticed at large in a preceding paper; that sublimest of uninspired hymns, the *Dies Iræ*, and that sweetest of Christmas carols, *Adeste fideles;* with even the sacramental hymn of Thomas Aquinas, deftly and sweetly adapted to the use of Protestant evangelical churches by Dr. Ray Palmer, in his "O Bread to pilgrims given." These are but a few singled from the mass, in which indeed a manly and spiritual Christianity will find comparatively little that is congenial. One hymn, however, we must pause to notice here, although not strictly belonging to this class:

My God, I love Thee; not because
I hope for heaven thereby:

But we need not quote further. The hymn in its simplicity reaches the crowning height of a true, self-renouncing Christian experience, in which the redeemed spirit, apart from all personal hopes and fears, desires to be Christ's alone. So wrote Francis Xavier: and as we read or sing the words, we forget the Jesuit, we remember only the devoted missionary of the cross.[1]

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[1] The entire hymn, translated by the late Dr. W. Lindsay Alexander, will be found in Clark's *Ante-Nicene Library*, "Clement of Alexandria."

[2] See Daniel, *Thesaurus Hymnologicus*, vol. iii. p. 5, φῶς ἱλαρὸν ἁγίας δόξης. A literal rendering of this bright little hymn, by Dr. Bonar, will be found in the SUNDAY AT HOME for 1878, p. 202.

[3] Mr. Chatfield, in his *Songs and Hymns of Greek Christian Poets*, has given several translations from these and other hymn writers. Here is one stanza from Synesius:

Lift up thyself, my soul,
Above this world's control;
Spend and be spent in holy hymns of praise:
Be armed with pure desire,
Burn with celestial fire:
Unto the King of gods our voice we raise,
To Him a crown we weave, and bring
A sacrifice of words, a bloodless offering.

Mrs. Charles, in her *Voice of Christian Life in Song*, gives other renderings from these early poets, and there is a translation of a hymn by Synesius in *Hymns Ancient and Modern*, No. 185: "Lord Jesus, think on me."

[1] Some of our readers will thank us for giving the hymn in its original simplicity:

O Deus, ego amo Te,
Nec amo Te, ut salves me,
Aut quia non amantes Te
Aeterno punis igne.

Tu, Tu, mi Jesu, totum me
Amplexus es in Cruce;
Tulisti clavos, lanceam,
Multamque ignominiam,

Innumeros dolores,
Sudores, et angores,
Ac mortem, et hæc propter me,
Ac pro me peccatore.

The Reformation brought to the churches a holy impulse and exuberance of glad emotion which could not but overflow in song. Luther led the way, and a host of German bards have followed; Paul Gerhardt, a hundred years after Luther, being by common consent chief of the goodly band. In their almost innumerable hymns the predominant characteristics are the Lutheran energy and gladness, with a lucidity of expression which forms the greatest possible contrast to mediæval mysticism. Christ Himself has taken the place of the symbols of Christ; and the free spirit of the worshipper, without priestly intervention, seeks communion with God. Many of these hymns are battle songs, from Luther's great version of the forty-sixth Psalm, rendered by Carlyle: "A safe stronghold is God our King," to Martin Rinckart's thanksgiving for victory, *Nun danket alle Gott*, the German national *Te Deum*.[1] Others are rich in a genuine healthy Christian experience. How many have adopted, for their own strength and consolation, such strains as the following:—

Give to the winds thy fears.	*Gerhardt.*
Thee will I love, my strength, my tower . .	*Scheffler.*
Jesus, Thy boundless love to me	*Gerhardt.*
Jesus lives! no longer now	*Gellert.*
Lift up your heads, ye mighty gates . . .	*Weiszel.*
O God, of good the unfathomed sea . . .	*Scheffler.*
Now I have found the ground whereon . .	*Rothe.*
O Love, who formedst me to wear	*Scheffler.*

Then came that deepening and intensifying of the devotional spirit in which the Moravian Brethren led the way; and from this also sprang some imperishable hymns. Best known perhaps are:—

Jesus, Thy blood and righteousness . . .	*Zinzendorf.*
Thou hidden love of God, whose height .	*Tersteegen.*
Lo, God is here, let us adore	*Tersteegen.*
O Jesus Christ, grow Thou in me . . .	*Lavater.*

The translations of these hymns have been numerous; the first place, by common consent, in finish and poetic power, being due to the versions of Miss Catherine Winkworth.[2] But for reproducing the spirit and power of the old German hymnody, no translations have surpassed John Wesley's. He too was a Reformer, and the great work which he had to do inspired in his soul a music akin to that of the Fatherland.

For the Methodist revival was in England both the cause and the effect of a new outpouring of the poetic afflatus upon the teachers of evangelical truth. How largely the form and spirit of modern Christianity are due to the hymnists of the seventeenth century can never be estimated. Isaac Taylor says: "In any system of public worship, the *constant* element, that is to say, the *liturgical*—will always exercise a great influence over the variable part—the extemporaneous—in giving it tone and direction, and in preserving a doctrinal consistency in the pulpit teaching. It will be so at least wherever this liturgical ingredient warmly engages the feelings of the people, and where it is performed with untiring animation. In communities that have laid aside liturgies, in every other sense, the Hymn Book which they use, especially if psalmody be a favoured part of public worship, rules, as well the preacher as the people, to a greater extent than is often thought of; or than would perhaps be acknowledged. The Hymn Book, to such bodies, comes in the stead of Creed, Articles, Canons, and presiding power."[1]

The chief applicability of these remarks is, of course, to the great Wesleyan Connexion, to which the hymn book has been of priceless value. Congregational communities for two or three generations had something of the kind in the Psalms and Hymns of Dr. Watts; while numberless Supplements showed either a dissatisfaction with the good Doctor's work, or else a sense of the value of such hymns as those which Toplady, Cowper, Newton, and Doddridge had contributed to the service of the churches. The beginning of the present century was truly a time of hymn books; and the flat, prosaic character of the times was only too accurately reflected in the psalmody of the churches. The great wave of revival had spent its force; there was hardly anything in the religious life of the era to call forth a sacred poet. Assuredly the poet had not appeared; for Heber and Montgomery, Conder, Lyte, and Keble belong to a later day. But the flow of rhyme was unceasing, and our forefathers were contented with the baldest statements of doctrine thrown into verse, or the recital of experiences, mostly dolorous. Occasionally some gleam of genius appeared, and it is sufficient to recall the names of Thomas Kelly, Henry Kirke White, Dr. Haweis and Bishop Mant, all of whom have contributed memorable verses to our hymnody. But generally speaking, the hymn books and the hymns of the first quarter of our century are dreary reading, the only circumstance of the times that seemed to awaken poetic enthusiasm being the missionary work of the churches, in the first successes of which the very millennium seemed at hand. Montgomery's "Hark, the song of Jubilee!" and many of Kelly's hymns, glow with the inspiration of a new hope; and the missionary enterprise enstamps as special a character on much of the hymnody of the period, as did the great revival of the eighteenth century.

The publication of the *Christian Year* in 1827 marks a new departure in the realm of sacred song. Undoubtedly the influence of the

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Cur igitur non amem Te,
O Jesu amantissime!
Non, ut in cælo salves me
Aut ne æternum damnes me;

Nec præmii ullius spe
Sed sicut Tu amasti me;
Sic amo et amabo Te,
Solum, quia rex meus es.
Et solum, quia Deus es.

[1] Dr. Schaff.

[2] *Lyra Germanica.* See also *Hymns from the German*, by Miss F. E. Cox; *Hymns from the Land of Luther*, by Miss Borthwick and her sister, Mrs. Findlater (often quoted, to the perplexity of readers, by the initials H. L. L.); *Luther's Hymns* by Massie; *Gerhardt's Hymns in their Original Metres*, by the Rev. J. Kelly; *German Hymns of the Present Century*, by the same translator.

[1] *Wesley and Methodism*, by Isaac Taylor, 1851.

book, in giving form and expression to high ecclesiastical and sacramental doctrines, has been immense. But with all this, which we cannot cease to deplore, the volume has afforded to Christians of all communions new and richer forms of devotional expression, and has shown how congenially a deep religious earnestness may be associated with poetic beauty and an exquisite taste. Dr. Arnold, of Rugby, said of these poems before they were published: "The wonderful knowledge of Scripture, the purity of heart, and the richness of poetry which they exhibit, I never saw paralleled." Fifty years' experience has confirmed this judgment, and, although few of Keble's compositions are *hymns* in any true sense, they have had more direct influence on the religious life of the age than any other devotional writings, and have given a true poetic impulse to every section of the Church universal. The number of hymn writers of a high class was never so great as at present. We need not mention living names:—

Most can raise the flower now,
For all have got the seed.

Has the influence on the whole been salutary? We can hardly answer the question decisively. On the one hand, we all feel that our religious life would be the poorer without Keble's Morning and Evening Hymns, nor could we willingly dispense with such sacred songs as:—

When God of old came down from heaven.
There is a book, who runs may read.
The livelong night we've toiled in vain.
The voice that breathed o'er Eden:

and many others, in remembering which it seems almost ungrateful to crave a larger, freer communion of the unfettered spirit with its God. Yet the air seems sometimes heavy with incense, and the dim religious light replaces the sunshine of heaven.

One thing is certain, that since the publication of the *Christian Year* our hymn books have been of a higher, more poetic cast. We need not specify individual collections, in which evangelical doctrine and poetic excellence are happily combined on almost every page. The danger still is that the former should be subordinated to the latter, and that an undue fastidiousness should fetter the soul in its approaches to God. We have discarded the rhymed definitions of doctrine which our ancestors called hymns, but we must beware lest the vaguely beautiful strains which sometimes take their place should impart their vagueness to our beliefs. The Hymn Book of the Future, should that ideal ever be attained by the Church universal, will be as definite as it will be beautiful. Meanwhile, in the sermons of the eloquent American clergyman, Phillips Brooks, there is a warning which we shall do well to lay to heart:

"A certain religion of sentiment," he says, "has grown up in our day, of which it is impossible to say how much it believes, but which delights in glowing and vague utterances of feeling. No one can read our hymns, whether they be of the rudest revival sort, or the translated mediævalisms of ritualism, without feeling what I mean. They are very beautiful often, but, compared with the hymns that our fathers sang, they are weak. They lack thought, and no religion which does not think is strong. It may be in reaction from the way in which many of the old hymns were made to labour with a process of reasoning, that struggled on most unlyrically from verse to verse, that the favourite hymns of to-day discard connected thought, and seem to try only to utter moods of mystic feeling, or to depict some scene in which the spiritual parable is apt to be lost in the brightness of the sensuous imagery."

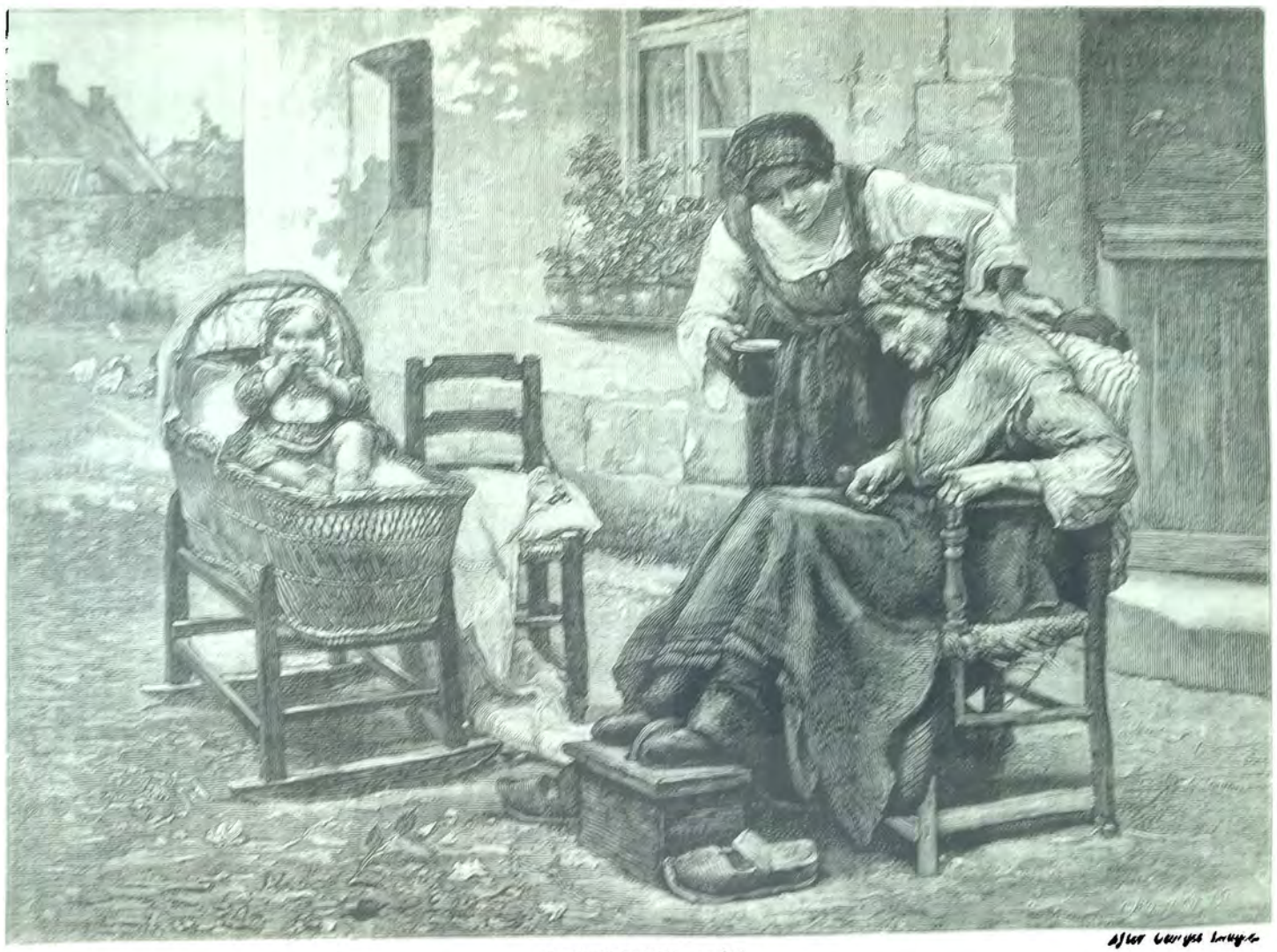
THE THREE AGES.

THERE are certain districts of these islands, now drearily treeless, which yet bear trace that they were once covered by noble forests. Huge dead roots are found, interlaced beneath the soil. Sometimes, complete trunks of huge trees are dug up. But trees will not grow there now. Attempts at plantation end in utter failure, or at best in the miserable success of a few wretched twigs, straggling up in the shelter of a stone dyke. Yet there is no reason to believe that the climate of these regions was ever less bleak and rigorous than now. Indeed, evidence points rather in the other direction. How then are we to account for the change?

One theory is, that at some period a natural calamity, or more probably, the axes of an army of woodcutters, directed by the greed of reckless and short-sighted chieftains, made a clean sweep of all the trees then flourishing. The hoary monarch of the woodland, and the tender sapling sheltered in his shadow, alike perished. And henceforth there was no kindly screen in which young trees could grow, safe from the blast, until they had reached the sturdiness of maturity.

Whether this theory is a sufficient explanation of the mystery, we can scarcely judge. We can only say that it is based on a law we see at work all around us,—the law that life in all its stages is necessary to the well-being of life in all its other stages. Old age and youth need each other. Both need middle-age, which in its turn finds in the young and in the old, its inspiration to effort, its monitor and its consolation.

Human philanthropy and kindliness would always do well to aspire after as much conformity as possible with the wise arrangements of nature. Orphaned and deserted children gathered into



THE THREE AGES.

huge asylums, have no grannie's tales to stimulate the young imagination and fancy, no grandsire's feebleness or failing sight to arouse youthful activity and promote the wholesome pride of helpfulness and responsibility. And the lonely aged set apart in dim almshouses, aside from the cheery progress of life, find their weary spirits prey upon themselves, and often become absorbed in the cark and friction of petty grievances and small animosities. Great as are the advantages conferred by such institutions, they do not represent the highest ideal, and the most careful consideration should always be given to any scheme by which some of the blessedness of family life may be bestowed upon the aged or the young who need our help. But let nobody suspend his subscription to the orphanage, and yet adopt no orphan! The late Dr. Guthrie said that one of his afternoon visitations was arranged to include a big orphan school and an asylum for old women, and that he never returned from this sphere of pastoral duty without feeling that the crying reform needed by the two institutions was that they be fused together. It is true that the children might sometimes disturb and trouble the old folks, but the "trouble" would be as wholesome as the angel's finger that stirred the waters of Bethesda into healing power. And as for the children, though they might sometimes fret under the little rules and regulations of an old dame's querulous temper, yet how much richer their whole after lives would be, for their becoming heirs of the memories and experiences of the old folks! The poorest old man or woman can always bequeath a life's dear-bought wisdom, and there is truth in the remark of a father whose son complained of the amount of money his parent had lost by well-meant mistakes. "Well, my boy," said the old man, "you can't inherit the fortune that is gone, but you can have all the experience I bought with it." Childhood and youth have no educational influences more valuable than the conversation and friendship of the aged, who

> Have observed the progress and decay
> Of many minds, of minds and bodies too;
> The history of many families;
> How they had prospered: how they were o'erthrown
> By passion or mischance, or such misrule
> Among the unthinking masters of the earth
> As makes the nations groan.

And as the old folks' experience gives the young folks a firm footing in the Past, so the young folks' prospects give the old folks a cheery hold on the Present and the Future. Why! after "the boys" have gone out to the "scrub" or the backwoods, even the old grandmother gets learned in the geography of Australia or the Far West, though in the maps of her own schooldays they were left in great blanks, fearful and stimulating to the imagination! The children keep the old people in touch with the new thoughts and new ways which are always modifying the world about us. They refresh the heart of the aged by their keen interest in the old stories they can never hear too often. The old man past work and painfully conscious of ever-failing strength, feels his youth renewed as he finds himself able to guard and guide his little grandson. The helplessness, the innocence, the confidingness of the young ones, touch the worn hearts like the dews of a fresh morning. They have a delicious yearning towards

> The little feet! that such long years
> Must wander on through hopes and fears,
> Must ache and bleed beneath their load.
> . . . The little hands that, weak or strong,
> Have still to serve or rule so long,
> Have still so long to give or ask.

They, being

> Nearer to the Wayside Inn,
> Where toil shall cease and rest begin,

are filled with pitiful tenderness for those who have just started on the long, hard, upward way. Not to lose hope for the children's future, they check any repinings over the falls and failures of their own past. It would all have been bright enough if they had only been braver, and stauncher, and more patient, and, please God, they will help these children to be all they ought to have been!

To the old, it must almost seem as if the dead were restored to them by the little children. Among them they find again the long-missed faces of brother and sister, dear friend and familiar neighbour.

> Close linked are bier and cradle: here the dead,
> To charm us, live again.

Nor can they help foreseeing with anxious solicitude the terrible significance of little traits of character which they have already seen fully worked out for good or for evil.

> A word, gesture, glance from that same child
> At play or in the school, or laid asleep,
> Will startle them to an agony of fear,
> Exasperation, just as like.

They have seen quick, childish tempers develop into fiery passions, and harden into deadly hatreds. They have watched soft yielding natures sink from self-indulgence into sluggishness and sensuality. "The best of the prophets of the Future is the Past."

And yet, it is precisely at this point that age renders one of its most sweet and sacred services to middle life. Old age

> Has seen much sorrow and has seen much joy,
> But has seen nothing that need breed despair.

The old have seen prodigals claim their portions, and go out from home, into the far country, but they have also lived to see some of them come back, after finding bitter wisdom among the swine's husks. The aged know that all which is deferred is not lost: the long sweeps of years that they have lived through, have shown them something of the fair possibilities of Eternity. Time has brought back so many lost things, that they are prepared to hope for the recovery of aught that remains missing. They have learned that the one way—and the sure way—to get

our own will is to make it one with the will of God. They can urge with the poet—

Unanswered yet? The prayer your lips have pleaded
In agony of heart these many years?
Does faith begin to fail? is hope departing,
And think you all in vain those falling tears?
Say not the Father hath not heard your prayer,
You shall have your desire sometime, somewhere.
* * * *
Unanswered yet? Faith cannot be unanswered,
Her feet are firmly planted on the Rock:
Amid the wildest storms she stands undaunted,
Nor quails before the loudest thunder-shock.
She knows Omnipotence has heard her prayer,
And cries, "It shall be done, some time, somewhere."

The careless innocence of childhood and the thoughtful experience of the old, each in its own way, soothes and strengthens those who are in the thick of Life's storm and struggle. The little child knows nothing of care in the present or anxiety in the future. It sits down to meat, as Bishop Taylor says, as at the sound of a bell, recking nought of how the food stands ready for it. The children of the poor hear of troubles, and see scarcity, but these must be very bitter indeed before they signify much to them. As Hood wrote, in his humorous style,—

"There's little Phelim, he sings like a thrush,
In the selfsame pair of patchwork plush,
With the selfsame empty pockets,
That tempted his daddy so often to cut
His throat, or jump in the water-butt—
But what cares Phelim? An empty nut
Would sooner bring tears to their sockets.

Give him a collar without a skirt,
(That's the Irish linen for shirt)
And a slice of bread with a taste of dirt,
(That's Poverty's Irish butter)
And what does he lack to make him blest?
Some oyster-shells or a sparrow's-nest,
A candle-end and a gutter."

The little child does not even know its own weakness and helplessness, and by the unconscious appeal of these to its parents, it makes them feel how their own need must appeal to a Higher Power. The old man and woman, on the other hand, have proved the strength which underlies weakness, they have felt the Everlasting Arms which uphold what human strength lets fall. They have found that dark days can be lived through—that events which seemed intolerable in anticipation, bring their own consolations with them. They have discovered the healing and recuperative properties of mere time. If they have watched some friendships fade into indifference or even enmity, they have also known enmity change into respect and regard, and have seen family feuds harmonized by the wonderful solvents of love and death. "Whitening hairs make mild the spirits," says the classic poet.

The services which the middle-aged render to the young and to the old, are not greater than those which it receives from them, but they are more manifest. Middle age does the work of the world; it bears the burden and heat of life's day. It is the bread-winner, the household ruler. Its function is to shelter the young and to sustain the old. It has to beware of overshadowing the one and overruling the other, and yet to take care not to fall into the opposite danger of pampering the child's wilfulness, or humouring the patriarch's weakness. A child's first right is to be well-governed; an old man's last right is to be well-guided. And as the grown man thinks thankfully of the wise guardian who checked his childish tendency to "answer back," and insisted on the formation of good habits of order and industry, whose value he now understands, so we can imagine that "spirits of just men made perfect," new-born out of the dimness and weariness of the decaying flesh, must think gratefully of those who dutifully restrained them from acting out the impulses of peevish prejudice, or sinking into the inaction of sheer apathy.

The dust and glare of noonday are indeed often the best types of the conditions in which middle age has to serve. Often it has not much leisure for the little luxuries of love. To win the children's bread, it may have to forego their caresses. These may be given rather to the grandsire or grandame, sitting in the easy chair always ready to tell a story, or to adjust childish grievances, and the old man and woman themselves often seem to turn from their own children, to lavish fondness on those children's children. But the middle-aged must stick to their duty, working in faith and love. The time will come when these heedless children will know what they were doing, that when they seemed so busy and pre-occupied, they were spending themselves for their sakes. And as for the old folks, so satisfied with the grandchildren, why, it is the middle-aged themselves whom the old folks find in those bairns! To them they are their own children come back to be playthings in the holiday hour of life's evening!

Only let the middle-aged beware that no mere fashion, or ambition, or desire to keep in the conventional groove of things, makes them "cumbered with much serving." There are those who must toil from dawn till dark that the old folks and the children may have bread to eat and clothes to wear, but there are many more who keep themselves in slavery that there may be (figuratively) jam on the bread and frills to the frocks! It may not be the height of paternal wisdom for a father to withhold the blessing of his companionship from his son even that he may have the wherewithal to give that son the benefit of "a college education." It is often the depth of paternal folly to heap up gold to bequeath to children whose souls have been left unballasted by fatherly admonition and example. It is the duty of the middle-aged, as they often express it, "to do the best they can for their children." But nothing can be good which hinders them from giving them the best of themselves.

So the aged, too, have claims beyond mere sustenance. We have shown that they have rights, not indeed to advice, but to gentle influences which shall bind the sheer frailty and feebleness of their decay to their stronger and real selves. We must help the old man to do what he should have decided to do himself in the best days of his

maturity. We must help the old woman to bear up under her infirmities as cheerily as she once bore up beneath the trials of active life. And nothing does this so effectually as an unfailing stream of little kindliness, of cheery visits, or punctual letters. It is not enough that we do the great duties, and render the great services. These become burdensome to the receiver, chilling the heart and irritating the sensibilities, unless accompanied by those little attentions which prove that our kindness gives a pleasure to ourselves. The big cheque we may send our parents on quarter-day, is far more acceptable to them if we do not forget the trifling card of Christmas greeting, the anniversary, or the enquiry after the old friend or the domestic pet. Gracious country ladies sending gifts of eggs or meat to those sorely in need of those comforts, are yet careful to lay a little fruit or a few flowers at the top of the basket, to give grace to the gift. "The graces of life are the sweetness of life," said a wise woman, who, through all the distractions of a busy and brilliant literary career, had never forgotten to consider "whatsoever things are lovely."

So, mutually serving and serviceable, let middle age march onward and upward, with the little child in one hand, and the patriarch leaning on the other arm, careful to give to the one all it wishes its own childhood had had, and to render to the other all it would fain that its age might receive, ever bearing in mind the declaration of the oriental poet that "the character of a wise man consists in three things; to do himself what he tells others to do: to act on no occasion contrary to justice, and to bear with the weaknesses of those around him."

I. F. MAYO.

A WEEK WITH THE HOP-PICKERS.

I HAD long heard of the attempts made, season after season, to preach the Gospel in the hop-gardens of Kent, and resolved to see a little of the work for myself. To begin at the beginning, I went one Saturday evening to the London Bridge terminus and there watched for several hours an ever-enlarging crowd of men, women, and children on their way to the harvest. I was warned by more than one friendly policeman and railway official that I should run a risk of "getting my head broke," and of going home a poorer man than when I came out, if I had any money in my pocket. But some inconvenience I was prepared to risk, and I was amply rewarded by the scenes I witnessed.

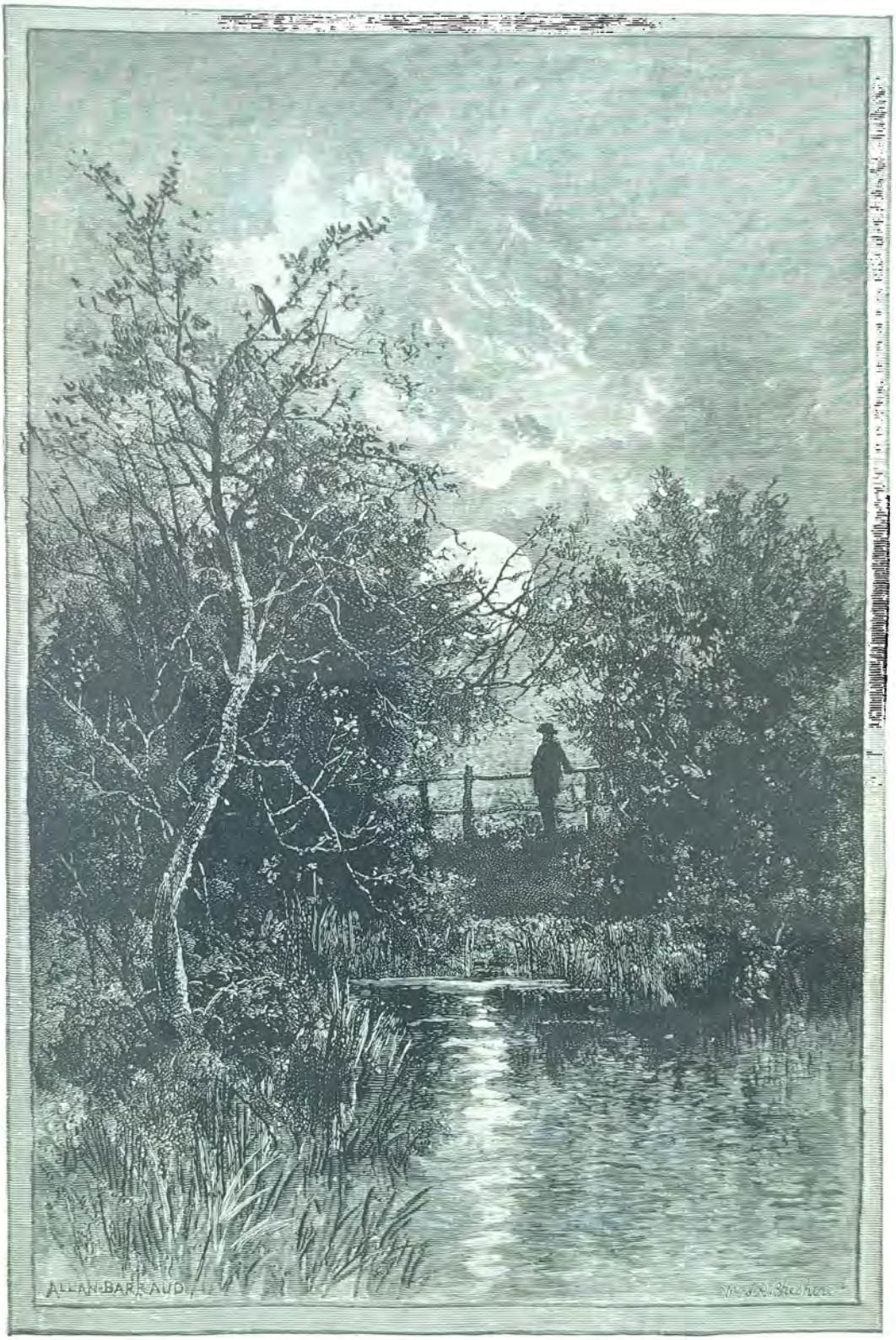
For about two hours the stream of passengers by the South Eastern Railway, for Strood, Snodland, Maidstone, East Farleigh and Wateringbury, never slackened. It was composed for the most part of the quiet poor. The rush came later in the evening.

A father would pass by, holding one child on one arm, and contriving somehow or other to carry a coarse little sack with a younger child fastened between it and his shoulder with his other arm. Behind him generally would follow his wife bearing a poor little bundle, generally a baby or little child looped up in a shawl knotted at the back, and two or three children laying hold of mother's gown. This group was repeated with only slight variations scores and scores of times in the course of the evening.

While the great body of hop-pickers went forth in bands, like the locusts, there were hundreds who started singly, sometimes with the inseparable bundle, but quite as frequently without a package of any kind. A carpet bag or a trunk was not seen from first to last, and looking at the tattered garments in which so many joined in this autumnal exodus, one could not help sorrowfully wondering how long they would hold together. Perhaps the saddest among the entire company were not those who went off, as fast as one hoppers' train could be started after another, but those who were left behind. There were, for example, two or three little groups of lonely people under the arches, the remembrance of whose lonely condition has haunted me ever since. In one archway outside the station, sat a group of four aged women, two of them quite grey-haired. They never seemed to exchange a word with each other, but sat each clasping her knees with hands locked together. They were waiting for relatives to take them down the line, but long after eleven o'clock they were waiting still.

In another archway there was a little picture the mournfulness of which was at first most distressing. Two young girls, scarcely in their teens, were standing hand in hand as far back under the arch as they could go. They looked desolate and friendless. Again and again would they come to the entrance of the arch, never beyond it, give a hurried, timorous look at the crowd of passers-by, to the right and left of them, and then retreat as far back as they could, as if desirous of shunning observation. A stranger's voice would certainly have added to their fears instead of allaying them.

Presently, a child's voice was heard exclaiming in a tone of rapturous delight, "There she is!" and a poor mother was fondling them and kissing them as if she had not seen them for years. She had brought them to the arch early in the evening, and told them not to stir from it, while she went back to get a trifle of money that was owing her. And now she had got it, and she could take her "darlints" off to the "master," who was already earning good money in one of the gardens. It was well that she came when she did, for in a



THE NIGHTINGALE.

"Sweet bird, that shunn'st the noise of folly,
Most musical, most melancholy."

Milton.

little while came a rush of passengers in which barriers were powerless, and the few police of no avail. It was Sunday morning before a tithe of those who had taken tickets found themselves at the places to which they were bound.

Some, perhaps, will like to know what became of the strange company when they did thus arrive at the places for which they were booked. The best that can be said of the lodgings provided for the hoppers, whether men or women, boys or girls, is that they are of the rough and ready kind, and with no pretensions to comfort; it must be said of some places, with but little regard for decency. But then it should not be forgotten that in the great majority of cases the lodgings which are vacated in town are also of the make-shift type, and that in the hop-gardens there is the pure air of which they do not get a whiff in their feverish courts and alleys. Within the last few years very much has been done to secure better conditions. No doubt it must require some courage on the part of the more respectable among the pickers—such as lawyers' clerks and law writers, some of whom are known to go down year by year—to turn into a hoppery only a few feet square, and to find that it is intended to accommodate *four* persons, one taking each corner in which there has been a shake-down of clean straw, by way of bed. But I heard no complaint from any one as to the sleeping arrangements. In some places the fields in the neighbourhood of the gardens bore a resemblance to an encampment, for tents were erected under which many slept until the signal of the horn a little before six in the morning called them to their work in the gardens. No smoking was allowed in any of the hopperies or gardens, and with the exception of Saturday night, no fire or light was to be used after nine o'clock. No spirituous liquors were allowed, and any breach of the regulations in this or in other respects was followed by a fine of one shilling.

The time chosen by the clergy and other friends who were desirous of saying a word in season to the pickers was usually the dinner-hour at noon, or in the evening when work was over. Wateringbury is the very core of the hop industry. Let me describe what I saw there as a sample of what was doing in many districts. At noon one day I accompanied the Rector of Nettlestead to the service he was about to hold in one of the gardens. He took with him his son and two or three lady friends to assist in the singing, and the simple service was opened with a favourite hymn in Mr. Sankey's selection—

> There is life for a look at the Crucified One,
> There is life at this moment for thee.

The rector begged the workers who were lying down between the bine rows that they would not allow the service to interfere with their dinner. He said he should speak to them with greater comfort if he saw them going on as usual. It was certainly as interesting a service in the open air as ever I attended. At the close a good number of the Religious Tract Society's publications were distributed by a member of the Open-air Mission, who had undertaken this portion of the work. He had a large white bag slung over his shoulder, and its contents were as a rule well received. The tracts given away during the hop harvest are found often to have been carefully preserved. In one case a picker who was down last season had stitched together all the tracts he had received, and intended adding those of this year to the number.

So far as one could judge from the attention of the people, and the nods which they gave to the speaker when the horn sounded for them to resume work, they were the better for the interval thus spent. In addition to this noon-day service every day, the same clergyman made it his work to go from bin to bin saying a word in season to the four pickers he would find at each. It is the testimony of those acquainted with the people that of late years there has been a decided change for the better in their behaviour. But the great time of temptation is not when the work is just commencing, for then the pickers are without money. It is at the close of the harvest that excesses are apt to occur. Then the rector has frequently had to redouble his efforts at the end of the season, and day by day goes down to the railway station to see the people off. This plan conduces greatly to the sobriety of the pickers.

At Teston, two or three miles off, there was an opportunity of seeing the pickers at the close of the day's work. It may be said in passing, the Vicar there lives in a house in connection with which there is one precious historical association. It was underneath an elm in his garden, which still towers grandly above all the trees by which it is surrounded, that, in the days when Mr. Wilberforce was young, there sat Lady Middleton and two or three other ladies forming the noble resolution to assist him in his efforts to abolish slavery. About a thousand people went to Tetson last season in the hope of getting work in the gardens, and in the course of a few days there was a good deal of distress among them. The Vicar employed between thirty and forty of them by giving them work to do on his premises. Among those who came begging to be put to work of any kind was a negro who had failed, like scores of others, to find a place in the hop-gardens. Some work was found for him, and when it was finished the Vicar said, "You have really only earned threepence at the rate at which I pay. If I give you sixpence what will you do?" "Bring your threepence back, sir," was the reply, and he did. The Vicar last year had two tents erected, and every evening something was attempted for the benefit of the pickers. Either an evangelistic service would be held, or a lecture would be given on some of the principal scenes in our Lord's Life. These scenes were well shown by some good lantern pictures. There would be perhaps an average attendance of a hundred and fifty pickers every night. The Vicar said that sometimes he had been quite "besieged" with requests for tracts. Some of the missionaries whom he had set to work, moreover, had told him of the careful manner in which the tracts presented had been preserved, and that they had been seen in hut after hut.

I looked in district after district for the aged women and the two little girls I had seen at London Bridge Station; but though there were plenty of aged women and of little girls at work, they were not to be seen. I thought once I had a glimpse of the former at East Farleigh, where another labourer was at work from early morning till late at night; but though those to whom I spoke were aged—far too aged, one would have thought, to bear the heat and burden of the day—they were not those who had sat so long and so silently under the arch, waiting for their journey. My guide visited the special encampments, one of them numbering about 600 hoppers, another 200, and another 150. These places looked dreary enough in the scorching sunshine, but he had managed to give the poor people who lodged in them many happy evenings in the mission-tent which he had erected. His coffee-barrow, too, had proved a powerful rival against the village public. The previous season he had conducted forty-three Sunday and nine week-day services among the pickers, besides meetings. He gave it as his experience there had been a vast improvement in the character of those at work in the gardens.

Marriages occasionally take place during the hop season, and baptisms too. Some sad little stories could also be told of the funerals which take place every year in district after district, while the gathering in of the harvest is at its height. The pickers may see week by week those who set out with them upon the same journey to the gardens, dropping by their side, and others taking their places at the plucking-bins. In the crowded London it might not have affected them very deeply to hear that one and another whom they knew in the same street had died during the night. But in the gardens it has proved otherwise many times, and the solemn warning, "Be ye also ready," has gone straight home to the heart. It was cheering to hear, in district after district, of good resulting from the preaching of the Gospel among the hop-pickers. The word spoken to them directly, while they were at work, or while taking their noon hour of rest, had found an entrance, and they had returned home to serve their Saviour humbly and gratefully for the remainder of their lives. This is a fact to which more than one clergyman heartily bore witness. They see year by year men come down to the gardens thoroughly changed in heart and life, rejoicing to take part in a religious service, who once were never so much at home as in a drunken brawl. They have gone home to lead new lives.

"HOT AND HIGH."

THE MOTTO OF HIS RACE.

BY JESSIE W. E. SAXBY.

CHAPTER I.

N the playroom of Castlandhill were gathered four boys, and, strange to say, the wonted riot was not going on. The oldest of the party was sitting on the edge of a table with his hands in his pockets, and a mischievous twinkle in his eyes. He was a lad of fourteen, named Tom Fenwick, good-humoured on the whole, but too fond of asserting his own "rights."

Bob, the next brother, was twelve, more slim of make than the other, but less candid, and with a restless expression that denoted temper. He was pacing up and down the room, adding a sneer or a sharp word to the conversation whenever a chance occurred.

Ted, the youngest, was lying on the floor kicking up his heels and enjoying "the fun."

The three brothers were sturdy boys of Saxon type. They had not been very carefully trained, and had serious faults of character, however they were fond of each other, and much addicted to manly games which usually kept them out of mischief. But at the moment when I introduce you to them they were engaged in the very un-English game of baiting a stranger.

This was a lad as unlike his companions as possible; a dark slight boy, the same age as Bob, but a head taller. His features were handsome and refined—a sensitive mouth that closed firmly when some angry word was rising from the hot heart; eyes with the melancholy shadow in them, so characteristic of West Indians; broad thoughtful brow, small nervous hands; these will give you an indication of Clayton Eyre's character.

He was leaning against the mantelpiece. He loved to get near a fire, missing the sunshine of his native Barbadoes. His head was bent, though ever and anon he gave the others a glance as keen and mocking as their own.

Clayton had been a month at Castlandhill, but he had not amalgamated with his cousins in the least, which was more their fault than his. The young Fenwicks were jealous of his talents, yet entertained a hearty contempt for his "softness"—as they termed the Christian courtesy and sensitive feelings which characterised him. For the first few weeks they treated Clayton with a certain civility, but when the newness became lost in familiarity the boys began to show their real feelings more plainly. Their parents were unfortunately too much engrossed by worldly interests outside of home to take notice of what was going on among the youngsters, and to his sister only

did Clayton ever speak of the rudeness with which the boys treated him.

"And you never saw a snowflake?" Bob was saying at the moment when we intruded ourselves. "I suppose it snows cinders in your outlandish part of the world."

"It does," replied Clayton with a humorous smile at such a description of a volcanic eruption. The baiting had been going on for some time, and he had had much ado to keep his temper, but the comic element in it occasionally diverted his rising wrath, also his naturally amicable disposition helped him to meet their questioning with some patience.

"And he never tasted strawberries!" ejaculated Ted, "and doesn't like beef!"

"What do you eat out there—niggers, eh?" Tom asked.

"Lava and shark," Clayton answered promptly, whereat Tom frowned and retorted, "None of your nonsense."

"He told me last night that he likes girls better than boys, and prefers playing hymns on an organ to cricket. He reads the Bible and says his prayers every day," said Ted.

Tom and Bob laughed derisively, and Clayton with flushed face answered Ted.

"I told you I liked Cousin Peg better than you boys, and my sister best of all. That is different from the way you put it."

"Ho! Miss Clayton," said Tom, "where is your doll: and won't you treat us to a sermon?"

Bob made a mock bow before his cousin, and said, "I regret, miss, this Elysium does not possess an organ; but perhaps you can indulge us with a psalm-tune on the Jews' harp?"

Then Ted began some joke about the Bible, but was checked by Clayton saying in shocked tones, "Hush! you must not talk of sacred things like that."

"He is going to be a parson," sneered Bob.

"Ha!" laughed Tom, "white surplice, eyes turned up, hands crossed, mellifluent accents chanting Te——"

"Look you!" Clayton interrupted suddenly, flinging back his head and facing his tormentors with great resolution. "Chaff me as much as you please on all subjects but *that*. I will not allow you to speak disrespectfully of my dear father's calling. I will not permit sacred things to be made a jest."

"Miss Goody-goody," sneered Bob; and stepping in front of Clayton, he asked: "And suppose we call parsons what we please—suppose we ask riddles from the Bible, how are you going to stop us?"

"I shall leave the room," young Eyre answered very quietly, and he moved towards the door; but Bob set his back to it saying, "No, you don't; we've not done with you yet."

"Sing a hymn, and we'll let you off," cried Tom.

The hot colour faded from Clayton's face, and something akin to tears added a softer lustre to his dark eyes. The chief delight of his past life had been following his mother in singing sweet and sacred songs, and the pain of losing her was so recent that he had not been able to resume the habit she had taught.

"Baby is going to cry. It wants its mother," Ted remarked very thoughtlessly.

Clayton gave him a glance so expressive that the small boy was recalled to himself at once, and, ashamed of so heartlessly touching on a yet bleeding wound, muttered, "Oh, I forgot. I didn't mean to vex you that way."

"Now tell us," said Bob, coming close to Clayton again, "tell us what a muff does when fellows laugh at him?"

The fiery nature of the tropics blazed out then. The boy had been putting great restraint on himself for an hour but he yielded to temptation at last.

"I don't know how muffs act," he said. "I never met one in the West Indies. But I will tell you what *I* do when things I reverence are made the subject of banter. I *go for* the fellow who does it." And as he said the last word Clayton sprang upon Bob, threw him to the floor, and shook him till he was almost breathless.

So suddenly was this done, that the others were taken by surprise, and did not interfere for a few moments. Then Tom made a rush at the combatants; but before he could do more than seize Clayton a knock came to the door.

"Come in," cried Ted, who was the only person who heard the knock, and thereupon entered two girls—one a chubby lass of eleven, closely resembling the Fenwick boys. Her companion was a young lady of twenty, and one glance at her sweet pensive features told that this was Clayton's sister.

"I say, boys," the little Peg began,—then stopped short, as did Miss Eyre, at the spectacle before them.

Tom, somewhat ashamed, rose to his feet, and Clayton also stood up; while Bob, released but considerably ruffled in clothes and temper, turned fiercely on his little sister and asked what business she had coming there.

"Cousin Meta wanted to see the Tower," said Peg.

And Miss Eyre—after one look of grieved surprise at Clayton—added pleasantly, "Uncle Fenwick told me this room was called 'Elysium,' and I ventured to expect a welcome to it."

"Well, you are welcome," replied Tom, "though it doesn't look like an Elysium at present."

There was an awkward pause after that—a pause which was broken by Clayton saying to Bob, "I'm—I'm sorry I lost my temper. I didn't mean——"

Bob snorted and turned away impatiently, without allowing the other to finish, but Tom exclaimed, "Come, Bob, I think we've been too hard. He isn't the muff we thought him, and has come out of his exam very fairly. So, Clayton, boy, let's be friends." And the speaker held out a muscular hand, into which the West Indian laid his slender fingers with frank readiness.

"I've not done with him yet," muttered Bob, flinging out of the room.

"What was the quarrel about?" Peg asked of Ted in a loud whisper. To which he answered in the same tone, "Oh, Clayton, you know, is one of the pious kind, and he didn't like our chaff about parsons and hymns."

Miss Eyre had gone to the window, and was admiring the view, but she heard what Ted said. Taking no notice, however, she talked to Tom of the beautiful scene spread before their eyes. Then she made a tour of the room, examining its treasures with much interest; and while she did so Clayton stood by the fire in a very dejected attitude. Presently Meta asked to be shown over the Tower, and when Tom readily agreed, she said to Clayton, laying a hand tenderly on his arm, "You will come too?"

"Yes—but—I have something to say first." Then, turning his flushed face to the boys, he added, "I am very sorry for what happened. I ought not to have yielded to temper so. It—it was more wrong of me to defend sacred things in that spirit than it was wrong of you to speak of them with levity. I beg your pardon, boys."

"Nonsense, man," exclaimed Tom; and Ted remarked, "I was a brute to say what I did about—you know."

Clayton's lip quivered; but his face cleared up in a moment, and he said more cheerfully, "I'll try not to make such a fool of myself another time, and you—I am sure you will learn that I was justified in defending the right, only I—I did it in a wrong way."

"Oh, it will all come straight, I dare say," said Tom carelessly; and then Meta chimed in, "*Hot and high* as usual, Clayton. You keep our family motto always in sight."

"I expect," cried Ted laughing, "that you will both have

made use of your motto before you leave the Tower—that is, if you mean to go all over it."

These words reminded the party of Miss Eyre's request, and the tour of inspection was begun at once.

That you may clearly understand what follows, I must describe Castlandhill in part.

It was a place to delight the hearts of young people. The house was situated on a steep incline half way up a hill which overlooked Weston Valley, studded with picturesque villages and clumps of wood. A great part of the building had gone to ruin, being very old, but additions had been made from time to time as the older portions decayed. As its name indicated, the house had at a remote time been a castle, and though the modern part was built after modern ideas of comfort, there still remained enough of the ancient characteristics to entitle the house to wear its old name.

Some of the ruin was attached to crags which overhung a brawling river, and Mr. Fenwick had strictly prohibited his children from going near that part of the mansion, which was given up to ivy and birds. The crumbling walls afforded no safe ground for a boy's favourite amusement of climbing, and Tom, sensible enough to see the danger of attempting such a feat in that locality, never ventured to disobey his father's orders. Ted always followed Tom's lead, but I am sorry to say Bob had more than once trespassed on the forbidden ground, and nearly lost his life in so doing—though no one but himself knew that.

At an angle of the building there stood one old tower in a state of perfect preservation. It was connected with the newer part of the house by a long wooden gallery. The tower resembled a lighthouse. It had one room on top of another—four in number—and a very steep narrow stair winding up to the roof, where stood a large flagstaff.

This tower was given up to the boys of the family. The lowest room they had turned into a workshop. There stood their lathe and bench, and a heterogeneous collection of tools and wood. They called that room "The Hive."

The next chamber was their schoolroom, which Bob had named "The Chamber of Horrors." The third was dedicated to amusements, and its walls were hung with bats, bows, fishing-rods, everything needful for boys' games, and that room was called "Elysium," as we have already heard.

The fourth room they used for lumber, which usually means articles that have ceased to be serviceable, and it had been named "The Condemned Cell." It was attic-shaped and dreary, therefore seldom visited, and never tenanted for more than a few minutes at a time. But the view from that attic was more extensive than could be had from any other windows in the house; so the boys insisted that Meta must enter the condemned cell as well as the other apartments of their domain, and great was their chagrin when they reached the door, to find it locked and the key gone away. No one could explain how this had happened; and though Tom kicked and shook the door with all his might, it would not yield them admission. Nor could they understand where the key had gone; so they were at last turning away in disappointment, when Clayton said, "Suppose we take Meta on to the roof by the flagstaff? She is not timid, and the view will reward her."

Miss Eyre consented to be led up the remaining steps, but she did not care to remain many minutes on the roof; and she could scarcely forbear from screaming when her brother, agile and an adept in climbing both trees and rocks, ran to the flagstaff and rapidly made his way up its rugged trunk.

"I didn't know he cared for that sort of thing," said Tom in answer to Meta's remarks on Clayton's climbing feats at home: and there can be no doubt that Tom's respect for his cousin was much greater after hearing that he had scaled a precipice, and been up a lofty palm.

But though the girl was pleased to tell of her young brother's boldness, she was glad to retreat from the top of the tower; and when the tour of inspection was over, she linked her arm through his, saying, "I confess, Clayton, I like not to see you either hot or high!"

A short time afterwards the brother and sister detached themselves from the others, and wandered away to a secluded part of the terraced garden, where we will follow, if you please.

SCRIPTURE ENIGMA.

NO. XIX.

The god of this world, says St. Paul,
Doth blind against the light;
What does he then the Saviour call
Who shines with glory bright?

For us in heaven Jesus pleads
And bears our sins alone,
What is He while He intercedes
Before His Father's throne?

When Andrew for his brother sought,
What did he call the Lord?
St. John, by inspiration taught,
The title does record.

To those, said Christ, who are My own
I am a fruitful tree;
The branches cannot live alone,
They must abide in Me.

When joyful Zacharias praised
The Holy Babe Divine,
What did he say "the Lord hath raised
For us in David's line"?

What is that name that Matthew tells
The infant Christ shall bear?
It means "Jehovah with us dwells,"
Our human form to wear.

A prophet shows the Saviour's birth,
Foretelling Gospel story;
Who does he say shall come to earth
And fill His house with glory?

Last of two letters Jesus claims
In use among the Greeks,
And takes them for His sacred names
When unto John He speaks?

Purge out old leaven, says St. Paul,
Nor yield to sin again;
What does he then the Saviour call
Who has for us been slain?

Of whom says Job, "I know He lives,
And though beneath the sod
My body lies, yet life He gives
To rise and see my God"?

These answers titles give of Christ our Lord;
In every one His name should be adored.
Initial letters take, and then behold
Who is the entrance to the heavenly fold

L. T.

THE SUNDAY AT HOME

O DAY MOST CALM, MOST BRIGHT! . . .
THE WEEK WERE DARK BUT FOR THY LIGHT.—*Herbert.*

GENEVIÈVE;

A STORY OF OLD FRANCE.

CHAPTER XI.—THE WRITING OF GENEVIÈVE MONTÈRES (*continued*).

MADAME LA DUCHESSE TRIES A LITTLE CONDESCENSION AND GIVES GENEVIÈVE A BRACELET.

JULY 13*th*.—There is a subject upon which I think much and often, but there is no one to whom I can speak of it. Only once since I came here did I chance to hear even the most distant allusion to the Duc de Graffont, that was when some one said to Madame at her levée one day, that "this poor Duke" was still buried alive in his den of a château in Auvergne, being out of favour with the king on account of M. Fouquet's affair. I know that people do not often talk of those who are out of favour with the king. But what is Edouard doing all this time? *Tiens!* [1] the name has slipped unawares from my pen; M. de Sercourt is what I should write, of course. How amazed the household would be, if in some unguarded moment I were to permit myself to mention Edouard de Sercourt! They would think me fit for the Bicêtre.[2] That is

[1] Stay.

[2] Hospital for the insane.

PRICE ONE PENNY.

why I cannot bring myself to speak of him at all. Since I have been in the world I have come to know what a strange thing it was for a youth belonging to the Haute Noblesse, perhaps the heir of a peer of France, to have been brought up with a little *bourgeoise* like me, as if we were brother and sister. Of course it happened because he was in a kind of concealment, under a cloud, as it were; his father having got into trouble about the siege of Rochelle. He is a Protestant too, but that makes no difference. It reminds me, however, that the other day I heard one of the sisters of Madame, who is very bitter against the Jansenists, taunt Mademoiselle with being "nothing but a Protestant, a disciple of Calvin." Mademoiselle answered that she was no Protestant, that the doctors of Port Royal had always been foremost in opposing the errors of Calvin; but that the Jesuits, by the laxity of morals they permitted and encouraged, were proving themselves the most dangerous enemies of the Faith, and playing into the hands of the heretics. I have tried to write down this answer correctly, because I think it very clever, though I do not understand it. How could I?—when I know neither what are the errors of Calvin, nor what the Jesuits teach, except so far as I have learned this last from the "Little Letters" of M. Pascal; and certainly, from his account of them, their doctrines seem to be bad enough.

July 25th.—Mademoiselle is very good to me now. Still somewhat cold and reserved in manner; but oh! so kind in all that goes to make real kindness. I cannot describe the change in my life since that talk we had about three weeks ago. Mademoiselle Amand tells me something which is very strange—if true. She says Mademoiselle liked me from the moment I entered the house. I asked, if that were so, why did she give me up so readily to Madame? "Do you not know that is her way?" was the answer. "It is because she is religious. These saints believe that if they care for a thing, that is just the reason they ought not to have it. And if they hate a thing with all their hearts, that is just what they must have, or do. That is how they subdue the flesh, and renounce the world."

Said M. de Viremont, who was standing by, "Then it is plainly the duty of Mademoiselle to accept M. de la Feuillade at once, for assuredly, she hates him—as saints *can* hate. Though I cannot tell why for my life, since he is a handsome and gallant gentleman, and has the most distinguished manners."

This pert, flippant speech made me so angry, and I answered M. de Viremont with such heat, that Mademoiselle Amand imposed silence on us both. I am sorry I spoke uncourteously, but scarce sorry to have quarrelled with M. de Viremont, who is growing forward and intrusive, and more troublesome to me of late than I like. I am glad for this, as well as for other reasons, that I have promised Mademoiselle to go no more to the theatre, even to see the tragedies of M. Corneille, which I am sure are very improving, as well as quite religious. I have also given up playing cards in Mademoiselle Amand's room, not greatly to her contentment.

July 26th.—Something has just happened which makes me understand better what Mademoiselle Amand said yesterday; and also makes me doubly glad that I put down the impertinence of M. de Viremont, though I fear it was rather sharply done for a young lady. Mademoiselle sent for me to her room, and said a few words—very kind words too, but which for all that I do not care to write down here. For they arose out of a total mistake. Some one must have told her some foolish story, in which there was not a word of truth, about one of the gentlemen of M. le Duc's. But how could any one imagine that *I* was thinking of having suitors—at my age? I shall not be sixteen until next month, and even then I shall still be quite a child, so to speak. Ah mother, mother! how everything makes me feel the need of thee! Even Mademoiselle cannot be like thee—how could she? Still she is grand, and good, and noble; so high above me that I scarcely dare to love her. Yet I *do* love her, and with all my heart. But it is only her last words to me that I wish to write down now. "My child, if you determine to give up the world, and to give your heart to God, there is much pain, and perhaps a life-long struggle before you. For remember, He will not accept a divided heart. His words remain for ever, 'Whoso cometh unto Me and hateth not' his nearest and dearest upon earth, 'Yea, and his own life also, *he cannot* be My disciple.' But He is worth it all. One moment of the joy of knowing Him, and realizing His love, is worth a life-time of the best the world has to give. I have found that, and so have some who are far better and wiser than I. God grant that you may find it too."

Can I say "Amen" to that prayer? I do not know. God knows that I wish to love and serve Him here, as well as to inherit His kingdom hereafter. But what is this price that I shall have to pay? Can I hate—can I even give up loving, the people and things around me, so kind and so pleasant? Father and mother, and my adopted brother—the kind friend that met me at the door of St. Sulpice—and even, for there should be no exception, Mademoiselle herself! She would tell me that to "hate," means only not to have "*attachment*," which is sinful; but that our Saviour's words do not exclude the love of charity, which we may, nay which we ought, to feel for every one. But this seems cold comfort to the warm, beating, human heart.

What am I to think about it all? And what am I to do? God help me! God teach me!

If I am not willing to give up for His sake all that keeps me from serving Him rightly, may He make me willing. And if already He has made me willing, may He show me how to do it.

CHAPTER XII.—THE TWO PATHS.

For some time afterwards Geneviève's "cahier" lay neglected. Perhaps the sustained exertion proved fatiguing to so young a writer, perhaps she was really too busy. Occasional conversations with Mademoiselle, thoughtful readings of the books she lent her, and little

services voluntarily undertaken for her, now supplemented her usual duties towards Madame, who was by no means an unexacting mistress. Yet there were moments of leisure which she could have appropriated to her self-imposed task, and young as she was, she had already something of a Frenchwoman's facility with her pen. But her thoughts were hardly clear enough to transfer to paper. A lake must be at rest if distinct images are to be reflected there; and Geneviève's young mind was not at rest, but darkened by clouds and tossed by storms. Two opposite forces, "the World" and "Religion," were contending for her; and she stood between them in perplexity, not so much uncertain for which to decide, as ignorant of what her decision would involve, and unknowing how to give effect to it.

She inherited from her father a singular honesty of mind, a clear intelligence, and reasoning powers much above the average; while tenderness and reverence were her mother's gifts, and her mother's training had had for its object the engrafting upon these of a sincere and enlightened piety, free from the grosser forms of self-righteousness and superstition. She brought with her to the Hôtel de Roannez a real desire to serve God and to do His will. Nor perhaps was her young heart wholly destitute, even then, of that living faith in the divine Saviour which is the root of all true religion. Had Mademoiselle appealed to this they would quickly have understood each other, and the older and more experienced disciple might have rendered priceless service to her younger sister.

But unfortunately Mademoiselle, like most of her school, was occupied less with the great illumination the gospel brings, than with the great renunciation it demands. Moreover, she mistook the place of that renunciation in the Christian life, and she mistook also the sphere of its operation. She was quite free from the deadly error of expecting eternal life as the reward of merit—even of the merit of giving up all to follow Christ. But she was not free from the subtler delusion of thinking that the giving up and the following must come *first*, and that the blessing would depend eventually upon their thoroughness and completeness. It was her plan to drive out the darkness in the hope that the light would come in to fill the vacuum, though nature taught her a different lesson every morning when she opened her casement to admit the sunshine. As for the sphere of the Christian's renunciation, in her thought it was like a pall covering all the earth, and well-nigh all the heavens, with its blackness. Every professing Christian vows—every real Christian vows with sincerity, "To renounce the world, the flesh, and the devil." If we exclude the last of these terms as scarcely open to controversy, it is evident that most of the practical problems of Christian life must depend for their solution upon the way in which we define the two first. Port Royal and its school were ready with their definitions—which were clear, and sharp, and keen as Damascus blades to divide asunder, not only the thoughts and intents of the heart, but its tenderest and most sensitive fibres. All which is within us that is not Christ is the flesh, and therefore "abominable;" all which is around us that is not Christ is the world, and therefore "abominable,"—the word is not ours, but that of the greatest disciple of Port Royal.[1] All social engagements and enjoyments, all science, almost all art and literature, must belong therefore either to the world or to the flesh. It must be as much a sin to be intent upon a scientific problem as to be drunk with wine, wherein is excess. But there was worse behind. This teaching placed under the ban not only the occupations and amusements, but the tenderest affections of life. Family ties formed a snare as dangerous, or more so, because far subtler than the seductions of ambition, or the more open allurements of vice. For, "if there be a God, He alone, and not the creatures of time, should be the object of our love. Therefore all that incites us to attach ourselves to the creature is evil, since it hinders us, either from serving God, if we know Him, or from seeking Him, if we know Him not. Moreover, we are full of sin, we are full of evil, therefore we ought to hate ourselves, and all that incites in us any attachment except to God alone."[2]

Well may those truly Christian men and women, for such they were who received this terrible saying, be compared to Lazarus emerging from his tomb, every nerve and vein throbbing with fresh and vigorous life, yet bound and tied, constrained and impeded, by cerements appropriate to the dead, but unsuitable and abhorrent to the living. Nay, an image yet more frightful occurs to the imagination. There have been living bodies encased in lime, which hardened around the palpitating flesh, as it struggled hopelessly against its deadly environment. Thus did tender hearts struggle and suffer in vain, in the grasp of the awful theory which made opposing forces of divine and human love, and substituted "Love God instead of all else" in the place of, "Love all else in God."

Charlotte Gouffier de Roannez had faced and endured this martyrdom. She had borne, in heroic silence, the quivering of the strained nerves, the aching of the tortured heart. She was able to do it, only because she believed she was doing it for Christ. Across "the clouds that veiled His face," across the mists of error and superstition, a vision had come to her which made her strong to do and to suffer. She saw Him now by faith as, "all her salvation and all her desire," she hoped to see Him one day, with eyes purified from the tears and the darkness of earth, as the King in His beauty, to be with Him and to be like Him for ever. So for the present she was content to follow Him, "in the way of the Cross," even though it were with bleeding feet and breaking heart.

But to Geneviève the vision had not come as yet. Therefore it was no marvel if her perplexed and sorrowful heart cried aloud from its depths, "'This is a hard saying, who can bear it?'—Not

[1] Pascal, from whose writings, and those of the other Port Royalists, these ideas are taken, without any exaggeration, but rather the reverse.

[2] Pascal.

I at least." Reason as well as feeling seemed to revolt against what was demanded from her; and the claims of both were re-inforced by the circumstances of her life, which could not fail to influence one so young, and naturally so impressible.

Madame la Duchesse was not long in ignorance of the kind of friendship which had sprung up between her daughter and her favourite attendant. She disapproved of it strongly, indeed nothing of a trifling nature (and of course all matters relating to domestics were trifling in the eyes of the great lady) could well annoy her more than that any one about her person should become "a saint" and receive "the seal of Port Royal." She desired to break the spell; moreover, she came unconsciously to set a higher value herself upon what she saw to be sought after by another. Geneviève therefore had presents and marks of favour showered upon her by her generous though imperious mistress. Madame went even a little farther; she condescended to notice the good looks of her demoiselle, to suggest becoming apparel, and even to hint at an establishment, which might easily be found "for a young girl so pretty and so genteel." Although this last idea gave Geneviève no pleasure at all, still the favour and notice of a personage so exalted as Madame, could not fail to awaken in so young a heart, a little tumult of excitement and of gratified vanity. These feelings reached their climax when Madame one day observed to her, with unheard-of condescension, "*Ma petite*, a little bird has whispered to me that this is thy *jour de fête*.[1] See how this bracelet will look upon that slender white arm of thine."

Geneviève received with respectful gratitude the beautiful gift, by far the most costly that had as yet been bestowed upon her. Then she withdrew to her own little chamber, where she placed the glittering bauble before her, beside a small volume containing the devout meditations of M. Singlin, the spiritual director of the Nuns of Port Royal. The shining jewels, and the unpretending, darkly-bound little book in its faded cover, seemed the emblems of the two principles that were contending for her; the two lives that stretched out before her, like separate paths, tempting her uncertain feet. Which should it be, this or that?

LIFE IN NEW GUINEA.

BY THE REV. JAMES CHALMERS.

VI.

IT is not to be supposed that any savage tribe seeks to have teachers simply that it may be taught the Gospel. I have never met one; and from long experience and the insight given me into the workings of the savage mind by repeated questionings, close observance and the after statements of converts respecting their heathen thoughts, I do not believe that there ever has been a savage people who possessed powers of mind and knowledge of the wants of their dormant spiritual faculties so as to desire teachers on purely spiritual grounds. All like the teachers for the distinction given them among their neighbours and on account of the worldly gospel they bring. To most of them the gospel means tobacco, tomahawks, beads, cloth and salt. Even after the message of God's love has been preached, and the way of man's redemption has been told, they are slow to recognise its spiritual aspects. To most, thus far informed, it simply means peace and goodwill among tribes. That is certainly a good deal, if we try to understand what a series of horrible cruelties and practices savage warfare involves. Then again some can appreciate it as God's own message of love to *them*, and the record of a life which *they* are to copy.

The shades of light and varying degrees of insight into the spiritual side of our teaching which these people possess it is difficult to explain to English minds, which are steeped in spiritual things by years of continuous pulpit exposition and preaching, as well as by the reading of literature illustrative of every phase of the gospel.

But with regard to the practical side of morality the savage is quick enough to learn and even to appreciate the advantages which it bestows. Thus direct teaching founded on the Ten Commandments receives a ready and an obedient response from these sincere ones, and their lives thus morally reformed make us say they are no longer savages but Christians. They no longer lie, steal, behave cruelly to one another and seek their neighbours' lives. In these respects they are new creatures, and that good Spirit which has thus far changed their lives by helping them to hold a simple faith in Christ's atonement will in due time lead them to appreciate the higher and more exclusively spiritual features of holiness.

From the legends and folk-lore which I have gathered among the tribes of New Guinea I might give many illustrations which closely resemble early Biblical stories. Others are affiliated to ancient Greek and Roman myths. Some tribes give different versions of the same thing. There

[1] Birthday.

are also certain fundamental truths which have always had a credence there—such as that man possesses a soul which can have a distinct existence apart from the body. They believe also in the future happy state of the dead; and in the interest which departed ones still retain in those they have left behind. The existence of spirits other than human is also recognised and the influence which they are supposed to exercise over the mind of man.

The Motuans and Motu-motuans are the two most important tribes and may be taken as samples of the others. In illustration of their folk-lore here is a story which strongly inclines me to think that underneath it, hidden in the spiritual darkness of ages, may lay the truth of the Trinity.

Vagani is the name of the Great Spirit; he has to do with sun, rain, thunder and lightning. He gives food, and when there is scarcity he has eaten all up. His wife is Vagani Mabata, and they have one child called Vagani Moi.

According to a Motu-motu statement of the creation, Semese, a spirit in the heavens, has two sons, Hiovaki and Miai; there was nothing until Hiovaki Semese, the elder brother, descended and made land and sea. The people make offerings to this spirit that he may be pleased to give them strength to fight. They also pray to him that he may give them goodness. He takes everybody killed in a fight to his place which is good. He also descends and dances in his dubu near Motu-motu. He and his younger brother Miai divide the work. Hiovaki Semese also made the heavens, and created men and women from a cocoanut tree and commanded them under pain of death to make offerings to him.

The greater number of the tribes in the south-east peninsula believe in a Great Spirit and worship him. Most of them think he is good and kind, and to him appeals are made by those in distress.

They believe that man does evil things, but who leads him to it they cannot say. It must spring from their ancestors, and is born with them. Pigs, dogs, wallabies have spirits which go to the river Larogi or to Levan at death.

Man has no power over the spirits of the dead, either the good or the bad. The spirits have all power. The Motuans say that the spirits they call Dirava live in Taura and are like men, except that on entering their abode they are put on a gridiron to be dried over a slow fire that they may become ethereal and light. Their home is a glorious place where all friends meet, plant, fish, hunt and never know hunger. When the spirits of departed ones in Taura hear the drum beating and who is dead, they open the door, come out and meet the approaching one and lead him to Taura. They say Hiovaki built the dubu or temple, and put the men in it. Then the men built houses for the women. All dubus belong to the Father Spirit Semese.

The Motu-motuans worship Semese, his two sons, and the sun, moon, stones, rocks, and mountains. In a small degree they worship dead warriors, and also pay great respect to a living warrior, and give him food and presents.

The Motuans, on the other hand, do not worship anything in nature, or the moon and stars.

Their superstitions are numerous, and concern nearly every action in human life. All firmly believe in the power of sorcerers, and employ them to injure enemies, to procure good luck for any proposed journey or a fair wind, and to bring or to withhold rain and crops. In fact the aid of sorcerers is sought at all times. These men belong to the Koitapu tribe.

The coasting tribes usually offer their food to the mast, and mutter some prayer before cooking it; and inland tribes have prayers to their ancestors before eating food.

One of the chief methods of divining among the tribes is by pulling the fingers. Auguries are formed upon the joints cracking or not.

Many of the practices done with religious intent are extremely revolting, particularly among cannibal tribes.

I can only say that in these ceremonies they often deport themselves in a very solemn manner, even when the spiritual significance of the rite is but partly understood or quite lost to them. The religious side of their nature is, in many of them, very fully developed. Alas! that it should only be used for belief in degrading superstitions, and in acts of cruelty to others. The sorcerers, too, take up a very dignified and impressive demeanour when consulting their charms. It is a moot point with me whether they have any faith in these oracles themselves. I am inclined to think, from the fact that they will sometimes sell these things to foreigners, that any faith they may possess is chiefly put in themselves, and that one charm is as good as another to "be sought unto" for guidance. For if the thing has power, then I or another might enquire. Perhaps they trust to our ignorance of the way in which these things have been used. Many of these crystals, pieces of wood, seeds, and other articles which are "enquired of" have been long used, sometimes by several generations of a sorcerer's family; and the people have in time come to put their faith partly in the skill or power of the man and partly in the articles consulted. But they are hardly conscious of this themselves. Superstition generates a spirit of intense fear. Even "flying in the face of Providence," dark though that which they conjure for themselves may be, is not tolerated.

The feeling of all the tribes towards the sorcerers is one of hatred as well as of fear, as both sickness and death are by many tribes solely attributed to their power. No doubt these men do bring sickness, and even death to some by their subtle use of poisons; but they are often falsely accused, and are only safe by the fear their power engenders, or protected by the large and influential parties of relations and friends they possess. These followers hang on because the sorcerer procures them food and property. Long droughts bring large quantities of yams, bananas, sugarcane, betelnuts, cocoanuts, pigs, fish, tobacco, armshells, ear, neck, and forehead ornaments as presents to propitiate the sorcerer. Similar presents are made by the friends of the sick; but if death follows, the sorcerer is blamed.

VII.

Mission work has been carried on in New Guinea by the London Missionary Society since 1871, when the Rev. A. W. Murray and the Rev. S. McFarlane visited the island in the "John Williams." It has been largely sustained by Polynesian teachers, eight of whom, on the occasion of this first visit, were placed on Darnley Tauan and Saibai Islands. Mr. Murray, accompanied by the Rev. W. Wyatt Gill, B.A., located on New Guinea in 1872 thirteen more Polynesian teachers and their wives. And in 1874 Mr. Murray was joined by the Rev. S. McFarlane and Rev. W. G. Lawes, who have since that time laboured hard and successfully on behalf of the natives. It was my privilege to join these brethren in 1877, the venerable Mr. Murray, who is truly the father of the New Guinea Mission, having retired from active labour in the mission field.

The plan pursued has been for the European missionaries to visit the tribes along the coast, and latterly some of the inland tribes, to make friends of the chiefs and influential men. When a large village, or one of a group of villages appeared to be healthy, and the people were willing to receive a teacher, one was located upon the promise being made that a house should be built for him, that food should be provided until he could grow some for himself, and that the chief would protect him and his family and be responsible for his safety. The success which has attended the labours of these native teachers during the last fifteen years has been a cause of great rejoicing to all friends of humanity. They have experienced many vicissitudes. Some have died from climatic influences, others have been massacred by the men they were striving to bless; but such is the eagerness and spirit shown by the students in the Society's training institutions in the South Seas, that as soon as vacancies have been announced, from whatever cause, a friendly but zealous competition has arisen, each student thinking he had special claims to be sent to fill the place of the fallen one. The enthusiasm was especially great when it became known among a band of newly arrived teachers that we proposed to reopen the Mission at Kalo, where the natives had massacred their teachers, with their families, in all twelve persons. The Samoans volunteered for the forlorn hope. The Raiateans, too, earnestly begged to go. The Rarotongans went privately to Mr. Gill, who had brought them from Sydney, and urged him to intercede that the post of honour and peril might not be given to others. So we said: "As Rarotongans were martyred, let Rarotongans have the preference. If they show the white feather, let others go."

These Kalo people had become impatient to have a teacher again placed among them. They built a house, for which on my arrival amongst them I paid, giving also presents to the four chiefs. The chief's son, with whom the former teacher lived, and who was one of the most active murderers, told me that the land belonging to the Society had never been touched, and that he hoped as the past had been forgiven that the new teacher would take possession at once and begin to plant. The eldest son of Quaipo, the chief who had planned the fatal attack, came in the afternoon with a pig and a large quantity of food. At one time we received twenty-four dishes of cooked food and several hundreds of young cocoanuts.

Soon after sundown we were left alone, and I doubted if I had done right in remaining lest I should be the means of leading our teachers, their wives, and my boat's crew into trouble. It was true the chief Quaipo was no more, but his death at the hands of British officers, though one of justice, might be to his family and friends a "casus belli." No European had slept there since the massacre, and we were unarmed and quite at their mercy. In one sense it was foolhardy, as the natives had often said that nothing would satisfy them but my head. On the other hand, if all went well, it would be the best augury for future success. We slept soundly, and the people were pleased that I should have shown such confidence in them. May He who protected us soon become known to them!

The supervision which we have been able to give to these good teachers has been of the scantiest character; yet I believe no mission connected with the London Missionary Society, or any other society, can compare with this of New Guinea in results, whether you regard it merely from a social standpoint and try to estimate the repressive influence exercised on the evil ways of the people, or judge it by direct conversions and the principles of active Christianity which the new disciples exhibit.

When a teacher is located, he institutes services at stated intervals, and opens a school for old and young. Prior, however, to doing this, he may have had a short time experience at some neighbouring station, and learnt something of the language. Constant intercourse with the people soon enables him to speak a little to them; and when a few have learned to read they can assist others with the alphabet and small words, thus leaving the teacher and his wife more time for other matters. Some teachers are sticklers for the routine duties they have laid out for themselves, and allow nothing to interrupt them; but the majority, I am glad to say, are men of sound commonsense, and adapt their arrangements entirely to the ways of the people. For instance, at planting, or harvest time, or in the trading seasons when the men are away, they are able to visit neighbouring places more frequently; and at other times, when the men are having a day at home, they have service specially to occupy part of their leisure. The routine men will hold service at the stated hour, though every man be gone to the plantation to work; the commonsense men wait until their return, and seize the moment most opportune for leading their thoughts to good things. This irregularity is necessary in such a state of things, and the man who adapts himself to the people is the one who has most success.

These mission teachers have brought many material blessings to the tribes they live amongst. The regular work of some sort which they do daily for the comfort and support of their families is a constant lesson on the benefits of systematic

industry to these erratic natives, who in some instances only toil by fits and starts, and when they do begin are in a feverish haste to finish.

The very limited number of European missionaries has been the greatest drawback. Multiplied labours, at once the joy and penalty of success, have come upon us. At the moment I write this, there are but two white missionaries to superintend the two institutions for training teachers; to supervise fifty teachers and the numerous churches, to arrange for conveying supplies to every station, and making the needful removal of teachers or placing newly-prepared ones, besides carrying forward the work of translations. Truly in our weakness God manifests His strength.

The Rev. W. Wyatt Gill, B.A., who visited New Guinea a second time in 1884, saw many of his students at their stations; among others Ibunisi from the Loyalty Islands, who was on Dinner Islands. The good man had translated into the dialect spoken there the first four chapters of St. Mark's Gospel, using his Lifuan New Testament. This and a little book translated by Pi, a teacher at South Cape, was all the literature they possessed, and there was a strong craving among the converts for more. Mr. Gill was much affected as, in imperfect English, Ibunisi said: "New Guinea man no all the same now as long time before. He no like fight; he too much like prayer. New Guinea man too much like missionary now." After a pause, he added, "Long time before Milne-Bayman no make plantation, he like fight and rob all the time. Now he pray, he make plantation." Gazing earnestly into the missionary's face, he inquired: "What for no white missionary here? I tell every man that one will come and make books; yet he no come. Why do you white missionaries make me a liar? We have got no books at all!" Thus it is, our teachers can lead the converts up to a certain point only.

The first time the Motu-motuans heard prayer, they ran away to their homes, fearing that the Great Spirit might listen and come near.

After repeated promises to send them teachers, we were able in 1884 to do so, and, on the Sunday after our arrival, we had two well-attended services. Singing and preaching they could stand to any reasonable degree, but our previous experience was repeated, and prayer drove the crowd helter-skelter to their homes. An old Motu friend endeavoured to prepare them for the exercise, but in vain, at the sound of the first words the earth trembled with the stampede.

At the commencement of work in some stations, we have often to dispense with singing on account of the excitement it causes, and the difficulty of getting the people to disperse when it is over. You need a throat of brass to satisfy some of them.

The first New Guinea conversion was at Port Moresby. The teacher was away, and his wife conducted the services. In the afternoon she spoke earnestly about the work of the Holy Spirit. About midnight, she was aroused by a native in great distress, saying, "What it is I do not know, but I am afraid and cannot sleep. I am a bad man and you must pray for me." He insisted upon her praying for him then and there. By and by, light and peace came to the seeking one, and he has borne a very consistent Christian character since then.

It is very interesting to watch a heathen audience hearing for the first time that the Great Spirit is Love. They open their mouths wide with wonder. As all these savages believe in a future life, they are deeply interested when hearing of the resurrection; and their own custom of making offerings in their dubus enables them readily to grasp the idea of Jesus being offered up for them.

On one of my visits to Aroma, I was speaking to the chief Koapena about the teacher. I asked him when he was going to receive and believe the Gospel. Turning to a teacher who was interpreting for me, he said: "Teach me more, only keep teaching me, and if you had done that, I might have been the first to *understand* and believe." Well done, Koapena; faith, blind faith without knowledge you are not willing to have; mere acquiescence would never become my big, strong-minded friend, who is said to be the finest specimen of a native in all the Western Pacific.

Missionaries and teachers are only able directly to influence the women through the public services. The men and children can be reached in every-day life with frequency and directness of appeal, with instruction suggested by some circumstance or thing of passing moment. But it is not safe to converse much with any woman who is under fifty years of age, as the jealousy of the natives is strong, and very easily excited. In consequence of the greater difficulty of coming into personal contact with the women, fewer conversions have taken place among them.

I have referred to some of the beliefs of the New Guinea people, but their lives—the outcome of their dark notions—it is difficult to tell truly.

The propriety demanded, and the short space allowed in these pages, alike forbid my detailing many of their horrid ways: suffice it to say that they are real savages—they delight in bloody deeds; each man has a tattoo mark on his chest and back—like a medal of honour—for every person he has slain, and is proud of it. Tribal feuds are long kept up, and very destructive of life and property. I do not wonder that, compared to the size of the country, the population is so sparse. Murder, epidemics, and famines prevail to such a degree that often whole tribes are destroyed.

One of the greatest proofs of the power of the Gospel is that it makes the fierce and excitable savage an earnest lover of peace. Another good sign is the influence which the missionaries and teachers acquire among tribes which are quite heathen, from their known character as "peace men." Remarkable success has attended their efforts, both at intervention and mediation between hostile peoples. Peace of an enduring character has been established, and often the state of peace when threatened has been maintained by their prompt and bold measures. The diplomacy required, though of an elementary kind, is often only carried through at great personal risk to the negotiators. Yet we have

not found any tribe able to cope with our manner of taking the bull by the horns. Their ways have for ages been so different that often, in spite of their feelings, men give their assent to what they see to be the best policy. On returning in 1880 from our successful negotiations between Kabadi, Doura, Koitabu, and Manumanu, my old friend Heni, the Motu chief who accompanied us, said: "As the sun shines, so do you. Such a thing as has now been done, has never before been done on this coast, and it is only by the Gospel of peace it could be done." And the boats' crew all joined in the chorus, "True, true, very true." The latter part has my full endorsement: "True, true, very true." To God be the praise, as the peace comes from Him.

The work of enlightenment and conversion goes forward in ever-varying form. Often we are disappointed in places where faithful work has been done, and surprised at great results appearing more speedily in others. In many New Guinea homes morning and evening prayers are remembered, and others beside converts ask a blessing upon food. A convert remarked to me: "I want to know more, and then I can teach others." There is no retaining the word among these people. We expect all Christians to become light bearers, and to take part in the propagation of the Gospel, and wherever they travel, to live Christ whilst telling about Him. Their strong trading instincts are very helpful to us, and I have often found men telling the heathen all they know about Jesus and the Bible in some out-of-the-way place eighty and sometimes over a hundred miles from their homes.

Schools and services are at first very short and informal, but with patience they soon change and become more orderly, and occupy a little longer time, but never more than an hour. I should be sorry to attend a service in such a climate of more than one hour's duration. I think fifty minutes quite long enough for natives, though all our teachers have a tendency to undue length, and often pray many people to sleep, in spite of all our efforts to impress on them the necessity of not wearying the unaccustomed audience. Singing is always liked by natives, and from the far away Tahiti, with its Himenes, to wild New Guinea inclusive, "Music hath charms." What a treat for all of us, savage and non-savage, when a number of new teachers from Eastern Polynesia arrives with a further supply of fresh lively tunes! Even in Sydney crowds go to hear them, and in New Guinea they are indeed a wonder. Soon a few pick up one or two tunes and set them into hymns, and before long they are singing them in public worship. Knowing the value of hymns and the likelihood of some truth in them being carried to the heart, which, when stated, might pass unnoticed, we set to work to translate, and when possible, compose, hymns for our people. They now have over two hundred, and in most churches the singing is very good.

HIGH IDEALS.

THERE is frequently a touch of half-contemptuous pity in the tone with which the words "Ideal" and "Idealist" are pronounced by well-meaning and conscientious people. If asked to justify it, they would probably reply in some such words as these: "Practical duty, not visionary aspiration, is each man's chief concern." If a traveller walk with his eyes fixed on the sky, his feet may chance to stumble. Star-gazers have, before now, come to an evil end; for the obstacles and dangers of the way are passed unheeded, and the dark precipice may cut short the life of the man who erewhile trod with his vision fixed on the glittering pageant of the heavens.

Such similes as these fairly embody the popular impression that to look away from daily needs and duty to an unattainable standard is to insure disappointment and failure. It is all very well for Archimedes to be the greatest mathematician of antiquity; but why was he striving towards his ideal of mathematical truth-finding just when Syracuse was seized by the army of Marcellus? Had he not been engaged in trying to solve a problem, he might have escaped the spear of the brutal soldier who slew him where he stood absorbed. In modern times, Joseph Mazzini devoted himself heart and soul to the ideal of an Italy united and self-governing—the "leader of humanity, and angel of light among the nations." Betrayal, imprisonment, disappointment marked his later years, and he died confessing with sorrow that his fair vision was far indeed from realisation.

Would it not have been better for him to devote his energies to something he could achieve, rather than strive after an unattainable goal? And is there not truth in the cynical French proverb: "Le mieux est l'ennemi du bien" (Perfection is the foe of well-doing)?

Those who would answer in the affirmative, and who smile at idealists as misguided dreamers, overlook two important considerations; first, that an "ideal" is in its true sense a perfect pattern, and that a perfect pattern is invaluable for the purpose of good work: secondly, that such work is not to be appraised by the results of a single lifetime. A measure of temporary disappointment counts for nothing in "the long result of Time."

In Art it is a truism that the fairer the model is, the greater is the inspiration it affords. An artist who wishes to excel goes, if he can, to Italy, to study masterpieces; he does not content himself

[After Niccolo Barabino

THE DEATH OF ARCHIMEDES.

with contemplating that which he can in a few years emulate. And the unapproachableness of the great masters, far from discouraging, incites to energy and effort. Not that the artist's ideal is actually found embodied in any of the pictures or statues he sees; it is more than these. Yet they contain for him something of the precious essence of perfection; and, in so far, he loves and imitates them.

The young Correggio had earnestly desired to see a masterpiece of Raffaelle. When his wish was granted, he gazed long in wonder and rapt delight upon the "Saint Cecilia," and finally broke out "I also am a painter!" In the unearthly beauty of that picture lay the spell which drew him on to devote his life to Art. But no true artist ever realises his own vision of perfection; no painter, sculptor, musician, ever said, "I can advance no further." As Adelaide Anne Procter has said:

> Dwells within the soul of every Artist,
> More than all his effort can express,
> And he knows the best remains unuttered;
> Sighing at what *we* call his success.
>
> No great Thinker ever lived and taught you
> All the wonder that his soul received;
> No great Painter ever set on canvas
> All the glorious vision he conceived.
>
> No Musician ever held your spirit
> Charmed and bound in his melodious chains,
> But be sure he heard and strove to render
> Feeble echoes of celestial strains.
>
> No real Poet ever wove in numbers
> All his dream; but the diviner part,
> Hidden from all the world, spake to him only
> In the voiceless silence of his heart.

The very remoteness of the ideal draws and fascinates with irresistible power. And life is not the measure of a man's attainment; therefore no true idealist allows himself to be discouraged.

There is a quaint parable in the "Republic" of Plato applicable to the subject of ideals. The philosopher represents to his disciples a vast and gloomy cavern, in which lifelong prisoners are tethered by the neck and bound hand and foot, so that they cannot look towards the mouth of the cave and daylight. Outside runs a causeway, along which free and happy beings are passing to and fro. They hold in the hand works of art, such as sculptured images of men and animals. Between the causeway and the mouth of the den burns a large fire, the glow of which falls within on the sides of the cave, where in the flickering light shadows are cast of the moving procession. Now the prisoners, never having seen anything but the interior of the cavern and the shadows, imagine the latter to be the realities. But if one of their number chance to be set free, and to be dragged up the steep ascent from his dungeon to the outer world to behold men, women, the works of art they carry, and the sun itself, he comes, after pain and bewilderment, to recognise the originals of those things he has hitherto only beheld in shadow. If he returns to the cave, he no longer regards the dancing shapes in the firelight on the wall in the same way as do his companions, who ridicule and persecute him because his estimate has altered. But "he has beheld the beatific vision," says Plato; and "his soul is ever hastening into that upper world where it desires to dwell."

It may be difficult for some of us to-day to understand this allegory exactly as Plato understood it; and yet it may fairly be pressed into our service. For the cave or den, he explains, is the world of sight; the way upward is the way to knowledge. The prisoners in the cave watching the shadows in the firelight, are men whose eyes have not been opened to perceive anything but the forms that can be discerned by sense. The man who has gone outside is he who has obtained a glimpse of the eternal realities; the "Ideal" of which the so-called "Real" is but the shadow.

Strange contrast, this, to the ordinary estimate of things! For the ideal is usually thought to be the shadow, the real the substance. But there is a deep and solemn truth in it. The Actual that can be seen and touched, though it seem to be permanent, is in sooth ever passing away, growing nearer and nearer to the eternal reality, the Ideal.

"Human life and conduct," says Plato's great translator, "are affected by ideals in the same way that they are affected by the examples of eminent men. Neither the one nor the other are immediately applicable to practice, but there is a virtue flowing from them which tends to raise individuals above the common routine of society or trade, and to elevate states above the mere interests of commerce, or the necessities of self-defence. Like the ideals of art, they are partly framed by the omission of particulars; they require to be viewed at a certain distance, and are apt to fade away if we attempt to approach them. They gain an imaginary distinctness when embodied in a State or an individual, but still remain the vision of 'a world unrealised.'

"Most men live in a corner, and see but a little way beyond their own home or place of occupation; they do not 'lift up their eyes unto the hills'; they are not awake when the dawn appears. But in Plato as from some 'tower of speculation,' we look into the distance, and behold the future of the world and of philosophy."

The parable of the Cave may be applied to a familiar example; the case of a great philanthropist. When he has once caught the "beatific vision," of a perfect social state, where children shall not be cruelly overtaxed, starved, neglected, where man shall not overreach his brother man, and where the duties and rights of every citizen shall be taken into account, he has obtained a glimpse of an Ideal which, if he be like Lord Shaftesbury, a good man and true, shall urge him on to labour in the hope that in some far-off day it may become realised. Those who sit in the dark cave of social habit and prejudice, and see only the blurred shadows, scoff at him and say there is something amiss with his eyes; yet he has been truly enlightened, and in spite of their ridicule and discouragements, "his soul is ever hastening into that upper world where it desires to dwell."

It would be unfair to press the allegory too closely, or to impute to Plato exactly the modern sense of the words Ideal and Idea. Only thus far may we invoke to our aid the great philosopher of old—that he seemed to believe there existed, laid up in heaven, the perfect pattern of everything here on earth: in short, the Ideal—and that in proportion as the earthly image approached the heavenly, in so far would the thing be beautiful and right. For example, Plato says, "The State can only be happy which is planned by artists who make use of the heavenly pattern."

This is a strange foreshadowing of the Christianity to come.

For this is the belief of the Christian Idealist—that in the mind of God there exists the thought of his life as it should be. Before any heroic deed, any achievement for the sake of humanity, is translated into action, it has been already in the thought of Him in whom we live and move and have our being, from whom all good proceeds. For every man born into this earth, there exists in this sense, a "pattern laid up in the heavens." The *man himself*—no vague undefined ideal of perfection, but the very man, with his special faculties developed, his faults conquered, the latent possibilities of his nature translated into glorious realities, is in the mind of his Creator.

"Be ye therefore perfect, even as your Father in heaven is perfect," said the Saviour, who was Himself the Ideal of humanity. But the perfection for those to whom He spoke would differ. St. Peter, in his ideal character, would not be the same as St. John, St. Matthew, or St. Thomas. For each of these there existed a special ideal—the thought of God for him—towards which he was to strive.

The vision of the old philosopher is therefore no mere poetic fancy. In a sense that Plato understood not, there is a heavenly pattern for the character of every man or woman to-day. And the duty that is obviously duty, sordid and dull as it may seem, must be a means of rising towards the ideal laid up with God.

Not in this world, indeed, will the ideal be fulfilled; but life is endless. "It doth not yet appear what we shall be."

It is a helpful thought, when the daily round seems monotonous and meagre, that the faithful accomplishment of its uninteresting duties is the way to the achievement of God's glorious possibilities. The daughter in a busy household, weary of the domestic detail, the care of children, and perhaps depressed with anxiety on account of an invalid parent, may be tempted to exclaim that there is no such meaning in her every-day round.

Ideal! The very word falls with mockery upon her ears, as she struggles through the routine of a busy middle-class household. But if hers be undoubtedly the work placed ready to her hand, it must contain the means of growth. One day there will be a sweet and radiant blossom from the dull and scentless bud of life. By the exacting "labour of love" required of her, she is coming slowly but surely to the thought of her laid up within the mind of God—the woman perfect in kindness, gentleness, self-abnegation.

Or take the man of business, worn with care, going down every day to his work without spring or enjoyment, knowing that in the sunless city office worry as well as work awaits him—and worry of a kind that seems to have nothing ennobling in it. Can he draw any comfort from this doctrine of Ideals?

If his work be honourable, and his anxiety not on behalf of amassing gain to be spent in useless luxury, he may surely find help in the thought that in the mind of the Creator lies the pattern of himself, into which he may grow, by honourable work, by strict integrity, by showing the world that "business" and "Christianity" are not necessarily divorced.

Only the man or woman who can idealise is fit to be trusted with the care of the young. And the meaning of "idealisation" is not the tricking out with false and garish fancies of the object that is idealised, but the discernment of the possibilities it possesses. The mother who delights in the smiles and gentle murmurs of her infant, is not blinded by love to mistake an uninteresting fragment of humanity for a treasure beyond price. Rather is she the only one who can truly estimate the little being. Love gives her insight. She sees her child in relation to the ideal; its tender winsome ways and sweetness she takes, and truly understands, as the earnest of future possibilities of love and trust. So the teacher, the missionary, the labourer in Sunday-schools and Ragged schools, sees ignorant and degraded men and children, not as they are alone, but as God means them to be. The possibilities that lie dormant in every human soul are discerned by the "Idealist," and the hand of faith stretches through time to grasp the far-off result of education and right development. In the same way the best portrait-painter is he who idealises a little; who does not merely make an accurate copy of eyes, nose, and mouth, but who throws into the face a hint of its possibilities of beauty. The portrait of a plain woman will sometimes be instinct with fairness, and yet like her, just because the artist has caught a passing shade of expression that tells of the beautiful soul within. He has seen the promise of the ideal beneath the actual.

The question may occur, "How can I know what the ideal is of my life? If it is in the mind of God, how can my finite intelligence grasp it?" And to this the answer is: "You cannot grasp it wholly. If you are in the right way, with a pure mind and humble heart, asking Him what the picture of your life is that He has in His keeping, you will discern enough of it for the present." Or, to change the figure, "You will be able to see enough of the mountain path to climb onward. But each height as you attain it will disclose heights beyond." So Robert Browning, in "Luria," exclaims:

> How inexhaustibly the spirit grows!
> One object she seemed erewhile born to reach
> With her whole energies and die content—
> So like a wall at the world's edge it stood—

> With nought beyond to live for. Is that reached?
> Already are new undreamed energies
> Outgrowing under, and extending farther
> To a new object: there's another world!

This doctrine of ideals is applicable not only to a man's life as a whole, but to every aim and object of his life. The idealist alone is the man who has seen "the beatific vision," who looks away and above to a perfection unrealised as yet, far off as yet, but which his little span of work may help to translate into actual reality. Such workers only are undisturbed in the midst of apparent failure. They know they are helping to bring about the fulfilment of the ideal of their aspirations. They are "artists who have made use of the heavenly pattern." These are the great souls of the earth. The man who insists upon seeing success in his own time—who will not set his hand to work unless it will "pay" at the moment—he is no idealist, no "worker together with God."

"Play the man, Master Ridley," cried Latimer, in the midst of the flames. "We shall this day light such a candle, by God's grace, in England, as I trust shall never be put out." The old preacher of the Reformation saw in a vision the Ideal England, whither the apparent failure and the dying anguish of himself and his companion tended. And Christian England, remote as she is from perfection, took a long stride forward in the march of progress because her two valiant prelates "played the man" that October morning at Oxford. The inspiring hope of such heroic souls in death is too frequently regarded as though it were merely joy in their coming heavenly reward. There is more in it; they see, with steadfast gaze, the

> One far-off divine event
> To which the whole creation moves,

and rejoice that they are counted worthy to suffer for its fulfilment.

From out of poverty, suffering, exile, comes the voice of such men to testify that the ideally-inspired life is the only life worth living. For it has been well said:

"The highest, as it is the only permanent content, is to be attained, not by grovelling in the rank and steaming valleys of sense, but by continually striving towards those high peaks, where, resting in eternal calm, reason discerns the undefined but bright ideal of the highest good, a cloud by day, a pillar of fire by night."

LILY WATSON.

ALICE BROOKE.

A TRUE STORY.

ONE sultry afternoon, in the month of August, some ten years ago, a mother's meeting was held in a narrow street in the East-end of London.

Just before the reading of the Scriptures commenced, a little girl with a paper in her hand came in, and went straight to the table at which the lady superintending the meeting was seated.

With rapid breath, and in undertone, she said, "If you please, ma'am, my mother says, when you've done, will you come and see a lady this afternoon? She is very ill; and this is where she lives,"—placing the paper upon the table.

I took it up to read, and while I was doing so the child slipped out of the room, and away up the street, before any question could be asked.

The meeting lasted for another hour. At its close, I asked the Bible woman, and some of the mothers, if they knew any thing of the locality. I found it was a long distance off, too far for me to walk. "Would not to-morrow do as well?" was suggested by some one; but, no, some inward persuasion that I was needed, determined me to take a cab and go at once.

It proved to be a good half hour's drive; and when the cabman stopped, I could scarcely think it was at the right address, the house and street being much more respectable than I had imagined.

A strange misgiving at being alone crossed my mind, so much so, that I told the cabman to wait for me; and should I not appear in half-an-hour, that he was to knock at the door until I did.

I was admitted by a respectable woman, who evidently knew my errand, for, without saying a word, she ushered me into the parlour leading from the front passage.

It was a large, airy and well-furnished room; the back and front rooms communicating by folding-doors.

Against the open window of the back room, through which the sun was pouring its golden rays, laid upon a little bed, without curtain of any kind, was a young woman, evidently very ill, but, oh! so fair to look upon. Not more than twenty-eight years of age, with large dark eyes and hair that contrasted with the pallor of her complexion, her face struck me as being exceedingly beautiful.

I spoke to her, made a few inquiries as to her health; but for answer, received only a look of intense yearning.

I found she was quite speechless; not a word could she utter. The folding-doors were left ajar, and thinking some friend might be there, who could throw a little light upon the case, I moved towards them, but they were closed immediately.

The difficulties of the position seemed to increase.

At last, ascertaining that she was not deaf, and could hear distinctly, I sat down at her side, and drew from my pocket a little New Testament.

Never shall I forget the wonderful change of countenance; the look of intense delight that was cast at my little book.

I was so struck, that, as I read, I could not but glance at the face of the poor sufferer; it was flushed with excitement; her dark eyes shining with joy, upon her lips a smile of perfect satisfaction.

Fearing the consequent exhaustion, I knelt by her bedside to pray, and then noticed that the folding-doors had again been partly opened.

It was only a simple prayer, but when I saw the tears gently stealing beneath the closed eyelids, and marked the heavenly peace that was written upon her brow, I felt assured that by a sister's side I was kneeling, that we were one in Christ Jesus.

Suddenly the sound of a deep and heavy sob, as if coming from the depths of a burdened heart, arrested my attention; again and again it was heard, as from some one near by, and when I looked at the dying creature before me for explanation, she turned upon me a glance of the deepest affection and gratitude.

"And the smile she softly used filled the silence like a speech."

Deeply touched, I rose and kissed her forehead; and soon afterwards left the house without hearing a word from any one.

The next morning I sent the Bible woman to inquire after her. She was told that "Mrs. S. had died last night." And that was all; as to the nature of her illness, or any further information we were left ignorant, and I could only ponder over my most mysterious visit.

About three months afterwards, from a most unlikely source, we heard the history, which threw full light upon it all.

Alice Brooke was an only child, and lived with her parents in a small village in one of the southern counties in England. Of a loving, gentle disposition, Alice was the delight of their home and the joy of their hearts. They were rigid Wesleyans, and brought up their daughter in the ways of godliness, and Alice was ever at their side when they went to the house of God, on the Sabbath day.

Alas! that so fair a flower should have fallen a victim to an ungodly and unprincipled young man. In spite of the remonstrances and entreaties of her parents, Alice consented to become his wife. He then brought her to London, provided her with a good home and every comfort; but starved her heart, and took from her all spiritual food. He would not allow her to attend any place of worship; church, or chapel, or meeting—she was not to enter. "Sunday in his home," he said, "was to be like every other day."

Alice was never allowed to visit her parents, or her country home. It was hard to bear, but still she had one comfort left—her Bible and and little hymn-book—to them she could go for consolation.

But one day they were discovered and thrown into the fire before her face; her husband saying, as he watched them slowly burn, that "no such books should contaminate his house."

Still, memory remained to Alice; that could not be taken from her. The early lessons of her childhood kept the heart of Alice Brooke from becoming hardened and sinful as the heart of her husband and his companions.

Poor girl, living in the midst of so much ungodliness, her soul was consumed with thirst; she pined for the living waters—she thirsted for God.

The thirst of her soul sapped her bodily strength; she fainted beneath it, until weary and worn with sorrow, speechless she lay down to die in "a land where there was no water."

It was only then, when her husband found her to be speechless, and she could tell no tales, that he permitted the kind nurse who attended her to send for the lady of whom she had heard.

Well might he weep,—those heavy sobs, from whence came they? A burdened, guilty conscience, or a broken heart? We know not.

Now the mystery of my visit was solved. Poor Alice! my little Testament had been to her as a well of water in a dreary desert; its words were as draughts of living water to her thirsty soul. Beneath its refreshing influences her fainting heart revived; she could look upward, for God had not forgotten her. Ere she died, she listened to His voice of love, saying unto her "Come unto Me, thou weary and heavy laden one, and I will give you rest."

BIBLE NOTES AND QUERIES.

A correspondent suggests that in the question: "What shall they do which are baptized for the dead, if the dead rise not at all?" 1 Cor. xv. 29, there is really no difficulty. "For the dead plainly means 'for—or, in the name of, Him who was dead,' *i.e.* Christ the Lord."

THE criticism is worth quoting, as an instance of the way in which some readers of the Bible argue from the English text alone. "The dead," of course, in English might be singular or plural, either "Him who is dead," or "Those who are dead." But the slightest knowledge of the original would suffice to show that the passage refers only to the latter; and "baptized for those who are dead" cannot possibly mean "baptized in the name of Christ who died." It might be shown further that the word translated *for*, in this passage, could not be made to mean *in the name of*. "On behalf of" is the exact significance of the preposition, whatever may be its application in this instance.

Bishop Ellicott in his recently-published and most valuable Commentary on 1 Corinthians, maintains that only two interpretations of this difficult passage "appear to deserve serious consideration," (1) that of the early Greek expositors, who regard "the dead" here as an elliptical phrase for "the resurrection of the dead;" so that the baptism is spoken of as a manifestation of belief in that doctrine; and (2) that adopted by "the great majority of modern

interpreters," who hold the reference to have been to some early custom of proxy-baptism, living persons, being baptized on behalf of believers who had died by martyrdom or otherwise before they could receive that rite. "This custom," observes the Bishop, "certainly existed at an early period, and may have been practised in some instances by Corinthian converts, or at least have been known to them as a practice which was occasionally resorted to." This latter interpretation Dr. Ellicott adopts, fully recognising the objection that the practice, being a superstitious one, could not have been sanctioned by St. Paul. In truth, he replies, the Apostle does not sanction it, but simply alludes to it as matter of fact—a mistaken usage, no doubt, yet evincing that faith in the resurrection which it is his object to enforce.

A correspondent (M. S. K.) refers to the apparent contradiction between 2 Sam. xxiv. 24 and 1 Chron. xxi. 25, with regard to the payment for the threshing-floor of Araunah (Ornan); the former passage specifying fifty shekels of silver as the price of the threshing-floor and the oxen; the latter stating that David gave to Ornan "for the place" six hundred shekels of gold.

An explanation given by Bochart has been adopted by some commentators that the word "silver," in 2 Sam. xxiv., means money generally, and that the passage should read: "David bought the threshing-floor and the oxen for money, viz. fifty shekels," and that these were shekels of gold, each equal to twelve silver shekels, so that the price was 600 shekels of silver. The passage in 1 Chron. xxi., Bochart would read, "David gave to Ornan gold shekels of the value, or weight, of 600 shekels." This interpretation, however (favoured by the "Speaker's Commentary"), appears to do violence to both passages.

Another way of meeting the difficulty is, that the transaction in 2 Sam. referred only to the floor and the oxen; that in 1 Chron. to the whole estate, of which the floor was but a small part—possibly to the entire hill of Moriah. There may have been an enlargement of David's first purpose, and a second sale. This explanation seems perfectly reasonable, and has been adopted in some four most recent expositors.

A third class of commentators suppose the text in one of the two passages to be corrupt, as in many Old Testament specifications of numbers. This hypothesis cuts the knot of the difficulty, only it becomes impossible to decide which of the two accounts is to be accepted. Certainly, considering that Abraham gave 400 shekels of silver for the field and cave of Machpelah (Gen. xxiii. 16), fifty shekels would seem an insignificant payment for the property of Araunah. But it is obvious that, as we know so little about the extent of ground purchased, or of the value of land in the neighbourhood, we are in no position to decide between the widely-different statements.

With reference to the computation of Bochart mentioned above, it should be stated that Mr. F. W. Madden reckons the value of the gold shekel to have equalled that of fifteen silver shekels, the coins being with 2*l.* and 2*s.* 8*d.* respectively. David's purchase, therefore, according to 2 Sam. would be worth 6*l.* 13*s.* 4*d.*; according to 1 Chron. 1200*l.* The gold shekel was probably very rare, no specimen of that coin having ever been discovered.

"HOT AND HIGH."

THE MOTTO OF HIS RACE.

CHAPTER II.

"FEAR," said Meta, after they had talked on indifferent subjects a good deal, and were seated under the shadow of a great oak-tree, "I fear it is going to be hard lines for you at Castlandhill, Clayton."

"I'm sure I don't know what I've done to make the boys treat me as they do," he said sorrowfully. "I would not mind ordinary chaff, or even bullying. But they hurt me——" and the boy suddenly dropped his head on his sister's knee and strangled a sob. She laid her hand on his hair, and then he drew her fingers to his lips and murmured passionately, "Oh, what should I do without you, Meta?"

"We are all the world to each other," she answered. "At least - nearly all."

"All except dear old Norman," said Clayton.

"I wonder what he would have said if he had come to Elysium as I did this morning?" she asked.

"There it is!" the boy burst forth. "If Norman were near me I would not lose my temper. Oh, how miserable I feel at finding the old fault got the better of me again! And after my promise to mother, and all that Norman has said to me times without number. It is terrible!"

"Can't I help you, dear?" Miss Eyre asked.

"You do. You help me very much, Meta. But, you see, in some things boys need men to help them. I don't exactly know what it is that I want, which mother and you could not give, dearly as I loved you. Perhaps I am the milksop Bob calls me, and I need a strong man to shake me up! You know how Norman guides and strengthens me,—as father would have done, or brother, if he had grown up. Why, if he had been living he would have been a man now; a man like Norman."

"They were boy-friends, I remember," said Meta, "and when you were a baby, brother used to talk of all the

things he would do for you, and how he would help you and teach you. He had often said he wished I were a boy. It gave him immense pleasure to picture you growing up to be his companion. I think—I am sure—Clayton, that Norman Lyle remembers all that, and tries to be to you what brother meant to be. It is quite true that a woman cannot give you the kind of help you need; and I am so thankful that Norman writes to you regularly."

"Writing isn't speaking, and I want Norman, not his letters. Oh, it does feel dreadful to be parted from one's only friend."

"I think you forget Norman's parting words, dear. Did he not tell you to remember that you have a Father and Brother always near you?"

"I try not to forget that. But sometimes I slip away from right thoughts. Meta, dear, I don't believe I shall ever learn to love this cold country and people. Shall we never go back to Barbadoes? It makes me sick at times to think that our home is so far away."

"Perhaps we shall return there some day, if God will," Miss Eyre replied softly, and with tears.

"Do you think," Clayton asked eagerly, "uncle will send me to Oxford, and let me choose my profession? Then you know what I would do. I should like to be a clergyman, and we would go home; and I would work for God there as my father did."

"Uncle is not very rich, and he has his own boys to educate. We must be grateful to him for giving us shelter and every comfort; but I fear we must not expect much more. Oh, Clayton, it seems hard to give up a long-cherished scheme, but we must remember always that God can bring it to pass if He thinks fit. So we will try to be contented meanwhile."

"I can't! I want home and I want Norman."

Meta lifted the locket which hung from her brother's watch-chain, and fingered it thoughtfully. It was Mr. Lyle's parting gift to the boy, and contained the likeness of his friend. On the outside was engraved Clayton's crest, with its significant motto. And after holding the locket for some moments, Meta pointed to the words, and said with a smile, "Hot and high!—I can't and I want! You have to learn the nobler meaning of your motto before you make ready to go home as a Christian teacher, Clayton."

"I would learn," he answered humbly, "if I had Norman."

She laughed then. "Your hero-worship is not misplaced," she said, "but his fortnightly letter must content you for some time, I fear. I wish Cousin Tom, or Bob, could be the sort of friend you need, instead of——"

"Don't name those fellows alongside of Norman Lyle," Clayton exclaimed. "I shall never get on well with Bob, and Tom is not my sort at all, though he is the nicest of the lot. There! I don't mean to have rows with them,—so don't look so grave,—but we can't be chums."

Before the sister could make answer there came running to them at full speed Peg and Ted, evidently brimful of some entertaining news.

"What do you think?" Ted called out. "It was Bob took the key, and now——"

"Yes," screamed Peg, "Bob took it, and he has lost it; and now, Clayton, you'll never get your books again until the condemned cell can be opened."

"Hush, you little idiot!" cried Ted when she began; but he could not stop the torrent of her words. When she had finished her communication he said, rather ruefully, "There will be a nice business now that you have let the cat out of the bag."

Miss Eyre looked from one to the other in astonishment, and asked, "What does all this mean?"

"It means," answered her brother, "that two days ago my Bible and hymn-book were taken from my dressing-table. I knew one of the boys must have done it for a trick, so I said nothing, thinking the books would be put back when it was seen that I wouldn't make a fuss. It would seem, from what Peg says, that Bob put my books in the attic. I'm glad they are safe, and I can wait till the lock is forced."

"Bob will be finely mad at Peg for telling," said Ted. "I only meant to let you know about the key being lost; not about the books."

"I think you are very mean boys," said Meta gravely, "and I shall certainly let uncle know how you tease Clayton. It is unmanly and unfair."

"Oh, no!" Clayton interrupted, "we won't have any more telling, please, darling; and, little 'uns, since Bob didn't mean you to repeat so much, just hold your tongues now, and he need never know that I know all about it."

"How did he come to tell about the key?" Miss Eyre asked.

"Oh," said Ted, "Tom was fussing about it, and then father began to question us. I do believe he thought the door had been locked because some of us were up to regular wild tricks, and he would insist upon knowing all about it. So Bob had to confess that he had put the key in his pocket; but when he searched for it the key could not be found. It must have tumbled out somehow. He did not say anything about Clayton's books being locked up there, and father still thinks there is some naughty mystery. We shall have to get a man from the village to remove the lock, and he won't have an easy job, for it is one of those queer, old-fashioned things, fixed on the inside of the door, and the door is all studded with iron nails."

Ted had infinite pleasure in telling these details, and Meta was not ill-pleased to find that Bob's trick had recoiled in part upon himself. They all returned to the house together to find the rest of the family considerably exercised in mind regarding the condemned cell and its lost key. With a forbearance which did him much credit, Clayton said nothing about his books, but good-naturedly offered to accompany Bob, who was being sent by his father to fetch a workman from Weston to force the lock. Clayton's offer was declined in a surly manner, and his cousin went off alone, vowing revenge on "that muff," as he continued to style young Eyre.

It is not always possible in country villages to get the person or thing you want promptly, and it happened that no man chanced to be at hand that day, so Bob was obliged to return without the required assistance.

The boys were much troubled to find that Mr. Fenwick did not mean to let the matter drop. He did not often trouble himself to investigate the actions of his sons so closely, but they knew that he could be extremely severe at times, and they always dreaded the result of such prompt measures on his part. He did not question Bob; for, unfortunately, Bob had given his father cause to doubt his so-called "confessions" before that day; and though Tom entreated his brother to speak out, Bob turned sullenly away, leaving Mr. Fenwick to believe that something ten times worse than the truth had taken place.

When the carpenter's man arrived next day, Mr. Fenwick himself went to see the door opened, but that could not be done so easily as was thought. The queer old lock, and sturdy double-door, defied even the cunning craftsman, and all were quite puzzled how to proceed further, when Clayton suggested that perhaps the man could manage the business if he went into the room by the window. It was a good idea, but there was no ladder at Castlandhill long enough to reach as high as the condemned cell. So the carpenter went off to fetch one from Weston.

All the boys, except Bob, had been hovering about the

tower while the door was being operated upon; but they dispersed when the man left, and he was so long away that their patience and curiosity were exhausted. So that on his return with the ladder, no one appeared to watch his further proceedings except the master of the house.

The girls had gone for a drive with Mrs. Fenwick. Ted was in attendance on Tom and a new fishing-rod; and Clayton, anxious to make up his quarrel with Bob, had started in search of him.

Bob had been last seen lolling by the river not far from the ruined portion of the house, but when his cousin reached that spot Bob had ensconced himself among some ivy-bushes growing on the broken walls overhead.

"You have got a high and cozy perch up there," Clayton called out in conciliatory tones, "how did you get up?"

"By a way you would be afraid to try," was the surly answer.

Clayton glanced along the ruins with a keen, observant air, then said confidently: "It looks pretty difficult, but I think I could do it. May I join you? I have something to say to you."

Bob was aware that Clayton did not know of Mr. Fenwick's prohibition regarding the ruins, and it gave him a malicious pleasure to think that his cousin would get into a scrape if he was known to have climbed there.

"You can come up if you dare," he said carelessly, and Clayton, pleased to find Bob willing to have his company, instantly sprang upon the debris scattered around, and in a short time was standing beside the other, on a very dangerous part of the old wall.

"Now you've done it," said Bob with a sneer; and Clayton, not comprehending his meaning, answered, "Yes. You see I know how to climb. What a jolly place this is for clambering over! I think I could reach the flagstaff on the tower from here if I picked my way carefully."

"I'd like to see you try it," was the mocking reply.

"I will some day. Not at present. I wanted to speak to you, Bob. I am very sorry about what happened yesterday, and I'd like you to forget it and be friends. You will, I am sure?"

His manner was so winning and his words so gentle, that Bob softened a good deal, and condescended to say, "There! let it alone. I don't want to be bothered."

Then Clayton said, "I am afraid uncle is rather angry about that lost key, and thinks you are concealing something in the condemned cell. Don't you think it would be best to tell him all about it? You see the door will be opened soon, and if——"

"They'll find nothing worse hid there than your goody books," retorted Bob. "Such a fuss about a trifle! There! you know all about it now."

"I am sure I don't mind about the books," Clayton answered. "Of course you meant to return them, and I don't think you would have kept them a moment if you had seen the names in them. The Bible was my father's, and the hymn-book belonged to mother. If you don't feel like telling uncle the small simple truth of this matter, will you let me do so for you, Bob? It is really a very small matter, but your silence is making uncle suspect you of worse, besides raising his anger."

Bob knew that his father did not always measure punishment by the offence, and that Clayton's mediation might avert trouble, so he answered more graciously, "You can tell father what you please. I have no objection, I am sure."

"I will go to him now," said Clayton eagerly, and next moment he was hurrying down the wall again, without hearing Bob's parting words warning him not to tell where he had been.

"I'd better be after him and put him on his guard," muttered Bob, proceeding to follow his cousin; but the impetuous West Indian was beyond recall by that time. Bob loitered along, scarcely caring to take any further steps, yet uneasy lest Clayton's unguarded speech might get him into further trouble.

When Bob reached the front of the house (hoping to catch Clayton before he found Mr. Fenwick) he heard voices which he knew to be those of his father and cousin. Mr. Fenwick was saying, "And you mean to tell me that Bob is concealing nothing more than *that?*"

"Indeed you may believe me, uncle. That is all."

"What a bit of childish folly! I thought Bob had more sense. Where is he? Call him, please."

"He is up on the ruins by the river," Clayton answered, in complete ignorance of Bob's disobedience.

"What! Is that possible?" Mr. Fenwick spoke in terribly stern tones. "Has he dared to go there in defiance of my command? He shall rue it," and the speaker turned at once to seek Bob where Clayton had left him.

But Bob, as we know, was near at hand, and he did not wait for his father's appearance round the corner. In a panic of fear he fled, and though Mr. Fenwick looked for him, called him, sent others in search of him, Bob was nowhere to be found.

SCRIPTURE ENIGMA.

NO. XX.

She prayed for a boon, and a boon was given
By the great good Giver of all;
The answer to prayer came down from heaven,
As the dews that softly fall.

And the sad-fac'd wife who with aching heart
To the temple slowly pass'd,
Ere ever she saw the year depart
Was a joyful mother at last.

1. Crafty, ambitious, great though thou may'st be,
God and the queen are yet too strong for thee.

2. A covetous man, whose cunning avarice sought
To hide a treasure, but his ruin wrought.

3. A grievous fall for this great monarch's pride;
He herds with oxen, feeding by their side.

4. "Yet forty days," the voice sang out alone,
"And this vast city shall be overthrown!"

5. Thou handsome rebel—craftily urbane!
Thy mass of curls doth hide a plotting brain.

6. This pitiless king work'd out his fell intents,
And slaughtered ruthlessly the innocents.

M. E. R.

SCRIPTURE CHARACTER.

NO. XI.

1. There were two of this name.

2. One was a prophet; the other a friend and protector of the prophets.

3. One served a king of Israel; the other witnessed the downfall of the kingdom of Judah.

4. The first is an example of the strength and lasting character of early piety.

5. The other shows the power of faith to brighten the day of adversity.

6. The words of his prophecy are chiefly directed against Edom.

THE SUNDAY AT HOME

O DAY MOST CALM, MOST BRIGHT! . . .
THE WEEK WERE DARK BUT FOR THY LIGHT.—*Herbert.*

THE END OF THE CHAPTER.

No. 1742.—SEPTEMBER 17, 1887.

The End of the Chapter.

THE end of the chapter, yes, dear heart, you've read
to be understood,
And the bonny words of the good old Book have done
me a world of good;
I'm gone past work and wage, they say, and another
must have my place,
Thank God! I have riches and full content in the
blessed hope through grace.

I never was much of a scholard, and my old eyes get
more dim,
But somehow I always can read the verse that shines
with the words of Him.
It's a matter of forty years, or more, since first I was
led to see
That He was the Christ for the labouring man, the only
Saviour for me.

When times were hard, and the wage but scant for the
many mouths to be fed,
I loved to think of the bit of a place where He worked
for daily bread;
It seemed so wonderful like that He, whose throne in
the heavens was sure,
Should come right down to a carpenter's bench, and
choose to bide with the poor.

I make no doubt that the mother's heart had comfort
enough in her Son,
That oftenwhile He would ease her hands when His
tasks for the day were done;
Leastways He knew how to make a fire in that break-
fast hour by the sea,
And could even stoop to say what sort a patch on the
clothes should be.

His love has been to me strength and stay, through
sorrow and toil and strife,
Through famine times, and the fever year, that darkest
place in our life,
When we buried our first-born lad at noon, and the
youngest was took next morn,
And before the light of another day your mother, my
Nell, was born.

I minded the sheep like one in a maze, as those empty
days went by,
While my heart cried out for my own lost lambs, and
the mother so like to die;
But the Shepherd psalm was my comforter then, it
soothed me with every breath,
I will fear no evil with Thee, my Lord, though I walk
through the shadow of death!

Ah me, it's a long while past—the rest have gone from
me one by one,
And the year grows old and the light is dim in the
fields where my work is done;
The corn in the upland close is reaped, the fruit on the
bough hangs low,
And when the Master shall speak my name I too shall
be fain to go.

The end of the chapter—yes, 'twill come to your grand-
dad, Nell, one day,
To the worn-out hands, and the feeble knees, and the
head that is bowed and grey;
The labour and sorrow of fourscore years put by in the
book of the past,
And a new page turned in the light of heaven, and the
sight of His face at last!

MARY ROWLES.

GENEVIÈVE;

A STORY OF OLD FRANCE.

CHAPTER XIII.—THE CLOSE OF A NOBLE LIFE.

Yet in these ears, till hearing dies,
One set, slow bell will seem to toll
The passing of the (noblest) soul
That ever looked from human eyes.

ONE forenoon, rather late in August, Madame la Duchesse de Roannez "received." That is to say, her intimate friends of the opposite sex were permitted to wait upon her, to amuse her with "on dits" of the Court and of society, and with the brilliant, witty talk about trifles which was cultivated as a fine art, and brought to such perfection in the France of that day. She was quite prepared for her visitors. She reclined in a graceful posture, upon a stately bed with embroidered coverings and costly hangings of rich brocade; not that she was in the least indisposed, but that such was then the ordinary custom of great ladies. She wore a "cornette," or morning cap of exquisite lace, and a morning robe of blue satin, trimmed with the same costly material; her faded cheek had received its customary rouge, and her hair its delicate touch of powder, concealing the silver which the hand of time had already bestowed. Geneviève stood beside her, ready to perform those concluding ceremonies of the toilet which it was then the curious habit

of fashionable ladies, as well as of great princes, to undergo in public.

All was arranged to her liking; and she had partaken of her customary chocolate and cakes with an excellent appetite; yet a cloud of anxiety and annoyance sat upon her brow. She cared more than usual about this morning's reception, as she had had a hint that a great personage intended to honour her with a call. This was no other than the Archbishop of Paris.

Madame knew very well that this polished and agreeable gentleman was an object of cordial detestation both to her son and to her daughter, not only on account of his private vices, but still more because of his cruel and relentless persecution of the Jansenists, and especially of the nuns of Port Royal. Yet the part he took was natural enough—for him. The darkness always hates the light; and even when light and darkness assume unwonted forms, they instinctively recognise each other underneath all disguises, and begin to fight out the internecine feud, though it may be with new weapons and under changed conditions.

But Madame had determined that, whatever their private feelings might be, M. le Duc and Mademoiselle should assist her in receiving Monseigneur de Paris.[1] She sent a peremptory message in the first instance to her son; but received the disappointing answer that M. le Duc had gone out early the day before, and had not since returned. Geneviève hoped that she might be made the bearer of the message to Mademoiselle; and the rather because she had not seen her the preceding day, except in public, when she thought she observed an added paleness on her cheek, and a shade of unusual sadness in her look and manner. She feared that some new and cruel attempt was being made to shake her resolution to live for God alone. But Madame would not allow her demoiselle to leave her side; she told her instead to summon a page, by touching the little silver bell that lay on a table of marqueterie near her bed.

De Viremont appeared in a moment and received the message. He had in fact been waiting in the antechamber, which, with the chamber of reception, formed really one great saloon. The upper part of it, upon which the bed of Madame was placed, was raised above the rest by a few steps, and farther divided from it by a row of slight, low pillars, lavishly ornamented. The space beside the bed, then often called the ruelle, was furnished gorgeously, and in the style which we now call Louis Quatorze. Pictures, statuettes, vases, mirrors profusely gilded, baskets of exquisite flowers, and fancy tables of costly wood abounded everywhere; as did also chairs and stools of different kinds, covered with rose-coloured satin, and destined to accommodate the guests of Madame, with wise, discriminative adaptation to the rank and pretensions of each.

These guests now began to arrive; the earliest, who were of no particular note, receiving greetings easy and even careless in tone, yet in reality framed and graduated with such consummate tact, that each one felt he had his due amount of recognition, and was, or should have been, content. Madame, like another great lady, had the reputation of being so well bred that you could tell, merely from her pronunciation of the word "Monseigneur," whether she was speaking to a prince of the Blood, a prince of the Church, or a peer of France.

But this morning, though as courteous as usual, she was not at ease. Now and then she even cast an anxious glance at the little side-door by which Mademoiselle could enter without passing through the antechamber. She kept Geneviève busy handing her the costly scents and essences she was fond of using; and fanning her, since the day was hot, and worry of mind does not tend to cool the blood. What would the world say if neither M. le Duc, nor Mademoiselle, made an appearance when the Archbishop did her the honour to visit at her house? It would be enough to finish the reputation of the family for eccentricity, not to say for Jansenism, which was as bad as heresy—that is, if there was any difference, which she could not see that there was. "This poor Roannez" (so, even in her thoughts, she styled her own son) might expect to be favoured, one of these days, with a lettre de cachet, and to find himself in the Bastille. While as for Charlotte—really she was 'at the end of her Latin' about Charlotte,—she knew no longer what to think of the young lady, or what to do with her.

She was busy with these thoughts—yet not too busy to carry on a conversation about the King's last visit to Marly with M. le Vicomte d'Entraigues—when a gentleman of stately bearing, richly and carefully dressed, advanced to greet her with an air of even unusual respect and assiduity. After bowing low over the hand which she very graciously extended to him, he cast around him an anxious, disappointed glance, which Geneviève at least understood but too well. For this was the Duc de la Feuillade, who "pretended" to the hand of Mademoiselle—Mademoiselle, who would rather go to the grave than to the altar at his side,—for was she not already the bride of heaven?

Very inopportunely, as Geneviève thought—though Madame would not have agreed with her—at that moment the side-door was opened, and Mademoiselle herself appeared. Very pale, and very sad she looked; still, with her accustomed calm and dignified grace she went forward, kissed the hand of her mother ceremoniously, acknowledged with suitable "reverences" the respectful greetings of the gentlemen present, and then seated herself on a *pliant* (a kind of stool) beside the bed. She wore, as usual, a plain, dark dress, without any ornament, unless the gold cross that hung from her neck might be called an ornament. As this was one of the few occasions upon which etiquette allowed a gentleman the privilege of conversation with a young lady whom he admired, the Duc de la Feuillade was not disposed to forego it; so he approached with a due mixture of deference and *empressement*, and began to say something to Mademoiselle about her brother.

Geneviève was watching them with interest, when an imperious whisper from her mistress

[1] My Lord of Paris—so the archbishop was usually called.

recalled her to her duties. "Fetch that rose-water, child, and sprinkle my hands and my face, or I shall expire. In fact I am ready to faint. Here comes that terrible Abbé de Chaumont! Such a Jansenist! What if the Archbishop should meet him here! Ciel, what a contre-temps!"

Geneviève obeyed of course; then stood aside to permit the newcomer to offer his homage. He was an old ecclesiastic of pure and charitable life, with but few pretensions to fashion, whom Madame barely tolerated, on account of a distant relationship with the family of her husband. She acknowledged his greeting, however, with the politeness that never failed her; then he bowed respectfully to Mademoiselle, and subsided quietly into one of the lowliest seats in the background.

Partly out of good-nature, partly perhaps from a desire of pleasing Mademoiselle by patronising a suspected Jansenist, M. de Feuillade turned towards him, and spoke graciously: "Well, M. l'Abbé, do you bring us any news this morning from your part of the city—the Quartier St. Jacques, I believe?"

There happened just then a momentary silence, in which the low quiet voice of the old Abbé reached every ear, "M. Pascal is dead."

A silence followed, longer and more significant. The great lady—hardened though she was by sixty years of fashion and frivolity—the gay and thoughtless young cavalier, the man of society and business—all paid to the tidings an involuntary tribute of reverence that hushed their lips. But for a minute, however—then the voices rose again, and several of them together, in comment or inquiry.

"Ah, what a misfortune!" said the Duc de la Feuillade. "A fine genius—though of late so eccentric and secluded."

"Was his illness a long one, M. l'Abbé?" asked D'Entraigues, turning to the modest old priest, who now became the centre of interest and attraction to the brilliant group, in which usually his presence was politely ignored. He was however too simple-hearted, and on this occasion quite too full of his subject, to think much of the change. Though he knew that all the ruelle was listening, there was no trace of embarrassment in his manner, as he answered, "M. Pascal was ill for more than a month. Or, rather, his malady increased; for his years of late have been but one long malady."

"No doubt Roannez knew of it," said Madame from her couch, in a tone of rather languid interest. "Roannez used to see a great deal of M. Pascal some years ago. In fact he had him continually about the house. Rather more than I quite approved, I must say, for I do not like intimacies with people of that class. Still, this news overcomes me. Really, I feel quite faint. Geneviève, ma petite, where is that new perfume from Venice? *Tiens*, you must fan me a little."

Geneviève sought the fan she had been using, but noticing that Mademoiselle had taken it up and was holding it before her face, she turned to the inlaid cabinet near the couch to procure another. Meanwhile Madame resumed, "I have no doubt that Roannez knew of his illness; and that he has made inquiries, and paid every attention proper under the circumstances, though he did not mention the matter to us."

"I sent to the house of M. Pascal to make inquiries," said the Duc de la Feuillade, "but I was informed that he had been removed to that of his sister, Madame Perier, in the Rue Neuve Saint-Etienne."

"That is true, Monsieur," said the Abbé. "His sister, who is tenderly attached to him, prayed him, when his illness began, to allow her to come to him, and to give him the care he needed. But a difficulty arose; he had taken into his house out of charity a destitute family, and one of the children unhappily was ill with the small-pox. Madame Perier, who has young children of her own, could not on this account run the risk of infection, nor would M. Pascal have allowed it. Every one wanted to remove the boy, but to this M. Pascal would not consent. 'The danger would be greater for him than for me,' he said. And thus, with the hand of death upon him already, he was brought to the house of his sister."[1]

"That was a fine trait of Christian charity," said De la Feuillade with emotion.

Geneviève noticed that the fan shook in the hand of Mademoiselle; while the old priest answered with simplicity, "Do you think so, M. le Duc? It never occurred to me. Because his whole life was just like that. Throughout his illness, nothing seemed to grieve him save the thought that while he enjoyed every comfort the love of those around him could provide, there were many suffering equal pain with the addition of poverty, and the lack of all things. He would fain have been brought to the Hospital for Incurables, to die amongst the poor that he had loved so well during his life; but this his physician would not permit. Then he prayed M. le Curé de St. Etienne, who was his constant visitor, to seek out some destitute sufferer, to whom, in his name and at his cost, all the comforts he had himself might be supplied for Christ's sake. But the Curé, who, like his sister and his physician, thought he would recover, advised him to have patience, until he could himself carry out his benevolent intentions."

"Then his death was not expected," said Madame.

"No, Madame, not until the very last—save by himself. From the beginning, *he* knew the truth; albeit, those around him, and even his devoted sister, were deceived, as people so often are in the case of a chronic invalid. Moreover, his own wonderful patience, and the calm that never left him, concealed from those around him the extent of his sufferings. Only two days before the end, every one was amazed when he himself suggested a consultation of physicians; although he did not fail to add, almost in the same breath, 'I fear there may be too much self-seeking in this proposal. Never mind it.' You may be sure that, for all that, Madame Perier lost no time in

[1] A fact: throughout, everything told about Pascal is strictly historical.

summoning the physicians; but they still assured him there was no danger, ascribing the agonizing pain in the head from which he suffered to some temporary cause. Throughout his illness, he had been longing to receive the Holy Sacrament; but in this, as in all else, he meekly yielded his wishes to the judgment of others. 'He is a child, he is humble and submissive as a child.' So the Curé often said of this great man, whose scientific and literary fame has filled the land."

"Would we were all more like him!" said young D'Entraigues, as if to himself.

With more feeling than she had shown hitherto, Madame hoped that all was right at the end, and that there had been time "to administer the Holy Viaticum." Her soul, encrusted in dead forms, was unable to rise to the thought that one who had been living in constant communion with Christ Himself had no need even of the ordinances of Christ for his safety, however they might conduce to his comfort. Still less did she, or any one present, or even Pascal himself, surmise that the ordinances of the Church to which they and he belonged, were far from being the ordinances of Christ. Nevertheless, her words jarred upon the pious and tender heart of the old Abbé. But he answered, "Madame, God was gracious to His servant, and granted him such respite from the intensity of his sufferings, that he was able to receive every sacred rite in full consciousness, and with much devotion. He thanked the Curé, responded to his blessing with the words, 'May God never abandon me!' and then devoutly praised Him for all His mercies. Almost immediately afterwards, the death agony, which seemed suspended, set in with redoubled violence. It lasted all yesterday, and this morning, at the first hour after midnight, the ransomed spirit of Blaise Pascal returned to the God who gave it. May He in His mercy grant that our end may be like his!"

"Amen!" said De la Feuillade and D'Entraigues together. Again there was a brief interval of silence; while for once the gay ruelle became a place of solemn, perhaps of profitable thought.

"No doubt he will have a distinguished funeral," observed another gentleman who was present.

"It will be distinguished by no pomp, such as the world loves," replied the Abbé. "What he hated during his life shall not surround him in his death. And indeed most of those who would have delighted to honour him are in captivity or exile, or scattered here and there. He will be laid, very quietly, in the Church of St. Etienne du Mont. But what will certainly follow him to his grave are the blessings of the poor, to whom he was a constant, though most unostentatious benefactor."

"Indeed," said Madame, "I knew that he thought a great deal about the poor. I remember he taught Roannez a practice, which seemed to me very extravagant, of seeking out the most needy tradespeople to serve one, instead of those who can best do the work."

"M. le Curé has told me many things," said the Abbé, "but I must not trespass on your patience, Madame. I shall only mention one, because it was so like him. One evening, at the door of St. Sulpice, he noticed a girl, young and beautiful, who was asking alms of the passers-by. He knew too well the snares a great city spreads for such, to content himself with the careless gift of a few sous. He took her by the hand, inquired carefully into her story, led her himself to the dwelling of a good old priest who lodged near at hand, gave him money to provide for her immediate necessities, and promised——"

He paused, for a priceless flask of Venetian glass, filled with the rarest perfume, had fallen from the hand of Geneviève, and lay in fragments on the inlaid floor.

"Careless, stupid child!" cried Madame in anger. "See what thou hast done!"

But Geneviève scarcely heard the words of the great lady—words that five minutes before would have shaken her in every nerve. She said, looking straight at the Abbé, and lifting up her timid young voice without fear in the midst of them all: "*I was that young girl.*"

"And the charity that rescued you is fragrant as this perfume, which, released by the breaking of its casket, fills the room," said the old priest. "So it is that when the saints are no longer with us we know what they have been."

Geneviève turned instinctively to Mademoiselle. But *her* face was still hidden by the fan; and she gave no sign, not even by the movement of a hand. Was *this* what she had guessed?

There was a great cry in the antechamber "*Monseigneur l'Archevêque de Paris!*" Every one was in motion. Pages and laquais ran forward to assist him to alight from his carriage, to conduct him to the ruelle, and to announce his coming. Madame sat up to receive him, and made Geneviève place a fauteuil for him beside her couch. She was not in the least disturbed or excited—that would have been *Bourgeoise*—but she was very sensible of the honour done to her by the head of the Church, which was the first Order in the State.

In the general stir that ensued, Mademoiselle rose quietly and went towards the private door. She looked, Geneviève thought, like one walking in her sleep. Her large dark eyes—larger and darker from the marble paleness of her face—were wide open, but they seemed as if they saw nothing. Nothing near her at least, for Geneviève feared she would strike herself against the post of the bed, and sprang forward to help her, as at the same time did also M. de la Feuillade. He reached her first and offered her his arm. But she rejected it with something like a shudder, gained the door and passed out, happily unnoticed by her mother, whose eyes were fixed on the advancing figure of her distinguished visitor.

In the interchange of compliments, and the witty and brilliant conversation that followed, Madame was so thoroughly engrossed that it was some time before she observed the absence of her daughter.

When she did so, she felt extremely angry; but she was far too much a woman of the world to betray her wrath. She continued her conver

sation with the Archbishop, making no allusion to her recalcitrant daughter, and trusting it would not occur to him to inquire after her. If he had, she would have told him unblushingly that she was staying with her cousins, the Gouffiers of Marteaud, at their château in Poitou. But she was not called upon to exercise her imagination, for Monseigneur forbore to make any inquiries, either from accident, or much more probably, because he knew he could not be a welcome visitor to the pupil of Port Royal.

And thus the world, with its pomps and vanities, resumed its reign, which had been interrupted for a brief space, in the ruelle of Madame la Duchesse. The courtly and fashionable prelate was none the less the representative of the world because he was styled the head of the Church in his native land. It was "the world which men call the Church," and which was then, as it ever has been and ever will be, the persecutor of the true Church, whether within its own communion or without it. Monseigneur de Paris lived in luxury and died in splendour; while the pious nuns of Port Royal were enduring cruel persecutions in the convents, where, by his orders, they had been imprisoned, always under the control and direction of their bitterest enemies. Nor had the recluses been spared any more than the nuns; they were either in concealment or in prison; whilst the excellent schools, for which Port Royal had been so famous, were broken up; and all the other works of charity of which it had been long the centre, were destroyed.

Nor did Pascal escape his share of what was truly "the reproach of Christ." The Curé of St. Etienne, who had given him the last rites of the Church, was called in question for his temerity, and reprimanded, narrowly escaping severe punishment. For was not the author of the "Provincial Letters" under grave suspicion of heresy? How foolish it would have been, and men like the Archbishop of Paris are seldom foolish in *that* sense, to persecute poor priests and simple women, and to reserve no thunders for the arch offender, the great champion of Port Royal, and foe of the Jesuits, who had done them more harm by those eighteen immortal "Little Letters," than all their other adversaries in ponderous folios of forgotten controversy!

Happily, Pascal was beyond the malice of his enemies. But he knew, before his death, that they had procured the condemnation of the Provincial Letters from the Pope. He had the courage to write, in reference to this, words that should never be forgotten: "If my letters are condemned in Rome, what I condemn there is condemned in heaven. To Thy tribunal, Lord Jesus, I appeal." Pascal denounced Protestantism, because he never knew it; yet the very essence of Protestantism breathes in these noble words. What, in fact, is Protestantism but the appeal of the divinely enlightened individual conscience, from human authority, straight to the tribunal of Christ Himself?

WATERFALLS AND WATERWAYS.

THERE is a charm in running water which few can resist. The land with its rocks, its trees, and its buildings, may be ugly enough; but let the river find its way into the foreground and a veil seems to rise from its surface, through which all the ugliness is softened away. Through that flattering mist what is pleasing is brought into prominence, while all that offends is thrown into charitable gloom. There is no landscape, however barren, that the water does not waken into life; and the faster the stream flows the greater the witchery.

Who amongst us is insensible to the magic of the mountain torrent? Who has not felt the spell of the waterfall? Do not the wild cascades of the Highlands linger within us when we have lost all grasp of the hills and heather? Who forgets the tumultuous music of Bruar or Foyers, or the roar of that Mad Stream of Scavaig, of which the poet tells?—

> The torrent fills the air
> With a terrible voice of prayer:
> "God the Lord!
> From the hollow of Thy hand
> In the darkness of the land
> I was poured;
> And in the solitude I beat
> Round Thy dimly shining feet,
> On the scaur.
> While Thou standest looking down
> On the multitude and town
> From afar.
> Lo! the seasons of the year
> Glide below Thee, with no fear,
> While Thou leanest here
> On Thy sword;
> Yet, stilly, night and day
> Thou dost gaze on sea and shore;
> On Thy feet the rainbow hovers,
> And my troubled waters roar;
> While below Thee in the valleys men adore
> And implore
> God the Lord!"

Do not the "forces" of the Lake District live vividly in the memory even after the visions of the lakes are feeble and blurred? And does not the remembrance of the "fosses" of Scandinavia outlast that of its hills and fjelds? Who can forget the scene so solemn in its wildness and beauty, halfway between Lake Mjos and Lake Tinn, where the bed of the Maan suddenly breaks from beneath the stream, and forms the Rjukan-

fos? Who can forget the Vöringfos on the Bjorcia, wildest of the wild, leaping its 600 feet down walls so vertical that not a tree or a bush can find a footing on the ledges?

And the charm seems to grow with the depth and volume of the water. The grander the music the greater its power. No wonder the Valley of the Yosemite was held as sacred by the Indians of the Pacific slope. In no place in this world are there so many deep cascades so close together. Things have altered somewhat since it became a public park, and the ruggedness has been tamed, but twenty years ago it was possible to count a hundred distinct falls within the four and a half miles along which the ravine extends; for the valley is a narrow gash in the mountains not half a mile wide, with the thin band of the river winding through the meadows, bathing the sides of the vertical cliffs alternately, and fed by the streams that come rushing over the tableland to leap their thousand feet to join it. One of them, the Yosemite itself, is, with such a volume, the highest waterfall in the world. In one clear leap of 2600 feet it pours over the rounded polished granite lip of the torrent bed, vibrating like a monochord, and widening like a fan; in the spring deep with the melted snow, its channel full to the brim, but pure and clear and curving down into the abyss as if it were a beam of glass in a frosted silver frame. Even more beautiful is the Bridal Veil, which bounds over the edge of the upper plateau in one splendid leap of 630 feet, strikes against the sloping pile of rock fragments and glances off for two hundred feet more into numberless cascades behind the trees that spring to meet and shade it, while as the wind blows, the column sways, and bears the filmy, gauzy look from which it takes its name. Opposite to it is the Virgin's Tears, falling a thousand feet in silver links, finer far than the Staubbach, which it somewhat resembles. Neither in Switzerland nor in the Hartz are the major or minor falls equal to those of this wonderful valley, which are untouched, even by the magnificent cascades of the other American park — the far-famed Yellowstone. At places the curtain of foam is unbroken, and few have stood by the banks of the Merced who have not felt the majesty of the scene, and, in spite, perhaps, of their intended indifference, had their wonder turned to awe.

The influence of the waterfall on man's imagination is well shown in the fact that there is no great cataract without its legend, and that the attractiveness of the spot loses nothing as the world grows older. And though the legend of the falling water may to our unsympathetic ears be dull enough, yet never is there a want of interest in the story of the building of the cascade as told by itself. Nowhere have the changes which the surface of the earth has undergone left clearer traces than in the basin of the St. Lawrence. When Hennepin discovered Niagara in 1678, he little thought what a place of pilgrimage it was to become, and from how many points of view it was to be described. The five great lakes were originally one sheet of water, which began to be thrust upward, and as it rose, was split into the five parts now existing, which in their turn have begun to sink, so as to be 300 feet lower than they once were.

The gorge itself tells a marvellous tale of the powers of a running stream. Seven miles long, 600 to 1200 feet wide, and from 200 to 300 feet deep, it has been unquestionably cut back by the recession of the falls. The hard limestone resting on the softer shale has met with the usual fate; the shale has been undermined by the river, and slice after slice has fallen in from the cliff over which the cataract pours.

Every day sees something taken from the rocky barrier of Niagara; and, geologically speaking, at no remote time the great lakes will have shared the fate of those that once existed at the far west. Already they have been reduced to less than half their former area, and the water-level has been depressed three hundred feet or more. This process may go on until they are completely emptied. The cities that now stand upon their banks may, ere that time, have grown colossal in size, then grey with age, then far fallen into decadence, and their sites be long forgotten; but in the sediments that are now accumulating in these lake basins will be many a wreck and skeleton, and floated leaf; and near the city sites and old river mouths these sediments will be full of relics that will illustrate our human life.

It seems incredible that the 170,000,000 gallons of water every minute that now pour over the curve should at any time fail, and yet this once happened. On the 30th of March, 1847, owing to a dam thrown across up the river by the ice, Niagara stopped, and dwindled to a mill-stream. Ladies and gentlemen rode across on the smooth rock in its bed a third of the way to Canada. Table Rock was dry, and many islands appeared stretching in a broad archipelago from shore to shore. Soon, however, the dam gave way, and the waters surged up, and the cataract roared on as full as ever, as though nothing had happened.

Amid the springs and by the river bank man has ever done his work; the voice of the running water has always been with him; he has ever looked upon it as a trusty friend; habit has become instinct; and he never feels so true to himself as when within sight and sound of the living stream. Always advancing, he plants his home where the means of communication are readiest, and water is plentifullest. Our example is at hand. Where was London founded? On the gravel patch amid the springs. Where did the suburbs rise? Each on its gravel capping where there was a spring. Charing and Kensington and Tyburn and Islington and all the rest of the ring, each on its gravel patch where the surface water gave the spring. And this influence of the springs is even more strikingly shown in Surrey. Notice how irregularly the towns are placed, and then consult a geological map and read the riddle. What is the reason of the irregular curve on which lie Clandon, Horsley, Effingham, the Bookhams, Leatherhead, Ashtead, Epsom, Ewell, Cheam, Sutton, Carshalton, Beddington and Croydon? The curve is the

outcrop of the Tertiaries, the line of the springs, and the social needs proclaim the geological boundary. Away out on the chalk are but a few villages, Banstead, Walton, Sanderstead, &c., dotted here and there, and why? A glance at the map explains at once. Each isolated village is on its outlier!

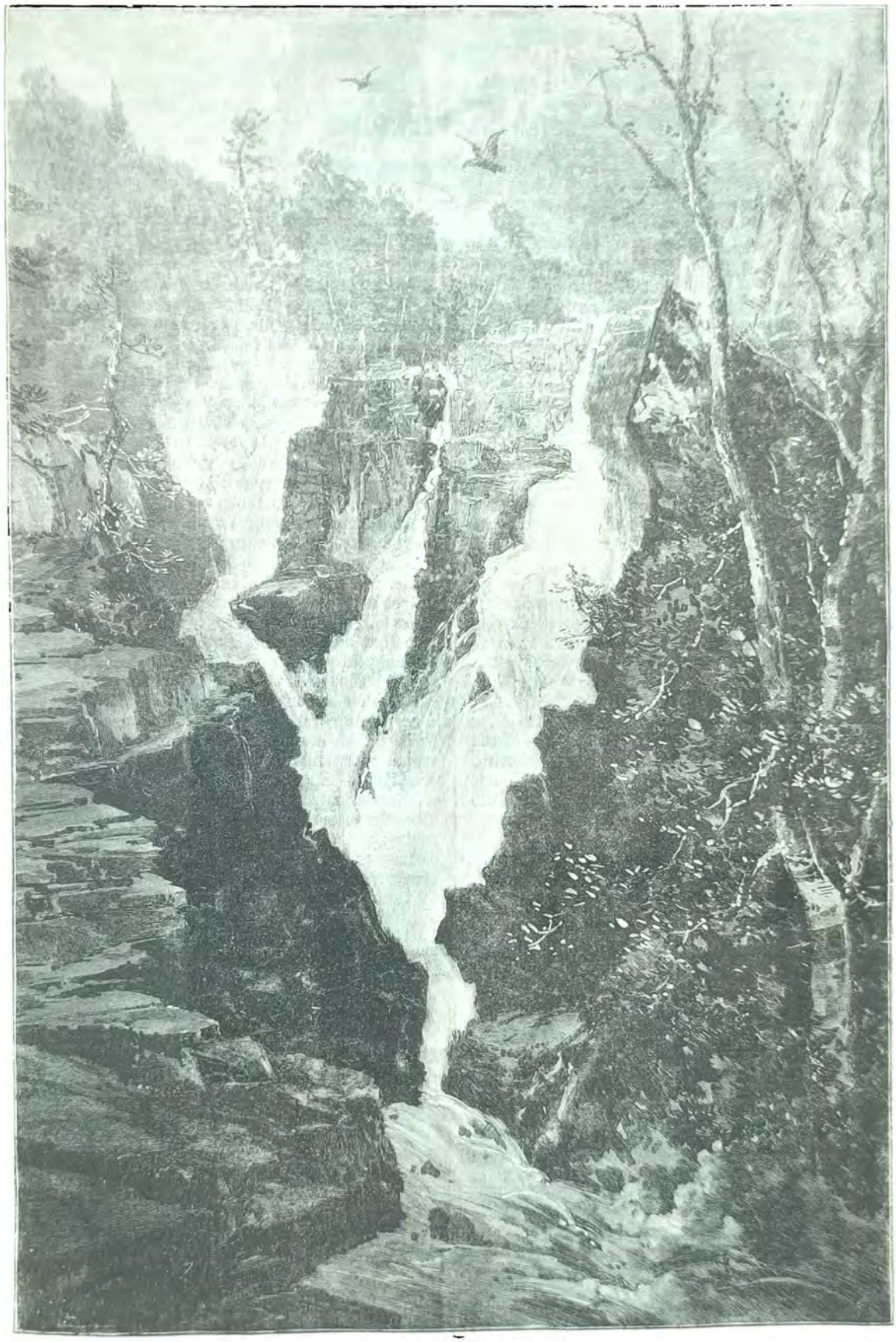
And so it has been all over the world. But the waterways are the paths of civilisation. They have their place in the divine order. It is along them that the nations have advanced and spread, and founded their colonies and cities. The river is always the oldest friend, and probably on that account retains a certain power of fascination. And this power of enchaining the imagination is as characteristic of the romantic hill torrent as of the prosaic stream of the plains. What a cloud of legend clings to the St. Lawrence, and yet the St. Lawrence is the second river in North America! Under its many names it is 2400 miles long, and pours into the Atlantic something like four thousand five hundred million tons of water every day. From Lake Superior to Lake Huron, down the narrow rapids of St. Mary, thence by Detroit to Lake Erie, thence by Niagara to Ontario, "the Beautiful"—such is the meaning of the lake's Indian name—it bears its clear light-blue waters to the sea. On the way it is joined by many a tributary, chief of them the Ottawa, whose dark-hued stream for a time refuses to mingle with the main river, and flows with it side by side, forming a broad parti-coloured ribbon of light and dark blue. And every tributary has its legend, telling, perhaps, in mythic form, of those who first settled on its banks.

Much more prosaic at first sight than the lower St. Lawrence is the largest river of the North American continent. To the west of Lake Superior in the northern part of Minnesota is Lake Itasca, whence, winding through many lakes and chains of rapids, there issues what it is customary to consider the main stream of the yellow Mississippi, which, after running for over four thousand miles, and draining a million and a quarter square miles, emerges into the Gulf of Mexico. The gulf is almost tideless, the river is quite tideless, and consequently the deposit of its sediment is unchecked, and its delta has grown till it now covers over twelve thousand square miles. The Mississippi has been called our ugliest river, and yet the landscape it has moulded into form is always at its best with the broad stream in the foreground. In the progress of the English in America we have seen the whole course of nation making. The clusters of log huts by the riverside have gradually grown into flourishing cities; and the legends have even begun to grow in replacement of those of the Indians.

The largest river in the world is the Amazon, whose vastness M. Jules Verne has done so much towards bringing home to us in his "Giant Raft," which he floats for so many miles down it. Draining nearly two millions of square miles, it passes through all the varieties of river life before it spends itself far out in the Atlantic. Spring and lake, and cataract and rapid, mountain torrent and tidal stream, the Amazon runs through the whole gamut, along its lengthened journey to the sea, and in its history and legends tells the same story of its importance to man.

Another of the world's large rivers experiencing all the chances of river life is the Nile, whose influence on civilisation has been immense. Its floods have given fertility to the narrow strip on which for ages man has made his home. In no respect does it fail us as an example. What a wealth of legend clings to it! How picturesquely it always comes in! How uninteresting it might be thought! Its ordinary current drops out of its head water reservoir, the Victoria Nyanza, in a shallow fall of a dozen feet, to have its five hundred feet in breadth narrowed into the gorge of the Murchison, through whose rock-bound pass it leaps into the gloomy abyss 120 feet below, gradually losing the strength of its current, until at last, were it not for *Pistia stratiotes* floating on its surface, it would never be thought to be moving. Pouring into the Mediterranean a low-water current of 61,500 cubic feet per second, it comes steadily on its way, owing its ordinary supply to the lakes, and its flooding to its branches from the highlands of Abyssinia. The Nile is never a rapid river except when in flood. It leisurely sweeps from the Murchison through the Albert Nyanza, now spoken of as "merely a backwater," past Bedden, famous for Gordon's iron rope ferry, past Gondokoro, still proud of the ruins of Baker's camp, and then into the swamps, where, amid the water-lilies, blue, white and crimson, and the multitudes of waterfowl, its progress is barred by the vegetable dam whose cutting was so graphically described by Sir Samuel Baker in "Ismailia." Then it passes Kartoum and runs into the region of the cataracts, whose perils and position were so graphically impressed on us during the last miserable war. Has not the Nile had its worshippers even from the far past until these days?

And when we come to know it, will not this also be the same with the gigantic stream that pours its waters into the Atlantic? Which is the largest river of Africa—the Nile or the Congo? One is the most famous river known to ancients and moderns, the other has no history yet discoverable. On the banks of the one civilised man has existed for ages, and left his records behind him; on the banks of the other, man has existed probably for very much longer—but in what a state! One of the strangest discoveries of these later days has been the exploration of this mighty river, the opening up of a virgin field for the settlement of the white man, in which we can see repeating itself the story of the conquest of America, of the peopling of the banks of the St. Lawrence and the Mississippi, of the Amazon and even the Nile, and the rest of the world's watercourses. There, there are now going on under our eyes the same things that seem so strange when we read about them happening centuries ago. It is the same inevitable conquest of civilisation. The mighty river, with its background of forest primeval, is but the highway by which new ideas are advancing to remould the life and industries of peoples hitherto unknown.



THE FALLS OF ST. ANNE.

ON THE GRANDE RIVIÈRE ST. ANNE, EMITYING INTO THE LOWER ST. LAWRENCE.

THE BEATITUDES.

BY THE REV. RICHARD GLOVER, BRISTOL.

V.

"Blessed are the Merciful: for they shall obtain mercy."—*Matt.* v. 7.

"BLESSED are they that hunger and thirst after Righteousness," said our last Beatitude, adding the reason, "for they shall be filled." When this promise has been in some degree realised, then the soul blooms in Mercy.

In this Mercy, Righteousness loses its rigidity, the aspect of effort and of strain; and becomes gentle and sweet-souled. Where a poorer self had to be denied a Better Self is born whose promptings are obeyed. All the fellowship with God to which poverty prompted and sorrow led: which meekness enjoyed and the longing for goodness maintained—furthers the great change. They who thus looked to Him were changed into the same image from glory to glory as by the Spirit of the Lord.

It is therefore no slight grace that now invites our attention. Some may disparage it as due rather to finer susceptibilities of nature than to workings of grace. And others may see in the austerities of the ascetic something nobler than in the ministries of the kindly. But the Saviour by the very order in which He names it gives it a distinguished place. The genuineness of the preceding graces is proved by their producing Mercy. If what seems a spiritual zeal blooms in Mercy it is from above: if it hardens into coldness and pride it is of the earth earthy.

In studying this word let us consider:

I. Those Blessed: BLESSED ARE THE MERCIFUL.

II. Their Blessing: THEY SHALL OBTAIN MERCY.

We begin with:

I. THOSE BLESSED. BLESSED ARE THE MERCIFUL. We might have expected earth to be full of this glory. Ourselves have been cherished by love and we are bound in honour to pay the debt. Every instinctive witness of nature commends it, and every testimony of grace proclaims that "Though we have all knowledge, and all faith so that we could remove mountains, and have not Love, we are nothing." We are surrounded by the "children of the needy." "The poor are with us always." There are those enfeebled in health; there are those broken-hearted in sorrow; there are those degraded in character; there are those whose surroundings are such as doom life to be a painful struggle; there are those who have no pity on themselves; there are those whose vices involve all belonging to them in wretchedness and despair; there are the fallen; there are the unbelieving; there are the dark places of the earth, still full of cruelty.

The voice of creation is still a groan; its appeal is never absent from our ears. Owing all we value most to earthly and heavenly love, it might be expected that Love thus cherished and thus appealed to, would beautify every heart, and be the universal link of a blessed brotherhood. Especially might we expect this as we live beneath the constraint of an Infinite Example.

The open secret of an Infinite Heavenly Love, half told in the whisperings of Nature and the tokens of Providence, has been uttered in the Incarnate Son of God. We now know that all Heaven is Mercy; that God's life binds itself up in our lives; that God is Love—only Love; that His very severity is the effort of Mercy to reclaim men; that His purity is the brightness of a burning Love; that He looks on no creature of His hand without some form of affection rising in His heart; pity for its pain: or grief for its sin; or delight in the virtues of those whom He has made. Seeing the Father in the face of Jesus—we see that the everlasting activities of God are those of Mercy; that He is in His worlds, as One that serves; that He honours all men; that no insignificance in our lot permits us to be overlooked; that the very aggravations of wayward evil which bar out His help, move Him to weep over those who refuse to let Him save them. We see Him hungry to taste every woe beneath which men suffer; attracted by the sorrows of mankind:—*His joy, saving men;* His heart pierced with every sorrow of the human heart. The vision of God that meets our view is of One all Mercy: saying not of aught that He possesses it is His own; yearning to share His life, His bliss, His Heaven with all; imploring men to turn from evil and appealing to them with tone of anguish, Why will ye die? We see God in Christ counting all things but loss to win man from his desolation and his woe; and following up His great atonement by the working of His blessed Spirit on every heart. If saved, it is by this Mercy we have been saved; if prayers sent Heavenward have brought down blessings, it is from this Mercy we have received them. Whenever the clouds part above us and disclose our God, this Mercy is seen as the light of His countenance—the glory of Heaven as it is the consolation of earth.

It is therefore no slight constraint that binds us to the practice of Mercy. All we have and are we owe to it; it is the course which infinite wisdom has chosen as its own; it is the Eternal Activity of God.

Surely when all our bliss comes from Mercy, and when it is enthroned in the heart of God, and when such need for it abounds around us—all should be found living in its daily practice.

We should expect this the more, because Love is fraught with bliss. Its action in the soul is Peace; its very sorrows yield a richer gladness than wealth and pleasures can furnish to a selfish heart.

But, alas! with so much to move us, we are but rarely moved to Mercy. For Mercy is costly. We cannot serve our fellows, save at some sacrifice of money, or labour, or thought, or feeling, and our selfishness sets up a competing claim for every thing by which another can be enriched. Our pride despises those our Redeemer holds so precious. Our casuistry enquires whether a nearer neighbour to the sufferer than ourselves does not exist. The magnitude of the ills to be redressed moves us to despair. A false modesty never finds within itself any fitness for dealing with the troubles of men. We fear we shall need all our resources for ourselves. We criticise the character of the needy, the conduct which has led them to require mercy. If the Mercy needed is our forgiveness we magnify our claims and the greatness of their offence. We especially dwell on what we take to be the usual ingratitude of men, and discharge ourselves from the duty of showing Mercy destined to be insufficiently appreciated. We lump men in masses, and assume essential differences between them, such as discharge one class from all duties to another. We leave the ills of life to statesmen to discover a cure for them, and the poor to the operation of the public provision for their case. Till it comes to pass that no need for Mercy ever arises without an excuse for not showing it appearing as well. The present is invariably the inconvenient season for our showing help. Miseries are perpetuated which we could end, and sorrows break the hearts we could comfort, and the glory and reward of Mercy alike are lost. There is indeed nothing more marvellous than the greatness of the good we might accomplish, excepting the littleness of the good we attempt.

But there are, blessed be God! some whom the Saviour of men can designate by this gracious name of Merciful. Everywhere, and in all ages, some have been found breathing the gracious thought, and living in the kindly deed. There have been some of whom, as of Job it could be said, that when the "ear heard them it blessed them, and when the eye saw them it gave witness unto them." And when Jesus came, supplying highest motive, pattern and force for Mercy, all in one, the number of these gracious souls grew and multiplied. The old wintry world began to grow warm with love; the flowers of finer feeling appeared in the Earth, and the history of a great philanthropy began. The ancient world reckoned four cardinal virtues:—Justice, Fortitude, Temperance, and Wisdom; but omitted the *virtue of Mercy*, which the Church of Christ took and put above them all. Multitudes entered into the Saviour's spirit, seeking not to be ministered unto, but to minister; some were glad even to pour forth their life a sacrifice on the altar of human well-being. Multitudes found that Light in which Jesus lived: and saw men as He beheld them in all their preciousness, their possibilities, their woe.

Some did more than gaze on the Cross of Christ —they shared it. There are so many woes that can be cured by sharing them, and in no other way; that Love and pity kept impelling them to suffering for the good of others. "God forbid that I should glory" (says Paul) "save in The Cross of our Lord Jesus Christ, *on which* (margin, Gal. vi. 14) the world is crucified unto me, and I unto the world." And like the great Apostle many coveted to know "the fellowship of Christ's sufferings"—the power of enduring crosses, in order to save the perishing. No evil is lightly cured. Every wrong has vested interests. Every philanthropist even is a disturber of Israel.

But the Church in all ages has been so rich in Mercy that her record is one of victories of Mercy won. She found law horrible in its severities, and made it just: the pleasures of the people scandalous, and purified them: the common tastes so cruel and merciless, that gladiatorial shows, with their immense and inhuman sacrifice of life, were the universal delight of nations—defended by philosophers, and enjoyed by women—and she abolished them. She cared for the poor; she stopped infanticide; she purchased their freedom for captives taken in war. Slavery, universal in its prevalence, atrocious in its wrongs, the prolific root of infinite evils, she found, she censured, she limited, and at last abolished. The weak—woman, slave, peasant, diseased—were her peculiar care.

As her record has been one continuous success of Mercy, the fairest names in her roll have been those of the gracious heroes whose godliness bloomed into this heavenly beauty.

Thank God the altar fire of Mercy has never burnt out, but wherever faith has linked the souls of men to Christ, Love has made them like Him.

We have had a century in which in our own land spiritual life has progressively revived. With it large-hearted love has grown as well. Now it was a Clarkson labouring to end the Slave Trade; now a Wilberforce labouring to end Slavery; now philanthropists have sought to abate the unholy rigour of penal laws; and now to extend the blessings of civil freedom; now poverty, now ignorance has been the evil men have sought to destroy; now drunkenness, and now the sorrows of the unfortunate. Now holy ardour has moved itself to the long sacrifice and many dangers incident to the pioneer work of Christian missions. And now gentle hearts have yearned to bring the thoughtless at home to the light of God.

No sun rises on the world without revealing deeds of generous kindness over which the heart of God delights. Acts of generous pardon; labours of the poor to help their neighbours in their woe; the consecration of wealth to the needs of men; endeavours to bless the young; the yearnings of compassion; the energies and enterprise of innumerable labours of Love.

Blessed are the Merciful; those whose hearts are not chilled with any shadow of self; who live for others; who see no sorrow they do not make their own; who aspire to be their brothers' keepers; who value life for its opportunities of good.

Happy those of whom it can be said as was said of Cranmer, That to do him an injury was to secure his lifelong kindness. Happy those who

seek the lost to save them, and the needy to succour them.

For such have blessings that others cannot know; a heart all peace; a heaven all light; gratitude of man and smile of God.

Alas! that I have to add these numbers are small, and God's good work drags because they are so few.

Every saved soul ought to belong to the number of those Christ-like in Mercy. Yet how few have been led to deem Mercy their high calling in Christ Jesus, and their bounden duty!

Remember the world of need around thee: the world of Love above thee. Let thy religion be the sort that visits the widow and the fatherless in their affliction. *Remember there is no limit, God helping us, to our power of doing good.* And aspire to belong to the number of those who with blessed, confused surprise will hear from the lips of the Great Judge of all men the words—"I was an hungered, and ye fed Me; thirsty, and ye gave Me drink:"—"Inasmuch as ye did it unto the least of these My brethren, ye did it unto Me. Come, inherit the kingdom."

If such is the grace that it is here commended, I must add a little on the second point.

II. *Their Blessing*: "THEY SHALL OBTAIN MERCY."

"They ask for no reward except to serve Christ still." But reward is given. The recompense of evil is not the only retribution. That is the reluctant retribution of God's necessity; but the recompense of good is the joyful retribution of God's delight.

They have indeed a rich reward in their work itself. They taste in it the Master's joy. They catch His anointing; and, in the power to wipe away the tear, to heal the hurt mind, to win souls to goodness, they have great recompense of reward. But He who gives an increase, thirty, sixty, or an hundredfold to the good seed sown, gives an exceeding great reward to all goodness done.

For—

(1.) *Shewing, they find mercy amongst men.* It is strange how by ordinance of God, the world seems ever to be to us what we are to it; to be, as one has put it, a looking-glass in which we see the face we bring to it. To the froward it is froward; to the merciful it is kindly. Jacob, unbrotherly and deceiving, is to be cured of his faults by suffering at the hand of Laban an unbrotherliness and deceit kindred with his own. And good men are to be confirmed in their goodness by finding others reciprocating it. Honour finds men honourable, and kindness finds men kind. And Mercy finds an environment of kindly regard, a sympathy with its sorrows, an affectionate interest in its woes, that selfish hearts would deem impossible.

What affection, benediction, prayer, compass a good man's life! The merciful, when their turn comes to need the ministries of Love, find them richly given.

But there is more than this.

(2.) *Mercy opens the heart to all the Love of God.* We are here not dealing with the grounds of forgiveness, which are to be found only in the work of Christ, but with the *conditions of its reception* which are in ourselves. The Mercy of God seeks to enter all hearts, but is barred by want of faith. Suspicion says, "Art Thou come to torment us?" and shrinks from its touch. But faith trusts its Lord, welcomes Him into the heart. *Therefore, faith saves.* The least measure of this trust, turning Christward, admits the saving grace into the soul.

Where Mercy is altogether absent, it denotes the absence of both penitence and faith as well, and in this state we are disabled from receiving grace. If we forgive not men their trespasses, it is because we are destitute of the penitence which would permit God to forgive us. But Mercy is faith in its fullest bloom and richest energy. "Perfect love casts out fear." It trusts the heart of God; trusts the Saviour's guidance: trusts His constraints, His guidance, His impulse; so that God's grace is free to work its perfect work.

Mercy thus offers the Saviour the largest of all welcomes; the readiest of all obedience in the ways in which He most desires to guide us; the softest, tenderest, gratefullest frame of the soul, for the Spirit to operate upon. Mercy vivifies the clay and makes it more yielding to the potter's hand, so that where it is the vessel is not "marred upon the wheel," but turned into a thing of beauty. "Love believeth all things, Love endureth all things, love hopeth all things." On many hearts God cannot shed the smile of His love, for it would harden them. But love gathers only lowliness and gratitude from that smile, and God can lift therefore on Mercy all the light of His countenance.

Thus love dwelling richly in the soul renders it more easy to be blessed than otherwise it could be. Because, therefore, faith is perfected in Love, and finds all its receptivity and responsiveness indefinitely increased by it, the merciful can in an especial and marvellous degree admit into their souls the Mercy of God.

And yet this evidently does not exhaust the Saviour's word. In addition to both of these *results* of Mercy, I have to remark—

(3.) The Saviour here predicts The Great Reward which awaits the merciful.

There are no "rewards of debt," but "rewards of grace" abound to all who serve our Lord. He delighteth in all grace and all affection, and delights to express and embody that delight. So rich is His love that not a cup of cold water given from love to Him loses its reward. How ample and sublime must their reward be, whose life is a ministry of kindness, whose heart is a home of love!

They need often the finest healing ministry of God. For often the heart that consoles the troubled is itself broken, and the soul that seeks to save the lost is battling hard for its own salvation. And though Mercy may sing,

> My burden is fallen from me,
> It is buried in the sea,
> And only the sorrows of others
> Cast their shadows over me:—

these shadows may be very dark, may awake solicitudes that are Gethsemanes.

But all sorrows of the gentle heart find God's richest balm and tenderest handling. All fears of the gracious soul have His special care. For them the sweetest whisper of His love is waiting, and to them the fullest answer of their prayer is on its way. For them Jordan becomes still waters, and its banks green pastures. For them the entrance into the inheritance of saints in light is abundantly administered. To them is given the Saviour's warmest greeting, and for them is waiting

The full and everlasting and passionless renown.

They of all men have drunk most deeply of Christ's cup, and they of all men sit highest with Him on the throne. And their lowly apprenticeship in Mercy here has given them a fitness for the highest ministries of Mercy which employ the power of the glorified!

Good measure, pressed down, shaken together, and running over, man gave into their bosoms; but with the everlasting delights of His Divine approval and infinite love, the Lord of Mercy crowns and rewards The Merciful.

To that number may we belong!

Things New and Old.

A Shaft in the Air.—The daughter of a tradesman in one of our large towns was dying, and, having heard of her illness, the clergyman of the parish in which she lived went to visit her.

One day when he did so he was observed by a relation of the young woman—an infidel—who immediately inquired who he was. Informed in reply that he was "the parson," he asked what he had gone there for, and what he was going to do.

The answer was, that he was going to talk to the young woman upstairs.

"Ah!" said the man, "he's got some interested motive, I know. I'll go and hear what he has to say."

Accordingly he went up stealthily and on tiptoe, and took his stand at the door of the young woman's apartment.

As if to favour the infidel's purpose of listening, the clergyman, finding the room somewhat close, had left the door a little open for the sake of admitting what fresh air there might be in the staircase. The man could therefore easily hear everything that was said.

Quite unconscious of his presence, the clergyman spoke freely and tenderly to the dying girl of the love of Christ to poor lost sinners. It was not the first time he had done so; and, through God's blessing on what he had said to her, she had been enabled to commit the keeping of her soul for time and eternity into the hands of the great Redeemer. He could therefore speak to her as to one who knew by blessed experience the power and grace of Christ. The conversation was sweet and cheering; and when it was over the clergyman knelt down and prayed.

The man was greatly moved. He could not but feel that there was a reality about what he had thus heard. At the same time all his suspicions of interested motives on the part of the clergyman were scattered to the winds; and they were replaced by feelings of respectful admiration.

His friends were waiting downstairs to hear his report; in all likelihood expecting that he would have some sneering and scoffing things to say about what the clergyman had said. To their great surprise, however, he exclaimed, as soon as he reached them: "I never heard such a thing in my life. I never heard anything like it. Where does that man preach?"

"Oh," they replied, "at the church not far off."

"I will go and hear him next Sunday," he said.

He had not been in a church since his boyhood; but he held to his resolve and went.

His intention was to hear the clergyman preach; but before the preacher could say a word the Lord laid hold on him in another way, still by His own word—that word which is living and powerful, and sharper than any two-edged sword. As the Psalms were read alternately by the curate and the people, what he heard—no doubt applied by the power of the Divine Spirit—went home to his conscience. He trembled, and before the reading of the Psalms was over, he sat down and sobbed and wept. Then, looking to see where the door was, he got up and fled, not having heard the preacher at all.

On the following Sunday morning he went again to the same church, but on that occasion he stayed throughout the entire service.

In God's good providence the sermon was one which might have been especially prepared to meet the case. It was a clear, simple exposition of the great facts and truths of the Gospel, preached by a plain, ordinary kind of man, but who spoke with deep feeling and earnestness, moved, there is every reason to believe, by the blessed and loving Spirit of Christ.

As the preacher proceeded, speaking of Divine forgiveness, of the ability of Christ to save even to the uttermost, and of the security and peace of God's children, the man said to himself, "Is there any hope for me? Can I be included in this family of love? This good, beneficent, magnificent, magnanimous, majestic Saviour—will He look at me, and pardon me?" And when towards the end of the sermon, there was given the earnest and universal invitation, "And the Spirit and the bride say, Come. And let him that heareth say, Come. And let him that is athirst come. And whosoever will, let him take the water of life freely," he said, "Then I will come—

"'Just as I am, without one plea
But that Thy Blood was shed for me,
And that Thou bidd'st me come to Thee,
O Lamb of God, I come.'"

And he came.

The change was an abiding one. He held fast the beginning of his confidence throughout the remainder of his life, and it cheered and sustained him when he came to die. He died whilst still a comparatively young man, leaving behind him a large family of young children. As, however, his minister bent over him—moved even to tears—he said, "It's rather hard to give up that wife of mine, and those children; but Jesus will take care of them, and I have committed them into His dear, wounded hands."

Not long after he departed in perfect peace, trusting wholly for time and eternity in that loving and Almighty Saviour, who, as he believed with undoubting confidence, had loved him and given Himself for him.[1]

Self-Control.—The way to subject all things to thyself, is to subject thyself to reason; thou shalt govern many, if reason govern thee. Wouldst thou be crowned the monarch of a little world? command thyself.

[1] This incident was narrated at the Annual Meeting of the Pastoral Aid Society in 1887, by Canon Woodward, of St. Silas, Toxteth Park, Liverpool. The facts, it may be stated, had come within his own personal knowledge.

"HOT AND HIGH."

THE MOTTO OF HIS RACE.

CHAPTER III.

WE must now return to the carpenter and his job. The long ladder had been brought from Weston and adjusted against the Tower. The man climbed up and entered the attic through its window. After examining the lock he returned to bring up some tools which had been left in the house. We can judge of his chagrin on returning with his tools to find his ladder had fallen and lay smashed in pieces upon the ground. It had dropped across a garden wall, which had "quite done for it"—as the man said ruefully looking at the broken bits.

"I thought I had fixed it firmly enough," he muttered to himself. "It was jammed tight against the window. Shouldn't wonder if some of those tricksome lads have been about in my absence. I wish—if this is their work—that they had broken their bones instead of my ladder. Now what's to be done? Can't bring another ladder from Weston this day. Job enough we had lugging this one up the hill. And I'll have to pay the cost of it, I suppose. I can't think how it came down, if no hands were at it. Awell! I expect I must grin and bear it, and come another day with another ladder." And with these philosophic words the carpenter departed, and the condemned cell remained unopened, for Weston lay some miles down the hill, and it required men and time to bring a long ladder up to Castlandhill.

Meanwhile Mr. Fenwick sought for Bob, stormed because he could not be found, and then had his attention diverted by the opportune arrival of important visitors. These kept the master of the house engrossed for some time: but when evening brought the scattered members of the family together, and Bob was the only one absent, Mr. Fenwick was recalled to the truant and his delinquencies.

"Where is Bob?" he asked. "What does he mean by this childish hiding from me—as if that would stop me from punishing him as he deserves?"

"I looked for him," said Clayton, "but not seeing him about I took for granted he had gone up the river to Tom."

"He never came near us," said Tom.

"Has no one seen him since he was with Clayton on the walls?" Mr. Fenwick asked, as a fear regarding the boy's safety crossed his mind for the first time.

"The walls! Do you mean the ruin?" exclaimed Mrs. Fenwick. "Surely Bob wasn't there?"

And then all the family heard of Bob's disobedience, but no word of censure was uttered, for a vague dread lest he had paid for his rebellion too dearly silenced even his father's anger.

Only Tom had no fear, for he knew Bob's ways and believed that he was merely sulking in a corner, and would turn up before long. But Bob did not turn up, and though search was made until grave alarm was raised, no trace of him appeared.

Mr. Fenwick's heart was heavy within him, for, though he pretended to pooh-pooh his wife's anxiety, and assure her that Tom was right and that Bob was sulking, he could not rid himself of a desperate fear on the boy's account. And then conscience, faithful to its charge, asked him if he were altogether guiltless in the matter? Had he studied his son's character as a father should? Had he taught the boy, by example as well as precept, to rule his own spirit aright? Had he trained him with patience and care? Had he been faithful to the solemn charge which God had given him of immortal souls?

These were terrible questions to be put to a man by an unerring monitor at such a moment. In solitude and darkness the father listened to the admonitions of conscience, and, humbling himself before God, he resolved that for the future, his conduct toward his boys should be ruled by holier and less selfish motives than hitherto. The world had engrossed him. He had needed an arrest. It had come.

Fervently he prayed that the missing boy might be restored in safety; but athwart every prayer, every thought, swept a dark picture of the crumbling ruin, the crags overhanging the river, the swift deep current, the thoughtless, headstrong boy, carried beyond punishment, forgiveness, love, into the ocean of Eternity. How dreadful it was!

No one thought of going to bed that night in Castlandhill. The search was continued in the darkness; but one by one the wearied servants returned without tidings. The girls remained with Mrs. Fenwick—Peg sobbing without knowing exactly why; Meta doing her best to dissipate maternal fears.

Ted crept off to Tom's bedroom, where they both remained silent and troubled, afraid to give utterance to the forebodings, which would obtrude in spite of their naturally sanguine way of looking at things.

Clayton moved restlessly from room to room. He could not help blaming himself for Bob's disappearance, though in truth it was no fault of his. But Clayton's heart was tender as well as generous, and he tried to excuse his cousin by taking a share of the other's fault upon himself.

Thus some time passed, until he could no longer endure his own society, so went to Tom's room, where, as I said, the two brothers were sitting in silence. They were glad of his company; and Tom, forcing himself to speak cheerfully, said: "No one seems inclined for sleep, so I don't see why we might not make ourselves a little comfortable till—till Bob comes, or till daylight, when we can go out and hunt him up. I expect he has gone to sleep in some snug corner. Ted, I wish you'd fetch the lamp from Elysium. We might as well have some light. My candle burnt out an hour ago."

Ted did not much like going through the quiet sombre house by himself after midnight; but he was too manly to exhibit his weakness, therefore went on Tom's errand without demur. He had a box of matches in his pocket, and these he kept striking as he went "to light the way." The long dark passage and the steep dark stairway were traversed by Ted with very failing courage, though what he feared he could not have told. He grew more bold when he had reached Elysium and lighted the large lamp; but he did not linger there, for the silence and gloom were oppressive.

Lifting the lamp carefully in both hands, he left the room and began the descent of the Tower, when suddenly he heard—or fancied he heard—a groan echoing down the

stairway. An old legend which said the Tower was haunted came into Ted's mind. At any other time he would have laughed at such an idea, but just then he was nervous and frightened, and not responsible for what came into his head.

He stumbled, and in trying to recover himself, dropped the lamp, which added to his terror. Rushing down the stairs, knocking himself repeatedly as he went, poor Ted escaped from the Tower, flew along the corridor, and returned to Tom's room breathless and bewildered.

"What on earth's the matter, man?" his brother exclaimed. And then the little fellow, ashamed of his panic, stammered—

"I tripped and broke the lamp—an awful smash on the stairs."

He said nothing of the mysterious groan, which he now believed to have been purely imaginative; and Tom—too worried on Bob's account to laugh at Ted—remarked carelessly: "Then we shall have to sit in darkness for the rest of the night."

The three boys remained talking about Bob and trying to encourage each other by hopeful, though haphazard conjectures until daylight began to peep through the blinds. That took place an hour after Ted's adventure. Then Clayton remarked, "Suppose we go down now?" And he went to the door. "Dear me," he said, as he opened it, "what a smell of burning wood!"

"The maid is lighting a fire, I expect," said Tom. But his cousin, more quick-witted, exclaimed, "It can't be that so early, and there is such a quantity of smoke coming up; and, do you hear what a crackling?"

"I hope I didn't leave the lamp alight," Ted cried, suddenly remembering that in his panic he had never thought of the burning wick left on the stair with the fragments of the lamp.

"Did you light it, and leave it? Oh, you duffer!" cried Tom; and Clayton exclaimed, "That's it! You've set the place on fire!" All three made a rush for the passage leading to the Tower, but were arrested by a cloud of smoke pouring down the gallery. At the same moment the study door opened, and Mr. Fenwick, who had returned, after spending the greater part of the night in searching for the truant in the adjacent country, hearing them run past, called out: "What is this smell of burning wood? What are you up to, boys?"

They hurried back and told him as briefly and clearly as they could what they believed had happened; and a few moments later their conjecture was proved to be correct. The Tower was on fire!

The alarm was given, and in a minute all the household was on the alert, aware of what had taken place. The fire was raging with great force by that time, for the woodwork was old and dry, and had flared up at once.

Fortunately for the rest of the house, the isolated position of the Tower prevented the conflagration from spreading, as it must otherwise have done.

The danger would be if the fire ran along the wooden gallery which connected the Tower with the inhabited part of the house, and to prevent such a catastrophe, Mr. Fenwick and the boys began to pull down a part of the passage, while the women brought buckets of water to drench the wood.

Ted, fleet of foot, was sent off to Weston for men. All was excitement and commotion, and for the time being Bob and his unexplained absence were partially lost sight of. But we must return to the truant now.

When Bob, in a panic, fled to hide from his father, he lost sight of every consideration but the eager desire to conceal himself. He ran through the gardens and came under the windows of the Tower at the moment when the workman had gone in search of tools. Bob glanced at the ladder, remembered the closed door, ran up the steps, crept in at the window, wrenched the ladder aside and dashed it to the ground. Then, trembling and confused, dropped into an old chair, and said to himself, "I'm safe here for a while at least."

He sat there a long time without being collected enough to think that he had put himself into a very awkward position indeed. But as his excitement and fear grew cool, he began to see the absurdity and weakness of which he had been guilty; yet shame and pride would not allow him to show himself at the window, or make any sign to lead the search in a right direction. He heard his name shouted, and he could imagine how the family was disturbed by his prolonged absence; but still he sat in the condemned cell still and sullen, taking pleasure even in knowing that he had stirred up a considerable disturbance.

By-and-by, however he grew restless—for Bob was naturally active in mind and body—and took to pacing up and down the room, and planning how to extricate himself with as little trouble as possible from his dilemma.

As he moved aimlessly about the room, his glance fell upon Clayton's books tossed on a shelf.

"Bother the books," Bob muttered. "All this nuisance came by them. I wish I had burned them instead of bringing them here."

Then he was reminded of what Clayton had said about the books, and (as much for sake of something to do as for curiosity), he took them from the shelf, saying as he did so, "The fellow is soft, and no mistake, to be reading this kind of thing every day. 'Henry Clayton Eyre.' That was his father. Hum! 'Mary Fenwick Eyre.' She did not drop our name when she married then. I have heard father say a heap of nice things about his sister, and I think she must have been very good. She was Clayton's mother." He fluttered the leaves of the little hymn-book marked here and there, and he said, "Clayton must be like the Eyres. He is not one morsel a Fenwick. He might be worse. Yet when all is said, he wouldn't be half bad if he weren't so goody-goody."

Bob put down the hymn-book and carelessly turned over Mr. Eyre's well-used Bible; but his attention was caught by a passage marked and evidently often turned to, for the book fell open at that place: "Remember now thy Creator in the days of thy youth, while the evil days come not, nor the years draw nigh when thou shalt say, I have no pleasure in them."

Bob read the words, and went on reading to the end of the chapter, scarcely comprehending the full meaning of what he read, yet conscious of being arrested in mind, and filled with a new and curious awe. He closed the book, mechanically repeating "While the evil days come not." Then he opened it again, but this time the passage that met his gaze was very different. He had lighted on the sweetest of all the Parables, and upon his wayward but young and susceptible heart fell like sunshine these words—

"But when he was yet a great way off, his father saw him, and had compassion, and ran and fell on his neck and kissed him."

In one swift moment Bob Fenwick saw his own position, all his foolishness, all his sinfulness, all God's love and forgiving kindness. Little did Mr. Eyre think when he marked those words for his own boy, and prayed God to lead him by the Book which had been his father's guide, that another than Clayton would fall heir to those earnest wishes.

Bob sat down and pondered. Bit by bit he questioned himself and condemned himself, and finally on his knees in the fading light with Clayton's Bible before him, he laid his soul at the feet of its Maker with the simple frank faith of boyhood.

By that time the mental excitement through which he had passed began to make itself felt in fatigue and drowsiness, and sleep overtook him before he had decided to try and call attention. He was not in a very comfortable position for restful slumber, being curled up in an old chair that had lost half a leg, and which oscillated at every movement he made, but Bob was tired out and slept profoundly for some hours. He did not wake all that time, though occasionally a moan, or start showed that his mind was not resting so much as his body. It was that trouble of his unconscious mind which Ted had heard and interpreted so foolishly.

But Bob woke at last. He was roused by the roar and crackling of the flames rushing up the stairs. He sprang to his feet and ran to the window and realized his position in a few moments. At the same time a party of men arrived from Weston bringing such appliances as the village possessed for quenching a fire—a hose, coils of rope, a short ladder, water buckets, that was all—and Bob looking down saw that none of these things could reach him, prisoner in the condemned cell, cut off from all the world.

"Ted! Ted!" he cried seeing his little brother below with the men, "Oh, Ted, I am here tell father. Help me! help me! Oh God, help me!"

"Bob!" that was all Ted said as he recognized the terrified face looking down from the attic window, then he fled to tell the appalling news, and soon all were gathered on the spot gazing up and helpless to give aid.

"Where is the long ladder we brought yesterday?" one of the men asked, and Tom silently pointed to the broken pieces lying near. "We've only fetched this short thing," the man said, "thinking the other was on the spot. This is very unfortunate."

He hastened away to bring another long ladder from the village, but Mr. Fenwick knew that ere the needed assistance could come there would be an end of the Tower. It was awful to stand inactive there. Yet what could any one do? Aye, that was the question!

NATURAL HISTORY NOTES

FROM THE REVISED VERSION OF THE BIBLE.

NO. VII.—THE GIER-EAGLE, EAGLE AND FALCON.

THERE are two passages, Lev. xi. and Deut. xiv., in which there is an enumeration of clean and unclean beasts. Among the unclean birds there used to be found the "ossifrage;" in the Revised Version this is replaced by the "gier-eagle;" on the other hand, "gier-eagle" lower down has given place to "vulture."

The gier-eagle is a second sort of vulture, but is by no means so common as the "griffon." It may more easily be taken for an eagle, as its haunts are among the high mountains, or the tops of high trees. It is found in other countries besides Palestine. In Switzerland, for instance, it goes by the name of hammer-gier; there it comes down from its mountain recesses to prey upon the lambs and kids on the lower grounds. It is not, any more than the vulture, able to carry off its prey, but, having pounced upon the animal, it is compelled to stand and feed upon the spot. Still it does not, like the vulture, feed upon dead carcases. Naturally both these birds are compelled to supply their young with portions of food carried in their mouths, and in this respect differ from the true eagles. These we will now look at, so far as they are mentioned in Scripture.

The most striking passages are those which treat of the eagle's care of her young. In Exod. xix. 4 we read: "Ye have seen how I bore you on eagle's wings." The children of Israel, weak and unfit for battle, were borne off from Egypt with wondrous power and swift movement beyond the reach of their foes. More touching still is the comparison in Deut. xxxii. 11: "The eagle stirreth up her nest" (so Jehovah caused His people to break away from Egypt); "fluttereth over her young" (He was with them in the cloud by day, in the fire by night); "spreadeth abroad her wings" (i.e. to teach them to fly); "taketh them, beareth them upon her wings" (i.e. swoops down under them, interrupting their fall); so the Lord taught them to meet small bodies of their foes, and saved them from defeat, until they were ready for the great flight—the rush upon and conquest of Canaan.

In Psalm ciii. 5 it is said, "Thy youth is renewed like the eagle's." By this we must understand not only the moulting or renewing of the feathers, which is common to all birds, but the renewal of strength when that season is over. The continuance of this renewal during the eagle's long life justifies expressions which imply a constant return of youth. The last passage we shall notice is not one in which the eagle is mentioned but where it might have been.

EAGLE-HEADED, WINGED, ASSYRIAN DEITY.

In Isa. xlvi. 11, it is the eagle that is intended by the words "ravenous bird," and there can be little doubt that it stands as a symbol of the king of Assyria. The eagle was the national ensign of the Assyrians, as it was afterwards of the Romans. The eagle is the king of birds, and those who take it as their ensign are thought to aim at universal dominion. The discoveries made at Nineveh in this century give a further proof of the appropriateness there is in the prophet's language. If we could have walked the halls of Sennacherib's palace, we should have seen upon the walls the figure of a man with the head of an eagle. This was one of their chief deities, and the introduction of the eagle into the prophet's forebodings is one of those minor points that show the reality of the pictures drawn by his pen.

It will be observed that all these passages describe a bird of swift flight, and capable of a sudden attack upon living prey. This is characteristic of the eagle, the largest of the birds that swoop down on their prey and carry it off in their talons. There are some others that do this: the falcon, for instance, and the kites. There are two passages of Scripture in which the word vulture gives place to one of these. In Job xxviii. 7 we find in the Revised Version the word falcon instead, for it is a text which speaks of a bird with a keen sight. In Isa. xxxiv. 15 there is a mention of birds that flock together in large numbers; accordingly the name kites is adopted, as the most suitable in our language.

QUESTIONS.

1. Find other passages in which the Assyrian king is spoken of as an instrument in God's hands?

2. Mention two other prophets that speak of Nineveh besides Isaiah?

THE SUNDAY AT HOME

O DAY MOST CALM, MOST BRIGHT! . . .
THE WEEK WERE DARK BUT FOR THY LIGHT.—*Herbert.*

GENEVIÈVE;

A STORY OF OLD FRANCE.

THEY DISCUSSED THE LAWS OF SOUND AND MOTION.

CHAPTER XIV.—A FOUNTAIN SEALED.

Go from me;—yet I feel that I shall stand
  Henceforward in thy shadow. Never more
  Alone upon the threshold of my door
Of individual life, I shall command
The uses of my soul, nor lift my hand
  Serenely in the sunshine as before,
  Without the sense of that which I forbore—
Thy touch upon the palm. The widest land
  Doom takes to part us, leaves thy heart in mine,
With pulses that beat double. What I do,
  And what I dream, include thee, as the wine
Must taste of its own grapes, and when I suc
  God for myself, He hears that name of thine,
And sees within my eyes the tears of two.

DEATH is not always the worst kind of parting, but it is always a kind of parting unlike any other. There may be farewells more bitter, and more hopeless, exchanged between the living than those that are sobbed out over open graves. And yet they differ. Amongst the endless varieties of pain human hearts are called to bear, no other pain quite resembles that of

knowing a beloved soul has gone forth before us into the unseen. There is a new sense of awe and strangeness as the baffled thought, that fain would follow, strikes its wings against that impalpable, impenetrable barrier, from beyond which no voice nor answer comes to us for evermore. Even the familiar, visible things which are around us, and upon which we are thrown back so sorrowfully, assume a changed, unfamiliar aspect, when we know that beloved eyes look upon them no longer.

Something of this change and strangeness, of this awe and mystery, may be felt at the departure of one whom we never hoped to see again—nay, whom we have never seen at all in the flesh. It is possible to feel the world poorer and barer, the sunshine less bright, and the landscape less fair, because some one has "gone over to the majority," whose life only touched our's as soul touches soul, through high thoughts inspired and holy lessons taught. But if to the spiritual tie be added one which is intensely, intimately personal, then indeed regret becomes agony. Then indeed the heart is pierced—the whole being quivers to its depths.

On the day after the levée of Madame, Charlotte Gouffier de Roannez sat alone in her bare little room, which was more like the cell of a nun than the boudoir of a great lady, and yet was the only room in her splendid mansion that seemed to her at all like home. The casement was open, looking out upon the garden with its formal flower-beds, its trim rows of shrubs cut into fantastic shapes, and its fountain of sculptured marble, sending up a cool and welcome spray into the hot air of the sultry August afternoon. Her sad eyes rested upon all these with a long and wistful gaze, and then returned to dwell yet longer and more intently on the little table close to her hand. For there lay a small packet of letters, with the ribbon which bound them unfastened, and one of them opened as if for perusal. The garden scene without, the letters before her, seemed to her the symbols of the two halves of her life, or rather of the two lives through which she had lived, both of them intense and fervid, one of them passionate.

Before either began, there had been an earlier existence, for *life* she would not call it. At best it was only a child's life, and not even that of a thoughtful child, whose faculties had been drawn out and cultivated. So she deemed now; but perhaps she was unjust to her earlier self, so poor and bare did all things seem, before there came to her the splendour and the magic light that flooded her dawning womanhood with glory.

She was scarcely older than Geneviève was now, when first her brother—six years her senior, but still very young—brought home with him his chosen friend, already known to the world as a great scientific and mathematical genius. Pascal was not merely admitted to formal receptions at the Hotel de Roannez;—when the *salon* over which Madame presided with such grace and dignity, was thrown open to the Haute Noblesse, and also, under certain well-understood restrictions, to eminent men of letters—he enjoyed the far more unusual privilege of a private intimacy with the family; he dined, and, what was thought a much greater honour, he even *supped* with them. At last he almost lived beneath their roof. Even the very definiteness of the barrier which in those days separated the Haute Noblesse from the Haute Bourgeoisie, favoured in some respects this unrestricted intercourse. Things that are fully understood do not require to be emphasised; and, as a general rule, where no danger is apprehended, no precautions are taken.

So Charlotte was allowed to listen, with the keen enjoyment of an eager girl, to the talk of her brother and his friend—talk which sparkled with wit and genius, each word and phrase a crystal cup, in which the wine of thought gave forth its colour and moved itself aright. Sometimes they spoke of the new philosophy of Descartes, or of the new astronomy of Copernicus; or they discussed the laws of sound and motion, the secrets of earth and air, which were then beginning to reveal themselves to the patient questioning of minds trained in habits of careful investigation. Even more often, the mysteries of human life and character engaged their thoughts. They were no great students, it is true, of the classic page; but noble thought or noble deed, wherever found, read, or heard of, was sure of recognition and admiration.

Nor were lighter themes forgotten, or gayer scenes forsaken. Those evenings—when the great *salon vert* blazed with a hundred waxlights, when the perfume of rare flowers, and the music of the guitar and the theorbe[1] floated on the air—those evenings were transfigured from the level prose of frivolity into the poetry of passion, when in all the brilliant assembly Mademoiselle de Roannez saw only one face, heard only one voice.

Dearer still were the promenades, sanctioned oddly enough by the etiquette of the time, in other respects so stringent, when that parterre on which her sad eyes were resting now, as its flowers faded beneath the pitiless August sun, was trod by her young and happy feet, keeping pace with the graver steps of one whose very presence inspired all noble thought, until at last for her,

> Star and flower grew dim and dead,
> Save at his feet or o'er his head.

What *she* felt in those days of enchantment was whispered in no human ear, nor was it entrusted to the silent confidence of the written page. What *he* felt, we have the means of guessing from the beautiful, burning fragment which gives us such a strange, unexpected glance into the very heart of the grave, ascetic author of the "Provincial Letters" and the "Pensées."

The "Discourse on the Passions of Love," must have come from a heart of fire, such fire as slumbers in the depths of a great diamond like the Koh-i-noor, "answering all possibilities of gaze, and overpowering the eye intent on its deeper mysteries." No troubadour of mediæval times knew how to love as did this pupil of Port Royal. The very spirit of chivalry breathes in his words—"The first effect of love is to inspire a great respect; we venerate what we love.

[1] A then fashionable musical instrument.

This is very just: we do not recognise anything in the world so grand as this. A wandering love is as monstrous as a distorted reason. When we love, we seem to have quite another soul than when we do not love; the passion elevates us, and we become all greatness." And again—"One often loves that which does not know itself beloved," he writes. "And one keeps an inviolable fidelity to the beloved, though the beloved should never know it. But such love should be very noble and very pure." We cannot doubt that he wrote thus the story of his own life; though we may well doubt whether he did not afterwards come to know much more than he admits here.

Another doubt there is, which must for ever remain unsolved. Did he learn first the bitter lesson that love, forbidden by inexorable social laws, could never "find its earthly close," and then come with his burden of sorrow and disappointment to the feet of the Great Burden-bearer? Or did he first surrender his earthly hope, counting this also but loss that he might win Christ? For thus only could he win Him, as he thought in his mistaken reading of the Divine word. We have no means of knowing—for those records of the past, which have guided us thus far, fail us here—and we will not allow ourselves to speculate.

This only we do know, upon the testimony of the sister who loved him so truly, and watched so tenderly beside his deathbed;—he surrendered the idea of marriage, which she was well aware that at one time he had entertained. Finally, to use her own quaint formal words, "he took the resolution of absolutely quitting the world, so that he resolved to quit entirely the conversations of the world, and to retrench all the superfluities of life, even to the peril of his health, because he believed salvation to be preferable to all things."

In the silence that followed the execution of his stern resolve, we cannot tell how God dealt with this tender and noble spirit, which by such strange paths He was leading to Himself. There are hints of a period of conflict and anguish, even almost of despair. The great water-floods prevailed against him; we can hear their surging even yet in some of the letters that remain to us, and in some passages of the immortal "Pensées." But, after an interval, a cry comes forth to us out of the darkness. It is a cry of joy. Light has shone through the gloom; the storm-tossed soul has found its resting-place, to lose it no more for ever. A fragment of parchment, which was sewn into the doublet of Pascal, and worn next his heart until his death,[1] bears these mystic burning words:

God of Abraham, God of Isaac, God of Jacob—
Not of the philosophers and the *savans*—
Certainty, Certainty. Experience. Joy. Peace.
God of Jesus Christ!
"Deus meum, et Deus vestrum"—
Thy God shall be my God—
Oblivion of the world and all except God.
He is only found in the paths taught by the Gospel,
Grandeur of the human soul!—
"Holy Father, the world hath not known Thee, but I have known Thee,"—
Joy—joy—tears of joy!

This, with what follows, reads like a passionate, though unformed and uncompleted, hymn of praise. Probably it was so intended, and meant also to be a confession of faith, and a deed of self-dedication, since it closes with the words, "I will not forget Thy Covenant. Amen." But, although the form—intended as it was for no eye save his own—may have to other eyes a strange and even a perplexing look, the import is abundantly clear. Pascal had found Christ; or rather, He had been found of Him, since, to use his own words—words which have comforted many an anxious soul—"Thou wouldst not be seeking Him, if He had not already found thee." The joy that came to him then was *his* share of "the wine of life," *his* portion in the land of the living; an abundant payment for all he had surrendered and all he had suffered.

He could not rest without sharing that joy with those he loved best. One of his sisters, the admirable Jacqueline Pascal, was already a nun of Port Royal, and supposed to be far before him in the Christian course; while from the brief memoir of him written by Madame Perier, we may gather what were his relations with her. But it was to be expected that for the conversion of the Duc de Roannez and his sister, all his influence, and all the resources of his genius would be employed. Pascal's idea of conversion involved and included abandonment of the world, with all its common occupations and interests. It is due to him to explain that he did not think this *was* conversion—he and all his school perfectly understood the necessity of a real turning of the heart to God—but he thought it the indispensable outward sign and expression of conversion.

How he pleaded with his friend Roannez we do not certainly know.[1] But we have still the letters—nine in number—which he addressed to Mademoiselle. It is these letters which now lie before her on the table. It need not be said that they are as free from any touch of earthly passion as if they were written from beyond the grave. Yet here and there—through their grand severity of thought, through their carefully tempered friendliness of tone—we seem to discern faint glimmerings of the fire beneath, suppressed and stifled, yet not wholly quenched.

As Charlotte's sad and dreamy eyes turn again to those cherished pages, which are now her dearest earthly treasure, her new and later life comes back to her. Through what sorrow and disappointment—through what "dull deep pain, and constant anguish of patience"—she reached that later, calmer life, as a shipwrecked mariner reaches the shore, none knew, none could even guess. She bore through all a still face and silent lips, for this is woman's destiny—always more or less, most of all when "noblesse oblige."

[1] Sometimes foolishly and falsely called "The Amulet of Pascal." It did not partake in the least of the nature of an amulet.

[1] It has been supposed by many that the "Discourse on the Condition of the Great," was addressed to the Duc de Roannez. But this is doubtful.

But the shades of Port Royal, where she sought and found a welcome refuge, soothed her pain; and gradually peace and rest came to the scholar as they had done to the teacher—though perhaps never so completely. She too learned to know Him whom to know is life eternal, and to count all things but loss that she might win Him. Still her nature—not more sensitive than Pascal's, but far frailer—was more fatally shattered by the conflict through which she passed.

She too had imbibed the theory that all merely natural feeling must be crushed down and crushed out. But in attempting to put this theory into practice she was attempting the impossible. She knew this *now* if she had never known it before. In spite of conflict and sorrow, in spite of pain and patience and penitence, the old life was not wholly dead, it lived and throbbed still within her breaking heart; that heart which knew itself desolate, because the only tone that had ever awakened its deeper echoes was silent in the grave. From the pile of letters, worn with many perusals and blistered with some burning tears, she chose *one*, the one she loved best, although—or perhaps because—it was the saddest of all. This was what she read—

"It is very certain that one cannot detach oneself without pain. We do not feel a bond when we follow willingly him who draws us, but when we begin to resist and to withdraw *we suffer much*, the bond is strained, and endures all the tension. Before God has touched us, we have only the weight of the flesh, which draws us to the earth. When God draws us upwards, the two contrary impulses cause the struggle, in which God only can make us overcome. 'But we can do all things,' says St. Leo, 'with Him, without whom we can do nothing.' We must then resolve to endure this conflict all our lives, there is no peace here. Jesus has come to bring, not peace, but a sword. But as the wisdom of God is foolishness with man, so this war which appears so hard to man is peace with God, for this peace Christ has also brought. But it will only be perfect when the body is destroyed; and this is what makes death desirable, though meanwhile we endure life with a willing heart, for His sake who for our's has endured both life and death, and who is able to give us more than we can ask or think."

Far beyond his thought and asking had He surely given even then to that noble, struggling spirit, in which such intense and passionate love to Him, and such strong resolve to do His will, were weighted with such grave practical mistakes as to what that will required. Surely He accepted the sacrifice, though he had never asked it, and crowned the faithful though mistaken servant with His pitying, approving—"Thou didest well *in that it was in thine heart.*"

But Charlotte could not see just then the victory or the crown; she could only see the sacrifice and the grave. "Truly, 'we suffer much,' and death is 'desirable,'" she murmured, looking sadly up from the letter and out upon the sunny sultry garden plot. "Why, I wonder, has God given us hearts with such an infinite capacity for suffering? But, perchance, this wondering even is a sin. We must not wonder or question, we must keep silence, and put our mouths in the dust. For we ourselves are but dust—dust and ashes."[1]

Be not Afraid.

THE night is dark and stormy,
The way is rough and long,
Around us on the journey,
Unnumbered perils throng—
Yet hope, and struggle onward,
No need to be cast down,
He, who the cross rejecteth,
Must hope to win no crown.

And One is close beside us
Who stilled the wave, and said—
"I, even I, am near thee—
Why should'st thou be afraid?"
Oh, when the toil is over,
And when the goal is won,
How sweet to hear Him saying—
"Thou faithful soul!—well done!"

To turn from heat of battle,
Fought out in blinding mist,
And see the dawnlight shining
Upon the face of Christ!
Oh, never heed the darkness—
The day is close at hand,
And peace and rest diviner
Than heart can understand.

HELEN MARION BURNSIDE.

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[1] The relations of Pascal with Mademoiselle de Roannez, must of course be more or less a matter of conjecture. But those who have followed the narrative, briefly and tentatively indicated above, may read with interest the accompanying extract from the excellent 'Histoire de France, par Henri Martin.' "Pascal soon conceived at Paris a passion more profound for a young person of high birth, daughter of that Duc de Roannez whom we have seen, under Richelieu, sharing the plots and the exile of the Duke of Orleans. *Everything leads us to believe that he was loved.* Love, in the life of Descartes, was of so little consequence that the historian scarcely takes note of it. In the life of Pascal, love is an essential element, the *nexus* of the drama; and we owe to it one of the most precious monuments of the genius of this great man. For some moments Pascal bowed beneath the yoke, the gentle rays of Sunium illuminated a brow shadowed with the mournful speculations of Zeno and St. Augustine; and there fell from his pen, or rather from his heart, that 'Discourse on the passions of love' which, escaping, as by a miracle, from the severity of the Jansenists, has been recently given back to France." After a brief analysis of the 'Discourse,' the historian thus continues:—"The ray of glory returns to Heaven; bitterness and mourning resume their pressure upon the heart which had expanded for a moment. We know nothing of the secret drama which induced the catastrophe. No doubt the prejudices of rank separated those whom Nature had united; and the dreams of happiness were stifled silently, without noise, without complaint, without anything that the world knew of. There was, for Pascal, a period of transition full of darkness and agony, after which we find him, once more and for the last time, transformed." With reference to Pascal's subsequent correspondence with Mademoiselle de Roannez, M. Martin says it is "altogether religious, but beneath the austerity, one feels the tenderness."

HOSPITALS AND HOSPITAL WORK.

BY MRS. DREWER.

CHAPTER VIII.—SPECIAL HOSPITALS.—BROMPTON CONSUMPTIVE HOSPITAL.

CONSUMPTION is no respecter of persons; it claims alike the young and the old, the rich and the poor; and in our country it is the cause of half the deaths which occur between the age of fifteen and thirty.

Nor is it confined to one country or people. It has certainly more potency in one place than another, and is developed more rapidly in some trades than in others; and this has given rise to much investigation into the causes which favour it and the means of preventing it.

For many years it occupied the brain and time of learned medical men and statists without any other result than long rows of figures showing in which country it most abounded, how many died of it, and the causes of its development.

It seems wonderful when one thinks of it, that up to half a century ago no special hospital for its treatment had been contemplated. Was omission due to a feeling of the utter hopelessness of combating the disease? Perhaps—but circumstances have changed, as will be seen if we visit Brompton.

Two immense buildings standing on either side of the road, are proofs of the battle going on between science and this remorseless disease, with what success we may be able to gather as we inspect them.

Little could Sir Philip, then Mr. Rose, a young solicitor in the city, have dreamed that his anxiety about one of his clerks in consumption, would have resulted in such a boon to England as the two large hospitals in Brompton. It occurred in this way. About half a century ago, Mr. Rose tried to get his sick clerk into one of the London hospitals, but without success; one and all rejected him, upon the plea that they did not admit consumptive cases.

Thus baffled he set to work with characteristic energy to enlist the sympathy and support necessary to the carrying out of a plan he had in his mind, which was a hospital where those suffering from this disease should be received and specially cared for.

A meeting was called at the Hanover Square Rooms, on May 25th, 1841, when it was decided to make a beginning at once. This was done at 20, Great Marlborough Street, but only for the relief of out-patients.

The following year the committee secured a house in Chelsea standing in its own grounds, and opened it with twenty beds.

Strange to say this work found little or no encouragement among the medical profession, and indeed there was a certain prejudice in the minds of the people generally, who asked, "What can you do against such a disease as consumption?"

Dr. C. J. B. Williams took a hopeful view of the matter, and from the first gave his help and co-operation to the hospital. Sir James Clark also recognised the value of the undertaking and the approbation of two such men stimulated the committee to greater exertions.

A new building was planned and opened in 1846, but it was neither so large nor so picturesque as what we see. It has arrived at its present perfection by degrees.

Among the many good friends of this hospital we may mention the names of Sir Theodore Martin, Major Whyte Melville, Charles Wood, and Mr. and Mrs. S. C. Hall, all so familiar to the reading world. Mrs. S. C. Hall took the great singer Jenny Lind to see the hospital, who became so interested in it, that she exclaimed: "I should like to do something to help it."

"That is exactly what I should like you to do," was the answer, "and the best way of effecting this is to give a concert for its benefit."

With Jenny Lind's approval, Mrs. S. C. Hall arranged for the concert to take place at Her Majesty's Theatre, and the result was that 1700*l.* was realized for the hospital, which enabled the committee to build the second half of the north or original building. Nor was this all. In the year 1859, Jenny Lind Goldschmidt and her husband gave the "Creation" at Exeter Hall, and realized a second sum for the hospital of 900*l.* It is not surprising therefore to find that one of the galleries goes by the name of the Jenny Lind Gallery.

There is a touch of romance about one large sum of over 100,000*l*, which was left to the hospital.

The outline of the story is that a Mr. and Mrs. Read, very rich people, lived in Blackfriars. The lady was a pupil of Opie, and was herself no mean artist, especially in miniature painting. They had an only daughter to whom they left their great wealth absolutely. This daughter Cordelia, was evidently a very clever woman and extremely eccentric. She seemed to take no interest in anything except the Brompton Hospital, which probably originated in her having lost a friend and a nurse by consumption. Every year she lodged her subscription towards it with the bankers of the hospital, and wrote to Mr. Dobbin, the secretary, on a half sheet of old letter paper to tell him of it. In her last illness she insisted upon having a doctor from the hospital. When she died it was found that every thing of whatever character she could will was left to the hospital, amounting to over 100,000*l.*

With this money the second large building was erected, thus enabling the Committee to extend its usefulness and take in one hundred and thirty-seven extra patients. Surely this is exactly what the donor would have chosen.

And now to the hospital itself, the first stone of which was laid by Prince Albert in 1844.

We are struck at once with the difference between this and the other hospitals we have visited. There are no long wards, for example, full of occupied beds. Instead, there are a number of ordinary sized bedrooms opening out into what is termed a gallery, but which will be be better understood if I call it a corridor. This is repeated on each floor and in both wings. One is called the Victoria Gallery, another the Jenny Lind Gallery, a third the Albert Gallery, a fourth the Foulis Gallery, after Sir Henry Foulis, who gave the beautiful chapel of the hospital.

These galleries are most cheerful; they are well ventilated, and well furnished with easy chairs and couches, with book-cases and pictures, and are made pleasant and bright looking by an abundance of flowers and by red cushions and curtains.

Unless the patients are in the last stage of the disease they rarely keep their beds, but may be found up and dressed, sitting in the galleries with books or work, or promenading up and down.

It is not at all an unusual thing to see a piano in one or more of the galleries, a present or loan from some friend of the hospital. We saw two which had just been sent in by a gentleman who was travelling abroad for a few months and lent his pianos in the meantime.

Superintending each gallery is a sister, or head-nurse, distinguished from the nurses by their black dress and pretty white caps and aprons. She has a little sitting-room at one end of the gallery, and a bedroom at the other, so that she has at all times everything under her eye. There is also what is called a gallery-maid attached to each gallery—a sort of housemaid. Each gallery has its linen-room and warm cupboards, and everything is scrupulously clean.

An even temperature is maintained throughout the building, so that the patients are not exposed to risk of taking cold in moving from one part to the other.

The absence of all bad smells is, I suppose, owing to the perfect ventilation, which is by means of extracting shafts heated with steam, into which the foul air is drawn from all the bedrooms and corridors.

To each gallery there is a cosy bright little scullery where a fire is kept continually in case of beef tea or anything being needed quickly by the patients. Afternoon tea and bread and butter are also prepared here.

Of the bedrooms or wards which open on the galleries, the largest contains eight beds and the smallest two, if we except a room with one bed only in each gallery for the use of a special or a very advanced case.

One small ward in the Jenny Lind Gallery "to the memory of Alice and Edith," was named by the late Viscountess Jocelyn, whose daughters Alice and Edith died of consumption.

Baskets are kept in readiness in every gallery containing plaister and all other surgical necessaries in case of emergency; and it is almost impossible to make mistakes about bottles for internal and external use, even in the dark, for everything for external use is put into octagon-shape or corrugated bottles. Great care is also taken to provide against fire—a plug can be turned on to any ward or gallery in sixty seconds.

There is no special dress for the patients, each person wearing his own, and as a rule they are very cleanly.

The patients are able to get drives sometimes in the parks, or a little way out of London, an enjoyment they owe to the kindness of ladies who hand money to the secretary expressly for that purpose. There are two warm lady friends of the hospital who invite four patients or nurses at a time to their home in Devonshire, and are most successful in giving strength to the patients and rest and renewed vigour to the nurses.

The chapel is easy of access to all the patients. There is a short service of fourteen or fifteen minutes every morning, and there are two full services on Sunday.

As much mischief is caused to consumptive people by imperfect mastication, we were not surprised to see a good dental surgery in the building, and to hear that it has been of great service.

The committee-room is sunny, and lovely with its polished floor and pictures, mostly derived from the romantic legacy.

The kitchens and sculleries are built outside on the north of the hospital, so that there is an utter absence of the smell of cooking in the wards and galleries.

To get to the new building on the other side of the road we pass through an underground tunnel, warmed and ventilated as all other parts of the hospital are.

There are many things of special interest in this building. I will mention a few of them, first remarking that the three floors devoted to patients are upon the same plan exactly as in the original building which we have just left—there are similar wards or bedrooms and galleries, under like supervision. But in the Alexandra Gallery there are some beautiful engravings, the gifts of Sir Theodore Martin and Mr. Algernon Graves.

The Goldsmiths' Company have a Ward of eight beds, one of which is named the Lambert Bed, after a member of the Court, who gave 105*l.* for that purpose.

The school children of St. Mary Abbot's, Kensington, collected for one little bed, over which stands "For Christ's little lambs."

Then there is the Lily Ryder Ward, so named at the request of a gentleman who gave 500 guineas in memory of his deceased wife.

Other memorial wards are named in virtue of donations given by Lady Napier and the Countess Visconti.

When the Prince of Wales laid the first stone of this second building, an invalid lady gave a hundred guineas towards the hospital, and when Lord Derby opened it, she gave another hundred for a memorial bed. A short time ago this lady felt a great desire to see the hospital and her special bed (the Ellis bed). The secretary said

that if she would drive to the hospital, he would undertake to show her over it; and this he did by means of the lift, and an easy wheeled chair, without her experiencing the least fatigue; much to her delight and satisfaction.

The kitchen is on the very top of the building; the arrangements are perfect, and the cleanliness absolute. Its power of cooking is unlimited —137 rashers of bacon in the morning being done as rapidly as we could cook one.

There is no paint in this building—the natural wood being pitch pine, polished.

Then the compressed air bath struck us with awe. It is circular in shape and made of boiler plate strongly riveted together. The sitting lasts two hours, and the air is pumped in under a pressure of ten pounds to the square inch. It is lighted by gas from without through thick plate glass windows so that the patient may beguile the time by reading.

The store cellars are wonderful places, such immense casks of cod liver oil—such stores of decoctions! for they make their own medicines.

Only imagine, eighteen gallons of prussic acid were used last year; and one year they used 2000 gallons of cod liver oil, but, as the price greatly increased it had to be used more moderately. It is bought five or six hundred gallons at a time.

The management for out-patients is simply admirable; on admission, numbered cards are given to them, according to the order in which they arrive. Two physicians attend each day, the tickets for one being white and for the other red; in each case round cards for the women and square for the men. The height of the out-patient department is throughout nineteen and a half feet. The number attending the day of our visit was 200.

An admirable institution here is a buffet, provided in the waiting-room, where patients who have come perhaps many miles may buy a cup of beautiful soup made in the hospital for a penny, also a cup of tea or coffee and bread-and-butter for the same sum.

The rule is that patients must first get letters from subscribers; but, to all intents and purposes, the hospital is free, for no one is turned away. Perhaps no hospital is more appreciated. It is always full, and at the present time 290 persons are waiting for admission.

The dispensary is a wonderful example of forethought and order. It can dispense from its two wickets, one for men and one for women, at the rate of eighty an hour. Everything in the dispensary is arranged in threes—one for male out-patients, one for female out-patients, and the third for in-patients, so that not a moment is wasted. Powders are placed into various coloured papers, so that if one falls into a wrong division it is noticed at once.

The test of cod-liver oil is very simple and pretty A few drops are poured on to a marble slab, and at a distance from these a few drops of some other oil. On to each of these a minute portion of sulphuric acid is dropped, the effect being that it turns the cod-liver oil a beautiful purple while on the other it remains a brown blot.

Of lozenges a ton and a half are used in a year, and of one special kind, liquorice and aniseed, a cwt. a month.

Some curious instances of the want of education appear at the wickets of the dispensary. The word *occasionally* is a great puzzle, and frequently brings back patients to enquire the meaning of it; and alteration in the colour of the medicine raises suspicion of a mistake having been made.

The recreation hall for the patients is in this building, and none can tell how great an advantage this has proved to the patients and what a scope it gives to people outside to show their sympathy and love for the work.

During the six winter months weekly entertainments have been given by ladies and gentlemen who have devoted their time and talents to relieve the monotony and weariness peculiar to patients suffering from this disease. I have been to several of these entertainments, not wishing to speak of anything that I had not seen and heard, and they could not have been more carefully got up had they been for the highest in the land: and to see these sick people so carried out of themselves, and their faces so bright and appreciative, must in itself have been a great reward.

If there is anything really kind being done for those in sickness and distress, you may be sure of finding some members of the royal family among the doers of it. It is not long since that our Princess of Wales and her daughters cheered these sick people by spending two or three hours among them, playing to them and talking with them, and afterwards going into the wards to distribute the flowers they had brought with them. The patients will never forget it. Princess Christian also has twice recently taken part in the entertainments.

Since this hospital, with its two buildings, has been in existence, it has received 35,981 in-patients, and 337,599 out-patients, each of whom has been under medical care for a period varying from a few weeks to several months, and in very many instances with most successful results.

It is not only the relief afforded to the patients actually under the care of the hospital which makes it so valuable, but the benefit derived by the whole country from the increased knowledge which the study of the disease affords, and for the opportunity the hospital gives for deep and sustained investigation of a malady which so baffled our forefathers.

It is hardly possible to exaggerate the evil which this hospital was formed to remedy. Imagine, if you can, that in England and Wales alone 78,000 people are wasting away from consumption. It will naturally be asked what causes send so many patients to the hospital, and which trades and social conditions contribute the largest number. The result of inquiries is, that unventilated workshops, over-crowded and ill-constructed dwellings, foul atmosphere, long hours of work, *no* work, and want of open-air exercise, are the mainsprings of the development of the disease.

The figures which represent the malady in the single and married stand thus: single, 3692; married, 2193. Men's trades are represented by the following figures: labourers, 539; clerks and

shopmen, 394; carpenters, 295; shoemakers and tailors, 161; soldiers, police and printers, each 103. While in women's trades: servants, 984; milliners, 397; no occupation, 278.

The reader may like to know how the food is arranged for, day by day. Hanging on each bed is a diet-card, and where the doctor has written *full* diet, the patient is to have a liberal dinner of meat, potatoes and other vegetables; and coffee, cocoa or tea and bread-and-butter for the morning and evening meals. The full diet is varied by chops, fish, fowls, rabbits or eels.

In the afternoon the diet-cards are collected and taken down to the steward, who adds up what will be required; he then writes the orders for the various tradesmen who call at the gate for them, and early next morning, fish, meat, and vegetables are brought in. Let me give you a few items of annual expenditure:—

Meat 2524*l.*; milk 1115*l.*; fish, rabbits, ice 1051*l.*; butter, eggs, and bacon 1271*l.*; fuel and lighting, 1599*l.*; drugs, 1382*l.*; cod-liver oil, 506*l.*; lozenges, 287*l.*; and as a great grievance stands Parochial Rates, 563*l.*

The Doomed City.

AN EASTERN LEGEND.

A MOURNFUL silence o'er the city lay:
A silence not of rest, but that which falls
On haunts of labour when the light of day
Seems darkened, and the shadowy conqueror calls
For tribute, and the strong men yield and die.
The land was all athirst, and Earth in pain
Parted her lips to her great Lord on high
Whose hand held back the wind that brought the rain.
Without a cloud, the red sun rose and sank:
The white dust thickened on the wayside weeds:
The water-snake upon the river bank
Slid to the shallow current: and the reeds
Shook with hoarse whispers.

Then grim Death arose
And laid his hand upon the lowing herd
Faint with the heat: and sickness seized on those
Who breathed the tainted air: nor voice of bird
Made music now, but hastening to the prey
The raven's wings at nightfall fluttered near;
And round the gravestones on the hill there lay
Lean writhing shapes that moaned with prostrate fear.

The city stood accurséd; now, no more
Moved to her gates across the sandy waste
The mighty caravan: the panther's roar
Echoed where late the tawny camels paced,
With silks and spices laden; even by night
Those gates stood open, for the wildest foe
Shrank from the fenceless walls where, hid from sight,
The Plague stood sentinel and all below
Breathed out insidious death.

With vampire wings
The breezeless hours of evening floated down:
Not with soft balm and secret whisperings
And liquid notes of sylvan song that drown
The soul in dreams: but black with stifling gloom
Through which like points of steel the pitiless stars
Gleamed on the city; ominous of doom
Flared up, each morning, crossed with crimson bars,
The fiery sunrise, and strange shadows moved
Across the dial, marked by feverish eyes
That with such portents their forebodings proved.
The wind-towers that stood white against the skies
Drew not one ripple from the pulseless air:
And even the blue wings of the doves that sailed
Circling about them, fluttered feebly there.
So o'er all flesh the spectral Power prevailed.

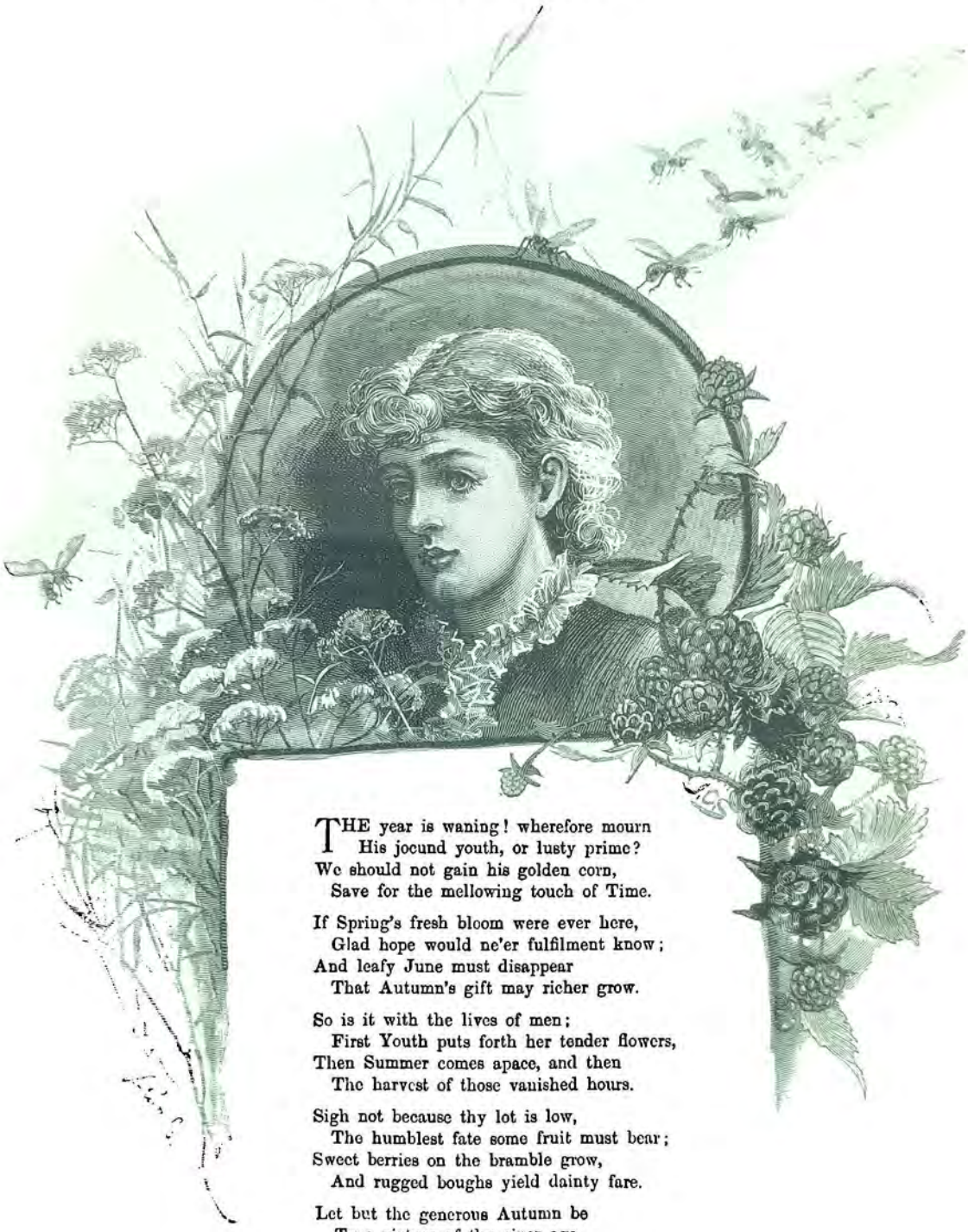
Still, the muëzzin climbed the minaret stair,
His footfall fainter now, and far below
The dying as they heard the call to prayer
Strove to obey: for who would dare to go
With mute lips into Paradise? 'Twas vain
To lift a sullen brow to Him who sent
The scourge upon the city: wind and rain
Were in His keeping, and the chastisement
He only could remove who bade it fall.
And so the wise men stretched their hands and cried:
And the rich suppliant came surrendering all,
Hopeful: till speech and hope together died.

Then, sick at heart with fear and sore distraught,
Rose up the rulers of the town and called
A council in the market-place, and sought
Aid in the crisis that alike appalled
Vizier and slave. To this assembly came
All who had 'scaped the fierce Avenger's dart,
To ask, suggest, exhort: to praise or blame:
Now urging flight: now striving to impart
New confidence: until the loud debate
Rose to a tumult: fierce reproaches flew
From lip to lip, with furious threats of hate
Flung at the highest, and the favoured few
Who in their princely dwellings hid from Death.
The solemn purpose of the gathered crowd
Was lost in passion: Scandal's serpent breath
Infected all, and thin shrill voices vowed
Wild vengeance.

Then, as in a rush of wind
On some drear evening of the dying year,
A silence follows, so the strife declined,
And, 'mid the hush, there rose in accents clear
A trembling prayer, so earnest, that the eyes
Of all men on the suppliant turned to gaze.
And there he stood, prevailing, while the skies
Grew black behind him, and the scorching rays
Faded at his petition; one brief hour,
And then with cleansing power, so long delayed,
O'er field and city fell the fragrant shower,
Like tears of angels. And the plague was stayed.

Then came the rulers, asking, "Who is he,
That like a prince can reach the ear divine?"
He answering said, "No crown belongs to me:
I teach the children, and their prayer was mine."

HORACE G. GROSER.

Fruitful Autumn.

THE year is waning! wherefore mourn
His jocund youth, or lusty prime?
We should not gain his golden corn,
Save for the mellowing touch of Time.

If Spring's fresh bloom were ever here,
Glad hope would ne'er fulfilment know;
And leafy June must disappear
That Autumn's gift may richer grow.

So is it with the lives of men;
First Youth puts forth her tender flowers,
Then Summer comes apace, and then
The harvest of those vanished hours.

Sigh not because thy lot is low,
The humblest fate some fruit must bear;
Sweet berries on the bramble grow,
And rugged boughs yield dainty fare.

Let but the generous Autumn be
True picture of thy riper age,
And time shall prove no foe to thee,
Nor life an empty heritage.

SYDNEY GREY.

LIFE IN NEW GUINEA.

CHAPTER VIII.—PRESENT AND FUTURE PROSPECTS.

FOR ages New Guinea has remained the same, subject only to the changes which a long period makes in the physical features of a country. The people, too, have had only home affairs to deal with—by that I mean intercourse with people of their own land, whose appearance and ways do not differ to any great degree. Tribal wars, famines and epidemics have changed the relative positions of tribes, but their migrations have been slow. Some people have been so satisfied that they did not desire better locations, and the fear of others in which the savage always dwells has often led tribes to choose places more with a regard to the protection afforded from the inroads of others, than for their advantages in producing food, or their healthiness. Fear makes them live in the sea, up tortuous creeks, in the midst of almost inaccessible swamps, upon lofty ridges to be reached only by narrow steep paths, and sometimes on plateaus the sides of which have to be scaled by ladders. This very instinct has prevented them combining in large numbers to form nations, as they often mistrust those of the same tribe, or another whose language is similar to their own; and this, added latterly to the fear of sorcerers, has caused the power of the tribal chiefs to wane, and in many instances to disappear altogether.

At this stage of events the London Missionary Society stepped in, and its work has to a great extent displaced the sorcerer from the seat of power, although this has been done without any apparent hostility or denunciation. But who was to wield the secular power and amalgamate all these tribes in ties of peace and bonds of enduring friendship? That which Christianity had done for them in spiritual matters was just the thing which a great and powerful nation could do for them in temporal affairs. Give them civil guides, show them the advantages of good government, which upheld good and repressed and punished evil, which revealed to them the blessing of rightly-used liberty and of free intercourse by means of trade with other people. Shew them that regular industry and trade would procure supplies of food to tide them over famine periods, and bring higher blessings to their families and homes. A central civil power, wisely introduced and maintained could not only procure them these advantages but adequately protect the native rights from foreign usurpations.

It is clear that only a strong nation accustomed to protect the weak and willing to guide the feeble but sure efforts towards advancement already made by many of these tribes should take this work in hand. The missionary society could not allow its agents to absorb into their already numerous duties that secular work and authority which would inevitably have come into their hands. Yet it was desirable that a nation should wield the influence whose sympathy and help would be given to the missionaries in their good work.

These considerations, and the proximity of New Guinea to our Australian Colonies, seemed to thrust the duty of Civil Guide and Protector upon Great Britain. I heartily rejoice that the Protectorate was assumed at such an opportune moment. The choice of a gentleman who should first make known the views and aims of Great Britain was a very important one; and a happier selection could not have been made than in the appointment of the late Major-General Sir Peter Scratchley to the post of Special Commissioner.

The action of the Mission had been a preparatory step, though unconsciously effected, to the incoming of British influence. It was the very best introduction it could possibly have had; and so long as the officers of the temporal and spiritual powers work harmoniously together, each will be the stay and help of the other.

Sir Peter Scratchley recognised this fact, and its bearings upon his office and duties; and before he came to New Guinea I received information that he wished me to accompany him all round the Protectorate. Although expected in England, I thought it my duty to remain in New Guinea so long as I could be of service in this introductory work, and I therefore accompanied the Special Commissioner on his tour. His death from fever soon after its close is mourned by us all, and those who saw his rare qualifications for the work had their faith in a wise Providence strongly tried by his removal.

The Protectorate must for some time to come be elementary in its nature—I should say comprised within the following points:—

1. The maintenance of peace by arbitration among any tribes which are at variance.
2. The administration of justice.
3. The protection of natives from labour vessels, and the exercise of all means possible to procure the return of those who have been taken away.
4. The encouragement of trade, particularly an inter-tribal trade, by means of which peace will be maintained.
5. The introduction of various kinds of tropical produce by way of experiment.
6. The cultivation of sufficient land with commodities used in civilized countries, in such quantities as would pay for the cost of government.
7. The prohibition of rival Christian faiths in the same district.

As the Protectorate acquires influence the power of making war upon each other must be withdrawn from the tribes, and upon no pretext should old feuds be allowed to culminate in bloodshed. Wherever it is possible, the Commissioner should arbitrate between the parties.

The establishment of Resident Magistrates at healthy spots who would also be empowered to conduct the Government business of their district, or act for the tribe to which they are attached, subject to an appeal to the Commissioner, would greatly help the cause of justice.

With regard to the law to be administered, it is clear that English law would not in many things be suitable. I think the wise admixture which British magistrates make elsewhere of native forms, where the principle is a fair and just one, mingled with English law upon subjects which the native ideas do not make provision for, would answer well. For instance, such as obtains on the borders of the British Possessions in South Africa. It is certain that many of the tribal customs and ideas respecting rights to property will have to be respected, yet a jealous eye should be cast over the conveyance of land to foreigners, to be sure that the natives are not overreached in the matter.

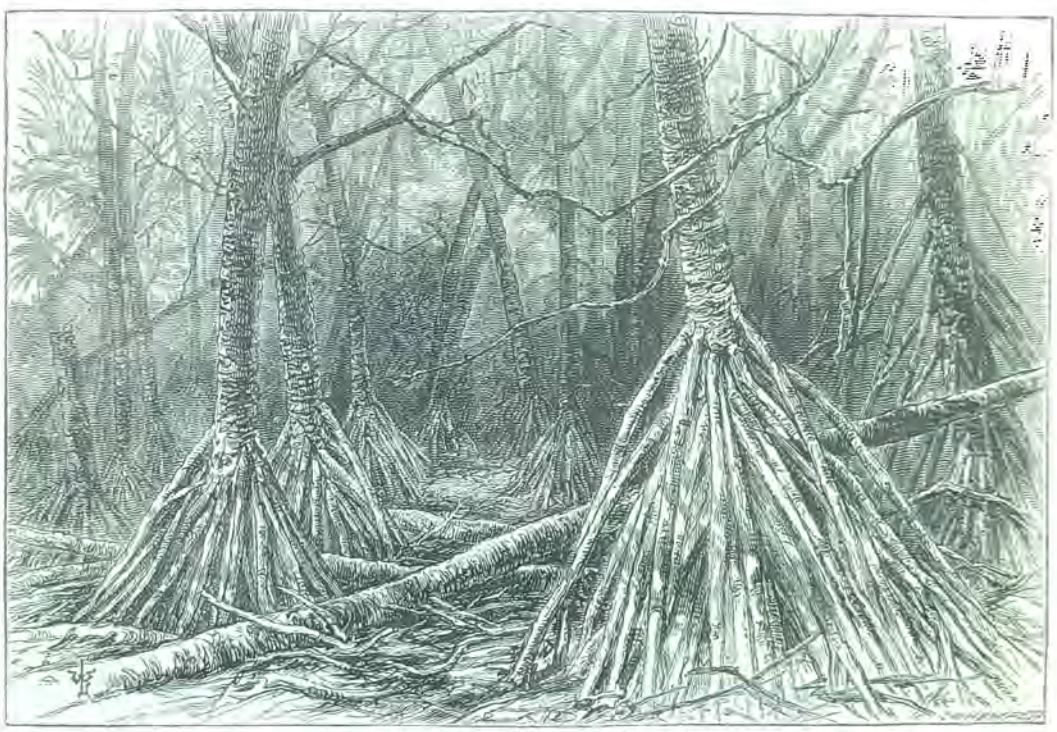
Great harm has been done in parts of New Guinea by the labour vessels, which, under specious promises to pay what to the native was a harvest of wealth, with the undertaking that in three moons he should return to his own land, induced many to go to Queensland and various islands in the Pacific Ocean where labourers are wanted. These unfortunate natives were disposed of to planters, and the condition to which they were reduced was one of virtual slavery. The promises in respect to the natives returning to their homes were not kept.

I rejoice that the better spirit of the people in Queensland has prevailed, and the iniquitous trade has been so hampered as virtually to be stopped; indeed for New Guinea and the adjacent islands it is stopped altogether.

The native instinct for trade is strong, and encouragement and direction should be given to it by the setting apart of regular market-places and days, adopting and expanding those native resorts for trade at present frequented, and establishing others. Attention should be given in the direction of native efforts to make short routes for travel by bridges over streams, and in other ways improving the means of communication throughout the country.

The introduction of beasts of burden, cattle, &c., should be attempted, as the natives, I believe, would readily take to the care of them.

Many kinds of tropical produce could be introduced, and experiments made in various kinds of soil and different situations. Sugar-cane is already indigenous. Coffee would grow, tea also, cinchona, and other things. Efforts in this direction have hitherto been very successful.



A FOREST OF PANDANUS TREES.

Some would prefer that the expenses of the New Guinea Protectorate should be paid by Great Britain; others think the Australian Colonies might share the burden, as it was chiefly at their instigation, and to safeguard their seas and coasts, that it was undertaken.

I do not see why the British taxpayer should have this added as a permanent addition to his numerous burdens. We may be sure that if Australia pays for the Protectorate, she will demand, and rightly, a dominant voice in the question of how it must be exercised. Attempts will doubtless be made to colonise parts of the island, and such efforts I look upon as fraught with danger to the peace and well-being of the

native races. The creed of extermination is so thoroughly believed in by colonists that the natives would soon go to the wall, or to their mountains, there to be hunted and starved.

With such capabilities as New Guinea possesses, why cannot the Government thereof be after a few years self-supporting? The fertility of many parts is marvellous, and I believe that comparatively little labour would yield rich returns. The natives must be taught to work more regularly, and be paid well for it.

The prohibition of rival sections of Christians working in the same place has been effectually carried out in that part of New Guinea which is under German protection, by Prince Bismarck. Speaking for myself, I wish the same regulation were made by our Government. It would save much future trouble.

With regard to the future of New Guinea, is it possible to civilize these savages? Can Europeans and civilized natives dwell and prosper together with equal rights and privileges?

I most certainly think that the savage can be civilized, because I have seen it accomplished, not only in New Guinea, but in other islands of the South Seas. He must be Christianized first, then he will speedily advance. I may be considered an unduly partial witness. But I can call the testimony of many competent gentlemen. Perhaps one may at present suffice. Here is the judgment of M. D'Albertis, who as a scientist has passed some years in many parts of New Guinea:—

"The material for civilization is in them. For my part I do not doubt that these more readily than any other savages whom I know would answer to the call of a civilized nation which, stretching out a fraternal hand, would lead them towards our civilization. I am also convinced that, if well treated and guided, this people would repay any sacrifices made for them with interest. To ensure success, however, they should be treated as friends, not as slaves; they should be cherished, not destroyed. That such would be the case will be easily perceived by a glance at their rapid progress under the direction of the teachers of the London Missionary Society."

Can Europeans and natives dwell together and enjoy equal rights and privileges? I have dwelt for nine years in happy and peaceful intercourse with them. Of course settlers in the country will not have the same objects and cause for self-restraint which have influenced my actions. I think it is a good thing that Britain has assumed the Protectorate before the white man has worked much evil, and will have a fair hold upon the natives before any great number of white people are settled there. The Government should be of a strong kind, not like that of some colonies where from fear of the popular vote the Government cannot do promptly and fearlessly what would be just between white men and natives. I therefore sincerely hope that the Imperial authorities will retain and firmly wield the power they have assumed.

The New Guinean can work, and do it well if he pleases, or has an inducement. When the opportunity for fighting is gone he will have to obtain his pleasure by business or agriculture or pastoral pursuits. The people have one trait which will help them—their acquisitiveness is considerable. Even now many are rich in land and such things as their country possesses. With peace riches grow, and an increased population will soon make the fertile land bear abundant crops for themselves and valuable produce for export to the European markets.

*** We take the opportunity of stating that we are indebted for most of our illustrations to a series of photographs taken by Mr. Lindt, of Melbourne, whose skill as an artist-photographer is well known. We are happy to be able to announce it is his intention to reproduce the greater part of the series in a more permanent form by autotype.

Many of the photographs are of great beauty, reproducing scenes of tropical vegetation; others, as may be inferred from our engravings, throw a new light upon the savage life of these recently trodden regions. They will be interesting to all students of ethnography, and those of our readers who have watched the gradual growth of the New Guinea Mission will be gratified by the opportunity they will afford of making closer acquaintance with the island and its people.

The work is named "Picturesque New Guinea," and contains a detailed description of the expedition under Sir Peter Scratchley, K.C.M.G. Messrs. Longmans & Co. have undertaken the publication of the work.

"HOT AND HIGH."

THE MOTTO OF HIS RACE.

CHAPTER IV.

HE women wept and prayed; the men clenched their helpless hands, and asked each other, "What can be done to save him?"

Tom tried to encourage his brother by shouting, "Hold out, Bob; the men have gone for a ladder."

"If we could get a rope to him he might fasten it somehow and slide down," said Mr. Fenwick, and then every one tried to fling a cord up, but all failed. Bob was too nervous and confused to catch it even when (as once it did) the rope came within reach. Smoke and flame were pouring from the windows of the Hive and prevented a steady "throw."

Clayton Eyre had stood, ever since the household had gathered on that spot, a little apart with his gaze fastened on the window far overhead. He had not spoken a word or taken any part in the attempts of the others, and seemed quite stunned at sight of Bob in such a piteous case.

But suddenly the light of a grand idea flashed across his face, kindling its pale features with the fire of resolute action. He stooped, caught up a coil of rope lying near, and, without a word, bounded away. No one noticed what

he did, no one questioned where he had gone. Swift and sure of foot as a chamois he clambered up the ruin till he reached the spot where Bob had been lying the day before. From thence he swung himself from broken casement to shattered turret, from turret to crumbling wall, from wall to tottering bastion. Stones rolled from beneath his feet, he was saved from destruction more than once by clinging to an ivy tendril alone; but, rapidly and firmly, he went on till at last he stood by the flagstaff on the Tower. By that time the flames beneath were flaring from the windows of the lower rooms and mounting perilously near the attic and its prisoner. Bob, leaning far out to get fresh air, heard a wild cry of exultation and saw every eye turned—not at him, but above him, and he wondered what it meant.

Well might they shout and cheer and feel hopeful again! The new daylight fell clear upon the slight figure of Clayton Eyre as he fastened his coil of rope to the sturdy flagstaff, and, without one instant's hesitation, lowered himself from the roof to the attic window.

We can imagine Bob's rapture of joy and surprise when his cousin appeared before him, but there was no time to talk. "Quick! Bob, the fire is spreading fast," said Clayton, stepping into the room and putting the rope into Bob's hands. "Down with you, fast! I'll follow. It isn't strong enough for both at once. Haste! man." Bob yielded at once to the quicker wit and stronger will, and in a few seconds he was standing safe on the earth below. His cousin followed as rapidly as possible, and was received with acclamations of delight by some, with earnest thankfulness by others, with blessings by one.

The fire mounted higher and higher until the whole Tower was wreathed in flames, and no one dared come near lest the falling stones might crush them. The Fenwick boys watched the devastation of their beloved domain with infinite regret. It held all their treasures, and even Bob, who had so nearly shared the fate of the Tower, had some thoughts to spare for the lost pleasures of Elysium and the Hive. Nothing was saved. The floors and stairs fell in. The flagstaff came down with a crash, only the cracked and blackened walls refused to yield to the fire-fiend, but remained grim and rent as a memorial of Ted's foolishness, Bob's wrong and repentance, and Clayton Eyre's bravery.

We may be sure the chief delinquent heard nothing about punishment and the like. When order and peace were restored, Mr. Fenwick led Bob quietly away to the study and there they remained for some hours. What passed no one but themselves ever knew, but when at last Bob came out his eyes were red and his lips were quivering.

"You've never been thrashed?" Ted asked in great indignation, "surely you were punished enough in the condemned cell."

"No, no!" Bob whispered, "Father has been awfully good to me. I haven't deserved his kindness—where is Clayton?"

"He is with the girls—as usual," Ted replied, and great was his astonishment when Bob turned round and said: "Now, look here, Ted, never let me hear any one call Clayton 'girlish' or a 'muff' after this. He is the bravest, best fellow in the world, Ted; I—I saw things in a—a different way when I was in the condemned cell last night. I hope I shall never forget the lessons I learned there—all through Clayton and his books." And off Bob went to find his cousin, leaving Ted considerably amazed.

Meta and Peg were "muching" (as our American cousins have named the little attentions which we call petting and making much of) the hero, when Bob joined them, and Clayton, too modest to love being lionized, called out, "Now, Bob, for my sake come and tell them that it wasn't such a very difficult thing to climb up there as they think."

"It was so difficult," Bob said, "that neither father nor any one else had dreamed of the possibility of reaching the Tower in that way. How you did it, Clayton, beats me to imagine, and we won't make your feat less than it was to please your modesty. I owe you my life, and something more."

"Whatever will you boys do without all your things?" Peg exclaimed, and Meta added sympathetically: "You will feel quite homeless without your Tower, I fear, and all those lovely toys, and things, not to mention the valuable books. I am sorry for you."

"Ah!" said Bob, regretfully, "I shall never forgive myself for robbing you, Clayton, of what no money can replace."

"His books, you mean," remarked the irrepressible Peg.

"Set your mind at rest, old man," laughed Clayton, "the books are safe enough;" and putting his hand into the pocket of his reefing jacket he drew out the identical two books which have figured so prominently in our narrative. "They were on the table. I caught sight of them at once, and while you were going down my patent fire-escape, I secured the property," and he looked at the little worn volumes with a tender satisfaction.

"I am more glad than I can ever say," answered Bob. Then, in an aside, he added: "Sometime I'll tell you more about those books."

And he did; so that Clayton learned what a service his father's Bible had done, and many times after that the two boys read together the passages marked by a hand which had sown in faith and had fallen on rest before reaping its harvest.

You must not think that Bob Fenwick became all at once a noble Christian boy. That is the work of time with those who have been following their own wild and selfish desires. But he did not turn back; and he had Clayton to help him. Also a change had come to Mr. Fenwick, and his sons were the first to benefit by it. He was much more in their company, and entered with sympathy into their daily life. They soon learned to seek his help in all their concerns in a way they had never done before; and Clayton Eyre was wont to say, in private talk with his sister, that though the boys had lost their old Tower they had got another in their father.

Life at Castlandhill was much more pleasant for Clayton after his wonderful exploit than it had been before, and he and his cousins were very good friends on the whole, but there still remained with him a certain sense of being "from home." He strove to reconcile himself and find pleasure in the society of his relatives, but he could not banish the ever-longing desire of his heart for familiar scenes, for the things associated with his happy childhood, for his early and best-loved friend.

Meta, more able to adapt herself to circumstances, and much older besides, had learned at once to smother regrets and accept the changes which had come with cheerful resignation; and certainly her example strengthened Clayton in a great measure.

Their father had unfortunately been unable to leave provision for his children owing to great injustice which he had suffered at the hands of a near relative. The estate which ought to have been Clayton's was held in the clutches of the law, and no one expected that he would benefit by it until many years had passed. Thus it had happened that the brother and sister, on the death of their parents, had been obliged to accept Mr. Fenwick's offer of a home, and such means as he saw fit to give.

We have seen how hard Clayton found it to adopt the "new order," and I think we can readily enter into his feelings.

How eagerly he looked for his West Indian letters which never failed to come by every mail; and with what joy,

mingled with pain, did he read and re-read Norman Lyle's graphic pictures of his daily life! Then what resolutions he made to be strong of soul, patient and contented, when his friend's tender words of counsel touched his heart anew.

Ah! in spite of everything, the "hame-wein" did not grow less, but sank into his life, blending its yearning with every action, every aspiration. He grew more pale, more thoughtful day by day, and his pathetic eyes became the haunts of a melancholy longing which nothing could banish. The truth is, Clayton's constitution was delicate, and our climate, as well as mode of life, so different from those of his native island, affected him mentally as well as physically. At first no one but his sister noticed how thin he had become, how spiritless; but by-and-bye Mr. Fenwick took note of it.

"Upon my word, Clayton," he said, "we shall have to ship you back again to Barbadoes, if you don't look more lively. You would like it, eh?"

The boy's face had lit up with a wild hope at his uncle's words; but he knew next moment that they meant nothing, and his head dropped. He was beginning to lose all hope of returning to his Home—as he persisted in calling that far-away sunlit isle—and never dreamed that the time to turn his face towards it was actually at hand.

While Clayton was pining thus, his friend Mr. Lyle was journeying to England, the bearer of welcome news. Ever since the young Eyres had left he had been employed in a desperate attempt to wrest their father's inheritance from the grasp of meddlesome lawyers, and, at last, he had the satisfaction of finding himself victor in the struggle.

He would let no one but himself tell them. He thought he knew how both Meta and Clayton would reward him, so he was hastening across the seas to claim—not thanks, but love.

The brother and sister were sitting in the garden one day, talking, as was their wont, of Home. Clayton was more than usually grave, for the West Indian letters had not arrived at the ordinary time, and he wondered what it meant. Norman had never missed a mail, so the boy would not believe that the vessel had arrived, though Meta ventured to suggest that perhaps their friend had been too busy to write. Clayton scouted such an idea, yet he felt unhappy, for those home-letters were one of his chief pleasures.

"Oh, dear, when shall I learn patience!" he exclaimed with a sigh, and an appealing look at Meta, who, however, did not return the glance, for her eyes were fixed upon some one coming up the terrace; and Clayton, seeing that her attention was more than usually arrested, looked at the some one with a little curiosity.

What was there in the appearance of the stranger that fixed his gaze and set his heart throbbing quickly?

"Who is this coming?" he said. "Isn't it like—— Oh! —how like. Why Meta"—and he sprang to his feet—"it—it can't be—yes!—no! Oh—Norman!" and next moment the boy was clinging passionately to his friend's neck, not caring though all the boys in England had voted him a muff for the very girlish demonstration.

Meta's welcome was given more sedately, of course, and with a reserve which had not been her old way of greeting Norman Lyle; but after one eager look into her sweet face he seemed satisfied.

He told them at once about the property, and Clayton's first impulsive question was: "Then shall I be able to go Home now?"

"I cannot tell, boy; at least, not just now. Perhaps to-morrow we may know more of what is to happen."

But that night, after Clayton had gone to bed, Meta tapped at his door, and receiving permission to enter, she came near, knelt by the couch, and, putting her arms round him, whispered, "Darling, I thought I'd like you to know at once what is going to—to be. Norman is going to be your brother, and take charge of—of us both. He will take us both home soon, and you will live with us as long as you please, until you are ready to follow your old plan of becoming a clergyman and returning to father's house. You know Norman has plenty of money of his own that will do for us two, so you will have the estate he has won back for you, and we will all be so happy. Oh! Clayton, how good God has been to us!"

"Norman, my brother! Really, my brother! and going to take me home to Barbadoes! How can I ever be thankful enough? It seems too good to be true!"

Yes! some things do seem too good to be true, and certainly are more good than we have deserved. But the bounteous Hand which gives all gifts does not measure our blessings by our deserts. Clayton Eyre could scarcely believe in his own rare fortune until his eyes were resting once more on the radiant beauty of the land he loved, and he was standing on his native soil again. Yet he had not left Castlandhill without some regrets, and when, years later, he visited England, all his leisure time was spent with his cousins, who often talked of old times, the burning of the Tower, and the gallant deed which "that muff" did. All agreed that no man or boy ever wore his family motto in a better way than Clayton Eyre had done and would always do.

SCRIPTURE ENIGMA.

NO. XXI.

Under what trees did Israel find repose
Just after God had swept away their foes?
The wood with which King Solomon of old
Made cherubims, and overlaid with gold?
What fruitful trees gave from their topmost height
A sign that David should go forth to fight?
What trees, with oaks' and poplars' leafy shade,
For idol-worshippers a temple made?
What plant lived only one short summer day,
Then, smitten at the root, it died away?
A broken stem which Egypt's kings were like,
If leaned on for a staff it proved a spike?
A forest-tree man planted in the sod,
Then felled, burnt part, and called the rest a god?
What grew with thorns within the sluggard's field?
Trees which the land of Ophir freely yield?
When Amaziah, King of Judah, dared
To challenge fight, to what was he compared?
What wood was brought, glossy and black as night,
To Tyre, with precious horns of ivory white?

Now from these plants and trees one letter take
(The first) and with them all the answer make,
A fruit, which, worked in red and blue, hung round
On Aaron's robe, 'twixt bells of sweetest sound.

L. T.

ANSWER TO SCRIPTURE ENIGMA.

NO. XVII.—p. 512.

In Gen. xxi. 8, 15, 19, 14, 2, 9-11, 33, 16, 6, 16, 21, 24, 25, 27, 34, 9 and 21.

ANSWER TO SCRIPTURE CHARACTER.

NO. IX.—p. 480.—OBADIAH.

2. 1 Kings xviii. 13.
3. 1 Kings xviii. 3; Obadiah 11.
4. 1 Kings xviii. 12.
5. Obadiah 20, 21.

Monthly Religious Record.

POPE LEO has addressed an important letter to Cardinal Rampolla, on his resuming the functions of Pontifical Secretary of State. It is a restatement of the Papal policy, though in language more moderate than was customary with his predecessor. His Holiness commences by declaring that he has regarded it as his mission to reconcile the Papacy with the peoples and governments of the civilised States. Touching Italy, he insists that the acknowledgment of the dignity and independence of the Holy See, is the necessary basis of pacification. Reviewing the rise and growth of the temporal power, he claims territorial sovereignty as the indispensable condition of any settlement or reconciliation, declaring all other schemes to be inadmissible, because the territorial sovereignty constitutes the only effective guarantee of the liberty of the Papal See. Adverting then to other countries, the Pope speaks of France as "the noble and generous elder daughter of the church." To her his thought turns with especial interest, but he remarks that that very feeling of predilection for her increases the bitterness with which he sees the existence in that country of what is seriously evil. In conclusion, he says that it is the duty of the See of Rome to strengthen religion in all parts of the world, to foster missions to barbarous lands, and to lead back to the church those Eastern peoples who have separated themselves from her, as, for example, Greece, whose return to the centre of Catholic unity and restoration to her ancient splendour he ardently desires to see. If this document deserves respect, its wide survey is evidence of the governing central motive which Protestants still have need to watch. In the claim for temporal power still lurks the spirit which makes the Papacy as much a political force as a religious organisation. In Italy, outside the Vatican, there is but one answer to this fresh appeal.

THE Army Law which recently passed the French Chamber of Deputies affects the clergy of all the different churches. The Chamber voted the enrolment as part of the regular Army, not only of seminarists, but also of *curés* and pastors of churches; and refused to accept the very reasonable proposal that these should form part of the ambulance corps. The decision, though likely to be modified in the Senate, is characteristic of the popular temper in relation to religion.

THE new Board of Missions for the province of Canterbury has held its first meeting. The design of Convocation in instituting the Board was not to create a new society, but to organise a machinery, by which the claims of missions might be promoted. The great societies all maintain their independence, and as yet none of them are represented at the Board. The Archbishop of Canterbury, in opening the proceedings, suggested, as the immediate work of the Board, the collection of information—(a) As to the steps which were being taken in assisting the organization of native Churches; (b) as to what is being done, and needs to be done, for European and Eurasian peoples; (c) as to what has been done liturgically, and in preparation of hymn-books for native Churches; (d) as to the relation of missionaries to the Bishop and to other local authorities; (e) as to the social as distinguished from the religious aspects of *caste*; (f) as to the training of men chosen by the Bishops for missionary work, and of native clergy. He concluded by urging that the knowledge now lying in scattered volumes needed focussing, and that far more information was wanted on the greatest and noblest subject on earth—the Christianization of the world—which is the continuation of the Acts of the Apostles. Amongst other speakers was Canon Westcott who said they saw in the past history of Christendom how it had been the will of God that different races should bring their characteristic gifts for the service of the Gospel; how national churches had contributed to the fulness of their apprehension of the faith. They believed that it would be so in the future. On them there was laid the duty of providing for the free expression of thought and feeling within the limits of the Catholic creed among new Christian peoples, and for encouraging the embodiment of each type of national character in the corresponding organisation of a Christian Society. Such an office was one of extreme difficulty. It must therefore be considered patiently, sympathetically, faithfully, before the time for decisive action came. Meanwhile Englishmen must carefully guard themselves (while they were bound to provide for their own colonial population) from any action which might impede the spontaneous growth of native churches or tend to substitute for them a mere reproduction of that embodiment of the faith which most nobly represented the powers and endowments of their own Western race.—The Province of York has not taken action in this direction.

THE triennial distribution of prizes in connection with the London School Board for Scriptural instruction took place recently at the Crystal Palace. The prizes are those initiated by Mr. Francis Peek, formerly a member of the Board for the City of London, and now perpetuated by him in connection with the Religious Tract Society. That religious teaching is appreciated by the people of London who send their children to Board Schools is testified by the fact that about a quarter of a million of children this year underwent the preliminary examination, and this represents nearly all the children, excluding the infants, under regular instruction. Rev. J. R. Diggle, the Chairman of the Board, presided at the presentation. Bibles and Testaments were given to those who won Scriptural prizes for the first time, and other books to those who had been winners before. One of the winners was a blind boy, who had also won a scholarship in the Normal School for the Blind at Norwood. The examiners report much satisfactory work, but there is abundant room for improvement. In some schools there is reason to fear the Bible lesson has been allowed to be the first that suffered under any pressure. From the answers to the question, "What lessons may we learn from the story of the death of John the Baptist?" it would seem that some teachers are content with imparting facts without drawing suitable lessons from them. Many answered this question well, but many others evidently gave their own crude deductions, such as—"We should not give parties." "We should not dance." "Men should never marry widows." "When we give parties we should do everything to please our visitors." "If we try hard we shall always get what we want." Some papers show an amazing ignorance. Here, for example is a passage from the report in "Standard V.," full of warning to all Sunday school teachers. What can the rest of the class be like when one of the best girls thus narrates the call of Samuel?—"Samuel was a very good man, and he had a son, and his name was Joseph; and Joseph was a very good boy, like his father Samuel; and Samuel loved the Lord Jesus Christ, and Samuel was a very good man; about the life of Samuel is in Genesis." This is a selected girl from a school that received the good merit grant. The phrase, "Not with eye service as men-pleasers," is variously given; "Not with thy servants as men pleaseth," "Not as thy service," "Not with I serface," "Not with high service as men please us," &c., &c. On an average one lesson a week is devoted to the repetition and explanation of the verses from Ephesians in which this phrase occurs. It is evident that the repetition is too often mechanical and careless. And the explanation is frequently neglected. "Singleness of your heart" has a meaning for a minority only. "Smallness of your heart," "A nice smooth heart," "Afraid of your heart," "Servants ought not to marry," "If you see a poor beggar in the streets give him a copper,"—these, and many like them, are evidently attempts to explain on the spur of the moment. Nor are carelessness and want of proper explanation confined to the repetition. "The disciples heard a Russian mighty wind," "Tons of fire rested on the heads of the disciples," "They spake with cloven tongues," "Peter got up and spoke in all the tongues of the earth," "They preached every language in the world all at once"—

such statements would look bad as casual blunders, but, coming from picked children, the pride of their teacher, what are we to think of the teaching? Still more displeasing are the answers that point to a loose or irreverent style of lesson.

PROFESSOR STOKES, the President of the Royal Society, presided at the annual meeting of the Victoria Institute, of which he is now also the President. The highest aim of physical science, he said, was, as far as might be possible, to refer observed phenomena to their proximate causes. Science advanced step by step upward in the chain of causation, but presently we arrived at a stage at which even after long trial we did not see our way to going further. Science conducted us to a void which she could not further fill. It was on other grounds that we were led to believe in a Being who was the Author of Nature. The subject-matter of scientific study was not at least directly theistic, and there had not been wanting a few instances of eminent scientists who not merely rejected Christianity, but apparently did not even believe in the being of a God. The religious man, on the other hand, who knew little or nothing of science, was in the habit of contemplating the order of nature, not merely as the work of God, but in very great measure as His direct work. But when we got beyond the region of what was familiarly known, still more when we got outside the limits of well-ascertained scientific conclusions, and entered a region at a still debatable ground, when men of science were attempting to push forward, and were framing hypotheses with a view to the ultimate establishment of a theory in case those hypotheses should stand the test of thorough examination, a man such as he had supposed might feel as if the scientists, who were attempting to explore it, were treading on holy ground; and he might mentally charge them with irreverence, perhaps he might openly speak of them in a manner which implied that he attributed to them an intention of opposing revealed religion. The primary object of the establishment of the Institute was to examine questions as to which there was a *primâ facie* appearance of conflict between the conclusions of science and the teachings of religion. Scientific investigation was eminently truthful. The investigator might be wrong, but it did not follow that he was other than truth-loving. If on some subjects which we deemed of the highest importance he did not agree with us, let us, remembering our own imperfections both of understanding and of practice, bear in mind that caution of the apostle, "Who art thou that judgest another man's servant? To his own master he standeth or falleth."

THE Wesleyan Conference met this year at Manchester, with the Rev. John Walton, M.A. as President. The possibility of union between the various sections of Methodism has been discussed for some time past throughout the country. The fact that such a union has been achieved in Canada with the happiest results gave emphasis to the wish that some corresponding step could be taken here. But while the spirit of earlier controversies has died away, and a cordial desire for fraternal action has sprung up in its place, there are practical difficulties remaining. These have been set forth in various directions. It was urged that a reunion might most easily be accomplished with the Methodist New Connexion. Several influential ministers gave their sanction to the scheme, but there proved to be objections even to this part of the project. The whole subject was debated at some length in the conference. The Rev. W. L. Watkinson, in reviewing the question, contended that the conception of ministerial authority in the older body was entirely distinct from that held in the New Connexion, and that if an amalgamation were accomplished, concessions would have to be made on points, regarded on either side as of great moment. The Rev. E. E. Jenkins, and other speakers who followed, while recognising the difficulties of any formal attempt at organic union, urged the expediency of friendly co-operation. The approximation of the Methodist bodies to each other, Mr. Jenkins said, was only one of the changes that were coming over the spirit of the churches. It was necessary, whether they liked it or not, that thoughtful Christian men should reconsider the position of their organisations with a view to presenting their vast strength against the common foe, instead of wasting and throwing it away. Dr. Rigg believed that there was as fundamental and essential a difference between the ecclesiastical principles of themselves and of the New Connexion, as between themselves and the Congregationalists. He advocated the maintenance of their principles intact. Finally, a resolution was adopted to the effect that the Conference, "with profound thankfulness to the Divine Head of the church, recognised and heartly reciprocated the Christian and brotherly feeling expressed in recent resolutions of the Methodist New Connexion and of other Methodist churches," and expressing "the confident hope that its own people would by all legitimate means strive to promote the spirit of brotherly kindness amongst all who hold the Christian faith;" and declaring further that, whilst "affirming its unabated confidence in the essential principles of the government of the Wesleyan Methodist Church, and whilst believing that any attempt to promote organic union is not at present desirable," the Conference is of opinion that by mutual forbearance and consideration some at least of the waste of labour and resources caused by the needless multiplication of Methodist chapels might be prevented; and accordingly appoints a committee, which shall meet during the year, "to consider and report as to the way by which the waste and friction in the actual working of the various sections of the Methodist Church may be lessened or prevented, and brotherly love promoted." As regards the Wesleyan body, the statistics presented to the Conference show a net decrease of eighty-six on the membership of the year.

THE Salvation Army celebrated the twenty-second anniversary of its formation by a grand field day at the Alexandra Palace. An official comparison stated that there are now 2,212 "corps," under 5,307 "officers," holding 150,000 services a month. The day began with a holiness meeting, afterwards there was a great "musical festival" in the nave of the palace. During the afternoon the grounds were alive with meetings of all sorts and sizes, conducted by the "divisional officers" of upwards of forty different "corps" from all parts of England. Some of the banners displayed bore characteristic mottoes: for example, one read "Salvation Braves," others "King's Own Fighting Faithful," "Palm Wavers," and "Beelzebub Bombardiers." One attraction was the meeting of the "Slum Brigade" at which, a conspicuous feature was a long clothes-line on which were hung a number of ragged and dirty garments of wearing apparel, indicative, of the former outward condition of some whom the "Brigade" has benefited. In the evening the "forces" gathered in the race-course, and "marched past" the General, ten thousand strong. The children's "brigade" led the van, and other prominent "corps" were the "Iron Horse Artillery," the "Cavalry Forts," the "Household Troops Band," and the Indian contingent, the leaders of which were on horseback. Then there followed an address in the theatre from Mrs. Booth, and afterwards another great festival of music.

MANY recent incidents show a growing disposition to break boldly away from the observances which have so long separated the English Sunday from the practice of the Continent. Thus a prominent politician recently invited a large assembly to garden theatricals on a Sunday at Twickenham. Cricket-matches, which the populace put down at Leicester, are now said to be played by officers of the Guards at Windsor. Lawn-tennis is common in some suburbs as a summer evening amusement. These things indicate a social change, the motive power of which is probably to be found in fashionable agnosticism.

THE Select Committee on the subject of Sunday Postal Labour have agreed to two resolutions as the basis of their Report. In the first they resolve that in boroughs the Postmaster General shall order the stoppage of the Sunday delivery of letters if the Town Council, by a majority of two-thirds, adopt a resolution to that effect. The second resolution relates to rural districts, and proposes that the Sunday delivery of letters shall cease in any district where two-thirds of the ratepayers pronounce by poll in favour of that course. The second resolution was only carried by a majority of one.

SOUTH LONDON has suffered a loss in the death of the Rev. G. M. Murphy, the indefatigable friend of the working classes, whose varied labours have extended over thirty years. A great concourse of people followed him to his grave. He was the founder of Working Men's Exhibitions in London, and also of the well-known Lambeth Baths meetings.

THE SUNDAY AT HOME

O DAY MOST CALM, MOST BRIGHT! . . .
THE WEEK WERE DARK BUT FOR THY LIGHT.—*Herbert.*

GENEVIÈVE;

A STORY OF OLD FRANCE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE SPANISH BROTHERS," "THE KING'S SERVICE," &c.

THEY SAY HE IS DEAD.

CHAPTER XV.—THE FOUNTAIN OPENED.

He assigns
All thy tears over, like pure crystallines,
For younger fellow-workers of the soil
To wear as amulets.

THERE was a low, timid knock at the door. It had come twice before, but had failed to reach the ears that were dull with sorrow.

At last Mademoiselle heard, and responded mechanically, "Come in."

The door opened softly, and Geneviève stood before her, with a pale, agitated face, bearing traces of many tears.

So much was plain, even to the heavy tearless eyes that witnessed to a deeper anguish.

"What is the matter?" asked Mademoiselle, less perhaps in genuine sympathy than in fidelity to the stringent rule that allowed no respite from the claims of others even to the breaking heart.

"Oh, Mademoiselle, forgive me!" sobbed the girl, coming nearer and kneeling at her feet. "Mademoiselle told me I might come to her if I was in any trouble. I am in sore trouble now."

"Stand up, my child. It is not fitting you should kneel to me. Sit, rather, on this foot-stool. That is right," as Geneviève obeyed mechanically, just from the instinct of obedience. "Now tell me what it is. Is Madame angry with you?"

"Oh, no! It is something far worse than that. Something terrible."

"Have you lost anything? or been falsely accused by any one? Take courage, dear, and tell me."

"It is not about myself, Mademoiselle. It is something I have just heard—about one who is dear to me."

A sympathetic quiver ran through the frame of Mademoiselle. It could not surely be the tidings of yesterday which caused this grief? No; it was evidently something more intimate, more personal.

"How can that be?" she questioned. "I understood that you had no living relatives—at least, none who were near to you; and no friends, except the nurse Euphémie and Père Antoine. Explain yourself, my child."

"I was in the little salon, serving Madame and some ladies who were paying her their afternoon visits, with chocolate and oubliettes.[1] They were talking, as usual, about many great people."

"I have told you before, Geneviève, that you would do more wisely in such cases not to listen."

"I do try, Mademoiselle, but sometimes I cannot help hearing. Yesterday, for instance, at the levée of Madame, when I heard what was so wonderful——"

"Do not speak of yesterday," said Mademoiselle quickly. "Tell me what you heard to-day, which has grieved you so much."

"The ladies talked of this great personage and that; I scarcely heeded, and now I do not remember. But at last I caught the name of M. le Duc de Graffont. Madame la Marquise de Clermont-Tonnerre was saying that he had never been the same since—since the death of his nephew."

"Still I do not understand you. Try to be calm, my child, and to explain to me what *you* can have to do with the nephew of M. de Graffont."

"Oh, but, Mademoiselle, it is *Edouard!*"

"Edouard? You speak thus of him? This is stranger still."

"Edouard de Sercourt, Mademoiselle. My father was his guardian, and he was his adopted son. We were brought up together as brother and sister. We never thought to be parted, until M. le Duc sent for Edouard to make him a great noble. And now they say—they say he is dead! Murdered—cruelly murdered—by the 'faux sauniers.' Oh, Mademoiselle, it is horrible! I cannot bear it!"

"My child, we must bear the will of God. But I cannot wonder at your emotion, since you hear this thing to-day for the first time. *That* is rather what I wonder at, for the sad event was known in Paris several months ago."

"No one told me; no one knew that I had any right to care. But I have such right, Mademoiselle, for we were brother and sister always. And he was so good—so kind! The world is all changed to me now, and I do not care to live in it any more," said the girl impetuously, the words dying away in a sob.

"My child, it is wrong to say that, and foolish, too."

"Wrong and foolish it may be, but it is *true*," said Geneviève, with the sudden sharp despair of the very young. "Though we were separated so long, still I always felt that he was somewhere in God's world with me, and that one day we should meet again."

"You were not likely to meet again, even if this thing had not happened," said Mademoiselle. "The manners and prejudices of the world—which you are as yet too young fully to understand—would no doubt have hindered that. And, Geneviève, my child, do you not know that your old playfellow is still in God's world? We may trust—may we not?—that he is in His presence now."

"Yes, Mademoiselle," said Geneviève, wearily. This was a sort of comfort she could not grasp as yet.

"I am able to tell you something consoling," Mademoiselle continued. "You know that, unfortunately, M. de Sercourt was a Protestant; but I have heard that he desired admission to the church, and that only his death prevented his obtaining it. When the sacraments are truly desired, but cannot be obtained, God graciously accepts the intention."

All this well-meant consolation fell unheeded upon the sorrowful heart of Geneviève. They were but words—vain, empty words! What could such avail for her, or for the dear friend and brother, whose bright young life had been so cruelly snapped asunder, like a flower snapped from its stalk? Could they take away the vision of that fair head laid low in the dust?—a vision that would haunt her evermore, and shut out all else from her sight. In coming to Mademoiselle for comfort, she had cherished, half unconsciously, some vague, faint hope that she might contradict the story. A thing so horrible could scarce be true; and Mademoiselle, who knew everything, would know all the truth, and would tell it to her. Now this hope was no more; and the blackness of darkness seemed to gather round her. She said nothing—what use was there in words? but a low, pitiful, broken-hearted wail, like that of some gentle, helpless creature in distress, stole unawares from her quivering lips.

All Charlotte's youth came back to her at the sound, and at the sight of that passionate unreflecting abandonment of youthful sorrow. Just

[1] A fashionable kind of cake.

such a girl, scarce older in years or in character, she had yielded herself heart and soul to the spell with which a great genius drew her up into his own distant starry sphere—a tiny planet circling round a splendid sun. Nor was it long until for her the sun was eclipsed, and her life went out with it into darkness.

"Geneviève," she said very softly, in a quite different voice—"Geneviève?"

Even in her anguish, the girl looked up, surprised. It did not seem to her like the voice of Mademoiselle. Nor did the face into which she looked seem less altered. All the stately calm, all the proud reserve, had melted from it, and only the heart of a loving, suffering woman looked forth to meet her from those dark, yearning eyes.

"Geneviève," she repeated softly, opening wide her arms—"Little Geneviève, come to me. I too have suffered."

Feeling almost as if she had found again the dear shelter of her mother's arms, Geneviève obeyed; and soon was sobbing all her sorrows out upon a heart which was none the less warm and loving because it was cased in penitential haircloth.

Presently an impulse of sheer astonishment checked her weeping. Mademoiselle was heaving sob for sob, shedding tear for tear; only the tears were slower and more bitter, and the sobs shook her whole frame with their agitation. That was not sympathy, it was something far different, infinitely deeper.

Awed by what she saw, Geneviève half forgot her own trouble in her longing to soothe this strange sorrow. That the grand, calm, stately Mademoiselle should be weeping like a child upon her shoulder, was a thing almost unbelieveable, it looked like a dream. *Was* it a dream, with all that had gone before it? With all the strange things she had heard to-day, and yesterday?

At length, however, the strong character of the elder woman asserted itself. "You have done me good, Geneviève," she said. "I had not wept—since yesterday. It is no sin to weep when our friends go home to God. No sin to weep, though it is a sin to lament. Yes, and a folly too. For he is only gone whither he longed to go."

"I cannot think that is quite true, Mademoiselle," said Geneviève, thinking of Edouard, while Mademoiselle was thinking of another. "You could scarcely expect a gallant, happy-hearted young nobleman, with everything to make his life bright, to long to die and go to heaven, however good he might be. And he was good, although he was a Protestant. He was true and tender, and gentle as a woman, though he was so brave and strong."

Mademoiselle brought back her thoughts with an effort to Edouard de Sercourt.

"God does not give the same grace to all," she said, "we may not judge or measure His ways, but we may trust Him. And now, dear Geneviève, try and listen while I tell you how you may find comfort in this sorrow. I too have sorrowed—and I am comforted. At least," she added, afraid, and very justly, of going beyond the truth, "I shall be comforted. So will you, if you offer yourself and your sorrow up to God. For then the blessed Saviour, the great Healer of Sorrow, will come to you and dwell in your heart. He will take away your sin, and your sorrow too—now in its sting and bitterness, hereafter fully and for ever. He will satisfy all your longing—for does He not say Himself 'I have satiated the weary soul, and I have replenished every sorrowful soul'? But you must come to Him for this, my child."

"Teach me to come to Him, as you have done, Mademoiselle."

"No; oh no! Not as *I*. God knows I am far from perfect, even yet, in the path of renunciation. But at least the first lessons of the little child are simple and easy. Trust yourself in the arms of the Good Shepherd, even as now you rest in mine. He will lead you into that death of self which is truly life in Him."

Those were good and true words which the child of Port Royal spoke to her sorrowing friend, insomuch as they held up Christ before her; even although they were not untainted with the inveterate error of her school, the doctrine of renunciation misplaced and misinterpreted.

After some farther talk, and it may be some more tears shed together, the friends, as they might now perhaps for the first time be truly called, went each her separate way. Each carried with her, hidden in her heart, a secret about the other. Mademoiselle, as she pondered over all that Geneviève had said, and not said, could not but surmise that for her this bitter sorrow was really a blessing in disguise. Chiefly, of course, because she hoped it would be the means, under God, of her "conversion"; but also because the feelings she had evidently, though quite unconsciously, allowed to grow up in her heart towards this young nobleman, might lead to complications which would cause her misery and disappointment in after years.

Geneviève on her part, though she surmised—nay, even, though she knew—a great deal, did not venture to trust, even to the echoes in which her heart gave back its own whisperings, aught more than this: "Mademoiselle has loved and suffered. I think she suffers still—God comfort her!"

Autumn.

I WANDERED by a lonely woodland pool
In the still light of an October day:
The trees stood robed in colours of decay,
Which tinged that glassy mirror, calm and cool.
Mild Autumn called me to her tranquil school,
That I might learn a seasonable lay—
The soothing message of her softer ray,
The tender meaning of her gentle rule.

"Life's Autumn duly prize," she seemed to say,
"Nor mourn the fading years which breathe of rest;
What though the green tree borders not thy way,
The red may yet be mirrored in thy breast;
A milder sunshine round thy footsteps play,
And with a deeper calm thy days be blest!"

RICHARD WILTON.

DEUTERONOMY AND ITS DATE

CONSIDERED ON LITERARY GROUNDS.

BY THE REV. DR. S. G. GREEN.

IT is now a quarter of a century since the late Bishop Colenso startled those English readers who were unacquainted with German theological speculations, by his criticisms on the Pentateuch. In his day he was abundantly answered; but the controversy has not slept. On the contrary, it has passed through many stages of activity, and the Bishop himself would probably be astonished by the latest conclusions of the critical school. These have been popularised among us, chiefly by the articles of Dr. Julius Wellhausen and his followers in the new edition of the *Encyclopædia Britannica*, a work in which English readers have been accustomed to look for careful and accurate statements of established facts, but which seems now given over, theologically, to a rashly rationalistic school. Whether the last new Pentateuchal theories propounded by that school are likely to be its final utterance, it is perhaps too early to enquire. All through the five and twenty years of which we have spoken, we have watched with some amusement the shifting programme of reconstruction. The hypothesis of a twofold document was simple enough, but the problem speedily became too complex for such solution. The easy test of the different Divine names employed, hopelessly broke down; and we now have at least five different writers assumed, with an Editor or "Redactor" of the whole. Yet our critics still go to their work with a light heart; assuming it to be within the compass of mortal powers to distinguish the work of the several writers, to assign every one to his own age, and to trace the links by which the skilful Redactor so pieced together the scattered sections as to produce through two thousand years, on Jew and Christian alike, the impression of a sublime unity. Never, surely, in the literary history of mankind, was such a task accomplished!

We should be the readier to acknowledge the skill of these modern analysts if their conclusions were more harmonious. As it is, part of the work of each exponent of the Higher Criticism has been to explode the theories of his predecessors. We take but one signal instance. Bishop Colenso, following his earlier German authorities, gives the "Elohistic" narrative in the beginning of Genesis as the first of these records, although he ascribes it to the age of Samuel; the modern school, represented by Kuenen and Wellhausen, and followed by Professor Robertson Smith, with equal confidence make it out to be the last, giving to the whole narrative a date subsequent to the Captivity! From Samuel to Ezra! Such divergent results may well shake our confidence in the methods employed, and may lead us to suspect that the authors whose titles are so familiarly used—the two Elohists, the Jehovist, the Deuteronomist, and the rest, are but imaginary personages, or inept *aliases* for that Moses who spoke by inspiration of God.

The question is partly critical, and may be left to learned Hebraists; partly theological, involving no less than the authority of our Lord and His apostles, and the connexion of the Old Testament with the New. Upon the subject regarded in these aspects we cannot here touch. But to a great extent, also, the problem is literary, and may be discussed on grounds quite independent of theological belief or Hebrew learning. This Higher Criticism appeals to facts which any reader of ordinary culture and literary taste can estimate for himself. No true historical student, for instance, in order to maintain the unity of the Pentateuch, will be disposed to deny that older documents may have been incorporated into the work. In fact, it must appear highly improbable that the world was left without any inspired record of Creation until the days of Moses. Most probably there were two accounts, belonging to different eras, both of which narratives the Hebrew Lawgiver placed successively in his own work, the former relating how the heavens and the earth were the work of God (ELOHIM) the God of all; the latter dwelling more upon the creation and early history of man, setting forth the work as wrought by JEHOVAH God, the covenant God of Israel. With less certainty, but still with much likelihood, we may trace the blending of two records in the account of the Deluge, each similarly marked by the use of the Divine name. Nor need it be doubted again that some editor or copyist of the Pentateuch may have introduced names and phrases of a later age; as, for instance, when Dan is named as the extremity of the land of promise; or when the kings of Edom are catalogued as "before there reigned any king over the children of Israel;" or when the death of Moses himself is recorded. The days, we hope, are past for expositors to maintain that Moses, in the spirit of prophecy, gave an account of his own decease! Concessions like these, every competent reader will admit, do not affect the main point, but leave it still open to us to maintain the substantial genuineness and integrity of the Five Books.

It is in connection with the Book of Deuteronomy that the case for those who attack the Mosaic authorship of the Pentateuch appears the strongest. There was a dramatic suddenness in the discovery of the Book of the Law by Hilkiah among the dust and rubbish of the temple, during the repairs initiated by King Josiah, which to a cynical and superficial observer might suggest a literary fraud. What Hilkiah found, it might be

said, Hilkiah might have hidden.[1] Incredible as it may appear, our modern critics have acted upon this hint, and, in their eagerness to post-date the book have ignored the marks of early origin which lie patent in its pages. Dr. Moody Stuart, in a book published more than a year since and hitherto unanswered,[2] has wisely selected this as the main point of defence, and has constructed an argument which, we believe, will prove irrefragable. Many a reader, indeed, will wonder why such an argument should be necessary. The unity and majesty of Deuteronomy, especially in its opening and closing portions, make their own impression. Its repetition of the Law, after the long desert wandering and on the borders of the Promised Land, appears to an unsophisticated mind most fitting to the solemn occasion; and the very variations in many of the statutes only bespeak the altered circumstances of the people. Our Lord Himself in one of the sublimest crises of His life thrice quoted words from Deuteronomy, as celestial weapons against the tempter. It is from this "second law" that the sum of all the Commandments is taken, as a guiding light to God's true Israel for evermore: "Jehovah our God is one Jehovah: and thou shalt love Jehovah thy God with all thine heart, and with all thy soul, and with all thy might." That all this comes of literary fraud, or, to use a phrase which a great German critic prefers, of "pious pragmatism," many a reader will utterly decline to believe, and he will be wise. The "traditional view," often spoken of so scornfully, is the view of that reverence and faith which constitute the highest wisdom; but something is gained when we can show that it is also the view of reason and common-sense. In this we think Dr. Moody Stuart has notably succeeded.

His chief appeal, like that of the "Higher Criticism," is to internal evidence. The argument is, that the book is full of those broad details and slighter touches, which it is impossible to ascribe to the later date without assuming, in the fabricator of the document, a literary and imaginative power altogether incredible. For, be it observed, the intention, according to the theory, was to produce a law to be observed—connecting the name of Moses with statutes for the guidance of Josiah and the whole people. Had the leading aim been literary, a consummate master of his craft might have so identified himself with an earlier age as to have given colour to his invention. Even then the artist must have betrayed himself to the close observer; or while successfully transferring to his page the minute characteristic details of the great Lawgiver's last days, he would have been careful not to commit himself. Thus, he would not so simply have spoken of "the other side of Jordan," like a resident in Palestine, or have fallen into those glaring blunders which the higher critics think they have discovered.

The argument is cumulative. The few points to which alone we are able now to refer, are strong in themselves; but unitedly, and in combination with other details, they seem irresistible.

For instance, would the supposed Deuteronomist of Josiah's day have so strongly dwelt upon the unity of the twelve tribes of Israel? Take, for instance, the noble invocation in the twenty-sixth chapter, ending with the words: "Look down from Thy holy habitation, from heaven, and bless Thy people Israel, and the land which Thou hast given us, as Thou swarest unto our fathers, a land that floweth with milk and honey."

"These prayers," says Dr. Stuart, "are expressly given to be used in Israel; but at the period when the new theory holds them to have been written for national use, no words can be conceived more utterly incongruous to the past history, or the present condition of the nation. So far was Israel from now possessing the whole land of promise that ten out of the twelve tribes had been disinherited for their transgressions, partly carried away captive by the King of Assyria, and partly left as 'an escaped remnant' under a foreign yoke. At such a period, no prophet could, for the first time, have composed this form of prayer for popular use in Israel: it would have been false in the lips of Judah, and only a national insult to the remnant of Ephraim, whom King Josiah, like Hezekiah before him, was earnestly endeavouring to bring back to the sanctuary of their fathers. Before the discovery of the Book, he had gathered freewill-offerings for repairing the Temple from 'Manasseh and Ephraim, and from all the remnant of Israel' (2 Chron. xxxiv. 9). Afterwards, in coming up to Jerusalem, to worship in the sanctuary which their gifts had aided to renew, they must have been confounded when there was read in their hearing a new code of ordinances, just sanctioned by the king, in which a prominent place was given to public thanksgiving for Israel's present possession of the whole land of their inheritance. Nothing could have been better fitted to awaken the old jealousy of Ephraim against Judah, and to drive them back to their homes in indignation at having these hypocritical prayers thrust into their lips; as if by lauding their constancy and their prosperity, to taunt them with their national declension and degradation. No sanction to prayers, so proud and so meaningless for such a time, could ever have been given by Josiah."

Again, take the reiterated command to destroy the Canaanites. This we can understand, as spoken and written when Israel was on the border of the land defiled by the iniquities and abominations of the heathen, and in prospect of the stern and terrible task laid upon the people who were to execute the decree of eternal justice. But to produce these commands for the first time in the days of Josiah, when the exterminating work had long ceased, when "Amorites, Hittites, Perizzites, Hivites, and Jebusites" were dwelling peacefully in the land, when the seductive influence of Canaanite idolatry had become a tradition of the past, and when the Amalekites, laid by the Deuteronomist under special ban, had long ceased to exist, would have been a moral impossibility. In the command to extirpate the nations, Deuteronomy goes even

[1] But Professor Robertson Smith, the ablest English exponent of the newer criticism, does not charge Hilkiah with the forgery. The Book of Deuteronomy, in the Professor's view, was the outcome of the prophetic teaching: the true sequel to Isaiah. It seems, then, that we must no more speak of "the Law and the Prophets," but of "the Prophets and the Law."

[2] "The Bible True to Itself: a Treatise on the Historical Truth of the Old Testament," by A. Moody Stuart, D.D.

beyond Exodus—a circumstance natural and credible on the eve of that bitter warfare, but absolutely unbelievable as the "pious pragmatic" invention of a writer seven hundred years after the days of Moses. "Thou shalt smite them, thou shalt kill them quickly, thine eye shall have no pity upon them, thou shalt not show mercy unto them, thou shalt consume them all, thou shalt save alive of them nothing that breathes, thou shalt blot out their name from under heaven."

"In the new theory," says our author, "these are the words, not of Moses, but of the late author of the book; they must be the expression of his thoughts and earnest desires; and they mean that the people of Israel under Manasseh or Josiah should arise as one man, and not only destroy the altars and images of Baal and Ashtaroth, but put to death all the Canaanites in the land, Hittite, Hivite, Jebusite, and Amorite, without mercy, and without exception. But in the reign of Manasseh or Josiah this decree was an edict for the treacherous massacre of tens or hundreds of thousands of their confiding and helpless subjects."

And again,

"In the present instance the alteration of the author and the date is of this consequence—that it changes good into evil, light into darkness, a holy and most necessary severity into the obliteration of all righteousness, of all covenant keeping, and of all humanity; and inserts in God's blessed book an urgent decree for a treacherous and ruthless massacre, only to be paralleled by the massacre of St. Bartholomew. This is not the Bible. The Deuteronomy so often quoted by our Lord Jesus Christ and His apostles is the Deuteronomy of Moses, and not the Deuteronomy of the modern critics."

With regard, again, to the great outlying heathen world-powers, the whole strain of Deuteronomy shows that the greatness of Egypt, and its antagonism to Israel, were present to the writer's mind. In the days of Josiah the Egyptian power had greatly waned, and it was the might of Assyria that overshadowed the Eastern world. Wonderful would be the literary skill that could ignore all this, forgetting the Tigris and the Euphrates, and dwelling ceaselessly on the land of the Nile! "The nearly twoscore references to Egypt by name in the Book of Deuteronomy are of unmistakeable significance. In eleven only of the thirty-four chapters do we fail to find them. They abound equally in every part—law as well as history. More than half the references are to Israel's deliverance and the signal manner of it. The next largest number are to the wonders wrought upon Pharaoh. Others are to the fact of the hard servitude, the homelessness, and the oppression of Israel. Four make mention of what kind of a land Egypt had been found, its evil diseases, and its methods of agriculture."[1] How natural from Moses, who still keenly remembered the Egyptian yoke! How inappropriate and useless from the imagined writer of that later day when Egypt had ceased even to be a formidable foe!

To one other point we may refer, urged as it is by Dr. Stuart with great felicity and cogency. The author of Deuteronomy repeatedly impresses upon the people the duty of united worship, and dwells especially upon the holy joy which was to inspire their services. "Thou shalt rejoice before Jehovah thy God; thou shalt rejoice in thy feast; thou shalt surely rejoice." Such is the substance of many an exhortation, and it is impossible not to believe that, had the law been a creation of the date assigned by our critics, there would have been a mention of the music and song by which expression was given to this sacred gladness. There is, on the contrary, not a word of cymbal, harp, psaltery, or vocal praise. The service of song, which was the great characteristic of temple-worship in all generations after David and Solomon, is entirely ignored. To the writer of Deuteronomy it evidently did not exist. Suppose this code to have been given for the first time in the days of Josiah, Dr. Moody Stuart says, not too strongly, "it would have abolished the service of song in the Temple!"

"That service had no Mosaic sanction, but only the sanction of David, which in legislation was confessedly secondary to the law of Moses. Nothing would have been simpler than, even in a single sentence, to have given the service of praise a Mosaic sanction in Deuteronomy, but no such sanction is given. The melody of the two silver trumpets will still remain, because it was sanctioned by Moses. But it is alleged that a second Moses, with all the authority of the first, supplements the original Mosaic laws, and 'brings them down to date,' from the days of Moses to the reign of Manasseh; adding all that was needed for this later time, and had not been included in the earlier laws. If the service of song was deemed worthy of Divine sanction, there could be no reason for omitting it in a code which embraces in its minuter precepts matters of incomparably less moment than this great national institution in the worship of God. Yet this second Moses returns to all the severe simplicity of the first, passes by this magnificent worship as if it had been permitted only for a time, and by his silence blots it from the complete code of Mosaic ordinances now presented to Israel."

A series of arguments like these may well make those readers pause who have been too easily moved from "traditional view" by the confident allegations of modern critics. It is a common device in these discussions to affirm the most doubtful points as if they had become admitted and indubitable truths. "It is now universally acknowledged"—we often hear—"that Genesis is made up of five documents"; or, "that the Pentateuch"—now generally called the Hexateuch, the Book of Joshua being included—"belongs to the later days of the Judæan kingdom," or "that the Levitical code had no existence until after the captivity." These assertions may impose upon the ignorant: but writers like Dr. Moody Stuart, and we may add, Dr. Bissell, of the Hartford Theological Seminary, already quoted, have found themselves able to give good reasons for adhering to the old belief. There is no part of Dr. Stuart's work more valuable than that which follows the above-cited sections, and in which he sets himself to prove in detail, by an examination of passages often taken to prove the later

[1] "The Pentateuch: Its Origin and Structure; An Examination of Recent Theories," by Edwin Cone Bissell, D.D., Professor of Hebrew in the Hartford Theological Seminary, London, 1885.

date, that there are no words in Exodus, Numbers, Leviticus and Deuteronomy, that could not have been used by Moses—that these books narrate no facts which Moses could not have recorded—contain no religious ordinance that Moses could not have instituted—embody no civil law that could not have been enacted by Moses—exhibit no character in which Moses could not have acted—and insert no explanations which Moses could not written or added. On this last point, we could have wished for more details, while the learned author might, without injustice to the argument, have given more prominence to his concession, that in some cases at least "the hand of a subsequent editor may reasonably be allowed without affecting the genuineness of the Mosaic books."

That there are no difficulties in the view which we advocate, is not pretended. The old objection, however, from the use of the phrase variously rendered "on this side" and "on the other side" Jordan is no longer pressed. "There has been a great controversy," writes Professor Robertson Smith, "about Deut. i. 1, and other similar passages, where the land east of the Jordan is said to be across Jordan, proving that the writer lived in Western Palestine. That this is the natural sense of the Hebrew word no one can doubt, but we have elaborate arguments that Hebrew was such an elastic language that the phrase can equally mean 'on this side Jordan' as the English Version has it. The Professor's sarcasm is a little disingenuous. It is not by "elaborate arguments" that the use of the phrase is decisively established, but by the citation of unequivocal instances.

"The words mean, taken by themselves, at the crossing of the Jordan. Used alone, they point neither to the east nor the west side. Just what is meant in any given instance is a matter which can be determined only by the context. The writer of this book in fact employs the words in the very same passage, intelligently, and with clear intention, to mean now the east, and again the west side of the Jordan (iii. 8, 20). Conscious of the ambiguity of the phrase, he uses it in no single case when misunderstanding might arise, that he has not himself guarded against it. He says 'on this side Jordan in the plain over against the Red Sea;' or 'on this side Jordan in the land of Moab;' or 'toward the sunrising;' or 'by the way where the sun goeth down.' Every passage where the phrase occurs is thus rigorously insured against the possibility of error by means of an added explanation, excepting one (iii. 20), which does not need it.

"How absurd, in these circumstances, the ado that has been made, and continues to be made, over these words by critics, learned and unlearned, who seem never to have thoroughly examined the connection in which they stand."[1]

We need not follow Dr. Stuart into his examination of the other arguments that have been urged against the antiquity of this book, and especially of those which are drawn from the laws respecting the "one altar" and the Levitical priesthood. To our view, he conclusively disposes of them all; but were they far more cogent than they are, such solid considerations as those which we have seen to be drawn from the book itself would abundantly countervail them. We rise from the study of Dr. Stuart's volume refreshed and confirmed in the belief that "Jehovah spake by Moses," and spake by him especially in that closing scene when the aged law-giver and leader of the chosen people addressed to them his last instructions and most solemn warnings. The "blessing of Moses the man of God before his death" was verily uttered on the verge of Canaan. The "song of Moses," in its pathos and terrible sublimity, was "spoken in the ears of all the people" about to pass over Jordan, and not imagined by some bard of a far later age. The Second Law, although not always strictly observed, and sometimes apparently forgotten, was the true basis of the national life of Israel for many generations. "Moses wrote this law, and delivered it unto the priests, the sons of Levi, which bare the ark of the covenant of Jehovah, and unto all the elders of Israel." The thought that such a book can have been a literary forgery disappears like some evil dream.

We have noticed only two-thirds of Dr. Moody Stuart's interesting volume. The remainder is occupied by discussions on the Song of Solomon, on the two (alleged) writers of the Prophet Isaiah, and on some miscellaneous related topics. Into these we cannot now follow him; and his remarks on the "Song of Songs" do not always convince us. The sections on the hypothesis of a second Isaiah are acute and original. According to the tradition, the prophet was martyred by being "sawn asunder;" and now, as Sir Edward Strachey once said, the critics are treating the book in the selfsame way! There are devout and reverent scholars who hold to the double authorship: Dr. Stuart has urged considerations which must make them at least reconsider their ground.

CROSSING JUTLAND HEATH.

WHOEVER has read Hans Christian Andersen's "Story from the Sand Hills," will find in this engraving after Jundt a graphic illustration of Jurgen's delightful journey across Jutland Heath with his foster parents to a burial feast. As in our picture, the travellers are described as all sitting together on a little box at the back of the waggon, and the oxen that drew them as stopping every now and then to taste some fresh grass which grew in patches among the heather. The sun shone warmly, and in the distance the child saw what looked like rays of light rolling and dancing over the great plain. "That is Lokeman driving his flock of sheep," said some one. Jurgen began to feel "as if they

[1] Bissell, pp. 270, 271. See also Dr. Moody Stuart, book ii. ch. iv.

were about to enter fairy-land, though everything about him was real. How quiet it was! Far and wide the heath extended looking like beautiful tapestry in its varied colouring. The heather bloomed, the dark green of the juniper-bushes and the pale tints of the young oak-saplings mingled together, made them nosegays rising from the earth." They stop before the house of mourning, waggon after waggon standing side-by-side, while the oxen and the horses graze on the barren pastures. Psalms are sung, some of the old people shed tears, and all eat and drink heartily. But for Jurgen it was the heath that remained in his memory, with its flowers and blackberries and wild strawberries, its Huns' graves and its fires blazing brightly in the dark evening on the far off horizon.

Yes, indeed, a vast plain covered during greater part of the year with brown heather, long black woods and huge tumuli standing out against the sky, its coast towards the ocean so dangerous from its long line of sand banks and constant storms, that few vessels dare venture to try and enter its large and deep bays or fiords:—this does not suggest a land where life can be bright or joyous. Nevertheless the reality does not seem very far off from those ever-entertaining pictures which the most delightful of story-tellers has left as an inexhaustible legacy.

And, in truth, Jutland is not all barren moorland, two-thirds being fairly cultivable; on the eastern coast the soil is rich, and produces abundant crops. A gentle undulation of hill and vale, dotted with groves of beech and oak, and intersected by limpid streams and mirror-like lakes, suggests the home of peace and plenty—which indeed in many respects it is. A peaceful revolution has been some time in progress by which the peasants are gradually becoming freeholders. Formerly a certain fixity of tenure prevailed, but now this fixity is everywhere giving way to actual ownership. Out of more than two hundred thousand farms, the smaller proprietors hold two-thirds. And yet in Jutland, from the nature of the soil, a farm is large, very large compared to the average English farm. To a large extent sandy and marshy, it is necessarily best adapted for pasturage and the coarser sort of grain.

However, an improved system of farming, together with the efforts of the State to arrest the spread of the quicksands, so destructive to the labour of the husbandman, has resulted in the increasing cultivation of wheat, much of which is imported to England. Rye is the cereal principally raised for home consumption, although even here wheat is beginning to be used. Much of the land, however, is devoted to the grazing of cattle and horses.

The independence of the peasant proprietor is certainly a vast improvement, but it is by no means an ideal condition, for it has an anti-social tendency. The Jutland farmer seeks in all he can to be independent of his fellow men. He makes his own bricks and probably builds his own house. He cuts his own fuel from the endless peat-bog: a right every one enjoys, and stacks up his winter stores against his cottage door, and now, by the introduction of machinery, he hopes to get rid as much as possible of hired labour. He puts away every shilling he can save into some old stocking which he carefully hides away with its fellows in some out-of-the-way recess. His furniture is of the plainest description, his clothes are poor, but carefully kept. Yet he can live well, for meat in comparison to what it is in England is fabulously cheap. Waste, the Jutlander abhors; for bread, indeed, he has almost a superstitious reverence. It is a saying in Denmark, that you must not even put a Bible on bread. In Zeeland, when a peasant drops a bit of bread, he will pick it up with reverence and ask pardon of the Lord for having thus carelessly treated His good gifts.

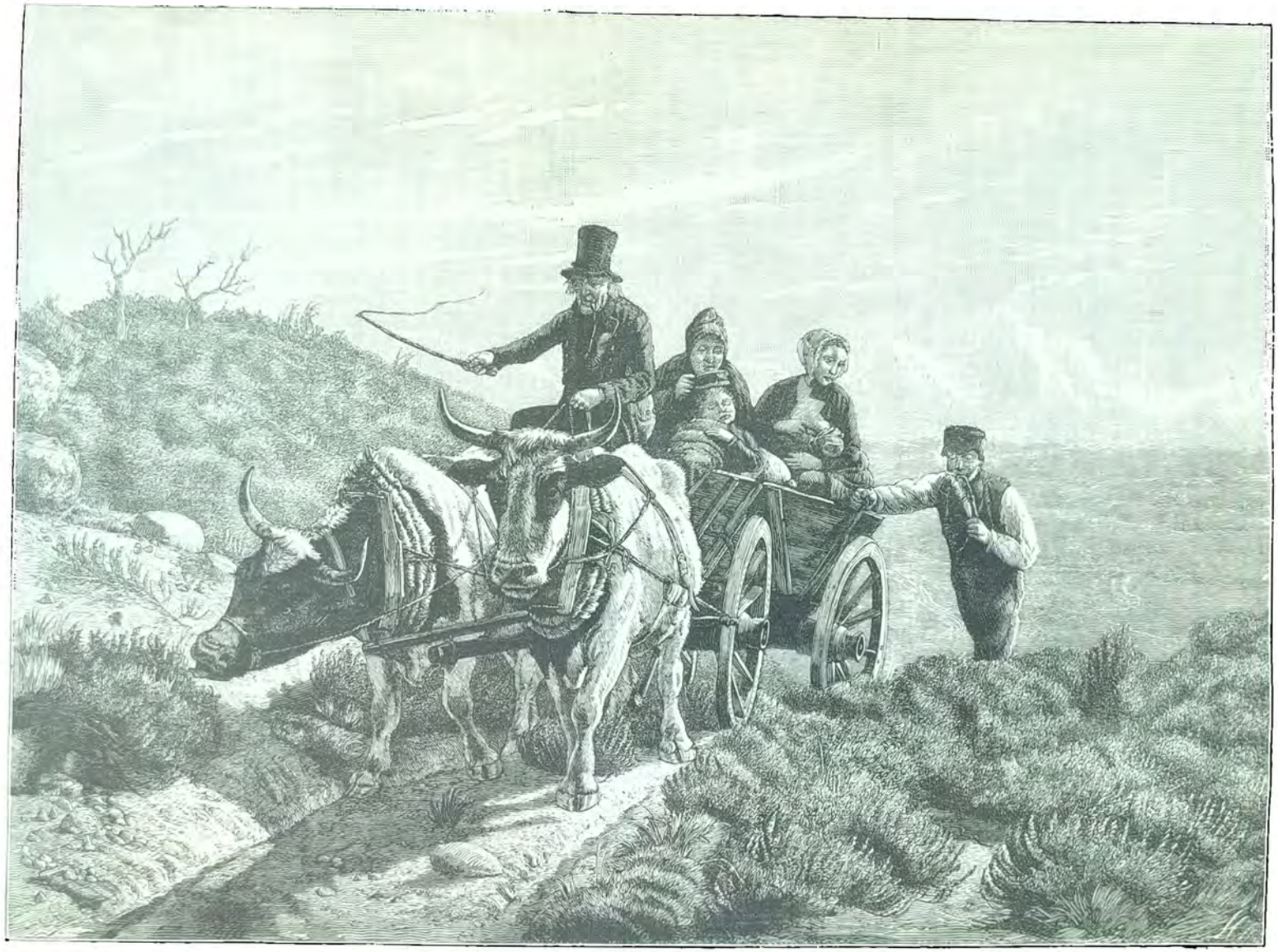
Agricultural people who work assiduously all the year, they keep holiday at Christmas. The farmers commence two days before to prepare for it and keep up their festivities from Boxing Day to Twelfth-Night. But Christmas Eve and the festival itself is a time of solemn rejoicing. No beast, nor even bird is forgotten; all must share in the general rejoicing. The cows and the horses are fed with the best of everything,—corn, hay, beans. The housewife unlooses the house-dog, and bringing him into the house cuts him off great hunks of brown bread. "Here's for my husband, and here's for me; here is for Hans, and here's for Mette;" and when he has finished she says to him, "Now, good dog, you shall run loose this night, for in a time of peace and good-will upon earth you will surely harm no one."

Then the little birds are regaled,—a small wheatsheaf is placed in the garden at night so that they too may sing a song of gladness on the happy Christmas morn. Whether under the new system, where each man is encouraged to do the best for himself individually, this old-world poetry can live, is more than doubtful. It will soon become, if not so already, a dried flower lying peacefully on the shelf of some local antiquary.

The village clergy of the Evangelical Lutheran Church, the established religion of the country, are often themselves farmers, a large farm being devoted to the use of the "Landsby præst" in every rural parish. These parishes are self-governed, and one of the most important duties of the rulers who the parishioners elect is to see that due provision is made for the instruction of the people.

For education in Denmark has long been compulsory, so that every man and woman in the country can at least read and write. Each village has its public school, the joint care of the State and the locality. In addition there are Latin schools in which the young rustics are prepared for the University of Copenhagen where a good provision is made to enable students of small or no means to pursue their studies.

The result of this care for the education of the people is seen not only in the general prosperity of the country, but in the development of a National Literature and Art of very high quality, and above all in that Social Union between people in different circumstances which without equality of education is impossible. R. HEATH.



[*After Jundt.*

JUTLAND HEATH.

SEVENFOLD.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "NEARLY IN PORT," ETC.

CHAPTER I.

IT was a close, hot day in August; close and hot anywhere and everywhere, even where shady trees interrupted the burning sunbeams, and rippling streams tried their best to freshen the air. Close and hot in the houses of the rich in spite of venetian blinds, opened doors, and every device imaginable for getting cool and keeping cool. What was it in the little attic that I want to show you?

We will go down this quiet little street of a few shabby old houses on either side, leading nowhere, ending nowhere, but with a high wall across the end, belonging to the back of some large building. The houses look as if they had once been decent, and even now struggled through decay and poverty to look tidy. The broken steps are swept clean, the windows have well darned and patched muslin blinds, and on one or two window sills are attempts at flowers, sickly geraniums or fuchsias, in rough boxes, cracked flower pots and the like.

The sun shines fiercely down, so that the pavement feels hot under our feet, and the door of one of these houses is quite hot and sticky to the hand, as we push it open. The narrow stairs look scarcely safe, so old and decayed the wood, so many rails of the banisters gone, but clean swept. Up, up we go—not a light toil on such a day! One, two, three, four flights—every landing more and more shabby and dilapidated, till we stand just under the roof. The ceiling over our heads is hot to the touch, and not a breath of air seems even to come up the stairs. There are two doors, one of them is the door of the attic I want you to see.

A small attic, with of course a slanting roof and one small skylight; very little furniture of any kind. A low bed in one corner, a little table, an unreliable-looking chair, with a box or two, and a shelf with a few cups and plates—this is all. Everything is clean and tidy. The only occupants to be seen at the first glance are a good many flies congregated in groups on the ceiling, and a cat too limp and sodden by the heat to curl herself up for her nap, but lying outstretched on the piece of old carpet that does duty for a rug.

The atmosphere is simply that of an oven, though the skylight is propped open by a stick. But only more heat seems coming in there from the hot slates.

There was a faint sigh somewhere, a little rustling from the bed in the corner, and then the wail of a baby, not much louder than a kitten's mew. At the same moment a step, slow and faltering, was heard on the stairs, the key turned in the lock, and a woman entered.

She was quite young, but very thin and worn. She had a bundle in her arms, which seemed too much for her failing strength, for as she sank down on a box near the door, panting from the exertion of mounting the stairs, she let it roll on to the floor, and did not pick it up. She sat there, leaning against the wall with her eyes shut, now and then wiping her clammy brow with the corner of her old shawl, and breathing painfully in the heated air of the little room.

The baby stirred, and began its little wail again, the woman started up, made a step towards the bed, and then fell forward heavily, knocking over the little table, and lay in a heap on the floor. The next moment quick steps ran up the stairs, and with a hurried knock a fresh, pleasant-looking girl of about fifteen opened the door, and with an exclamation of pity and terror sprang to the poor woman's side, and knelt down by her.

She saw that she had fainted, and raising the slender figure in her strong young arms, she laid her on the low bed beside the baby, and quickly used the simple means in her power to revive her. After a while she came to, then the girl helped her to take off her things and get to bed, for she was evidently fit for nothing else. Then she ran downstairs, soon returning with a cup of tea and a bit of toast, and some milk for the baby; and propping up the poor woman to enable her to take the food, she took the baby in hand, fed it with the warm milk hushed it to sleep, and laid it back beside the mother.

"Ah, poor thing!" whispered the girl to herself, "she has not taken a bite after all. I am afraid she is going to be real ill. What shall I do? How can I leave her? I'll just run down and put things straight and fetch up my stocking, and father and mother won't mind for one night. Dear! how stuffy it is up here! I'll bring up some fresh water, though indeed the very pump handle is hot. The poor thing is done up with the heat. And just to see the great bundle of cloth she has brought home to sew, and she that weak! I'll just sew a bit for her, and that will cheer her when she gets better. The dear Lord pity her! such a young creature to be a widow, and no one to look to her, but Him. Ah! how could I say that, as if He is not sure to do it. And it's not as if she did not know about Him, for she's a real Christian woman, she has taught me ever so much! There, dear!" the girl went on, aloud, patting down the bedclothes, "go to sleep, and you'll be better in the morning."

But instead of sleeping, poor Mrs. Burton grew more and more restless, and Polly had a sad night of it. She smoothed the bedclothes, shook up

the pillow, and brought cool cups of water to allay the burning thirst. She hushed the baby when it cried, and fed it, but when morning came, everything was worse instead of better. Polly's mother came up, and sent a boy for the doctor. He shook his head, said the woman was exhausted, and would hardly come round, ordered a bottle and went away. She was quite delirious at times, and talked incessantly, while Polly sat beside her bathing her burning head, but feeling how little she could do, while the sun was pouring down its scorching rays on the slates just above them.

"Ah! there is no need of the sun there!" the sick woman would murmur in her wanderings. "Neither shall the sun light on them, nor any heat—but fountains of water—a pure river of water of life."

That second night Polly still sat beside her. She had slept a little while a neighbour had taken her place, but the neighbour had to go back to her children, and Polly was alone with the sick woman.

She had been dozing in the intervals of delirium, but woke up before dawn, quite herself.

"Polly!" she whispered, "bring the baby. I must see it again." The girl brought the little bundle of flannel, and laid it beside her. Mrs. Burton laid her trembling hands on it.

"Poor little soul!" she said, "I must leave you behind me—but I can trust you to the Lord—and, Polly," she went on, "you will do what you can. But I have no fear, not a bit—it seems like impossible how to mistrust Him, and when I see Him, I'll tell Him all about baby—and it will not be so very long till we are all together again—father and baby and I—together—with the Lord. Goodbye Polly, He will reward you—He will—sevenfold—into your own bosom—all you have done for me and baby—sevenfold."

She dozed off—and while Polly thought she slept, she was gone—gone out of the heated little attic, from the worn-out, fever-stricken body—gone from all the toils and tears of her life for ever, to the city that in her delirium she had seen—a city that has no need of the sun, "where the Lamb shall lead them beside fountains of living waters, and God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes."

Yes—she was free—and safe—and happy—but the baby?

CHAPTER II.

Polly Hart lived, as we have seen, in the room under poor Mrs. Burton's attic. They had not always lived in the country town where we find them now.

John Hart had been a market gardener, about a mile out in the country, had a neat cottage of his own, and was a well-doing, thriving, contented man.

His wife was a tidy, thrifty woman, his son helped him in the garden, and little Polly, their only other child, was the sunshine of their home.

But troubles came. The son fell in with bad company, and married a girl with no recommendation but a pretty face, who soon persuaded him that he would make a fortune in America, instead of grubbing among cabbages all his life. So he went off, not without a pang of remorse at leaving his father to work alone, for "he had been a good son, till he was led away." So John always said, while he worked on late and early to do the work hitherto done by two.

But one frosty morning poor John slipped on the doorstep and broke his leg. When he got well of that, he was still a little lame and stiff, and quite unfit for the hard work of a garden. So they sold off everything, and took up a little greengrocery shop in the town.

John said he would still have something green about him. But it was a sad change for them all, after the fresh country life—the freedom and plenty of their cottage home.

"The very vegetables is different," John often said. "It's only like the corp of a cabbage sittin' there on the shelf, instead of the fresh, livin' thing I'd watch a growin' up in the sunshine and the rain. And as to the parsley and the mint, it was fit for a posy for the Queen. And look at that poor stuff there! I'm a'most ashamed to take money for it."

And whether he was too simple and honest himself to be sufficiently on his guard against dishonesty in others, or whether the trade was overstocked in that part of the town, John did very little business.

The cabbages "sat" far too long on the shelf for their health, and were then sold for less than he had paid for them, to some needy customer who had watched for that crisis, and the faded parsley was often thrown into the bargain, so that we can easily understand how it was that the Harts found themselves growing poorer every week.

John was too sensible a man to go on long at this kind of work. He began to look out to better himself, and Mr. Adams, the vicar of the parish, interested himself in the same object. He had from the first noticed the respectable man with the fresh country colour in his face, and his tidy wife, as regular in their place in church as the vicar himself, and the pretty little girl who attended his schools, and dropped a curtsey down to the ground when he met her in her little white sun-bonnet and pinafore carrying her bag of books.

Further acquaintance confirmed his good opinion of John Hart, and now he procured for him a situation in a large grocery shop, where his honesty, industry and punctuality soon made friends for him.

Then it was that they moved into the quiet, cheap little street where they now lived: where John was as always, contented, cheery and pleasant; where his wife kept all tidy, but marred the effect thereof by a somewhat peevish, cloudy temper; and where Polly, now past school and sun-bonnets and pinafores, was as of old, the sunbeam of the dingy old house, the special blessing of her father and mother, and ready to spend a little of her sunshine on every one that came in her way.

Thus it was, that when Mrs. Burton, whose

husband had died in hospital from the effects of a fall from a scaffolding, came to lodge in the little attic over them, in failing health and deep poverty, which yet were nothing to her when compared to the loss of her husband, Polly soon found her way up the broken stairs, first cried with her in her sorrow, and then did all she could to lighten it. She rose earlier, so that none of her own duties should be neglected, and so was able to sit with the lonely widow while she helped her with the sewing she got from the shops; and many a cup of tea, and slice of bread she coaxed her mother to send up, when she knew the little cupboard upstairs was empty.

Mrs. Hart grumbled a little, and sometimes said a sharp word to the girl about having little enough for themselves; but no one could withstand Polly's coaxing, and as she did her home work irreproachably, she won the day.

Nor was the benefit all Mrs. Burton's. "Silver and gold have I none," she might have said to Polly, "but such as I have, give I thee." And if the knowledge of Christ be the unsearchable riches, if heavenly wisdom is indeed above rubies, then was Polly richly repaid for her labour of love.

Mrs. Burton, poor as she was in this world's goods, was a true, loving Christian woman, her mind stored with Bible truth, her heart wholly given to the Lord.

The fiery trials she had gone through had, as it were, burnt the only thread that held her affections to earth; and Polly, who though a sweet-tempered, kind-hearted girl, with strong principles as to duty, had yet known little of religion save the outward, respectable performance of its duties, in saying her prayers, attending their church, and reading good books on Sundays, had now a new world opened to her—a world in which Jesus was all—a Saviour to trust in—a Friend to love—a Master to serve—a world of new hopes, new happiness.

No wonder the affectionate girl loved the hand that God had used to lead her to Himself.

So that when four or five weeks before our story begins, Mrs. Burton's fatherless baby was born, it was Polly who looked after her with a loving care and skill far beyond her years. When Mrs. Hart, who had gone up grumbling to help in the nursing, went downstairs again grumbling to herself at the fatigue she had gone through, "for a body who was not a drop of blood to them," and sat fretfully looking round her because in the hurry her daughter had not had time to dust the room, Polly herself without a thought of weariness continued her ministry of love.

It was Polly who went up every morning to wash and dress the baby,—she who took up the pennyworth of milk every day to feed it, who made the bed, and kept all tidy; and when she had time would sit beside the sick woman reading a verse or a bit of a hymn to soothe her in her restlessness.

Time passed on, but Mrs. Burton's strength did not come back. She struggled against the ever-increasing debility, and after a while managed to get up and attend to the baby herself, to take the burden off Polly.

Mrs. Adams, the clergyman's wife had heard of her from the Harts, and had sent her supplies of food during her illness. But Mrs. Burton thought it was time for her to work for herself, and to be a burden on nobody; so one day, the burning day on which I introduced you to the little attic, she crept downstairs noiselessly for fear of Polly hearing her, and off to the shop for a supply of work.

We know the rest, and have followed her through the last few hours of her life, till, no longer within our ken, the weary spirit was at rest.

When Polly woke up from her fitful dose at the first dawn of morning, vexed with herself for falling asleep, she saw at a glance how it was; and before calling any one she sank on her knees beside the bed and had a good cry—cried bitterly for the loss to herself, and mingled prayers with her tears that she might never forget the lessons she had learned in that little attic, and that God Himself would teach her now that He had taken her earthly teacher to Himself.

Then she went down to fetch up a neighbour who had sometimes helped her in nursing; and between them the few simple arrangements were made. The homely attic assumed the solemn consecrated air that the majesty of Death always brings with it.

The baby slept on in the rough box that was its only cradle, till all was done and the neighbour was leaving the room. She stopped at the door, looked at the baby, and then at Polly.

"What's to be done with the little 'un till the workus people gets it?" she asked.

The girl's only answer was to take up the baby, roll it in the mother's old shawl that served as a quilt, and kiss it tenderly. The neighbour shook her head pityingly, and went down to her family affairs. Polly, with the baby in her arms, knelt by the bed for a minute or two, once more kissed the pale brow, and wiping away the tears that fell fast on the old shawl, left the room, and locking the door, put the key in her pocket and went downstairs.

CHAPTER III.

THE rooms in which the Harts lived were very different from the attic above. They consisted of a good-sized room for kitchen and sitting-room, and two small bedrooms. The large windows let in plenty of light, and had flowers on the shelf inside. John Hart had prided himself on his flowers in old times, and even under difficulties managed to have a brilliant window full. Then the walls were nicely papered, and adorned with the old cottage pictures. The old cottage clock ticked in one corner, the old cottage dresser showed quite a display of plates and jugs. The floor was covered with a clean bright rag carpet, the product of mother and daughter's industry.

Everything shone with cleanliness, and showed even taste and a certain degree of refinement, an idea not belied by the appearance of the tidy elderly pair who sat at the little round table, where Mrs. Hart was giving her good man his

early breakfast before going to the shop. The snowy cloth, the bright teapot and kettle, and the comfortable plate of hot cakes made the picture complete.

"There's Polly upstairs still!" Mrs. Hart was saying in a fretful tone. "Always up there. Well, it's over now, so I'll say no more. John, you might tell them at the Union about it on your way, and bid them send for the child."

"Poor lamb!" said the milder John, "it would have been well if it had gone too! The Union's not like home, specially for a girl. Our lass will take on uncommon."

At that moment the door opened, and Polly came in. Her usually bright fair face was pale and tear-stained, and as she came forward with the little bundle in her arms, she looked at her mother with a timid, appealing expression.

"What ails ye, child?" said Mrs. Hart, "and what have you got there?"

Polly's answer was to kneel down beside her mother, and lay the baby in her lap.

"Mercy on us!" exclaimed Mrs. Hart, "it's the baby still! Well, Polly, lay it in your bed, and cover it up warm, and come to your breakfast. Father will settle about its being taken to the Union to-day. It's well you're free to do your own work now instead of looking after others as has no claim upon you, though, for the matter of that, she was a decent body. Come along!"

But Polly still knelt there. Her eyes were full of tears when she looked up.

"Mother!" she said huskily, "let me keep the poor baby! I'll promise, God helping me, to do as well by you and father as ever, only let me keep it. Do, mother dear, I love it so dearly, and you will love it too. She gave it to God to take care of, and He asks us to do it for Him. Do, mother!" and the girl hid her face on the baby's breast.

Mrs. Hart looked at John. She expected him to side with her, and say such a thing was impossible.

But John had a soft heart for anything small and helpless, and besides, whatever would make Polly happy was generally his rule of action. So now he put his hand on her bowed head, and, as if unconscious of his wife's admonishing frowns, he said, "Well, wife, if you can manage the child between you, it will be a pretty plaything for Polly, and maybe we'll be glad of it ourselves some day."

Mrs. Hart was astounded and annoyed.

"Such nonsense! Polly, indeed, to burden herself! No, no, I'll not allow it, John. I am greatly surprised at ye! Ye might have more sense; but it's not you that would have the worrit!"

Polly knelt on. Who can tell how fervently her silent prayer went up that the desire of her heart might be granted her? Her father spoke again—

"No, no, wife. Polly's a good girl, you'll not deny that, and I won't have her fretted; so just like a good woman, give in, and let her have the bairn."

"Mother," said Polly again, "I would not let it be a trouble to you, or cost you anything. I would work early and late to win its morsel; but oh, mother, don't send it to the Union! Suppose the baby died there, or she might grow up bad, and that would be worse, and her mother looking out for her!" and she hid her face and cried again.

"There, there!" said Mrs. Hart hastily, "I suppose I must give in! but it's too bad! As if we had not sometimes to pinch as it is—and another mouth to feed! Well, take the brat and keep it; your father will maybe repent his softness yet!" and she bustled away, shoving the baby into Polly's arms.

And so it was that her prayer by the dead mother's side was answered, and she was allowed to keep the baby.

Now her prayer and resolve were that no negligence or fault in her should ever make her father or mother repent of their permission. It seemed as if the baby, too, had come to the same determination, for, as John said, "It made no more noise than one of Polly's newly-hatched canaries." It slept quietly while Polly did her cleaning up, took to its bottle kindly, and throve so well under her care that she wondered to see it, and hoped a special blessing was already resting on the little orphan.

Sabbath Thoughts.

LOSS AND GAIN.

"What shall a man give in exchange for his soul?"—*Mark* viii. 37

TO this question who can give an answer? The Lord Himself does not answer it, for He knows as none else can the preciousness of the soul which He died to redeem. And yet how careless are men of this their immortal and priceless possession? We see them expending the greatest labour on the health, comfort and safety of the body; they spare no pains to guard its interests; they fly to the physician when it suffers; they surround it with all that can minister to its wants, and yet perhaps they are all the while utterly regardless of the health, the happiness, the everlasting prospects of the never dying tenant of those dying bodies. If we would but look at the light in which the Lord regards the soul how could we treat its interests with such indifference, either with respect to our own souls or those of others? He who came from heaven to save man well knows from what it was that He saved His people, and to what a life it is that He raises them; and He it is who says: "What shall it profit a man, if he shall gain the whole world, and lose his own soul?" To Him, therefore, let us commit our souls in well doing as unto a faithful Creator, "able to save to the uttermost," able and willing to save the lost.

A DISCONTENTED BOY.

BY SARSON C. J. INGHAM, AUTHOR OF THE "WHITE CROSS AND DOVE OF PEARLS," &C.

CHAPTER I.

"The temple of God is holy, which temple ye are."—1 *Cor.* iii. 17.

LIKE a frail little flower that grows in a pot, and is carefully tended by loving hands in a dark alley, to which golden beams of sunshine and freshening breezes often come, wandering through casements open to receive them, Heber Letters grew up in his humble home in the cathedral city of Souchester. The cathedral was in the heart of the town; narrow streets, with their courts and yards, converged towards it like the spokes of a wheel. Outside much marketing and trafficking went on. There was the din of carts and the scream of street-vendors, the noise of buyer and seller within the long, grey shadows that the cathedral cast. From the little window of his room upstairs Heber could see the venerable towers, which from infancy he had gazed on so often and so wonderingly, in so many lights that they had grown into his heart. He could not have said when he loved them the best; when they were bathed in the warm sunlight, and the clang and clash of silver bells could be heard so loudly from them, that fancy almost saw them rock beneath the mighty vibrations, or when the cold beams flung from the moon's silver lamp gave them a soft, unearthly radiance, and the roar of the street was hushed, as if the busy world had grown suddenly still, and was listening to Nature's voice as she said, "Leave your work and pray."

In the red sunset there were carven figures near the western door, and an oriel window, that glowed as if they were set in one of the gateways of heaven; and at that time Heber loved to join the little throng of evening worshippers who went inside—some to pray, and some to hear the evensong of the choristers.

I am afraid that Heber's worship was as yet more of the eye and the ear than of the heart; but only God—not man—could have told the difference. He was outwardly a very good, gentle boy; and one of the minor canons, learning by accident that he had a clear, pure, though not a strong voice, invited him into the choir, which increased his delight in the service. This secured to him musical culture. He had some other scholastic advantages in return; but Heber's education went on in another school, a very lonely one, which was far more to his taste.

His father was custodian of a library, situated in a retired close, where lived many of the cathedral dignitaries. This close was only a short walk from Hebrew's Court, where Heber lived. The hush and gravity reigning behind the large iron gates which opened into it at one end, and flanked it on the other, proclaimed it to be in the town but not of it. Reverend gentlemen came to the library sometimes to read and take notes, literary men also, and scholars; and there were a few learned ladies who wandered into it when they knew they would be the least observed.

This library was said to contain many valuable manuscripts. Heber knew where they were, and how to find any of them from the catalogue. There was also a room kept for coins. These were displayed in glass cases, as they had been arranged by his father, who was pronounced quite capable of the office by the clever numismatist who lectured on "The Stories told by Coins" when the room was first opened.

Heber often saw him unlock the cases and tell the history of one and another to grey-headed students; and when he did so his little son always drew near and listened unrebuked. Then there was a long room filled with sculptures.

It had been barely furnished by a rich bequest from the galleries of a dying nobleman, but many a choice gift had since been added. Travellers had shown their gratitude for early Souchester education and associations by contributing some of the spoils from other countries; so that the original library had branched into museum and art gallery, to say nothing of the lecture-room with its rising tiers of seats.

From a very little boy Heber had haunted the place, becoming in time so useful that his father could hardly dispense with him. At first it was the warmth and comfort, the quiet seclusion, that attracted the sensitive child, who was too shy to venture on any mischief, or to get into any one's way. Later, the sight of books and prints, scraps of conversation which he heard, awoke in him an unquenchable thirst for knowledge; he began to ask questions which made the lonely father feel he had a companion in his son, and from treating him as a pleasant little plaything, he grew to regard him seriously as a pupil. Yet having turned him loose into this world of literature and art, he let him wander where he would, giving him only his sympathy and advice as Heber stood in need of them. So that books were the boy's schoolmasters, as truly as they were Carlyle's or Hugh Miller's. Sometimes he was allowed to take the tickets of visitors to the lecture-room. When he did so he was not forbidden a seat within the doors. Whatever the subject, he listened eagerly, understanding only in part. Afterwards he would talk to his father, who, perhaps, had been a listener also; the effect of such conversations was to give his ideas a greater clearness, and fix them more permanently on the memory. In writing he early acquired a beautiful hand. His father often being engaged in collating different editions of books, and in copying extracts from learned writers for literary men who wanted them, Heber was eager to assist him. On bitter, wintry days, when the library was little frequented, many a quiet hour did the two pass by the great stove, reading, comparing, copying, while only the scratching of their pens could be heard.

Heber had a vague impression that his father, though self-taught, was a very clever, sensible man. It never occurred to him to wonder that he was a poor one, that he had humble duties to perform, and that, though his merits procured him occasionally a higher task than the ordinary, his daily round was commonplace and insignificant. If he had remarked on this to his father, the man might have told him with truth that in a large army there are always many good soldiers to whom promotion never comes.

Perhaps if Thomas Letters had little ambition for himself, he indulged in some hopes for his boy. The pale little face betokened acuteness and expanding mind. Visitors to the library often spoke a flattering word to him about Heber. They were surprised at the readiness the little fellow showed to assist them in the search for books and manuscripts, if his father was not at hand.

Shy though he was, he knew his ground well; and his acuteness, his premature acquaintance with authors and their literary remains, showed that he was no ordinary child. The refinement of his manners commended him to gentlefolk, while his small, delicate features awakened their sympathy; he looked as if he could not live without very careful tending.

While, however, he knew something of the restrictions of poverty, he knew nothing of its hardships. "The wind was tempered to the shorn lamb."

Love, peace and patience dwelt under the lowly roof which was his home. There was all of comfort there that cleanliness, and order and thrift can secure. The cage-bird sang in the window to remind his mother of the music that rose from the hedgerows round the home of her girlhood; a box of sweet mignonette under Heber's window often filled his room with its fragrance. Mrs. Letters was somewhat of an invalid, but she was very patient. She was not pretty, and Heber never imagined her to be clever like his father; but whatever she did, she did it as well as she felt it could be done, without fuss or ostentation. Her voice was low and gentle, and she moved about her kitchen almost as quietly as a lady moves about her drawing-room. The neighbours called her proud; for her doors were barred against gossip, and against everything she would not like her child to hear or see. Her hand was always open though, to relieve distress according to her little means. If no one else loved her, Thomas Letters loved her—oh, a thousand times better than when he first wooed her, and called her "white violet," in a manner less homely than she had been accustomed to, while Heber thought his mother as much on a piece with what was good and holy, as even the angels he dreamed about when he looked out on the minster and the sunset sky.

Outside that dove's nest there was often drunkenness, profanity and unseemly behaviour; but these desecrated the street and the town, not the eyes and the ears that were insulted by them.

Heber loved his little home, but he had a great affection also for the town where he was born. He loved it principally for the cathedral, and the library with its museum and art gallery, and not least the lecture-room.

Unconsciously the home feeling pervaded these, his favourite haunts, even more than the hearth and the board at which he sat. He could not help it that it was so. He was too young to take account of his own feelings, but he knew it when he came to be torn away from all that he held dear.

Sometimes he heard his father call it an incongruity that misery and squalor, and evil passions and lust for gain, should be found so near the cathedral, but to Heber it did not appear so. He found it hard also to keep in mind that the cathedral had been there first, and that a wilderness of brick and mortar, a community of toiling, moiling men and women, had grown up around it. Heber preferred to think that the beautiful sanctuary had sprung up among the people, and that the people had come to it.

He said to his mother once that it was as if a glorious broad-winged angel had flown down from heaven among them, and was comforting them, and admonishing them to be good and pray.

"Dear child," exclaimed his mother, "you have such churchlike ideas, that perhaps if you were a gentleman you would be a bishop. If you were but as good as the bishop your father had you named after, you might be a great blessing to the Church and to the world; but you must not think too much of the temple made with hands, you know."

"Can we think too much of God's house?" inquired Heber.

"The virtue wasn't in the garment's hem, it was in Jesus," his father replied; an answer Heber did not at the moment comprehend, but in years to come he thought of it.

He was a little like the woman of Samaria, who thought that "in Jerusalem men ought to worship." He had not as yet pondered over the truth expressed in the lines,

> "For thou within no walls confined,
> Inhabitest the humble mind."

He had little perception that when the body of the poor and contrite man is a temple of the Holy Ghost, it is worthy of more reverence than even the most resplendent house of prayer.

There were boys of his acquaintance who ridiculed him for what they called his fancy name; but Heber was proud of it because his father had given him it as a tribute to the memory of a great and good man, the chronicle of whose life and labours he had been reading, not long before Heber was born. When he was tempted to be idle, or to do anything unworthy, he would remember him of whom he was the namesake and say:

> "Lives of great men all remind us
> We may make our lives sublime,
> And departing leave behind us
> Footprints on the sands of Time."

I have described Heber in the home of his childhood—not a discontented boy you will say; but a dove's nest may be shaken out of a tree by a storm, and in some lives terrible changes occur while youth is in its early morning.

NATURAL HISTORY NOTES

ON THE REVISED VERSION OF THE BIBLE.

NO. VIII.—THE LAPWING AND HOOPOE.

IN the list of unclean birds given in Leviticus xi. and Deuteronomy xiv., we find in the Authorised Version the *lapwing*. For this the Revised Version substitutes the *hoopoe*—a change that was expected by persons familiar with the Scriptural text. The two have something in common: they both inherit marshy places, and both have a tuft or something like it upon their heads. For us in England there is this great difference—that the lapwing is well known in many parts of the kingdom, while the hoopoe is such a rare visitant as to be known by sight to very few.

The lapwing may be seen hovering over mud-flats left by the tide in our river mouths, or wading in marshy grounds, especially near the sea. In similar localities, their nests are to be found; if nests they may be called, which consist of little else than the bare earth. You might almost walk into them without knowing it; and the bird has a sly habit of decoying the passer-by away from the neighbourhood by limping along like a wounded bird, likely to become a ready prey. Each nest contains four eggs, much thicker at one end than at the other; and, being laid with the slender end

inwards, they make up the form of a Maltese cross. They are allied to the plovers; and, like them, feed in marshy places upon the insects that abound on the sea-shore. They are also known to us as peewits, a name given from their peculiar cry; and it is curious to observe that the people of Palestine give them, for the same reason, a name which resembles this a good deal, viz., the *bu-teet*. Indeed, the same sound is expressed in various ways by the different languages of Europe. The bird is known in almost every country, especially in Holland, as might be expected. From the countries north of the Mediterranean Sea it departs on the approach of winter, and has been seen in Palestine at that time flying on the wings of the north wind. From this fact some would maintain that the word "lapwing" should keep its place in the text of Scripture. The Hebrew, indeed, gives very little help.

The tuft on its head consists of some feathers longer and stronger than the rest, which grow backwards and curve upwards.

The crest of the hoopoe, on the other hand, is a genuine ornament, the feathers standing erect and fan-like along the ridge of the head, and having an edge of black on a ground of reddish-brown. Like "peewit," the name hoopoe is given in imitation of the bird's cry, or whoop.

THE HOOPOE. THE LAPWING.

Here are a few of the forms in European languages: Ancient Greek, *epops*; Latin, *upupa*; Spanish, *abrebilla*; Dutch, *hoppe*.

The spots it inhabits are very similar to the haunts of the lapwing, yet not exactly for the same reason. Its food is insects found not in muddy and marshy ground, but in the rotten wood of decayed trees. To enable it to reach these its bill is long and sharp, in contrast with the short, straight bill of the lapwing. With this it probes the holes where the insects dwell. It builds in hollow trees, particularly in willows that border the streams in the parts it haunts. One of these is the broad, flat country south of Bordeaux; but it ranges all over Europe—comes to England towards autumn, and leaves the northern countries in the winter. It is therefore, upon the whole, a more southern bird than the lapwing. It may be asked why either of these birds is placed among the list of those forbidden to the Jews? This is a question difficult to answer. Dr. Tristram suggests that the hoopoe may have been forbidden as food from its habit of frequenting dung-heaps, and from the superstitious reverence in which it was held by the Egyptians. Neither of them would be reckoned as articles of food among modern nations; but the lapwing, owing to its larger size, would certainly be of more importance. The lapwing is said to be very good eating in the autumn, but its size prevents it from being looked upon as anything beyond a bird of occasional use.

QUESTIONS.

1. What difference do you notice between the Bible description of clean and unclean birds and that of beasts?
2. What may be observed of most of the birds described as unclean?

ANSWER TO SCRIPTURE CHARACTER.

NO. X. p. 528.—JEPHTHAH.

1. Judges xi. 2; 2. xi. 6; 3. xi. 13, 26; 4. xi. 31; 5. xi. 35 · 6. xii. 1; 7. xii. 6.

ANSWER TO HIDDEN TEXT.

NO. XIV.—p. 528.

The tree is known by his fruit.—*Matt.* xii. 33.

ANSWERS TO NATURAL HISTORY NOTES.

NO. VI.—p. 558.—VULTURE.

1. The destruction of Jerusalem by the Romans.
2. Exod. xx. 12. 3. 1 Tim. iv. 4. 4. Prov. xvi. 4.

NO. VII.—p. 608.—THE GIER-EAGLE, EAGLE, AND FALCON.

1. Isaiah x. 5, 15. 2. Jonah and Nahum.

ANSWERS TO SCRIPTURE ENIGMAS.

NO. XVIII.—p. 528.—"LORD IS IT I?"—Matt. xxvi. 22.

L-aban	Gen. xxxi. 27.
O-badiah.	1 Kings xviii. 7.
R-ebekah	Gen. xxvii. 46.
D-arius	Daniel vi. 20.
I-saac	Gen. xxii. 7.
S-amson	Judges xv. 18.
I-saiah	Isa. liii. 1.
T-homas	John xiv. 5.
I-srael	Gen. xxxii. 29.

NO. XIX.—p. 576.—I AM THE DOOR.—John x. 9.

I-mage of God	2 Cor. iv. 4.
A-dvocate	1 John ii. 1.
M-essiah	John i. 40, 41.
T-rue vine	John xv. 1, 4.
H-orn of salvation	Luke i. 67, 69.
E-mmanuel	Matt. i. 23.
D-esire of all nations	Haggai ii. 7.
O-mega	Rev. i. 11.
O-ur passover	1 Cor. v, 7.
R-edeemer	Job xix. 25, 26

NO. XX.—p. 592.—HANNAH.

H-aman	Est. vii. 1-10.
A-chan	Josh. vii. 20-25.
N-ebuchadnezzar . .	Dan. iv. 28-33.
N-ineveh	Jonah iii. 4.
A-bsalom	2 Sam. xiv. 25, 26.
H-erod.	Matt. ii. 16.

THE SUNDAY AT HOME

O DAY MOST CALM, MOST BRIGHT! . . .
THE WEEK WERE DARK BUT FOR THY LIGHT.—*Herbert.*

GENEVIÈVE:

A STORY OF OLD FRANCE.

THE SOILED AND CRUMPLED LETTER WAS FROM HIS DISOWNED, REBELLIOUS SON.

CHAPTER XVI.—THE "FAUX SAUNIERS."

"There is dust on his sunny brow,
And over his graceful head."

NOT long afterwards, Mademoiselle learned something more about the young Marquis de Sercourt, something which Geneviève did not know, and of which, upon reflection, she thought it best to leave her for the present in ignorance. For it scarcely afforded a rational well-grounded hope that he was still alive, although it threw over his last days (if, indeed, he were dead) the light of a noble impulse and a generous purpose. During an unwilling attendance at one of her mother's evening receptions, she heard of the capture, in Auvergne, of a daring and notorious "faux saunier." This desperate smuggler and murderer was, according to the barbarous fashion of the times, condemned to the wheel; but he passionately entreated to be

brought to Paris to die, and to be permitted an interview with the Duc de Graffont, as he had important revelations to make to him. It was the Duc's return to Paris which had brought up his name in conversation on the day Geneviève heard the mention of Edouard; he was now restored ostensibly to the good graces of the king, though not really forgiven, for Louis the Magnificent seldom forgave.

The faux saunier's prayer was granted, and the Duc received the information that his nephew was not dead. His life, it was said, had been spared, and moreover he had been nursed through a long illness, the consequence of the wound he had received, by an old woman, the prisoner's grandmother, who seemed to exercise a peculiar kind of influence, almost of authority, over the lawless band. After his recovery he had escaped out of their hands, probably by her connivance, and no one knew what had become of him.

But she retained, and had given to her grandson, two papers, which he now produced. One of these purported to be in Edouard's own handwriting—a promise scribbled with a pencil on a leaf torn from his pocket-book, that he would not prosecute any of the gang, but that, on the contrary, if any were taken, he would endeavour to procure their pardon. The other was a letter of some length, addressed to him, which had been found upon his person, and retained by the old woman.

The Duc de Graffont, when he heard this story, did not for a moment believe that his nephew was still alive. If the words pencilled on that scrap of paper were genuine and not forged, he thought they had been obtained from him before his death by fair means or by foul. But the letter which had been found in his possession was certainly genuine, and though not of greater interest, was possibly of more importance. The Duc de Graffont, now doubly bereaved, knew that handwriting only too well. He took the soiled and crumpled paper from the prisoner with a sigh, and, in spite of his incredulity, was sufficiently moved to promise that he would procure him a reprieve, which, if evidence could be obtained to corroborate his story, might result in a pardon.

What the letter contained he kept fast locked in his own heart. It was from his disowned, rebellious son, whose name for five years had never passed his lips, though all who were near his person knew well that it was continually in his thoughts. He might banish the rebel from his home, and deprive him of his fortune, but he could not drive him from his heart.

We are privileged to know what was so jealously hidden from the world. We may look over the shoulder of the sorrowing nobleman, as, locked into his private cabinet, he reads once and again, and not without the slow, reluctant tears of age, the words addressed to his favourite nephew, by his still-loved, though graceless and ungrateful son.

The letter, which bore neither date nor address, ran thus—

"Monsieur, my Cousin,

"Since that accidental meeting which I had with you in the Fencing Academy at the Marais, during my stolen visit to Paris, I have known you as a young man of the finest honour, and endowed with a feeling and generous heart. Your desire to serve me—so unexpected in the man, who, of all others, has gained by my ruin, moves me to address you. First, I shall trouble you with a few words of explanation. My father, I well know, will never name me in your hearing; but your fashionable acquaintances (who were mine also) and the household, will not imitate his reticence. So I wish you to know truly—what they are certain to misrepresent—the true cause of my disgrace. I need not describe, nor shall I seek to extenuate, my youthful escapades. There will be plenty to tell you of them, and especially of the debts which I made at *bassette*.[1] I had always very ill-luck at play, which was the more unfortunate, because I was passionately fond of it. My father, to do him justice, paid my debts and forgave me oftener than I care to remember now. Such mischances, though they might have occasioned quarrels between us, would never have moved him to disinherit me. My real offence was my clandestine marriage with Mdlle. de Bauny. Well, I cannot deny that I broke into the convent where she was a boarder, carried her off with some show of violence, and bribed a luckless rascal of a priest, who was out at elbows, to marry us upon the cross of my sword.[2] Of course, her family, whom my father holds in the highest consideration, were all furious; and perhaps it may be thought that I did not take the best means of soothing their irritation when I attempted to throw her brother out of a window. Still, what business had he to pursue us? When a thing is done, it is done. It was foolish to make a scandal about it, and to get a *lettre de cachet* from the King. I had no desire to see the interior of the Bastille, so I slipped away to Holland; but, unhappily, I had to leave my poor little bride behind me at Metz, with an old dependant of her own family, who promised to take good care of her. Poor Madeleine—how beautiful she was, and how innocent and good! Mere convent-bred child though she seemed, there was a quite wonderful stateliness and serenity about her; you felt you had to bow down before her in your heart. Certainly she was too good for me—and therefore, I suppose, we were separated. Heaven knows where she is now. She is as good as ever, no doubt, but I fear her beauty is ruined; for the first tidings from old Filleul that followed me to Holland were that smallpox was raging in Metz, and that she had taken it. A second letter informed me that she was recovering; but that her family had found out where she was, and would probably compel her to return to them, or place her in a convent.

"So, Monsieur, my cousin, you perceive the height and depth of my ill-luck. Wiser men than I have bartered a fortune for a fair face; but

[1] A kind of play then much in vogue with fashionable gamblers.

[2] This was done at the time by a young man of rank and fashion.

then, they have got what they wanted. I have lost all, and gained nothing. But I am not complaining. I desire, I own that I desire most earnestly, to be reconciled to my father. But my difficulty is this; no eloquence of mine could persuade him that I desire it from disinterested motives, and therefore he would certainly reject me. I must wait.

"In Holland I endured misery enough. One day I was in a gaming house, staking my last coin—my very last—when I heard those around me talking of a project to restore the King of England.[1] I had known his Majesty very well in France, having quaffed many a cup and changed many a jest with him in the olden times. He was always a merry, kind-hearted gentleman, with no pride about him, and a good comrade to those he liked. So I went to him, and offered him my sword as a volunteer. I was graciously accepted—and here I find myself in England!

"But there was no fighting, worse luck for me! If we had even had a brush with the 'Roundheads,' as they call them, I might have done something to earn a commission in his Majesty's army. As it is, I am little better off in London than I was at the Hague. I have had, once or twice, fair words from the king, when I threw myself in his way, during his daily walk in the park. But no man can live upon fair words; while he, poor gentleman! has nothing else to spare for me, since two-score needy beggars of his own nation are clamouring around him for every place he has to bestow. So, to speak plainly, Monsieur, my cousin, I am often very hungry. I have thought, more than once, of making a quick end of it all, either by a pistol shot, or a plunge into that fine river they call the Temmse—but, after all, Monsieur, a man has to ask himself if it be the end. It is easy to be a 'free spirit,' a 'strong spirit,' when the blood is hot in one's veins and the money heavy in one's purse; in a word, when all goes well. But in times of sorrow and hunger and loneliness, the thought will come—What if I have God to reckon with afterwards?

"But I did not mean to write after this fashion. Do not think of me as a coward, Monsieur, my cousin. If I know myself, I am not that; but I am certainly unfortunate. You, to whom the prizes of life have fallen, can afford to be generous. The time has not yet come when you could serve me with my father, were you generous enough even for that; but at least you can give me tidings of my poor Madeleine, from whom I have been sundered so cruelly.

"I may add also, in conclusion, that all the circumstances fairly considered, I should see nothing dishonourable in accepting a bill upon a London goldsmith[2] for a hundred crowns or so—just enough to keep me from absolute starvation. It is, in a manner, my own money; since, although my father has disowned me, I do not cease to be his natural heir. Any communication addressed to me at the hotel of the French ambassador in London will reach me safely.

"With sentiments the most distinguished,
"I have the honour to be,
"Monsieur, my cousin,
"Your very obedient kinsman
and servant,
"LÉON PAUL EMILE CHÉVRES DE GRAFFONT."

What impression this curious letter, with its mixture of genuine feeling and affectation, of meanness and conceit, may have produced upon the Duc de Graffont, was never made known to any one. Shortly afterwards he again retired to Auvergne, from whence there came a rumour, by-and-by, that the story of the "faux saunier" had received an unexpected confirmation. It was said that the Duc had heard from his nephew, who was really alive and well. It was added that his joy was great at the tidings, and so was his longing to embrace his favourite again. Yet, as it subsequently appeared, he denied himself; and, for reasons not divulged, gave the young man permission to travel for some time longer in foreign parts. Moreover, the "faux saunier" received, through his influence, a free pardon, with permission to enlist in his Majesty's army, where he did good service in the German war.

The affair was a "nine days' wonder" and theme for gossip in the ruelles and salons of the capital; but it was soon supplanted by some fresh "historiette," and well-nigh forgotten. It could not fail to reach the ears of Mademoiselle de Roannez and of Geneviève Montères; but they never spoke of it to each other. Each had her own reason for this reticence. That of the elder woman was clearly avowed and frankly justified to her own mind. There was too much danger in these friendships between people whose rank was so different—so different, that is to say, in the world's estimation, which might be, and which probably was, utterly wrong, but which yet had such a terrible power to make itself felt, and to wreck young lives that ventured to disregard it. The sooner the poor child should learn that nothing which could happen to the Duc de Graffont's heir could possibly concern her in the least, the less pain the lesson would cost her.

But Geneviève could not have uttered in words the impulse that kept her silent towards her beloved and honoured lady. The gladness that thrilled her heart at the mere belief that Edouard still trod the same earth, still breathed the same air that she did, beamed from her kindling eyes, and lent new beauty to her blushing cheek. And yet she did not want to speak of it to any one, least of all perhaps to Mademoiselle. It was not that she doubted the sympathy of her friend; it was rather that she had a dim perception, or intuition, that it was not well to exhibit her secret stores of wealth in the eyes of one, who, amidst the outward splendours of her life, still bore a heart that was poor and empty.

[1] Charles II.
[2] Goldsmiths at this time acted as bankers.

OUR ENGLISH HYMNS.

SIXTH PAPER.

A HYMN may be considered from two points of view—literary, as the utterance of the writer's thought in the writer's own way, and liturgical, as the chosen expression of congregational worship. The former point is now more generally regarded than was once the case. Formerly it seemed a principle, tacitly accepted by compilers of hymn books, that the supposed needs, or tastes, or theological prepossessions of the congregation were to override the author's language, and even his ideas. To this feeling are due the many alterations which have filled our hymn books with various readings, and which make it often difficult to regain the original. But it is noticeable that the writer's own text has in multitudes of instances held good its claim to preference over all so-called amendments. John Wesley, in the Preface to his Collection, makes a protest in advance against those who would alter the hymns. "I desire they would not attempt to mend them, for they really are not able. None of them is able to mend either the sense or the verse." Yet Wesley did not scruple to alter Watts—certainly not always for the better; and in most instances the original readings stand their ground, the only very notable exception being Wesley's substituted commencement of Watts's hundredth Psalm:

Before Jehovah's awful throne.

It must be conceded that, on the literary ground, the second thought of the compiler has now and then an advantage over the first thought of the author. There are instances in which the writers of hymns have gladly accepted the suggestions of their critics; and we may well believe that there are many other cases in which "the writers themselves, had they lived in our day, would have written differently."[1] In such cases, what is a conscientious compiler to do, anxious at once to respect the rights of his author and the needs of the congregation?

May not a "falsetto note" sometimes be struck out? Thus in Faber's *Pilgrims of the Night*, the last lines run thus:—

While we sing on, and soothe ourselves with weeping,
Till life's long night shall break in endless love.

May we not write, as almost all editors have done.

Till morning's joy shall end the night of weeping,
And life's long shadows break in cloudless love?

This is an alteration, surely, which the author ought to have welcomed. So in Kirke White's simpler hymn "Much in sorrow, oft in woe," the last line of verse 1 reads in most Hymnals, "Strengthened with the bread of life;" but the author himself wrote "*Steep with tears* the bread of life." It is difficult not to approve the alteration, although the new *Congregational Church Hymnal* has, we perceive, reverted to the original text. Such cases of admissible change are, however, at the best exceptional. As a general rule, the writer's own words best express the writer's own thought. It is remarkable how even true poets have failed in their criticism and attempted amendment of others' works. To take a noteworthy instance:

"I entirely rewrote," says James Montgomery, "the first verse of that favourite hymn commencing 'There is a fountain filled with blood.' The words are objectionable, as representing a fountain being *filled*, instead of *springing up*. I think my version is unexceptionable:

From Calvary's cross a fountain flows,
Of water and of blood;
More healing than Bethesda's pool,
Or famed Siloam's flood."

It is not wonderful that our dear Cowper has held his own!

Another hymn that has been found at variances with modern tastes is the well-known song of pilgrimage, "Guide me, O Thou great Jehovah": a translation from the Welsh. It was first published in 1773, as a leaflet, headed, "A favourite Hymn sung by Lady Huntingdon's young Collegians. Printed by the desire of many Christian friends. Lord, give it Thy blessing!" The quaint simplicity of the hymn, as well as its happy adaptation of the story of Israel's pilgrimage, has made it a favourite; and after many attempts to present it in a more elegant garb, wise editors of hymn books are now content to leave it as it is universally known. Should, however, any readers desire a revised version of the old Welsh, here is the hymn, as rewritten by no less a poet than Mr. Keble:

Guide us, Thou whose name is Saviour,
Pilgrims in the barren land;
We are weak, and Thou Almighty;
Hold us with Thy strong right hand,
As in Egypt,
As upon the Red Sea strand.

Let the cloud and fire supernal
Day and night before us go;
Lead us to the rock and fountain
Whence the living waters flow;
Bread of heaven,
Feed us till no want we know.

When we touch the cold dark river,
Cleave for us the swelling tide;
Through the flood and through the whirlpool,
Let Thine ark our footsteps guide:
Jesu, lead us,
Land us safe on Canaan's side.

Correct and pretty enough; but do the lines stir the heart like the old rugged hymn? If we

[1] W. Garrett Horder, Preface to *Congregational Hymns*.

are not mistaken, they will pass to oblivion, side by side with Montgomery's emendation of Cowper.

But we are bound to add that such "improvements" of familiar hymns are not the greatest faults committed by their revisers. Sometimes the doctrine is a stumbling-block, and the alterations or additions made compel the author, without any notice to the reader, to speak the language of a creed or system entirely alien from his sympathies. A notable instance occurs in Cowper's hymn, "Jesus, where'er Thy people meet." The hymn was written in 1769, for the opening of a new room at Olney for prayer meetings, in which the poet in his happier days often led the devotions. But Mr. Keble attempted to adapt the hymn to the purposes of public worship, altering Cowper's last verse:

> Lord, we are few, but Thou art near;
> Nor short Thine arm, nor deaf Thine ear;
> O rend the heavens! come quickly down,
> And make our waiting hearts Thine own!

to the following:—

> Come, with Thy mighty rushing wind,
> Thy fire that rages unconfined;
> Shake every soul, win every heart,
> Come, nor for evermore depart!

But such an emendation is mainly a matter of taste and literary justice. A more serious thing is that certain verses added by Mr. Keble to Cowper's hymn give a sacramental tone to the whole, which the poet would have earnestly repudiated.

> Here to the babe new born on earth
> Grant Thou the newer, better birth;
> By water and the Holy Ghost
> Restoring all that Adam lost.
>
> Here to the weary hungry soul
> Give Thou the gift that maketh whole;
> The bread that is Christ's flesh for food,
> The wine that is the Saviour's blood.[1]

Nor is this kind of unwarrantable dealing confined to the teachers of a sacramentarian theology. Efforts are sometimes made to put a deeper evangelical meaning into hymns that seem neutral or negative in their tone. Thus, to quote one of the least objectionable instances, Newman's "Lead, kindly Light," has, in Bishop Bickersteth's Hymnal, an added verse:—

> Meantime along the narrow rugged path
> Thyself hast trod,
> Lead, Saviour, lead me home in childlike faith,
> Home to my God,
> To rest for ever after earthly strife
> In the calm light of everlasting life.

Perhaps this addition is as successful as any could possibly be, and it has this in its favour, that it introduces into the hymn the name of Christ. And yet—we are more than content to close the hymn where the writer left it, where "angel faces smile" in the eternal morning!

Another instance is in the well-known hymn "Art thou weary, art thou languid?" to which we have found four verses added, by some unknown editor, from the apparent wish to give stronger expression to the evangelical truths which underlie the touching appeals of the Christian poet. We are indebted to a much-esteemed correspondent for calling attention to these additions. After the stanza beginning "If I find Him, if I follow," we read:

> Is this all He hath to give me,
> In my life below?—
> "Joy unspeakable and glorious
> Thou shalt know.
>
> "All thy sins shall be forgiven,
> All things work for good;
> Thou shalt bread of life from Heaven
> Have for food.
>
> "From the fountains of salvation
> Thou shalt water draw;
> Sweet shall be Thy meditation
> In God's Law."

Then after the next familiar verse—"If I still hold closely to Him," another is interpolated:—

> "Festal palms and crowns of glory,
> Robes in blood washed white,
> God in Christ, His people's Temple:
> There no night."

The verses were no doubt added with the praiseworthy intention of bringing into clearer expression the truths of the Gospel, but we may be assured that both Stephen the Sabaite and Dr. Neale would have regarded them as breaking the unity of the hymn.

We have quoted the best examples with which we are acquainted of evangelical additions to famous hymns. Some compilers have gone to yet greater length, and have ruthlessly refashioned familiar strains to suit their theological conceptions. All parties have erred in this way; and if evangelical editors are, to some extent, chargeable with the fault, what are we to say of those who refuse to Christ the Lord His divine Majesty, and, wherever possible, strike out the word *Saviour?* Instances crowd upon us, and we can do little more than protest against such changes as substitute for "Saviour, breathe an evening blessing," "*Holiest* breathe an evening blessing," and for "Jesu, Lover," "*Father, Refuge*, of my soul." In one collection, *Just as I am* reads at the end of every verse, "*O loving God*, I come!" the name of Charlotte Elliott being appended to the hymn without any notice of the alteration. So in another hymn by that lady: for "O holy Saviour, Friend unseen," we have "O holy *Father*." Very ingenious are some of the changes made in equally familiar hymns. Thus we read in Keble's Evening Hymn:

> Sun of my soul, for ever near,
> It is not night, if Thou be here.

Again, in the last verse of "Abide with me":

> Come then in light before my closing eyes,

and in the first couplet of Mr. Ellerton's fine Lord's day evening hymn:

> Again to Thee, our guardian God, we raise
> With one accord our parting hymn of praise.

[1] The *Sarum Hymnal*.

So, in Bishop Wordsworth's hymn "Gracious Spirit, Holy Ghost," the first verse is altered thus:

> Mighty Spirit, gracious Guide!
> Let Thy light in us abide—
> Chiefest gift at Whitsuntide—
> Holy, heavenly Love.

We are not now discussing doctrine; our plea is for fair dealing with the name and fame of those who have aided our devotions; and our honour for their memory, if nothing else, should forbid our perverting or attenuating their most sacred beliefs. Even so slight a change in Charles Wesley's Jubilee hymn, as "all-atoning Lamb" into "sin-atoning Lamb," we hold to be unwarrantable. If the hymn, as it came from the poet's mind and hand, should not be in accord with our views, we had better forego its use than make it utter a language which its writer would have repudiated.

We do not forget that hymns are written *for the congregation;* and after all that has been said, it remains a serious question how far we are justified in asking a miscellaneous assembly to utter solemn words to which it is probable that the hearts of many present will make no response. The difficulty lies, however, at the very root of common worship, and will by no means be met by eliminating from the hymns every word of assured faith or of joy in God. Without these, what would our hymns be worth? And even if such phrases disappear—as we have seen a collection in which *My God* and *Our God* are carefully changed throughout to *O God!*—there is still in the very act of worship an *implicit* profession; and the true solution of the problem is, to leave the responsibility with the individual. Else would public united worship in any form become a logical impossibility.

The Book of Psalms may be taken as typical of both the spirit and the form of our devotions. Is it asked, for instance, whether our hymns may be expressive of prayer as well as of praise? The answer is, that in the Psalms we have the *Miserere* and the *De Profundis*, as well as the *Jubilate* and the *Hallelujah*. Is it urged that our hymns ought always to be direct addresses to God? The reply is again to be found in the communings of the psalmists with their own hearts, and with the congregation of the faithful. May we, it is again inquired, turn in our hymns from prayer and praise to statements of doctrine and confessions of faith? We are justified in this also, by the the thirteen *Maschils* of the Psalter, as well as by other psalms where the evident purpose is the instruction of the assembly. The Songs of Zion, in their rich variety, furnish us with a precedent that we are perhaps too slow to follow, in giving rhythmical and musical expression to all utterance of Christian emotion. "Songs of Christian thought" have as true a place as songs of holy adoration.

These considerations suggest two further questions, on which opinion has been much divided in the churches. One is, as to the use of the Psalms in metrical versions. This practice, chiefly distinctive of English Nonconformist congregations, as well as of the Scottish churches, is, perhaps, gradually diminishing with the prevalence of chanting; and certainly it is as appropriate that a Christian assembly should unite with heart and voice in the words:

> Bless the Lord, O my soul;
> And all that is within me, bless His holy name,

as that they should sing together—

> O thou my soul, bless God the Lord;
> And all that in me is
> Be stirrèd up, His holy name
> To magnify and bless.

Which of these two versions shall be preferred, or whether any other, is surely a matter on which entire Christian liberty may be accorded. Then, there is the question between the versions in which translators have striven to reproduce the very phrases of Scripture in a metrical arrangement, and those in which, like Dr. Watts, they have chosen rather to "imitate the Psalms in the language of the New Testament." It would, in our judgment, be a narrow and illiberal criticism that would condemn either. Already, in our Hundred Hymns, and in the succeeding list of fifty, there are several versions of the Psalms; and others might be mentioned which the churches cannot willingly let die. Many will occur to almost every reader, not only from Rous (the "Scottish Version"), and Dr. Watts, but from Lyte, Conder, Rawson, Charles Wesley and others; while Keble, in his "Oxford Psalter," has some magnificent versions of the Psalms, too little known.

The other question to which we refer, although practically settled in most churches, is one that even yet agitates some minds. How far are we authorised in adopting any other forms of metrical worship than those which are directly founded upon the Psalms? Certain Christian communities, it is well-known, have steadfastly refused to employ hymns "of human composition." We cannot but hold them mistaken. The children of God have a right to speak to their Father in their own words. It is so in prayer, why not in praise? The assumption that Scripture has already given us every form of words in which we are to express our adoration is as unsupported as would be the supposition that every warrantable form of *prayer* is found there likewise. The command "When ye pray, say: Our Father which art in heaven," does not limit our devotions to the Lord's prayer. The injunction, in fact, is interpreted by the other command: "After this manner pray ye." So would we unhesitatingly say, Praise God "after the manner" of the Psalms:—in their *words*, both as literally rendered and as freely adapted to Christian use, and in their *spirit* also—the spirit of trust and adoration, the spirit of thoughtfulness and penitence, and, above all, the spirit of joy in God, and self-forgetting praise. For the Psalter of Israel may teach us that praise is the loftiest expression of the glad soul in fellowship with God. Gratitude is good, and it is well to remember what

God is to us: but it is better to think upon what He is in Himself, in His infinite excellency and His eternal love. And so we sing "Forgot not all His *benefits:*" but a loftier thought had inspired and led the anthem: "Let all that is within me bless His holy *name!*" A song conceived in this spirit it cannot be amiss to utter with heart and voice before our God. Dr. Watts, speaking of his "second book" of hymns, remarks that their "form is of more human composure; but I hope," he adds, "the sense and materials will always appear Divine."

ST. SAVIOUR'S IN SOUTHWARK,

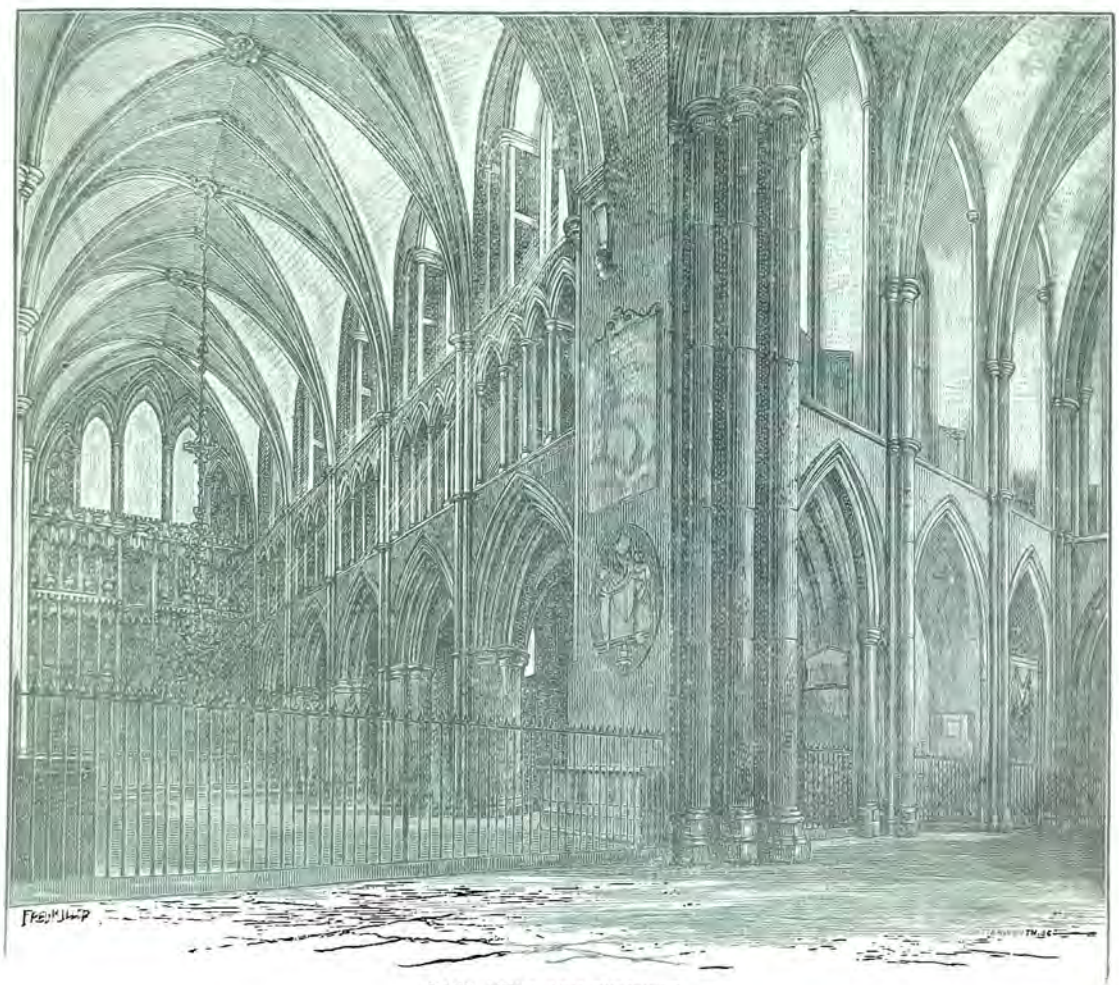
OR, ST. MARY OVERIE.

ST. SAVIOUR'S, SOUTHWARK.

HIDDEN in a hollow at the south-west corner of London Bridge, there stands the finest church in Surrey. Girder-span and graded bank, goods flats and potato stalls seem to have got it down amongst them waiting for the word to close and throttle it out of existence. There was a time when it stood boldly out the most prominent object on the river side, pleasantly rising from the gentle slope of a rounded promontory such as a winding stream always leaves to grow in contrast to the sharper rise it erodes from the opposite shore.

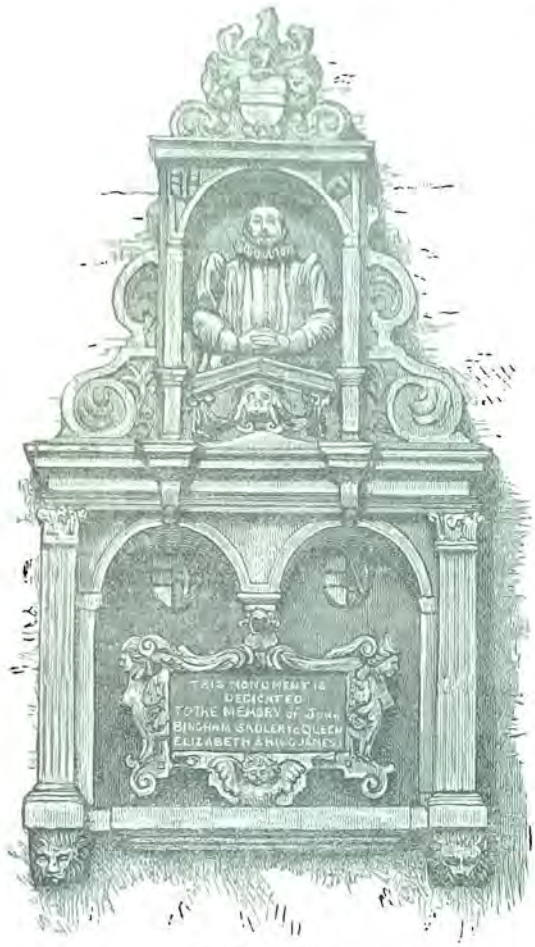
Once on a time, says the legend, when London Bridge was not, there was here a ferry. The ferryman's name was Overie, and he had a lovely daughter Mary, whose mother was dead, and who had promised her hand to a certain noble knight. Overie was one of the meanest of men, thrifty

even to starving-point. He was, in short, a miser, and in his frantic endeavour to keep down his household expenses to a minimum, a strange idea occurred to him. This was to feign himself dead, so that for grief at his demise his household, for one day at least, would entirely refrain from food. And so the old man carefully locked his larder and went upstairs and simulated death. He was "laid out," and measured for his coffin, and he kept himself stiff and still, and chuckled internally at his new device for reducing his expenditure. Alas! instead of grieving over the loss of their miserly master, the household rejoiced exceedingly. Headed by the cheery prentice, they broke into the larder, and prepared the only good dinner they had had for months. Fancy the ferryman's disgust, as he lay all silent and deserted upstairs supposed to be dead, and yet listening to all that passed in the room below! He could hear the sharp click of the knives against the trenchers; he could hear more trenchers clicking than there were mouths in the family. Horrible thought! Guests must have been received, and these guests must be feeding at his expense. And he could hear them in full swing, rude and noisy. The mock corpse could stand it no longer. It jumped up, and leaping down the ladder, appeared in its winding sheet among the revellers. The prentice caught sight of the figure in mid air, and seizing the broken oar that lay handy, fetched the ferryman such a blow on the head as stretched him lifeless on the ground. The presence of death in its new form awoke the horror that the mere placidly sleeping away had failed to arouse; and the merrymaking was at an end. The news of the strange calamity soon reached the lover, who, mounting his horse, spurred furiously to the ferryman's cottage. His haste outran his skill, he let his horse stumble, it fell and shot him off on to his head, and killed him there and then. Poor Mary, motherless, fatherless, loverless, was left mourning, but with much wealth; and sick of the world she founded in the meadow behind the ferry the Convent of St. Mary Overie. To it the goodwill of the ferry business was transferred, proving a source of rich income; and when in time the traffic had grown so as to need a bridge, the bridge was built by the Sisters and the tolls accrued for their further welfare.



NAVE AND SOUTH TRANSEPT.

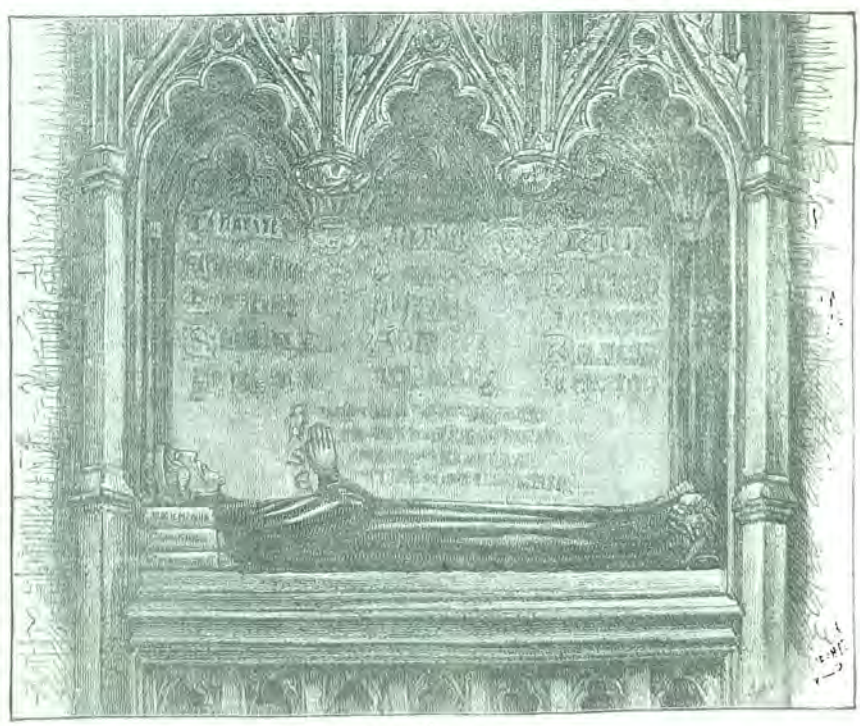
A romantic story—and as anachronistic in detail as Malory's "Morte d'Arthur," about the date of whose publication it seems to have arisen.



BINGHAM'S TOMB.

the bridge was taken and the city saved, but not by the English. Olaf Haraldson, the Norwegian King, came sailing up the river to Ethelred's help—for a consideration—and took the task in hand. He seized on the old walls of some wooden house near by, and lashed them as shelter boards to the mastheads of his fleet. With this curiously top-heavy gear he boldly floated under the arches during the last hour of the flood. There was a terrible battle all along the line. Arrows, javelins, boulders, missiles of all sorts were rained down on the Norsemen as they swung up against the piers and under the narrow arches. Many of the ships were so battered that they had to sheer off as the tide turned and drop back into the Pool. But the King got under unharmed, and fastening on to piers, piles and struts, began to hack them down and tear them up, and cause such confusion that the defence languished, and the other ships came back to the rescue, and Olaf's men fixing on to pillar and crosspiece and everything shiftable, brought rope and cable, warp and hawser into play, and amid a long clamorous struggle with the Danes above and beyond them, pulled the bridge down piecemeal and recaptured the city. In perpetual remembrance whereof Olaf the Thickset, when he became a saint, had a church founded to his honour, that of St. Olave's at the south-east corner of the present bridge, and his name having advanced from Olaf to St. Olave, developed still further into St. Ooley, and now appears in Tooley Street close at hand.

This remarkable fight of Norwegian with Dane for the capital of the English, gives us the date of one bridge which we can assume was the first, and it must, therefore, have taken place before the date of the ferryman's Mary. Alas! for the "Old Moll," such is the irreverent nickname of the ferryman's daughter that now does duty as a borough toast, could only have existed previous to the building of London Bridge, and there was a bridge here in the days of Ethelred the Unready, or rather "un-redy" as it should be written, the said unredy not meaning "unprepared," but rather "in a fog," "destitute of rede, or counsel," "without a notion of what to do next." This bridge was the stronghold of the Danes when they occupied London, to the despair of the witless king. Between Sweyn's death and the coming of Canute,



GOWER'S TOMB.

heroine of Suthvere, or Southwark—there are fifty intermediate modes of spelling it—no such name as Mary was then borne by an Englishwoman, and the legend collapses in the same way as that of Godiva of Coventry; there was no Peeping Thomas, and there was no Mary Overie, for Scriptural names were not given in baptism in this country until after the Norman invasion.

What, then, is this "Overie," which is not peculiar to Southwark but appears in the Norfolk villages of Burnham Overy, and Barton Overy, and elsewhere? Is it another form of Audrey, the same Audrey as the maid of "St. Audrey's Chain," the fine silk cord which Englishwomen used to wear round the neck in memory of the pious daughter of Anna the East Anglian King, who is better known among us now as St. Etheldreda of Ely? Or does Overie simply mean "over the water?"

Although the legend is self-destructive, there is good reason to suppose that a church or monastery existed on the spot long before the days of St. Olave. The site was too suitable to be overlooked, and we may take it for granted that when Giffard founded the priory in 1107, it was in replacement of an earlier house. This Giffard, it may be noted, was the founder of Waverley Abbey by the river side near Farnham; hence the Southwark Inn of the Abbot of Waverley, and hence more notably, by way of the abbey annals, the name of the novels of Sir Walter Scott. The priory flourished encouragingly. De la Roche, the anti-Chartist of King John's day, whose name was so curiously Latinised into De Rupibus, was one of its conspicuous benefactors, and before his time tradition says much and proves little concerning the De la Warrennes. It was De Rupibus who founded St. Thomas's Hospital in memory of the martyr of Canterbury. "St. Thomas the Martyr" gave place to "Bekket's Spyttell;" after a time Bekket's Spyttell became the "Hospital of the Holy Trinity," which in Edward the Sixth's day became "The King's Hospital," which subsequently underwent another violent change into the Hospital of St. Thomas the Apostle, as we now know it. It was at this hospital that Coverdale's Bible was printed by James Nycolson, the same Nycolson who painted in stained glass, and supplied the noble windows at King's College, Cambridge.

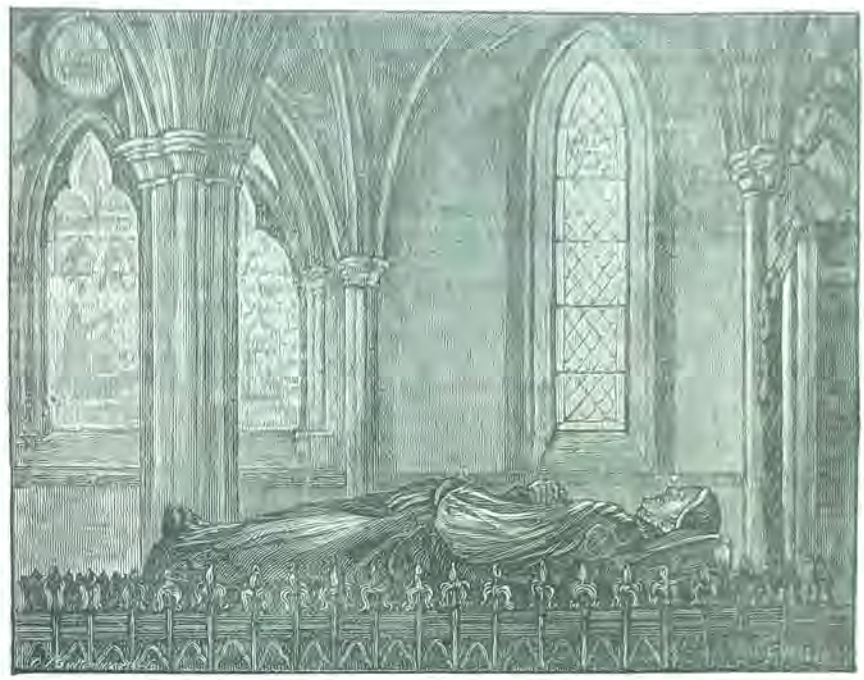
In 1212 there was a great fire at the priory, and the people crowded so to see, that when another fire broke out on the city side of the bridge, and the mob was caught between the burning ends, over three thousand lives were lost. It was after this catastrophe that Bishop De la Roche took the repairs in hand. Fifty years afterwards, in 1263, Simon de Montfort stormed the Southwark gate of the bridge, and there was an obstinate fight in full view of the monks. In 1424 the priory saw its grandest ceremony in the marriage of King James I. of Scotland to Lady Jane Beaufort—a marriage whose happiness ended in the tragedy at Perth in February, 1437, when Catherine Douglas thrust her arm through the door staple to keep the conspirators from murdering their king. In 1539 the priory was seized, like the other religious houses, by Henry the Eighth. The last prior was one Bartholomew Fowle, alias Linsted—there is always an alias in Southwark names—solely memorable for being the last, a Romulus Augustulus like so many more of his brethren in misfortune.

The Southwark parishes then, after a while, amalgamated and bought the priory church, henceforth to be known as St. Saviour's. The parts of the fabric not required for use were allowed to go to ruin. The lady chapel, since restored by Gwilt, became a bakehouse, and we afterwards read of its having a pigstye, and there being a tomb that was in the way of the business and other such matters. In 1559 the ornaments had been sold "for expenses of repairs." Two years afterwards "all church books in Latin to be defaced and cut according to the injunctions of the bishop," and next day there comes an injunction for "the rood loft to be taken down and made decent and comely as in the other churches of this city." This bishop was the Horne who applied to the astrologers as to the meaning of the "tayled star," a comet then visible which proved disturbing to the episcopal mind. He was the successor of Gardiner, a man of quite another school.

It was here in 1555 that Hooper and Rogers were tried before Gardiner and excommunicated, and hence they were taken to be burnt at Smithfield. And here it was that Marbeck, the author of the first Concordance—for there were concordances before Cruden—was also condemned. Concerning which is a pleasant story of Henry, how Marbeck's wife had, after much weary work and trouble, found the King and procured her husband's pardon, the monarch telling his council that he considered the Concordance maker had occupied his time much more profitably than the bishops had done theirs in condemning him. When Henry died, Gardiner ordered a solemn dirge to be performed at St. Mary's, and thereupon the Players at Bankside, a few yards away, announced that they too would act a solemn play, "and then would be seen who would have most visitors, they for their grief in sport, or he for their grief in earnest." Under Edward, Gardiner was in prison. As he passed down the Thames to the Tower, the Duchess of Suffolk, of the "Calamity," whose life he had sought in vain, shouted out the oft-quoted "It is merrie with the lambs now the wolf is shut up." At Edward's death he triumphed again, and was duly kissed and made Lord Chancellor. And in 1555 he died, his last act being the trial of the martyrs. His residence, Winchester House, was close by, and this of course accounts for the bishops of the old diocese having so much to do with St. Mary's.

All the traffic from Kent and the continent passed the priory gates over London's one bridge, and to this corner of Southwark all the southern roads converged. It was just outside the city, and within easy access of it, and if the truth must be told, it had a very unenviable reputation. We hear of the lord mayor and his men having to wait up all night on London Bridge to keep back the Surrey thieves, and we are also told that the thieves, outflanking the

mayor, used to cross in boats to Westminster. It was in consequence of its lawlessness that Edward I. made over Southwark to the city, and as it sent its two members to Parliament from the twenty-third year of his reign up to within recent days, it became known as "the borough," which title it still popularly bears. Wat Tyler's people streamed through on their way to London; and Jack Cade was here; and in the rebellion of Sir Thomas Wyatt against the Spanish Match in the days of Mary, the priory was turned into a fortress, that proved of little use to Sir Thomas, however, owing to its being commanded by the Tower guns.



BISHOP ANDREWES' TOMB.

In the borough were the priory, the hospital, Winchester House, Fastolf Place in Tooley Street, and the Abbey of Bermondsey, all of them famous in their way, but none more famous than the inns which were naturally numerous at the main southern entrance to the city. Of these, the chief were the White Hart, the Spurre, the Christopher, the Queen's Head, and, best known now of all, the Tabard, known, however, not for its landlords, but for the man of genius who immortalised it by therefrom starting his Pilgrimage to Canterbury.

Chaucer wrote much that the world will not willingly let die. The same cannot be said of his friend Gower, whose tomb is the first object that attracts attention as the present church of St. Saviour is entered. Gower was well to do, having made his name at the law—not at poetry. He kept on good terms with every one till his death, unlike Chaucer who was ruined by "the Merciless Parliament." He was a great benefactor to St. Mary's, and we read how "he prepared for his bones a resting, and there, somewhat after the old fashion, he lieth right sumptuously buried with a garland on his head in token that he in his life daies flourished freshly in literature and science." To the right of the door the Knight of the Silver Swan lies in painted effigy with his chaplet of roses and his green robe and SS. collar, his head resting on his three lengthy works whose titles read like bell mottoes—Vox Clamantis, Confessio Amantis, Speculum Meditantis—the said titles being pretty nearly all that is remembered of "the moral Gower." In the next generation the theatre at Bankside brought many famous men into the neighbourhood to find their graves eventually in this church and churchyard. Among them in 1607 was Edmund, "a player buried in ye church with a forenoone knell of the great bell," the youngest brother of William Shakspeare who lived a few rods away. Eighteen years afterwards there came here to his grave "a poet," so the register says, no other than John Fletcher, working partner in the firm of Beaumont and Fletcher, playwrights and general versemen. He had died of the plague; his father, the Bishop of London, is said to have died of tobacco smoking. In 1639, there came a pauper's funeral, that of "a stranger," as the book has it, one Philip Massinger who wrote "A new way to pay old debts," and paid his last debt as do all men. And here also was buried with much pomp Henslowe, who is just rememberable for having been Shakspeare's manager, and "produced" at the Globe the masterpieces the world knows without him.

Amid the graceful columns and beneath the lofty arches that seem to float above us are many other monuments to many smaller men. Four massive pillars lead upwards to the tower, which is a hundred and fifty feet high, though the dwarfing surroundings make it look much less. From its summit, Wenceslaus Hollar sketched the city during the Great Fire. From its windows, there has rung out over this river and its banks many an elaborate entanglement of bell music, and its tenor—

> Ring to sermon with a lusty boome
> That all may come, and none may stay at home,

has sent many a sounding message—we hope not in vain—to the good folk of Southwark far and near, to the "gildable manor," to the nearer

"liberty of the Clink," and the other borough purlieus.

The centre of the church remains almost untouched as it was left by the monks; and the architecture is unusually bold and impressive, with all that solemnity of line and curve that only Gothic can give. The original church was three hundred feet long, but now a screen shuts off the nave. To the nave the entrance is by steps, and the labour of the ascent is rewarded by a vision of what was thought to be architecture in the days of the last generation. The screen that veils it from the old work is the only welcome thing about it. At the other extremity of the church, below the choir, is the lady chapel, which went through such strange vicissitudes, and which was restored in, fortunately, quite a different spirit. In the chapel are the bosses from the old nave, seemingly protesting against the ruin of the old arches. Between the heap of bosses is the tomb of Launcelot Andrewes, one of the Bible translators "translated to Heaven"—the Bishop of Winchester, who knew twenty-one languages, and of whom old Fuller says "The world wanted learning to know how learned this man was: so skilled in all (especially Oriental) languages, that some conceive he might, if then living, almost have served as interpreter-general at the confusion of tongues." The portion of the Scriptures ascribed to Andrewes and his company was "the Pentateuch and the history from the book of Joshua to the first book of Chronicles exclusive," so that his work can be judged by all who choose.

The tomb is not in its original place. The "bishop's chapel," where it formerly stood, was at the back of the lady chapel. It has now disappeared, hence the flatness of the front towards the road over the bridge. The bishop's is a painted effigy. There is another effigy, one of a crusader yet unidentified, which has also seen many vicissitudes, and many coats of colouring. It is now recumbent, but it has been in all positions; it has even been stood bolt upright on its crossed legs.

Some of the epitaphs are noteworthy. Here is one to William Emerson—

> Who lived and died an honest man.

Here is another to Susannah Barford, aged ten:

> Such grace the King of kings bestowed upon her,
> That now she lives with him a Maid of Honour.

Here is another to a Mr. Garrard:

> Weep not for him for he is gone before
> To Heaven, where there are Grocers many more.

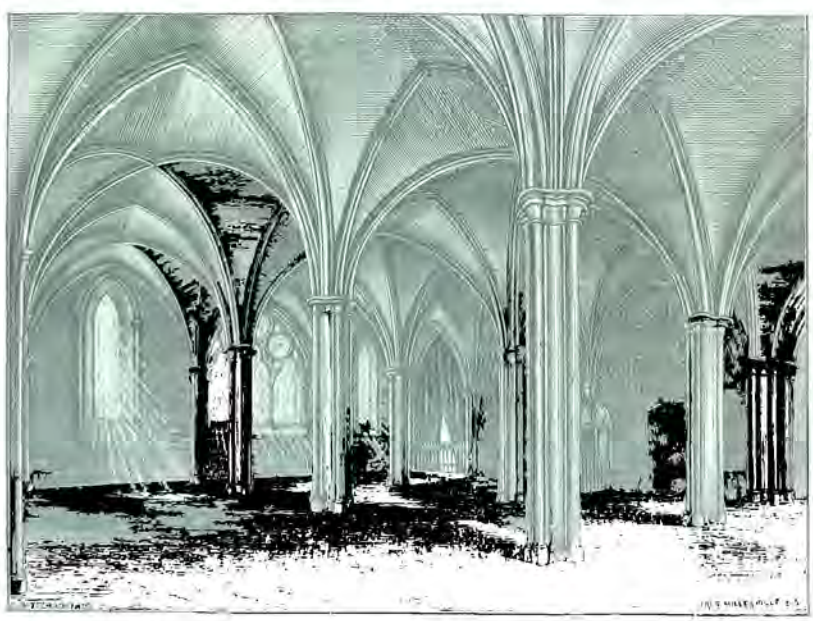
In the transept is a large tomb to a certain Lionel Lockyer, who, it seems, sold "Pilulæ radiis solis extractæ," at "four shillings per box, or ten shillings, according to their bignesse." A cherub gazes wonderingly at the doctor's wig, while an epitaph amongst other things informs us that

> His virtues and his pills are so well known,
> That envy can't confine them under stone!

But the best—in a better vein—is that on the tomb of the Humbles in the choir. It is in the true strain of the 'Emblems'—

> Like as the damask rose you see,
> Or like the blossom on the tree,
> Or like the dainty flower of May,
> Or like the morning of the day,
> Or like the sun or like the shade,
> Or like the gourd which Jonas had,—
> Even so is man, whose thread is spun,
> Drawn out and cut, and so is done;
> The rose withers, the blossom blasteth,
> The flower fades, the morning hasteth,
> The sun sets, the shadow flies,
> The gourd consumes, and man he dies.

W. J. GORDON.



THE LADY CHAPEL.

SEVENFOLD.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "NEARLY IN PORT," ETC.

CHAPTER IV.

A DAY or two later the little funeral took place. The parish provided the coffin, and Polly and the baby were chief mourners, her father and two or three neighbours following.

That afternoon Mrs. Adams came to see the Harts. She commended Mrs. Hart for her Christian charity in taking the child, adding that a blessing would surely come to her and her family. Then, turning to Polly with a smile, she said—"I should like to help a little, too. My baby has grown out of his cradle and out of his clothes, I will send them over to-morrow."

The girl's heart was too full to speak, but her tearful eyes and her curtsey spoke for her.

Mrs. Hart felt a little twinge of conscience at Mrs. Adam's praise, for if she had given her consent, was it not grudgingly? So she was specially snappish all the evening, and Polly was so meek, so patient, and so diligent in her work, that Mrs. Hart went to bed with another twinge in that rather torpid organ of her moral anatomy.

The cradle and baby clothes came next morning, and who so pleased as Polly, as she unfolded each little garment and held it up for her mother's inspection? Mrs. Hart stood by, the old motherly feelings waking up in spite of herself, and yet her comments would have taken off the edge of any one's pleasure less determinately bright and sweet-tempered than Polly.

"Well, to be sure," said she, fingering the tiny articles, "it do mind me of when you was a baby, Polly! Times is changed, but I kept you as nice as any lady's child. Them flannels is real good, not a penny less nor two and six a yard, I'll be bound, and well-washed too. You'll be looking to me to wash them for you, I suppose, and if ye'll keep a good girl, maybe I might, for I can't abear to see a good thing spoilt, and I used to be proud, though I say it, of my washing."

"By-the-bye, Polly," she went on as she came upon a little white frock, "here's something will do nicely when you come to take the child out."

"Oh, mother!" cried Polly quite pleased and grateful for her mother's interest in the baby, "and here is a lovely hood! now we only want a cloak."

"Just wrap it in my old red shawl," said Mrs. Hart.

Polly looked disappointed. "Oh, mother, not that."

"Fiddlesticks, girl! your cloak, when you were a babe, was the brightest scarlet I could get for the money. And it scoured and scoured! I've a bit of it yet somewhere."

"But, mother," said Polly with filling eyes, "the poor mother only just dead!"

"Oh, it is mourning you want? Well, wrap it in the old black shawl there. People know it's nothing to us, and ought by right to be in the Union. And maybe will be there yet, when the whim is over with you!"

And Mrs. Hart went back to her ironing, having successfully accomplished what St. James questions being possible. "Doth a fountain send forth at the same place sweet water and bitter?"

Polly said nothing. She gathered up the little pile of clothing, and carried it into her own little room. She was not a crier by any means, yet two or three drops fell on the topmost fold. She knelt down at a small brass-clamped trunk, the only thing left by poor Mrs. Burton, all other little effects had been claimed by the landlord for rent. It had her initial in brass letters on the top, and had only one short year ago contained her little wedding outfit.

Polly opened it now for the first time, to put by any of the new clothes not wanted at present for the baby. There was the mother's Bible, and a few other books, some poor, well-mended clothing, and something wrapped in a towel. When Polly unpinned it, she found a good grey alpaca dress, and a white shawl. And she remembered Mrs. Burton telling her that though in her distress she had parted with everything she could spare, she had still kept the dress and shawl she had been married in.

Polly's soft heart was already sad, and at this sight she broke down utterly. So lately a pretty, happy young bride—then a broken-hearted widow—and now—gone—"leaving her baby to me," sobbed Polly, "and now, if mother sends it to the Union after all!"

The words of the dying mother came to her mind at that moment, "It seems like impossible now to mistrust Him," and Polly was comforted.

She dried her tears, put back the things in the box, and washing her face to hide the tear-stains, she went in briskly to help her mother.

Every day bound Polly more closely to her charge. The little child was named Cherry, after its dead mother. How fervently she prayed for her baby! How she wished she could have put it into those kind Arms that once held the little ones brought by the "Mothers of Salem," and could have heard Him say "Suffer the little children to come unto Me!" And she begged Him especially to look upon this motherless child and keep it from ever being sent to the Union, and to help her to take care of it, and to be a good girl at home, so that her mother might have no cause to be angry about the baby.

Her devotion did not pass unnoticed. Mr. Adams was deeply interested in what he saw. "My dear," he said to his wife, as they one day chanced to pass John Hart in the street, "I cannot

help thinking of the work of these good Harts in taking up that forlorn little waif! Polly Hart is as motherly over it as any mother could be. Surely they will be rewarded sevenfold. John's wages are not large, and now this will be another to feed. I hear his master is losing his foreman. I must speak for John, he is a treasure for honesty and steadiness."

"Do, my dear," responded Mrs. Adams heartily, "it will be a kindness to both master and man; but I doubt Polly is determined not to let the baby cost her parents a penny. She rises earlier to make shirts for the shops, and works harder than ever at home—so her mother tells me—she seems very proud of her daughter, though I suspect she was not for having the child, but was coaxed into it by John and the girl.

"It is very touching to see Polly with the little creature. She holds it so close, as if it were a treasure that all the world should not take from her! That's a real good girl, Stephen, and I'd be glad they were better off, and could afford a better lodging, they are in a sadly tumble-down old house."

So it came round that about a week after this conversation, to John's great surprise, his master Mr. Gritts called him into his private room, and offered him the place of foreman, with a considerable increase of wages.

I do not think Her Majesty's Prime Minister rolls home in his brougham after his appointment more elated by his promotion, than was honest John Hart hurrying home to the dingy old house to tell the good news.

It seemed to come just when things were at the worst. Some part of the old chimney had given way, and the room was choked with smoke, the thing of all others that tried Mrs. Hart most. She was scolding Polly, as she was handy to vent her ill-temper on, and greeted John with an angry exclamation, as opening the door brought down a fresh puff.

But the news he had to tell soothed everything down. Mrs. Hart forgot her grievances in her pride and pleasure.

"Though to be sure," she said, after the first surprise was over, "it's only what he ought to have done before this; you so long with him, and always decent and respectable, and your shirt-fronts like a curd, and your shoes polished till I could see to put on my cap in them! Besides being honest and sober past the common."

John, seeing that his wife was warming into anger at the good fortune having come no sooner, wisely turned her thoughts into a new channel, by suggesting it would be well to look about for a better house. Now that the chimney was crumbling away, it was an unavoidable step.

There was one little street of tidy, small houses nearly out of the town. A quiet country road was at the end of it. Behind the houses were fields, and gardens at the back of each. The fresh country air blew soft and sweet up the street, and in a few minutes you could get quite out of the town, among fields and hawthorn hedges, and all pleasant country sights and sounds.

This had been the favourite Sunday afternoon walk with the Hart family, and Polly's secret dream had often been of a home there, in one of these pretty cottages, with father working in the garden, and mother and herself spreading the clothes out on the green hedges behind. She thought of it now.

"Oh, father!" she said, "if we could get a house in Meadow Road, wouldn't it be just lovely?"

"Perhaps too lovely for our pockets, even as Mr. Gritts' foreman," her father replied, smiling, and patting her head; "but we shall see. It would be nearer my work too, and would be healthy for the baby, eh, Polly? Why, we could grow our own vegetables, and perhaps keep a goat!"

Mrs. Hart lay down that night, her thoughts busy on a tidy kitchen-range, facilities for baking and washing, and the dignity of a house to themselves; while Polly's dreams were of country strolls down the green lanes with her father in the quiet summer evenings, sweet country air, and dewy fields, where she would gather daisies for little Cherry. And from all these her thoughts ran up as by a golden ladder to Him who is the Giver of all good, and she fell asleep full of grateful feelings and happy anticipations.

"I will hear the Heavens."

"Saith the Lord, I will hear the heavens, and they shall hear the earth; and the earth shall hear the corn, and the wine, and the oil; and they shall hear Jezreel."—*Hosea* ii. 21, 22.

HUNGRY men and women sadly sighed for bread;
Starving sheep and cattle clamoured to be fed.
Loud they raised their voices to the grass and corn,
"Sprout and grow and ripen, Leave us not forlorn."
Corn and grass and fruit tree called unto the ground,—
"Sap, supply and nourish, make our fruits abound."
Then the ground sent upward pleadings to the air—
"Send the needed rain-cloud, fertile soil prepare."
But the heavens were cloudless; so to God they cried—
"Thou alone can'st help us, be our need supplied."
Then the good Lord hearkened to the heavens' prayer,
And the gathering vapours quickly did prepare.
Then the heavens granted what the earth had sought,
And the plenteous showers wondrous changes wrought.
Then the earth rejoicing, answered grass and wheat,
To their roots supplying life-sap fresh and sweet.
Then the corn and fruit trees answered human cries,
And a plenteous harvest gave them rich supplies.
Wondrous round of causes in a close-linked chain!
Yet without the First Cause, each would be in vain.
Help us, Lord, to summon powers we have to aid,
Thee in all invoking, Faith upon Thee staid.
Give us strength to labour, bless each field and tree;
Praise for rain and harvest, be alone to Thee.

NEWMAN HALL.

A DISCONTENTED BOY.

CHAPTER II.

"Oh that I had wings like a dove! for then would I fly away, and be at rest."—*Psalm* lv. 6.

IN the little market town of Tarborough, sixty miles from Souchester, old customers of James Letters—who had for his sign in the High Street a Wellington boot of extraordinary length—were wont to look anxiously at a "new boy" who sat on the bench with a leathern apron on, drawing his awl through the piece in hand awkwardly and painfully.

"A nephew of mine that's left an orphan, and has no one to do for him but me," James Letters said condescendingly, by way of explanation to more than one individual of inquiring mind. In Tarborough every man's business, domestic or social, was looked upon as public property, and treated accordingly.

"Come, Heber," he would say, when the coast was clear of customers, "don't look as if you had fallen among thieves, lad. I never saw such a face in my life. Fretting won't bring the dead out of their graves, and as we're treating you like our own, and learning you a trade to get your living by, you ought to pay us a better compliment than looking miserable. Do you hear me, ye young good-for-nothing?"

Yes, this pale boy of fourteen, the butt of the work-room, and the speckled bird of a large, noisy household, was Heber Letters. One month's experiences had changed the whole current of life for him.

His father had been killed by the giving way of a shelf in the library, which had caused him to be sharply hit on the temple by a falling book. The shock was too great for his delicate mother; so that the father's grave had soon to be opened to take her in. Great compassion was felt for Heber; but when his uncle James offered to take him home and teach him his trade, no one suggested that anything better could be done.

It was a great pity, no doubt; but then he was so young, his education had not gone far enough for any other opening to be found for him, and being so delicate it was best for him to live with his own people.

Heber left Souchester with a broken, disappointed heart. The grief he naturally felt at leaving behind the graves of his parents was not all. It was no easy matter to him to resign the chorister's stall for the shoemaker's bench, the opportunities of the library and the lecture-room for long hours at the awl, with little to compensate after it was laid aside. Oh, the long walks and talks with his father, the anthems he had sung in the cathedral, the choral practice! Nothing to hope for in their stead. He watched the grey towers of the old minster disappear with a sense of losing everything that was good and beautiful in life.

At first he believed that every one meant to be kind to him, and he choked down his emotion and did his little best to please. His aunt was a busy, bustling woman, with a tongue that went off with a tang when she was vexed, and a loud laugh and rattling way of talking when she was in good humour. She received Heber with a kiss, told him she was sorry for him, and that she meant to do her best by him as long as he was a good boy.

She certainly looked well to his comfort, and was careful—rather conspicuously careful—to treat him in nothing less liberally than her own children. By the rules of arithmetic she was very, very kind, but there were many things which Heber missed, which he had all his life been used to, and most he yearned for love.

The want of sympathy betwixt him and his young cousins showed more and more every day. Had he had more strength and animal spirits, and been able to enter into their sports, join heartily in football and cricket, they might have respected him more.

Heber had had but little opportunity of overcoming his natural deficiencies by intercourse with other boys. At the same time the superiority of his manners and conversation, his extensive information, made his cousins envious of him.

Sometimes in the course of holiday rambles he would speak confidingly to them of his parents and of Souchester. Tell them of pictures, and plates and books, the carving in the cathedral, the tombs of knights of the Crusades; say how, when the sun shone through the painted windows, the pavement was flecked with little pools of crimson and gold, and then try to describe the music, till he would be silenced by a sneer or a derisive laugh.

"Well done, Bishop Heber. Good luck to you; popish priest. Where is your bell and candle, your hood and your gown? You're only fit to live in a cell and sing your prayers. Your talk may be very fine, but it does not suit us."

"No, I ought to remember what suits you, for by this time, I know very well," was the hardest thing poor Heber would say, though his heart was bursting with shame and pain.

His innocent self-revelations gave every one a handle against him. His uncle was a keen, money-making man, who judged of everything by the price it would bring, and he always said, as nothing but hard work could take the nonsense out of Heber, he should have as much as his strength would bear.

When his pure sweet voice was heard rehearsing the hymns and anthems he had learned, it was as if a nightingale had put to silence the thrushes. The most callous heart could not but recognise that this was higher art than was possible to the young fellows around him, who felt quite elated when they had made a new comic song go, as they called it. It must be better also to sing such words as Heber sang, but Mrs. Letters called them Papistical, not knowing the meaning of the word, and whenever she could wound Heber by expressing contempt for the holy things he so much loved, she did not fail to do so. He was often hurt to the quick also by unkind allusions to his parents. Uncle James told him that his father had brains, but that he never knew how to use them, and that he did neither good to himself nor any one else with his learning. Such men as he were a caution.

Mrs. James also was not too tender to speak slightingly of his mother as spiritless and weak, and too much of a piece with her husband. These taunts made Heber very sore. There was no denying that he had a good home in the material sense of the word. The unkindness was to his spiritual nature, and that was it which could suffer most. He knew a hunger of the heart worse than any animal

craving. He had wounds which burned and throbbed and stabbed more cruelly than sword wounds, so the joy and peace passed out of his life as the music had done, and he came to be scolded, and spoken of as an ungrateful, discontented boy.

Two years of this kind of oppression, with all the unsatisfied longing, and the sweet face grew bitter, the clear gentle voice was heard in muffled, sullen tones. Heber seemed to be surrounded by an atmosphere of self-imposed silence and caution.

The desire of self-improvement was as strong in him as ever, but he felt as if every one was against him, as if there was a general conspiracy against his enjoying either books or leisure. Mrs. Letters felt that she had a claim upon him for domestic help, and employed him often when he was out of the shop in splitting wood and running errands. It was a nice change for him, and good for his health, she told him, which might be true enough; the grievance of it was that it encroached on his spare time. The opening of a Mechanic's Institute in Tarborough was a joyful day for him. Surely he should be able to get some golden opportunities by its means. That he was not disappointed said much for his watchfulness and perseverance. At sixteen Heber was much stronger and taller than he had promised to be a few years ago. His secret unhappiness had not preyed upon his health. We might wonder at this, if we did not remember that it is God who reneweth the springs of life and girds round about with strength even those who have not known Him.

Meanwhile the business prospered, and as Mr. Letters intended to be his own traveller, he engaged a foreman.

The new foreman was an earnest, painstaking young man, who understood his business thoroughly, and perhaps had a few ideas beyond it. Heber felt little interest in him at first, and then the respect he showed for himself, the ease with which he checked any impertinence, and the consideration with which he treated the young apprentice when he found he was made a butt, roused his curiosity, so that he watched him very narrowly. He saw that on early closing evenings, Mr. Southwaite went into the country alone, and that he generally took a book with him. On Sunday he was sometimes away all day. Sometimes he was to be seen writing in little books between paper covers, an open Bible beside him. Heber wondered, and a desire to improve John Southwaite's acquaintance, and to call him friend, sprung up in his soul. Alas! shyness and reserve had become so much a habit with him that he found it impossible to break the ice.

To his great surprise, however, one day before the Bank holiday, Southwaite asked him what his plans were. Heber said he had none; but he should be thankful to have a little time to read in peace.

"Never mind the reading," added the other. "I'm going to Singleton Farm, a good five mile walk from here. I can take a friend with me; so if you'll join me we shall have the chance of a bit of talk, and I'm wanting sorely to know you."

"To know me, Mr. Southwaite?"

"There's no one here a bit like you. I never felt my heart so drawn to a lad in my life. It's my belief you could teach me a sight of things worth knowing, but perhaps God can help me to teach you some things that it's given me a great deal of trouble to learn. Oh, Heber, when I hear you sing it puts me in mind of some one I cared for once and who died."

"Did she sing too?" asked Heber, for he guessed somehow the friend was a woman.

"No; at any rate, not like you. She might twitter a little to herself sometimes, but when you sing I think of where she is and the anthem she's joining in."

"Oh, you wouldn't think much of my singing if you could hear Ned Maxwell in 'Oh, that I had the wings of a dove.' Would that we were not here but in Souchester," continued Heber, "that you could hear the Easter music, and the Christmas, and see the grand cathedral and the choir. I know by what you have said that you would know just what I feel. Is it wrong to be discontented when one has nothing to please one,—nothing at all?"

"'My country, Lord, art Thou alone.'

A very good lady in a prison wrote that line, Heber, and there's many can say the same. Wherever we are there's God."

Heber sighed, but he looked forward with glad anticipation to his holiday, because he had found a friend; and a friend who liked him for his singing. Oh, it was almost too good to be true!

SCRIPTURE ENIGMAS.

NO. XXII.

Who broke domestic peace, and met
A childless woman's tears, and yet
Provoked her sore to make her fret?
In what epistle is it said,
"You hath He quickened from the dead,"
Christ is "our peace," and Christ "the head"?
Give now the name of Nabal's wife
Whose wisdom stayed an angry strife,
And saved her churlish husband's life?
Where dwelt a Christian church that knew
St. Paul; he bade them thus adieu,
"The God of peace shall be with you"?
Who started forth in peace to meet,
And with a sweet forgiveness greet,
One who had dared to lie and cheat?

Initial letters tell what Jesus gave
To those who loved Him well,
Before He passed, within the gloomy grave
Three days to dwell.
And when, at evening, through unopened door,
Entered those silent feet,
That blissful, re-assuring word once more
His lips repeat.

L. T.

NO. XXIII.

Who for two silver talents sold a hill
To one who disobeyed Jehovah's will?
The son of him who there a city built,
He far exceeded all his father's guilt?
And when that king sat at the city's gate,
What prophet warned him and foretold his fate?
Who in this royal town a refuge sought,
But by a king's avenging hand was caught?
And when two kings did there in league unite,
Against what city went they forth to fight?
Father of one sent back to Amon's care,
And fed, by king's commands, on prison-fare?
What King of Judah saw his precious things
Taken away by one of Israel's kings?

Initial letters show a city's name
Where Simon dwelt, and rose to power and fame
By witchcraft; when the gospel he received,
He wondered at its signs, and then believed—
But met a sharp rebuke because he thought
The gift of God might be with money bought.

L. T.

THE SUNDAY AT HOME

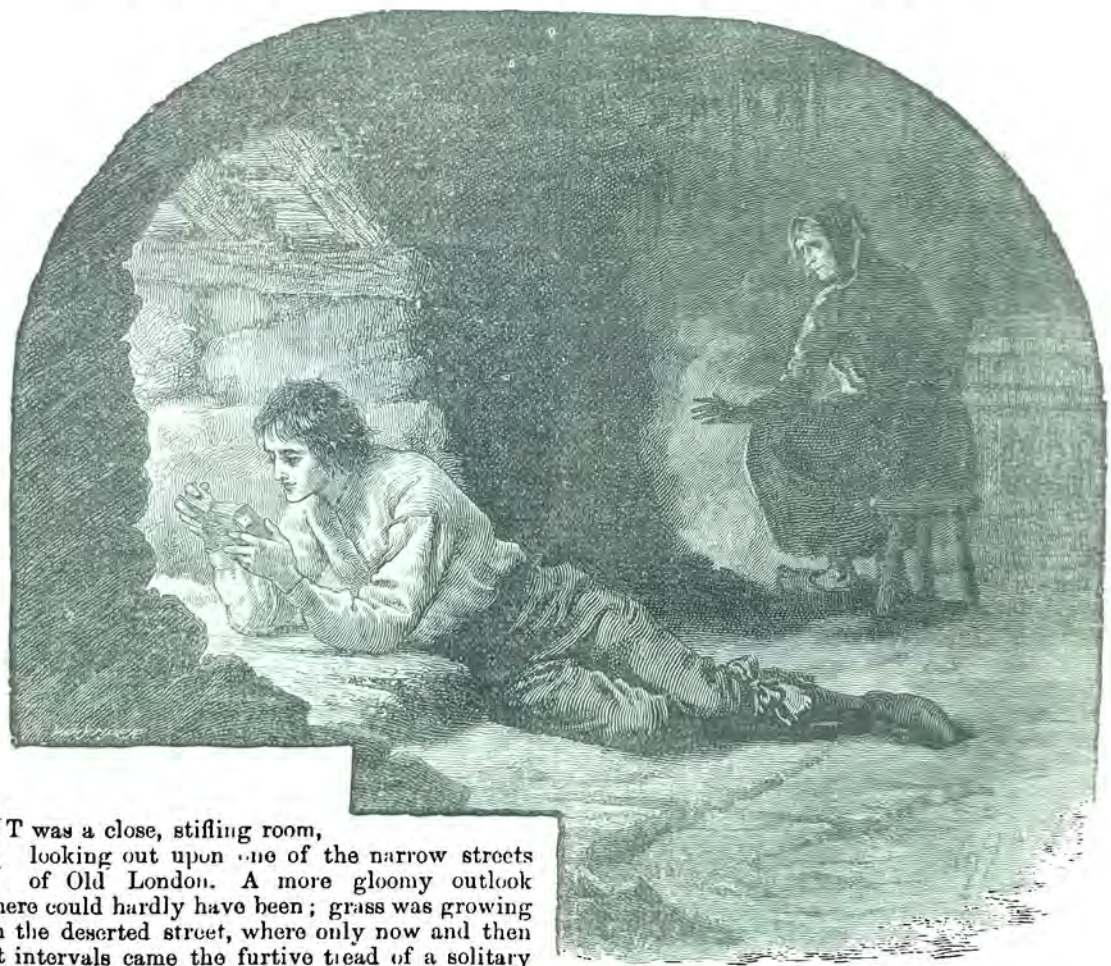
O DAY MOST CALM, MOST BRIGHT! . . .
THE WEEK WERE DARK BUT FOR THY LIGHT.—*Herbert.*

GENEVIÈVE;

A STORY OF OLD FRANCE.

CHAPTER XVII.—AFTER ANOTHER THREE YEARS.

Eyes that the preacher failed to touch
By wayside graves are raisèd,
And some say "God be pitiful."
Who ne'er said "God be praisèd."



A SOLACE IN WEARY HOURS.

IT was a close, stifling room, looking out upon one of the narrow streets of Old London. A more gloomy outlook there could hardly have been; grass was growing in the deserted street, where only now and then at intervals came the furtive tread of a solitary passer-by, who moved on hurriedly as if afraid, keeping carefully in the middle of the way. If two chanced to meet, they avoided each other by mutual consent. The opposite houses had a forlorn, neglected air. Some of them seemed empty, and given over to ruin; others bore on their closed doors the ominous red cross, that told of misery and death within. For it was that year much to be remembered in the annals of London and of England, the year of the Great Plague.

The worst was over now; but the desolated city had not come to believe it yet. That nameless, indescribable terror which accompanied and aggravated the visitation, brooded still over the minds of men. The great community in which there had throbbed so lately the hot and eager pulse of a common life, seemed almost reduced again to the isolation of savagery, in which each man looks upon the other as a stranger, or an enemy. And yet, amidst all, there were not

wanting miracles of fidelity and affection, unnoticed and unremembered here below, but recorded surely in another place.

Of one such miracle the upper room in Cheapside, into which we look upon this hot September afternoon, has been the scene. Three persons were there, the pallid face and wasted form of one of them proclaiming him a sufferer from the terrible malady. He was lying however on a comfortable bed, and evidently well attended. A young man sat on a chair beside him occupied with a book; while a lad of about eighteen stood in a corner, with his jerkin and shoes thrown off and his sleeves turned up to the elbow, busily compounding some salve or balsam of which the perfume filled the room.

Presently the sick man stirred uneasily and murmured something; upon which the reader closed his book, and bending over him, asked if he would like a drink.

"No, sir; I would not like a drink," the invalid answered testily. He spoke good English, but with a foreign accent. "I would not like a drink; but I would very much like an answer to a plain question: Who are you, and who is yonder valet in the corner? How many times shall I ask you that?"

"Not many times after this," returned the other, his grave face lighting up with a smile. "You are now so much better that I can venture to talk to you, and to tell you whatever you wish to know. Meanwhile, take care, I pray you, of that leg of yours! It is not well enough yet to be treated without ceremony."

"*Morbleu*, but you are right," returned the sick man, with a grimace, as a too hasty movement sent a thrill of agonizing pain through the wounded member. "Just as if an empty purse and a broken leg were not trouble enough for any man, the plague must come to finish me. I may wager my old sword upon it (since nothing else is left me to wager) that it would have finished me fast enough, but for you and that long lad with you. Who are you, in Heaven's name? Not a priest?"

"Look at my dress, man."

"Heretic—Huguenot priests I should say—dress like other folk."

"Not exactly. They wear cassocks."

"Not all of them. A fellow came to me one day who called himself a minister of the Gospel, and he wore a doublet and hosen like any honest citizen. To do him justice he was no whit afraid of the sickness, but went in and out as if he bore a charmed life. He would fain have given me a taste of his office, but I told him I was a Frenchman and a Catholic."

"That was no doubt one of those Nonconformists, Independents, Presbyterians, or the like, who are proscribed here at present, but have done good service in this time of trouble by returning to minister to the sick, and to preach and pray in the churches;—but you ought to have some refreshment. Henri, go and fetch a *tisane*. No, some soup rather. That will be more nourishing."

The "long lad" left the room.

"Who is that?" asked the patient, following him with his eye.

The answer was spoken in French. "That is my servant and friend, Henri Alfort, who would go with me to the world's end; indeed, he has gone with me as far as the Indies and back again."

"What? You are French, too?" returned the other in the same language.

"Did you not guess it? I have the honour to introduce myself, as a compatriot, to M. Chèvres de Graffont."

"Then you know me?" said the sick man, in a tone of surprise.

"If I had not known you, I should not be here."

"Then you came to me on purpose?"

"Certainly. I had been seeking you for nearly three years. I found you at last—here."

The sick man raised himself upon his elbow, and bent a fixed and earnest gaze upon his companion and benefactor.

"I am not only your compatriot, but your kinsman," continued the latter.

A burning flush dyed the white cheek of the patient as he answered with emotion—

"Then if you are not an angel from Heaven (which, being my kinsman, is scarce likely), you can be no other than Edouard de Sercourt."

"You are right. But here comes your *bouillon*. Give it to me, Henri, and leave us alone. But you may fetch a morsel of bread before you go."

Henri brought the bread and then left the room. The house he could not leave, as a watchman stationed at the door prevented ingress or egress, and procured for them from outside, though grudgingly and with difficulty, such things as were absolutely necessary to sustain life.

"Now, my cousin," resumed Edouard, "eat and drink, else I tell you never a word."

This was not to be done immediately. The sick man's surprise, and the mingled emotions awakened in his breast must first find vent in a few broken, incoherent words.

"You, you—my cousin—Edouard de Sercourt! It is past belief. It is all a dream—you are killing me."

"Quite the contrary. With the help of God, I am endeavouring to cure you."

Edouard de Sercourt was now a man in years, in appearance, and in character. He looked indeed older than his years. His face was grave and thoughtful, with a fine forehead, deep blue eyes, and long but handsome Norman features. His expression when at rest inclined to sternness, but changed and softened marvellously when lighted with his rare, but singularly sweet and pleasant smile.

"I am not worth curing," were the next words of the sick man. "Better have left me to die. And *you*, of all men, to do this—when the inheritance was yours—*is* yours, indeed, for that matter."

"There is enough for both. And there are some things which belong by right to you, and which I can never have. But there will be time hereafter to discuss these matters."

"Yes, time enough, for all that needs discussion. But now, the first thing I want to know is, how you came hither?"

"I begin my story as soon as that cup is empty. No sooner."

The appetite of returning health, and the salutary habit of obedience which he had learned in sickness, made M. Chèvres de Graffont finish his soup and even eat a few mouthfuls of bread. In the meantime, the sweet tones of a violin, with which Henri was amusing himself in an adjoining room, reached their ears.

"Did it never occur to you, all these weeks that I have been here," asked Edouard at last, "to connect me in your mind with the youth you met at the Fencing School in Paris?"

"Why should it? You were then a smooth-faced boy, like that page of yours; now you have a regular Huguenot beard. Besides, I was too ill to put things together; or indeed, until lately, to trouble myself about who you were. It was enough to feel that I was not left to die like a rat in a hole; that some Christian hand was making my bed, and giving me a drink. Whose hand it was I did not greatly care."

"But I spoke French to you."

"I gave no heed to that. It seemed only the natural thing. I suppose I spoke French myself —when I was *not* myself, that is to say?"

"Indeed you did. Poured it out in torrents."

"Ha? A great deal more, I suppose, than was edifying?"

"Nothing to harm any one, or to cause you trouble. But you wished—did you not?—to hear my story," said Edouard, who was anxious for the present to avoid any allusion to the subjects which had been uppermost in the mind of his cousin during the violent delirium caused by the plague, and aggravated by the additional agony of a broken limb.

"Certainly I wish it, my cousin. I wonder how you came to leave the joys of Paris, and to become a wanderer in these inhospitable lands. Ah, if I were but back again beneath the blessed shadow of Notre Dame!"

"I own that at first I found Paris nearly as seductive as you did," said Edouard.

"Ah, but you were always a good child! A Huguenot, too. No doubt you were quite innocent and respectable. No fear of *you*," said Léon, with perhaps a slight flavour of implied contempt in his words of praise.

Edouard went on quietly, ignoring both the praise and the contempt.

"Some of the seductions I was too young to feel, or at least I did not feel; not so the others. Boy as I was, I was already the bond-slave of the senses—eye and ear carried me whither they would. Gaiety of all kinds, and especially balls and dancing, I loved well: but it was the charm of Art—painting, sculpture, and above all music, —that carried me off my feet."

"Just as I thought, my dear boy! All very virtuous and innocent tastes, without an atom of harm in them."

"None for you; but harm enough for me—a Protestant. I began to ask myself why I should spend my Sundays in travelling to and fro to Charenton, even to hear the eloquence of M. Claude, when I might listen to M. Bossuet or some other great preacher, and enjoy at the same time the enchanting music of the Royal Chapel, or of Notre Dame, or St. Sulpice! So I found myself, ere I was aware, on the brink of a precipice."

He paused, and a look of grave sadness overspread his thoughtful face. But the reserve which was natural to him, and which was moreover the habit of his life, made him very silent about the conflicts and temptations through which he had passed. He went on—

"I was drawing nearer and nearer to it in darkness, and in all the confidence of ignorance and inexperience, when an unexpected circumstance opened my eyes. It arose out of the disgrace into which the Duke my uncle unhappily fell, on account of his friendship with M. Fouquet. When the king omitted to command his presence at Fontainebleau, though he spoke of the excursion to those standing beside him, my uncle knew the full extent of his misfortune. When he came home, he at once ordered preparations for the journey to Auvergne. I knew nothing of the matter, being out all that day; but as it happened to be a saint's day, I forget what, and M. Bossuet was to preach before the king, I went in the afternoon to the Royal Chapel. As we retired, his Majesty condescended me a gracious glance of recognition; and a word dropped afterwards, in the hearing of a friend of the family, intimated that if I chose to remain at the court, I would not find myself unwelcome. Understand, my cousin, that your father, from the day I came to him, had loaded me with kindness, had left no desire ungratified, had treated me like a spoiled and favourite son. Imagine, then, my embarrassment when he called me to him, and said that it was evidently in my power to restore his credit with the king; that I seemed to have shown of late a desire to become a Catholic; and that I had only to fulfil this pious intention, and to attach myself to the court, in order to make his Majesty in a short time forget our entanglement with that luckless M. Fouquet, and restore the uncle to favour for the sake of the nephew."

"I only wish I had it in my power to oblige my father at so cheap a cost," said Léon. "I should have turned Mahommedan with pleasure, if that would have served him. But what did you say?"

It was Edouard's turn now for a touch of scorn.

"What do you suppose?" he asked.

"I suppose you were ready to serve him, as, allow me to say, I think you ought to have been."

"I wonder which you take me for, a scoundrel or a fool?" Edouard flashed out in his indignation. "A man who throws away his religion without thought is a fool; a man who barters it for gold or honour is a scoundrel."

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[1] The Protestants were not permitted, under the Edict of Nantes, to have a place of worship within a certain distance of Paris. They built therefore a large temple at Charenton, just outside the prescribed limit. M. Claude, a celebrated and very eloquent preacher, was at this period the minister of Charenton. The celebrated Bossuet, afterwards Bishop of Condom, and subsequently of Meaux, was then preaching in the capital.

"*Peste!* you need not grow angry. My father and your uncle could not wish to make you either."

"That is quite true. He supposed me already in heart a Catholic. Perhaps I was not far from it, when this proposal of his opened my eyes. Like a flash of lightning it showed me where I stood, and what my danger was. It brought to my mind the solemn warning of the good man who had been to me as a father, and whose memory I shall reverence as long as I live, 'Do nothing in the matter of religion,' said he, 'until you are a man, and able to judge for yourself.' I knew that he was right. The Catholic Faith might be the true one; yet, none the less, if I embraced it in such a way, I should be selling my soul for worldly advantage. That would be a sin in the sight of God, and a baseness in the sight of man. I said to my uncle, 'This thing I cannot do. But here is what I will do, if you like. I will go with you to Auvergne; and there, in the quiet of the country, and removed from the seductions of the court, I will give myself to the study of the controversy."

My uncle thought my scruples fanciful. He tried hard to persuade me rather to study the controversy in Paris, at the court, and under the auspices of the king's clever Jesuit confessor, Père la Chaise, who would be most happy to afford me every assistance.

But this, I knew, would be in fact to surrender all. Under such circumstances my conversion would be a forgone conclusion. Besides, I disliked and suspected the Jesuits. The Catholic Faith that attracted me was the faith of M. de St Cyran, M. Arnauld, M. Nicole, and of the holy nuns of Port Royal, where my dear adopted mother had her education. Her faith was genuine, if ever there was genuine faith in the world. So I remained firm, and then, for the first time M. le Duc was angry with me. It was a bitter experience. His words I will not recall, save one saying which sank into my heart. "All I love use me ill. My own son has half killed me by his heartless ingratitude. And now you!"

"That was not just," Léon threw in. "God knows I am not heartless, though I may well have seemed ungrateful."

"Words spoken in anger are seldom just. But I tell them that they may show you what they showed me—what indeed I had guessed before,—the depth of his love for you. I knew he was longing for you, though he never spoke of you. I had already seen you, as you are aware, at the Fencing School, and I knew that you also desired a reconciliation, most earnestly. Was it strange that the thought arose within me that I might heal the old wound, and prove that I was not ungrateful by bringing son and father once more together?

"Then, just before we left Paris, your letter was handed to me. I did not dare to speak of it, for we were all forbidden even the most casual mention of your name, but I thought over it night and day. All the more, because although, after that one very natural outburst, my uncle never reproached me, he treated me with coldness, and allowed me to feel that I had lost his favour. So I was a good deal alone at Chèvres, either shut up in my own apartment, or riding about, with only the nominal attendance of my page Henri, then almost a child. I had brought with me several controversial works, on both sides of the question, and these I read diligently, though without gaining much enlightenment. Better far than these was my father's Bible, which I studied more and more, as the days wore on.

"Even when the whole household, *en grande tenue*, went out to hunt in the wild country adjoining the château, I used to separate from the rest, that I might read and meditate in solitude. This imprudent habit caused the adventure that well-nigh cost me my life. I was set upon by a band of desperate robbers, who lurked in the caves and fortresses of the desert, and I believed in good sooth that my last hour had come. However, I came back to life, and found myself lying on a wretched bed of leaves in a dark hole, with a grimy, withered hag bending over me, and muttering what might have been incantations. I own the thought occurred to me that the Catholics were right after all, and that this could be nothing else but Purgatory. But this thought soon faded, or rather it twisted and fashioned itself into strange and distorted images. I was very ill; and, but for the care of the poor old woman, whose sinister looks hid a compassionate heart, I am sure I should have died. I suspect that she saved my life in more ways than one. From broken snatches of talk, which reached me as I grew better, I gathered that the ruffians about me would gladly have finished their work, as their fears largely predominated over any hopes they might entertain of getting a ransom for me. But the strange old woman had established a kind of authority over them, I suppose, by her superior cleverness, perhaps also by working on their superstitions. She not only tended but protected me; and one day when all were absent fetching the salt, in which they carried on their unlawful trade, she bade me go my way in God's name. She gave me back the few coins that had been found in my pocket, and the diamond breast-pin which I wore to fasten my collar. In return, I gave her a solemn promise in writing that I would endeavour to obtain a pardon for any of the gang who might fall into the hands of justice. Then, thanking her heartily for services which I can never hope to repay, I set my face once more towards the habitations of men, feeling like one come back from the grave."

"No wonder. Some people seem born for adventures. Yet a ball may be tossed all over the world, and come back in the end the same ball," said Léon.

"I did not come back the same," answered Edouard. "Those weeks of suffering in the den of the 'faux sauniers' changed me from boy to man. I had with me there, as God willed it, a treasure more than gold or diamonds, though its value being unknown, none cared to rob me of it. I had brought my father's Bible out that morning, intending to read it alone, in some quiet place, during the day. As soon as I grew well enough to drag myself to the only part of the cave where

the light was at all sufficient, I resumed my study, though at first it was chiefly to beguile the long and weary hours. I know now that it was not done without damage to my eyesight, for the light at best was dim and uncertain. But the result was worth it all. My cousin, I cannot tell you what I found in that Book—at least, I cannot tell you now. This only believe, upon the testimony of one who has seen and known and felt—He spake true who said of old, 'The entrance of Thy word giveth light!'"

The strong reserve characteristic of Edouard sealed his lips from further speech, especially to unsympathising ears. But the "marvellous" light which had shone upon his soul illumined his face with its beams, kindling its grave and noble expression into rare and radiant spiritual beauty.

THE BEATITUDES.

BY THE REV. RICHARD GLOVER, BRISTOL.

VI.

"Blessed are the pure in heart, for they shall see God."—*Matt.* v. 8.

AGAIN we have a Beatitude which fills us with surprise.

That the pure in heart are blessed is not our wonder. For though inclined to pity the tension of their lives, their constant sacrifice of inclination and of pleasure, we know too much of the unrest and misery of the impure heart to look on the saintly purity without some envy of its peace.

What we marvel at is not the blessedness pronounced upon the pure in heart, so much as the fact that the Saviour finds such to bless. In a world of sin and misery, He, the pure Christ, living in the enjoyment of the vision of God, speaks of some as if already they had reached the heights of sanctity and were bathed in the bliss of Heaven. Great lessons on both earth and heaven are evidently here. Let us ponder:—

I. Those Blessed:—"THE PURE IN HEART."

II. Their Blessing:—"THEY SHALL SEE GOD."

I. Those Blessed:—"THE PURE IN HEART." It is strange that any should be so described. The depravity of human nature we feel and witness. The strongest assertions of it come from the lips of Christ. "*Ye, being evil*," is a preface to one of His words; and "Ye must be born again," is another.

All, without distinction, He called on to repent. Nor did He deem evil easily destroyed by repentance itself. He sanctions no delusion of easily-reached perfection. "Forgive us our debts, and deliver us from evil"—are prayers He gives for daily use by all His saints, never to be laid aside while here below.

Those that have drunk most deeply into His Spirit have felt most keenly not only the guilt of sin, but its persistence. "If we say we have no sin, we deceive ourselves," said John, in his ripest meetness for glory. "Not as though I had already attained": "when I would do good evil is present with me," are the lowly words of the chief of the apostles.

So that we may not take this word, as if it meant that in any heart here below, the conflict is over, the victory complete. No heart is altogether insensible to the outward appeal, or unconscious of the inward tendency to evil. There is ever some joint in the harness. "The Amorite is still in the land." The struggle grows more hard as it is more successful, and the standard rises with the attainment. So that where growth is true there is increase in the tenderness of our contrition and in the force of our hunger after righteousness to life's very end.

Yet there are some whom the pure Christ rightly names *The Pure in heart*—some who have a true purity, though not a freedom from every fault. There are consciences alive with the light of God, that make men feel themselves the chief of sinners, and yet have no *cherished evil* to impeach, or unrepented wrong to rebuke. There are souls that are bright with honour; beautiful in self-forgetfulness, refined in consecration, with their reason unstained with doubt, their heart with selfish purpose, their desires with unworthy passion: souls transparent, who are what they seem and seem what they are; Israelites without guile, whose only secrets are those of modest goodness, which would find the light that reveals all things a reward and not a shame. There are some who have innocence of life. They have not indeed such innocence as is the charm and the beauty of childhood—the innocence that lies in ignorance of evil and unconsciousness of temptation. But they have the grander innocence of manhood, which knows evil and suffers from temptation, but which resists and conquers both. There are souls over whose fair likeness to Himself the Lord rejoices, and whom the Spirit delights in as furnishing it with a temple meet for His habitation. This purity of vital health, this bloom of gracious beauty, this eminence above the poorer qualities and common stains of life, is here greeted. Thank God it is not uncommon.

This world is not a place of the dead alone—a land of only failures, a shore strewn with wrecks, a wilderness where nought but the carcases of souls that have fallen in their waywardness are found. But the soul of man is quick and vital—

responsive to heavenly grace. And where it yields to heavenly influence and welcomes the Saviour to its inmost throne, it rises by successive steps of obedience, trust, repentance, service—until it is "fair as the morning": "all beautiful within": loosed from the bands of its neck and free of the dust of its defilement, and clad in the beautiful garments of all living graces.

Take no low view of man. Unbelief has this as its perpetual characteristic that in the degree in which it fails to believe in God it also fails to believe in man. The atheist, alas! is cursed with the inability to believe any heart is pure. He admires the blamelessness of children; the honour of some, the kindness of many. But he suspects the inward motive of all. Every activity of life he resolves into some form of selfishness more or less refined. His dismal doctrine is that self-love stains darkly every heart. That every man has his price. That what passes as virtue is only an enlightened prudence.

Give heed to nought that undermines your faith in either God or man. Honour all men. Let honour, like charity, begin at home. We cannot have too high a self-respect. We cannot repent the past till we respect ourselves and see the glory of that nature we have defiled. We cannot plan our future aright till we admit the great thoughts of what God meant us, and would enable us to be.

Go not forth to the struggle of life, expecting to be baffled and defeated: to fail and sink. It is no hopeless enterprise on which we embark when we set out to follow Christ.

Multitudes have even here attained, and we may attain a dewy freshness of complete and blooming goodness. And the Saviour may rejoice with exceeding joy over us, and call us "the Pure in heart." But the possibility of reaching purity in heart is not the only thing here.

There is a great lesson here on the secret of attaining purity. For the order in which the Saviour names is the only order in which we can reach it. Meekness must precede: and Hunger after righteousness: but especially Mercy. Without mercy true purity never blessed a human heart.

It is of great importance to note this. There is no history more pathetic in its interest than the history of asceticism. The Pythagorean Greek, the Jewish Essene, Hindoo devotee, Christian monk—men in millions have sought the attainment of purity by the suppression of their evil. There are axioms of error common to all climes and creeds—pre-eminently these, that the root of all evil is in the flesh, and the allurement to all evil is in the fellowship of man.

Moved by these considerations, men in millions have sought the wilderness like St. Anthony; the forest depths like Gaudama: the cave of the hermit, the monastery of associated devotion. The spirit that animates these experiments is apt to rise in all men: viz. the idea that evil is to be cured by watching its rise with sedulous self-introspection and slaying it, with remorseless destruction at cost it may be of the very body in which it seems to lurk. What a ghastly tale of tortures of all kinds—from the scourging of Hindoo Fakirs to the self-flagellations of ascetics, is the story of this pursuit of purity. But you take the world with you when you flee furthest from it: and the soul may crush the body in its efforts after purity and yet only find itself infected by faults as bad as those it seeks to destroy. Asceticism has hardened human hearts and created pride and selfishness, apparently with the regularity of a law of nature. And nothing can be sadder than the contrast between the high hope with which such courses are commenced and the failures in which they end.

Now the Saviour's order here teaches us that no negative method will succeed. You cannot keep evil out of the soul by any system of mere exclusion. You can only keep evil out by getting good in.

Secure attainment of grace, and you will find exemption from evil. Seek meekness, hunger after righteousness, practise mercy, and purity will come and dwell within you. "Give alms of such things as ye have, and all things are clean unto you."

For selfishness, in some form or other, is the essence of all evil, and the blackness of every stain. Self, disputing the claims of God, is the root of all sin against God; and self, ignoring or competing with the claims of men, is the root of every sin against man.

Show mercy, and with every act some particle of self within us is destroyed. What law cannot do with its restraints, grace and love can do with their fair influence.

Mercy dwells in the light of God, mercy rejoices in the good of man. The selfish thought clouds the soul; the selfish fear enfeebles it; the selfish purpose permits other faults to thrive unhindered. A selfish desire for purity even will make the heart harder. Every breath of self stains the spirit, and excludes that light of God's smile, and that fresh air of the Spirit's influence, enjoying which the soul would put on the cleanness and the bloom of health.

But live in mercy—outside the cold shadow of self—and memories will be so sweet, and gratitude so deep, and grace so freely admitted and so richly given, that every power of the soul will thrive; and the purity, which is the bloom of health, the brightness of strength, the affluence of all fine affections, will appear in the heart.

Monasticism fails in its efforts, but love never faileth. And where it thrives and animates a life, there purity, exquisite in its sweetness and force, exists. No impatience of ambition dwells with mercy—nor any greed, nor any revenge. Mercy arrests the rise of lust and passion within the soul, as no shame can ever do. Mercy is so conversant with Heaven that the defiling greed, the dishonouring artifice, cannot effect lodgment in the soul. In the heart of mercy Jesus dwells, and where He dwells the purity is not the dead purity of a soul strewn with corpses of suppressed evils, but the living purity of a soul, which is itself a New Jerusalem, with Christ in its throne, and a river of the water of life flowing within it.

Mark, therefore, in the first place, the glory we may reach on earth—WE MAY BE PURE IN HEART.

Walking in
the fear of the
Lord, and in
the comfort of
the Holy Ghost.
Acts 9. 34

Mark the true method of reaching it—the positive hungering after righteousness, and practising of mercy.

Shall we not try and reach it? Some of my readers, whose steps have erred from the path of purity, would give or endure all things to get back even to the inexperienced purity of honourable youth. You can reach something higher still. Hunger after righteousness, practise mercy, and the strenuous purity of high attainments may yet be yours.

Let the young keep all purity they have, and strengthen and enrich it with the higher purities of grace. For without purity there is no rest, no true life, no safety, no power. You may describe purity as the rest which remaineth for the people of God—their glory, their joy, their crown.

Alone of all teachers—Jesus cheers us with the great hope of reaching this. We see many reaching it. Many who would only find increase of honour if the thoughts of their hearts were all revealed. Many whose great reward will be that what is secret will be known abroad. Reverence the human nature you wear, and which the Saviour stooped to wear: and so welcome God's grace and practise that mercy to which He moves you, that you will be by the lips of Christ, named: *Pure in Heart.*

If such are those who are greeted in this benediction:

Consider secondly:

II. Their Blessing: "THEY SHALL SEE GOD."

How strange to read this promise, and to feel that the words describe no remote and reserved experience in glory, but the present and immediate as well as the future and eternal issue of purity of heart. And yet the Bible is too full of references to the face of God, to the light of His countenance, the seeking and the seeing of God's face and the bliss of intimate communion, to permit us to hold that these words exclusively refer to the future beatific vision of our God. And their intimation is that *Purity of heart is the organ of a knowledge of God, direct, clear, ample, satisfying, not imparted to any other condition of soul:* such that they who are thus pure and thus rewarded are rich indeed. Into the mystic depths connected with this promise I cannot enter. I only premise to avoid misunderstanding, that it is of course to be remembered that no function of bodily sense can be attributed to the soul save by way of parallelism or analogy. But while the seeing is not literal vision, it is yet something sublime. For what is bodily vision? It is the regal faculty, the perfectest of all the senses; that perceptive faculty, which has the widest range, the keenest discrimination, which gives the fullest, clearest, surest knowledge of any of the senses. And when Moses asks to behold the glory of the Lord: or David desires to behold the beauty of the Lord as he has seen Him in the sanctuary: they want a kind of perception of God, direct and full, like that which comes when light from the object falls on the sight of the beholder: a knowledge as of one with nothing intervening to intercept or dim it, felt to be within scope of our sense: a perception of the thoughts and feelings of His heart such as those we have of man when we can look upon his face.

For such a knowledge of God we are made. Like is revealed to like: the image of God within us has from its divine affinities the power of perceiving the character of God without us. Schoolmen have indeed disputed on the kind and limitation of that knowledge. But mankind has rejoiced in it. Enoch by means of it "walked with God": "*The Lord appeared unto Abraham:*" and that appearance led to the great pilgrimage by which he has blessed all nations. "I have seen Him face to face, and my life is preserved:" was the great description given by Jacob of the great experience at Peniel. From a cleft in the rock Moses beheld the glory of the Lord. David sunned himself beneath the smile of God and sang of God's face as the fountain of all his joy.

In the year that King Uzziah died, Isaiah "saw the Lord sitting upon a throne, high and lifted up, and His train filled the temple:" and that vision changed him into the great prophet of the Lord. So, the record of interaction between God and man proceeds. Now, in voices such as came to Jeremiah: now, in visions like those which came to Ezekiel, the Lord enriches us by, in many ways, imparting the knowledge of Himself. Do we not all feel the reality of these representations? Do any feel it would be strange to find the overshadowing presence of the Lord? Nay, is our restlessness not often due to a sense of His nearness? Are not some afraid to be alone lest God should speak to them: to turn lest they should see Him? Nay, are some not so haunted by a divine presence, that like Jonah they "flee from the presence of the Lord?"

We must remember, therefore, God imparts the knowledge of Himself to human souls, and the soul is able, by its affinity with God, as it were, to see the Lord.

Now the promise of our benediction is, that purity of heart will purge and perfect the vision of the soul, so that clearly, surely, largely, and by direct perception we may know the great God in all His glory.

Affinity of nature supplying the faculty, affinity of character perfects it. Distorted glimpses of God oppress the soul; but His true aspect imparted to the pure eye is its Heaven.

The impure heart has this as its greatest penalty—that it is dark. Whether God is: whether if He is He have any regard to the work of His hands: whether He forgives, or only punishes sin: whether in the immortal future we are to dwell beneath His benign protection, or to be cast out: whether Providence is friend or foe: whether our prayers are despised or regarded—all these things are "greatly dark" to the impure spirit. Dark temporarily admit them to be sometimes to some not impure; but yet habitually and necessarily dark to these. I say necessarily, for we feel lust, anger, unbelief, selfishness—any sin, in the very moment of its being roused into action—beclouds the soul.

That darkness is agony. To feel at the mercy of one whose heart we cannot penetrate, and whom we can but suspect, and to do this with

eternity in view, is agony. For in the dark we feel without God; and to be without God is to be without hope in the world.

But purity calms the spirit, permits it to gaze steadfastly, clears the eye, and attracts the great God near; so that to the pure in heart Heaven is ever open, and God is known.

To such He manifests Himself by entering the heart (John xvi. 22, 23), and revealing Himself to nearest gaze and feeling, so that they know for themselves, their eyes see and their hearts handle, the Lord of glory. Their lowly dwelling has its house-top with visions of the Lord; their prison is a Patmos, where their God and Heaven is seen. Their senses are exercised, so that wherever God is they can see Him; everything divine is detected by them.

How amply is this fulfilled!

While some are creedless, comfortless, aimless in life, the pure in heart live not with a dead heaven above them, or a hopeless earth around them. They see God in Nature, and feel her wide spaces a sanctuary which He fills. They see Him in Providence, and feel it is full of the life and the love of God. They turn to the Bible, and lo! it is alive with God; its books are "ivory palaces of the King," where His beauty is beheld, and His voice is audible. They turn to the Saviour, and where some see "no beauty, that they desire Him," they "behold the glory as of the only begotten of the Father." They see the very heart of God laid bare in Him. They stand beneath the cross, and see all God's sanctity, all His pity, all His gentle fatherhood, all His yearning passion to save men, incarnate there.

Life is an apocalypse to the pure hearted when they see God, it is not a small or unimportant vision: but they behold infinite love filling all things: an infinite heart affording a quiet resting place for the weary hearts of men: an infinite pity sharing every woe: an infinite Saviour delivering from every evil. And serving God here and now: they are on their way to a vision of God, sublimer still.

Ancient Greek, and still more ancient Egyptian regarded the vision of God as the essence of heaven.

Where it is, heaven has indeed begun: for when it be said of any heart that the Lord God Almighty and the Lamb are the light of it, a peace which passeth all understanding is there.

But here our heavenly bliss is but a foretaste. The bare beginning—the mere dawn of the vision of God. And above and beyond the bliss of soul which comes of knowing Him now, there is the promise that knowledge will one day be perfect and we shall know even as we are known.

"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." All Heaven is summed up there. "His servants see His face and His name is in their foreheads." Here you pity them for that purity of heart which seems to you a bondage—a privation—an imprisonment within narrow limits of choice and poor range of pleasures. You cannot bring your mind to the sacrifices and the restraints of such purity as theirs. How enviable will these appear when their purity perfects itself into an infinite capacity of everlasting joy: enabling them to bear and to enjoy that light which solves all questions, ends all fear, satisfies all desire.

Many are now in the light. Purity found the vision of God: and has been perfected by it. Shall we find that home of light awaiting us? Let none be content, until for himself he has seen the Lord: with the eye of the purged heart let us aspire to "behold the King in His beauty and the land that is very far off," and not spare our efforts to perfect purity of soul, until the face of God becomes our everlasting light and the days of our mourning are ended.

SEVENFOLD.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "NEARLY IN PORT," ETC.

CHAPTER V.

THREE years have passed away. It is a warm summer evening again. The day has been hot, but as we walk down the Meadow Road, a soft breeze blows in from the country, bringing with it the scent of new-made hay.

A little milk-cart is just coming into the town with its shining pails, and the milkman, as he walks beside the donkey in his clean blouse, has a great bunch of cowslips in his hand for some favourite customer.

"Which is John Hart's house?"

He turns his thumb over his shoulder.

"Yon house with the posies in the winder. I've just left in the drop o' milk. I give 'em good measure, so I do, for the pretty little maid they took up. Bless 'em!"

What a white doorstep! and what a bright brass knocker! and the little passage is so spotless, it seems a pity to step on it! There is no sound in the house but the tick, tick, of our old friend the cottage clock, and a duet in singing carried on by the kettle and Polly's canary.

There is no one in the kitchen. Such a cosy place! Ah! there is Mrs. Hart's dream embodied in the tidy kitchen range, where burns a bright fire, and which gives forth a delicious perfume of something baking in the oven.

The little round table is laid for tea, and has a large bunch of cowslips as a centre-piece, twin sister to the bunch the friendly milkman carried, and as the jug of new milk stands beside it, it may be conjectured where it came from.

[By James S. Lee.

WELCOME HOME.

The humblest home has oft a wealth of heart
Garnered in common tasks.

There is no one either in the little sitting-room opposite, where we recognise more old friends in the cottage pictures and the rag carpet. There are flowers there too, and a well-filled bookshelf. A doll with one leg, and a child's mug with "Cherry" on it, adorn the chimney-piece in addition to two china shepherdesses.

The back-door stands open, letting in a breath of mignonette and sweet herbs, as well as a sound of voices, one of them a sweet, shrill, childish voice, and a merry laugh now and then.

If it were Polly looking out, she might rub her eyes, for there is her dream! John in his shirt sleeves working away at the beds; and Polly and her mother spreading their clothes on the hedges. They are much as of old, Mrs. Hart tidy and comely, but withal a little fretful looking, and Polly now a fine, tall lass of eighteen, bright and fresh as ever.

They are coming in now, carrying the empty basket between them. Little Cherry, now a rosy, toddling little trot, and who has been sitting curled up on John's coat like a small watch-dog, jumps up and runs to them to ask for a ride. Polly lifts her into the basket, and they come up the long garden walk, swinging her, while she laughs and crows merrily. John sticks his spade into the ground, takes up his coat and follows them into the house.

We will suppose them enjoying their tea, and take a look back since we parted.

The change from the old street to their present abode was a most happy one. John once more at home among cabbages and onions which he cultivated before and after shop hours. Mrs. Hart no longer "aggravated" by smoke and steep stairs, smoothed down wonderfully, though the peevish temper cropped up still under provocation, such as footmarks on her sanded floor, or a sudden shower of rain on the clothes just dried on the hedge. As to Polly, she was always happy, and now all her visions were realised. Little Cherry had bloomed into health and beauty in her new surroundings, and was the pet and darling, not only of Polly, but of her parents. She had even crept into the mother's heart by degrees. As to the old allusions to the Union, they had all died away long ago, and if little Cherry had by any circumstance been obliged to take refuge within its cold, grey walls, I think the whole family would have gone with her. No one to see the little creature nestling in "Grannie's" lap, would ever have suspected how coolly that lap had at first received her.

But of all the changes the greatest was really in John himself. We know what a good, upright, respectable man he had always been, so regular in his religious duties, so good-tempered, steady and honest, so perfectly satisfactory to all about him,—so that no wonder he was satisfied with himself, and if any question had been raised as to his spiritual state, might naturally have asked, "What lack I yet?"

But Polly had got something since her intercourse with Mrs Burton, which he had not—this was what first struck him. Something over and above the natural sweet temper and disposition which she had perhaps inherited from himself.

And Polly too, though far too humble and dutiful to think of teaching her parents, yet longed that they should know the same happiness that filled her heart; and as the Bible had been the golden pipe through which the oil of gladness had flowed into her own soul, so now she did her best to get them to share in the same good. In the long winter evenings she read to them diligently; and though at first John chiefly liked it because it was Polly's voice, by little and little the truth reached his heart. Then he came to the knowledge that, with all his respectability and high character, he had all his life long been breaking the first and great commandment, "Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart and soul and mind and strength," and that this left him on the same platform, as to his standing before God, as any other sinner.

His well-built, respectable house, in which he had gloried so long, had to come down bit by bit—for it was built on the sand—and for a time John felt houseless and unsheltered, and knew not where to turn for comfort.

Now was Polly's time to speak out of the fulness of her heart, of the Covert from the storm—the Shadow from the heat—the Rock on which to build.

Now, Mr. Adams' sermons, which had hitherto flowed like water over the smooth surface of his heart, penetrated into every crevice of that heart, broken up by conviction of his sin and danger, and the gospel glad tidings of a free, full salvation in Christ Jesus were indeed as cold waters to a thirsty soul, and soon Polly had the happiness of seeing her father believing and rejoicing.

Mrs. Hart could not make it out at all.

"I declare, John, to hear you talk, one would think you was a sinner like Toby Tompkins—who was committed the other day for the twenty-seventh time for being drunk and disorderly!—instead of being a decent well-doing man, always reg'lar at your church, with your shirt front *that* well done up, though *I* say it, and not a hair out of place, and never letting the plate pass neither. I've no patience with your new notions!"

John said nothing, but in his heart he hoped and prayed that the time might come that she would share his "new notions," and his new happiness.

Polly's life had not been all sunshine during the past year or so. It was not that little Cherry had given her some sleepless nights, and anxious days, while she went though the usual programme of teething and measles, for love sweetened her labours.

But Polly was now a fine young woman, and other troubles were before her.

I can hardly connect our innocent, child-like Polly with admirers and courtship, and the like. She was so unlike most girls of her age. She seemed to feel she had already found her vocation, looking after her parents, doing her housework, and bringing up little Cherry. But it was not to be! And I do not wonder at it. On the contrary, I only wonder that half the young men in Clampton were not over head and ears in love with Polly Hart. But she was too busy at home

to be much abroad, and was seldom seen in the town, except in church on Sundays. Mrs. Hart liked to do her own shopping, and, to do her justice, she was a capital manager.

There was a certain Mr. Biggins, who kept a thriving draper's shop within a few doors of Mr. Gritts. He was a bachelor. People said he was too fond of making money to incur the expense of a wife and family. His shop was his wife, and his profits, his children. Be that as it may, he was a good-looking man of about forty, and had beautiful shop manners. He held up his goods with quite a grace, expatiated on their beauty and cheapness with such volubility, and thanked you so pathetically, that you walked off with your parcel, feeling you had almost wronged him, getting so much value for so little money, and were bound to stick to his shop in future. Exactly the result he wished for, I suppose.

Mrs. Hart was lured in one day by a gaily flowered chintz in the window, which she thought would make a lovely frock for Cherry. Mr. Biggins was so civil, allowed her to measure it in her fingers, and actually gave her half a quarter over measure, which quite won her heart: She brought home the chintz, but as Polly, though very grateful to her mother, could not say that she admired the great flaunting roses and cacti, one bunch of which would cover nearly the whole of Cherry's small person, Mrs. Hart took huff, and made a chair cover of it.

But the disappointment did not affect her feelings towards Mr. Biggins, and she went to his shop thenceforth. Once or twice she sent Polly for some little thing she wanted, and whether it was that his last examination of his bank book showed him rich enough to afford a wife, and that he was on the lookout for an article to suit—or whether he really took a fancy to Polly, "instantaneous," as the process by which fidgety children are photographed, for she never stayed a moment longer than her purchases required—it is impossible to say—but the fact is, Mr. Biggins very soon set about the business of winning our sweet Polly.

Like the Gibeonites, he set to work wilily. He would gain the mother over. This was soon done. A few more visits to his shop, a few tempting remnants "laid by specially" for her, and "given away for a mere song!" a bit of ribbon for Cherry's hat, a few compliments on her taste and judgment won Mrs. Hart. And when he spoke of his admiration of her daughter she went home exultant. "Such a prospect for Polly! Such a fine-mannered, pleasant-spoken man, and rich too—past the common!" She had told him they would be delighted to see him if he would "drop in" to tea that evening, and he had accepted the invitation. So she hurried home to get things ready for such a guest, only stopping on the way for a pound of sausages and two ounces of the very best tea.

Polly wondered at her mother's pleased, excited manner, and wondered again less pleasantly when she told her that Mr. Biggins was coming to take tea with them, for she instinctively shrank from the over-civil, fussy man, and thought it a curious thing that her mother should have asked him. However, it did not concern her, and she could take Cherry off for a nice walk after tea, and leave him to her father and mother.

So she dusted and polished, and baked cakes, and then by her mother's desire, dressed herself in a pretty blue print frock, and sat down with her knitting, Cherry on a little stool at her knee, prattling away in her childish *patois*.

If Mr. Biggins had admired Polly in her short visits to his shop, he saw reason to admire her even more in her own home. Her sweet, bright face; her modest, quiet manners; her housewifery accomplishments, which the mother took care to bring to light,—made her in his eyes not only a very attractive young woman, but, as a speculation, might prove profitable, as the thrifty ways she had evidently been reared in, would counterbalance the unavoidable expense of taking a wife at all.

So he made himself agreeable; praised Mrs. Hart's tea and sausages and home-made cakes; praised John's flowers, and Polly's knitting, and tried to ingratiate himself with Cherry. But Cherry would have nothing to do with Mr. Biggins. She scratched his face when he offered to kiss her, threw away a peppermint lozenge he produced from his pocket, and hid behind Polly crying, when Mrs. Hart reproved her sharply, while John secretly slipped a cake into the little hand she had slapped for her incivility to the gentleman.

Polly's scheme of a walk after tea proved a failure, for when she came down tying on her hat, and little Cherry holding on by her gown, Mr. Biggins begged to go too, and, as there is no approved method of truthfully telling any one that you don't want him, Polly, vexed as she was, said nothing, only looked at her father, who immediately got his hat and stick, and went with them.

That evening was the beginning of much discomfort to our poor Polly. Mr. Biggins' attentions were soon so marked as not to be mistaken. If she strolled down the country lane with little Cherry in the cool evening, there was Mr. Biggins sitting on the bank, with his smartest tie, and a flower in his buttonhole, ready to join her in her walk. Then she kept to the garden. But she could not escape him on Sundays when he waited for her at the church door, and the girl under her mother's eye could not help his joining them, and walking home with them.

The worst of all was that he was constantly sending her little presents, which her mother would not hear of her returning—a brilliant ribbon, a pair of gloves, a lace frill, and the like. Polly stuffed them into a corner out of sight, and never would wear one of them.

She felt with a cold chill creeping over her that her mother encouraged Mr. Biggins, and that was why *her* coldness did not seem to repel him in the least. At last her mother spoke out.

"Why, child, what do ye mean by treating Mr. Biggins so? It will be a grand thing for you! He's that rich he will make a lady of ye! It's far beyond anything we could expect, but he's that fond of you, he says he don't mind our being beneath him. And he has a beautiful

drawing-room over the shop. I seen it myself, with grand red curtains and sofa, and wax flowers and a sideboard with the splendidest bottles and glasses on it, and everything beautiful! The carpet 's that lovely! with great red roses and hollyhocks, and I don't know what, all yellow and green. Take care what you're about Polly, or he may tire of coming after ye, and then where would ye be?"

"Mother!" said Polly with very unusual determination, "I don't want Mr. Biggins to come after me. I don't like him!"

"Fiddlesticks," said Mrs. Hart, getting angry, "that's neither here nor there. I've told him you'll be proud to marry him, and I'll not go back of my word," and she hurried away, leaving Polly stunned.

Was it really to be so? Were her own feelings to go for nothing? and was she to be given to this man for whom she had an unconquerable repugnance? No; it could not be!

She went upstairs to her own little room, and sat down at the open window, sick at heart, and sorely perplexed as to what she ought to do.

The soft balmy air quieted her—the calm blue sky reminded her of her sure Refuge in time of trouble, and rebuked her for her faithless fears.

She went down to her work, and met her father just coming in. She drew him into the garden, and told him how matters stood. To her surprise and distress he took her mother's view of the case.

"The man has nothing against him, Polly. As far as I can hear, he is an honest, good fellow, and very well off. Are you sure you're wise my girl?"

"Father," cried Polly, "I never could like him! I don't even know if he's a Christian. O, father, don't you take his part!"

Honest John was puzzled. He had not very long been a Christian himself he thought, and had he a right to judge another who might be better than himself? But if it were so—if he were only a well-to-do man of the world—how could they ask Polly to be his wife? —If it were only Harry Wilson, now—there was no doubt about him, if he had only a good trade to begin with!

Curiously enough, at the same moment, almost the same thought dyed Polly's cheeks pink.

"If it was only Harry!"——

And who may Harry Wilson be?

CHAPTER VI.

Two or three months before their acquaintance with Mr. Biggins began, Polly stood on the doorsteps one evening, waiting for her father home from his work. Little Cherry sat on the step at her feet. When John appeared, the child jumped up, and ran to meet him; he picked her up, and carried her in his arms; and as he neared home he may be excused if he thought "it was as good as a pictur'" to see "the lass" as she stood there in her fresh print dress, shading her eyes from the slanting rays of the setting sun, with a happy smile on her fair face.

And if the younger man who walked beside him thought the same, who will blame him?

Not I for one!

"Polly," said her father as they came up "here is an old friend." She looked puzzled.

"Here, wife," said John, as he went in pushing the young man before him, "do ye mind our neighbour at the mill in old times, Joe Wilson, and do ye mind little Harry that used to play with our Polly? Well, here he is! a bit grown, but I'll be bound not grown out of our love and friendship," with a hearty slap on the young fellow's shoulder.

Mrs. Hart welcomed him with genuine pleasure, and Polly shook hands with her old playmate.

Then, as Mrs. Hart had just put a plate of smoking cakes on the table, they all sat down to tea.

Little Cherry, who was generally very shy of strangers, after a long look at Harry, allowed him to take her on his knee, and share his cake.

Then Harry told his tale, of all that happened since the old times. How his father had been persuaded to give up the old mill by a tempting offer of a better one in the North. How it had proved a failure, and, instead of rising, they had gone down in the world. His father had gone as head man in the mill that had been his own, and when Harry had done with school, he had worked under his father. He had come now to Clampton to see after the old mill, if they could manage to get it again.

But he had found the present owner had a long lease of it, so that prospect was shut off, and Harry was looking for employment, which he could no longer get in the place where his father lived.

It was quite an event to the Harts, this meeting the son of their old friend, and they cordially asked him to drop in whenever he could. John knew something of the temptations that meet a young man lodging by himself in a town, and would fain help him; and Harry who had felt very lonely in his poor little lodging, was only too glad to accept their kindness. He generally managed to pop in just after their tea, when he would find John working in the garden, and Polly either helping him, or sitting at her work chatting to him, while Cherry played at hide-and-seek among the bushes.

On John's recommendation Mr. Gritts had spoken for Harry to a friend of his who kept a large flour store, and who gave Harry work.

So things went on, and, as any one might foresee, Harry very soon thought no one ever walked this earth like Polly Hart. Her sweet, dutiful, cheerful ways at home made him think, and very justly too, that such a daughter would be the best of wives.

But Harry kept his thoughts to himself. What right had he, who had not even settled work, to dream such dreams? It would be a sorry requital for their kind welcome, if he disturbed Polly's sweet serenity by any such presumptuous aspirations.

So that after about six weeks of this bitter, sweet life, he was almost glad when his employer told him that he needed his services no longer,

but that he had recommended him to a merchant friend in Leeds, who wanted a trustworthy man. "And both from my own observation and from the references I have had from others, I have no hesitation in recommending you," so said his employer.

Harry thanked him, and as he was to go next day, he went that evening to say good-bye to the Harts.

He had, as I said, been almost glad, for it was a sore struggle, day after day, to guard himself from revealing by word or look his love for Polly; yet now that the actual parting had come, all gladness died out of his heart.

John and Mrs. Hart were really sorry to lose him, though as the move was an advantageous one, both as to position and emolument, they wished him joy on his promotion.

But there was no joy in Harry's pale, agitated face. He soon said he must say good-bye; he shook hands with Mrs. Hart, thanking her hurriedly for all her goodness to him; then turning to Polly, who had been unusually silent, he held her hand for a moment. Little Cherry clung to his knees, he stooped and kissed her, and then hastened after John, who had said he would walk a bit of the way with him.

"Come, my boy!" said John, "don't take on so! You are not going to America. You'll be going home mayhap at Christmas, and ye must take us on your way. We shall miss you, down to Cherry. And ye mustn't be down-hearted neither, because things have been against you. You're a Christian lad, and the promise is true, 'The Lord will provide.' And I expect you will keep on rising now, till who knows where and what ye may come to!" and honest John laughed, though something trickled down his nose and had to be rubbed off with his coat-sleeve.

Harry could scarcely refrain from telling his secret then and there; but, no; he would not, could not confess his presumption; he would work hard, wait patiently, and if he did get on—why, then?

So they parted; and John went home with a dawning suspicion of the true state of the case, and thinking there was no lad he would like better for a son-in-law, if so be that Polly liked him, and he had a good way of living.

They heard from him when he had settled to his work. He liked his new master, and hoped to get on well; his loving duty to Mrs. Hart and Polly, and a kiss to Cherry, etc., etc.

That letter was secretly conveyed by Polly upstairs and put by in a rosewood workbox she had got for a prize at school, and in which she kept her little treasures.

A lock of the dead mother's hair, and her wedding ring, in safe keeping for Cherry; a little silver brooch that Harry had given her, and a few innocent reminiscences of her childish days, all perfumed by sprigs of lavender.

Harry had not kept his secret so cleverly to himself as he thought. He was too transparently true and straightforward to be a good dissembler, and Polly could not but read in his honest face the feelings he thought he was covering up so effectually. She could guess too what kept him from speaking, for Mrs. Hart, though she liked the lad, was for ever harping on his unfortunate circumstances when his back was turned, prophesying that that family never would pick itself up again, and that the best thing they could do would be to emigrate.

So Harry Wilson went out of their daily life again. Polly soon recovered her cheerfulness, and with the hopefulness of youth, and of a particularly hopeful disposition, added to a loving trust in Him whom both she and Harry served, she "bided her time."

A SOUTH ASPECT.

THE house seemed suitable, the rooms were just what we wanted; there was a nice garden in front, though not much behind. We had nearly decided on taking it, when something about the garden reminded us of a most important question that still remained to be asked:

"What is the aspect of this house?"

"Well, sir, it looks nearly due north."

"Then you don't get much sun in the front garden?"

"Well, no, sir; you see it is round at the back of the house nearly all day. There isn't much ground there, but what there is will grow twice as many flowers as this front piece."

"I'm afraid, then, that we must alter our minds, for you see all the sitting rooms are at the front, and a north aspect is very cheerless."

"Well, sir, some like it better. You always get a good clear light, though I must say I do like a bit of the sun sometimes."

Another look at the garden showed clearly the truth of the man's words. All was neatness and order, but there was a look of barrenness, a poverty of leaf, and a general blighted appearance that said as plainly as words could speak: "We want more sun."

How many in this world seem to want more sun! Speaking for the moment temporally, one can see these blighted ones everywhere. The sun of prosperity has never shone into their cheerless little parlour and brightened the threadbare carpet and the faded rickety furniture; it has not brightened up the sallow face of the careworn clerk, or the wrinkled brow of the anxious struggling mother; whereas, on the other hand, one can see the very beams of this luminary of Mammon reflected from the rubicund countenance, or the small, well-

shaven face, the spotless and expensive dress of the successful stockbroker or mammoth shopkeeper. The rays of this sun (not, alas! of righteousness) positively gild the costly rooms, the terraced fronts, of their well-appointed mansions.

But this sun often sets, and sets at mid-day, and even when it shines the brightest, underneath the golden light may be a hard and cruel heart, a load of sin, or misery, or deceit.

The prosperous are not always happy; nevertheless it is a blessed work to bring in some spare rays even of this earthly sun to lighten the squalid garret, the dull home, or cheerless lodging of the poor. The half-crown for the dreaded rent, the money for food or dress, the cheque for more permanent relief—all show at its best the value of this sun, lighting up the twilight of depression, the evening of want, or the midnight of despair.

But there is another light that we all need. There is One whose countenance is "like the sun shining in his strength" and whose name is the "Sun of Righteousness."

During the late frosts of this year in March, when the sun had much power, I was greatly struck by the contrast afforded by two sides of many of the roads near London. They were sharply divided into two halves. The one where the rays of the sun had not penetrated was cold and hard and dry; the other half, on which the sun had shone, was warm and soft and moist.

Now amongst Christians how clearly do we discern these two kinds.

The hard, the cold, the dry doctrinarian. As clear, it may be, as a northern light, and as cheerless. What right has he to take the name of *Christ*-ian in whose light he does not walk, whose smile he does not know? "Lord, lift Thou up the light of Thy countenance upon us." This is worth all the world besides. Oh, how soon we can tell a sunny Christian! A great many of us are like fruit trees growing on a north wall. We have plenty of light, and yet bear but little fruit, because we get little sun and heat.

Cold cometh out of the north, and heat from the south (Job xxxvii. 9 and Luke xii. 55). You may find a few, half-ripe pears or peaches on the tree, but you cannot get the well-ripened fruit the owner loves off anything but a south wall, for it is only "he that abideth in Me (the sun as well as the vine) that bringeth forth much fruit" (John xv. 4).

North light Christians are not uncommon. A somewhat chilling severity marks and mars their faithfulness; a cold clear light, the undeniably true doctrines that they hold, a certain self-satisfaction characterises their upright walk, and their general talk is not attractive. They have enough light, but they want more sun, more of the love of Christ that passes all understanding. On the other hand, south-aspect Christians may always be recognised when met with. There is a brightness and sweetness about them that wins and never repels, and above all there is a fruitfulness. They are not arm-chair critics of work for which they have no heart; their aim is not to be clear or clever, but to live for the Master. Their love to Him is unaffected and unmistakable.

Remember, too, that although Christians facing the south gain in warmth and heat, they do not lose in light. They do not give up the light to get the sun. Oh, let us then live in the light of Christ's countenance.

At Lucerne, the other day, I went through the well-kept Cantonal Hospital, and was greatly struck by the wonderful recoveries, made from the most critical operations, by the patients; but when I saw, opening out of each ward wooden terraces facing the south; and commanding the most splendid panorama of the blue lakes, surrounded by the everlasting snowclad giants of the Alps, where patients were wheeled out for their "sunbaths," I wondered no more. Oh, how I longed to put up a terrace like that to each of our London Hospitals. What different recoveries we should have!

Even so with the sin-sick soul. The same Sun that cheers the strong, heals the sick. Those to whom He has forgiven most, love Him most. Let us keep then in the love of God, let us live in the consciousness of His love resting on us in suffering and adversity.

Cheerless is the room without Him, whatever its earthly aspect. Warm and sunny is the suffering bed where He is welcome, even though there be no earthly comfort round it.

Let us get as much light as we can, right views, and right thoughts; but let us not give up warmth for light, or the sunshine of Christ's presence for anything in the world.

Things New and Old.

CLEANLINESS.—More than a generation has passed away since the missionaries began their work in the Pacific. In nothing is the contrast between the past and present more distinctly marked than in the matter of cleanliness. The Hervey Islanders in their original condition were never a cleanly race. In most of the islands fresh water is scarce; so that their sin was venial. A saponaceous plant known as the *tutututu*, was used in the early days of Christianity for washing clothes instead of soap. The trunk of the tree, which grows in the interstices of the coral rock near the sea, was scraped with a piece of hoop-iron or a knife; these scrapings mixed with water make a good lather. As commerce sprang up in the wake of Christianity, soap became plentiful and this saponaceous tree was allowed to grow unmolested. At the beginning of our work I have known natives to wear a shirt day and night, until it fell to pieces. These wiseacres declined to use proffered soap, lest the precious garment should wear out the sooner! The increase of the soap trade in the Pacific is a fair index of the advance of our work on the side of civilisation. In all Protestant native communities vast quantities of soap are disposed of. It is a pleasant thing on the Lord's day from the pulpit to survey the clean and neat appearance of the congregation in contrast with the dirt of former days. In those early days the exclusive use of well-oiled native cloth was not favourable to cleanliness. At times the strong scent of these garments was overpowering to European nostrils, although agreeable enough to the islanders. To-day it seems as though we lived in a new world; so

cleanly (comparatively speaking) have our converts become in respect to their persons and garments.—*William Wyatt Gill, B.A.*

Burial of the Dead.—Lieut. Bligh, in his "Narrative of the Mutiny of the Bounty," expresses his surprise that the Tahitians should bury their dead European fashion, exactly east and west; angely conjecturing that "they learnt it from the Spaniards, as the captain of one of their ships was buried at Tahiti in 1774."

The truth is that the Polynesian race has been accustomed from time immemorial to bury the dead (if buried at all) east and west. The head was invariably turned to the rising sun (face downwards), the feet towards the west, as required by their ancient solar worship. In the winter solstice, at the command of their ghostly leader, the spirits of the dead follow in the track of the setting sun to spirit-world. On the appointed day, at the first streak of dawn, the entire band start to meet the rising sun. They then follow in his train, as nearly as they can, till late in the afternoon they bathe and rest awhile at a sacred spot facing due west. As the sun sinks in the ocean, they take a last tearful farewell of their friends and island home, and —still led by their chief—flit over the waves in the golden track of the sun-god Rā, descending with him into spirit-world. To this day it is said of the dying at Rarotonga, "So-and-so is passing over the sea"; the proverb outliving the faith on which it was founded. Did not the European custom of burying the dead east and west likewise originate in the ancient worship of the sun practised by our heathen ancestors?—*William Wyatt Gill, B.A.*

A Charter of Rights.—The Rev. E. Mackenzie Cobham, in a recent speech, gave an interesting glimpse into village life in the Madras Presidency:—"In one village when our people became Christians they were met with persecution. False charges were made against them, and some of them were sent to prison. I appealed against the decision of the native judge, and after three months' wandering to and fro from village to village, I managed to get the decision reversed. When the men were acquitted the sky became bright again for these people. One of those men, during a long controversy that was going on, was offered one hundred and fifty rupees by the great enemy of the Christians. The poor man said: 'No, I am on that side and I am not going to meddle with yours.' That is village Christianity. Within seven days after these people had thus accepted Christ they told all their relatives in villages twenty or thirty miles away, and thus the work of God spreads. In another village I had ninety or ninety-five people ready for baptism, but, as is usual, the landowners, finding that the tenants were becoming Christians, threatened eviction and other kinds of distress, and many drew back, but twenty or twenty-five remained firm. Next they came down upon the village belonging to the tenants, and ploughed up their patch of ground, so that we might not build a chapel or a school. I thought that the matter must be fought out some day, and thought that we had better fight it out at once. I wrote a long account of the matter to the collector, telling him how the caste people had interfered with the ground of the tenants, and he came over to the village to see it. These people had to suffer persecution which I cannot narrate to you. Many a time, with the sweat on their brows, they were hesitating whether to go back or remain, but they kept firm, and they are now a strong and united church. After a time the Government issued a charter of rights, protecting the lower caste, and saying that the caste villagers from henceforth must not interfere with the non-caste or their lands on any pretext whatever. That charter, won by the patience of a few Methodists in that little village, is a charter for millions of people."

A DISCONTENTED BOY.

CHAPTER III.

"I am the bread of life: he that cometh to Me shall never hunger; and he that believeth on Me shall never thirst."—*John* vi. 36.

THE weather was glorious on the Bank holiday. Southwaite and Heber set off for their long walk, and their heart-to-heart communion, after an early breakfast. Southwaite's manner to Heber was like that of a big brother to a little one, and yet there was mingled with it a respect which showed him conscious of his young companion's intellectual superiority. And so the long pent-up feelings of the boy found a vent, as he told him of his sorrows and his sufferings, his dislike to his trade, and dwelt on his humble home in Souchester, his father's wisdom, his mother's piety, the emotions and aspirations awakened in him by the mere sight of the old cathedral, and the fountains of earthly knowledge he had tasted of in the library. And Southwaite listened with a mingled wonder and awe, and yet with a strange admixture of compassion and of brotherly tenderness for him in his present unhappy surroundings.

He told him, however, that he must try to bear his cross patiently, remembering the cross that Jesus bore.

It was not only in grand temples where sweet music sounded that God was to be worshipped. His home was in the penitent and contrite heart. He was near to each one of us in the lowest depths of our misery; and confession of sin and need, faith in the blood of Jesus would bring Him so near that we could feel the touch of His hand, and hear his still, small voice.

"What you feel is a great want, both for mind and heart," said Southwaite. "Come to Jesus and He will satisfy it. I have known like you what it was to thirst for affection, when the dear friend I told you of was taken. But I heard Jesus saying to me, 'If any man thirst, let him come unto Me and drink.' You say that your mind is being starved. I don't think it need be. There's another kind of satisfaction than that which is to be got out of learning. Jesus says, 'I am the bread of life; he that cometh to Me shall never hunger; and he that believeth on Me shall never thirst.'"

"I wish I knew how to come, and how to believe," said poor Heber, to whom the simple teaching of the Gospel had never come home with like force before.

They were nearing Singleton's farm, and Southwaite dropped the subject for the time, feeling that the few words he had ventured to speak had already been crowned with more success than he had anticipated. The good folks at the farm were all in holiday attire, and on the look out for friends. Mr. and Mrs. Thompson, the host and hostess, welcomed Mr. Southwaite very warmly, and seemed sincerely pleased to see Heber. That was a never-to-be-forgotten day. Spacious and pleasant as the farmhouse was, it reminded Heber of the narrow home of his childhood, because of the atmosphere of peace and purity that pervaded it.

From the little garden came the familiar scent of mignonette, and as the guests dispersed, some inspecting the farmyard, others betaking themselves to the orchards and fields, with a look into the dairy by the way, Heber felt

that he had lighted on another abode for earthly happiness, and assured himself that he could have been good and contented if, when taken away from Souchester, the lines had fallen to him in such a place as this. One of the guests was a little sallow-faced city missionary, who was lodging some sickly lambs of his tending in the little cottages that composed the village. There was going to be tea in a barn, and after it the missionary had promised to narrate some of his experiences.

Dinner was served to a goodly company in the large house-place, and a kind of conversation went on that was new indeed to Heber. He was all eye, all ear, all attention. He felt, poor boy, like the pilgrims in the House Beautiful in the 'Pilgrim's Progress.' He was discerning of a chaste beauty in the homely frankness of these good people, and the ice that had been gathering around his heart melted before their simplicity and truthfulness. From something that was said he discovered that his new friend was a local preacher, and he determined that he would hear him preach. However plain and unadorned the religion that these people professed, they appeared to be very happy in it. The country walk and fine air had given them good appetites, and the nicely served produce of farmyard, dairy and larder, was most delicious.

Then in the golden evening there was the tea in the barn, the missionary's speech, singing, prayers, and a collection for the dreadful East End district, out of which he brought such thrilling stories; stories of miserable, depraved man, and seeking, sin-subduing, sorrow-healing Jesus. Heber saw then, as he had never seen before, that he who would find Jesus and follow in His steps, or hold Him by the hem of His garment, need not depart from the weary thoroughfare of life, but may be sure of His presence where souls are to be saved, and the devil is doing his best or his worst to ruin men and women.

He had looked forward to the walk home with Southwaite, for the talk he would have with him; but he was as still as the balmy beautiful summer night, and Southwaite did not intrude on his thoughts, understanding his emotions, and being busy with his own reflections.

It was a month after this ere Heber found the opportunity he so much wished of hearing Southwaite preach. In the time their friendship had grown, and Southwaite felt sure that the boy was not very far from the kingdom of God. He had taken him with him to his own chapel, and they had had many an earnest talk.

Now the fields were whitening to harvest, and they walked through them one Sabbath afternoon to a rustic little chapel with whitewashed walls.

The singing was very quaint, but Heber thought the words beautiful. The text had, during the last month, been often the subject of his meditation, "I am the bread of life."

The sermon was not a very learned one, but it went straight from the preacher's heart to the heart of one of his hearers.

On the way home, Heber said, "Oh, tell me how it was you came to preach like that. I felt as if every word was for me, and as if you knew more about my discontent than even I had told you."

"My dear Heber, I have thought of you so much; I have prayed for you so much, and if God gave me a message for you, He gave me it also for others."

"Whatever message He gave you it has reached me, you dear, good Southwaite, and now I am no longer discontented. I feel as if I could hunger no more, nor thirst any more, because I have found Jesus."

They rejoiced together; and as a little leaven leaveneth the whole lump, a gradual change was to be found in James Letter's work-room and his home. It was the effect of the light confronting the darkness and rebuking the spirit of evil.

We will take leave of Heber in his native city. He is paying it a farewell visit before he embarks for the shores to which he has been ordered as a missionary. One of his old tormentors is with him, wishing him Godspeed and applauding his high courage. They have visited the spot where his parents lie, the library and the museum. They wander over the cathedral, and remain in it for Evensong. Still there are the crowds of noisy traffickers outside. Heber sees another boy in the stall where he used to sit and uplift his childish treble.

He remembered his fancy of the great glorious angel come down to sinful men to point them upwards. Now he thinks how the cathedral, with its daily services of praise, has been compared to worshipping Mary, kneeling so meekly at the feet of her Lord. He rejoices that it is so; but he feels that it might not have been the best for him if his life had been linked permanently with that kind of devotion. He sees a wise purpose in his removal from Souchester, and the violence that was done to his clinging, sensitive nature. He has learned "to endure hardness." He has been strengthened for ardent toils, and now he is called to them he praises God for the past, and trusts Him for what is to come. The Bread of Life is his to feed upon wherever he goes, and if he hungers and thirsts it is for more holiness, and more success in labouring for the Master.

SCRIPTURE ENIGMA.

NO. XXIV.

Art thou he that troubleth Israel?
Whose damsel is this?
Who art thou, my son?
What have I done, is there not a cause?
Why is thy heart grieved?
Who are these?
Where hast thou gleaned to-day?
Will they not stone us?
What meaneth the noise of this tumult?

Who asked these questions nine?
Seek for them, line by line,
Within the Book Divine.
The speakers' names set down,
All have a wide renown,
Two wore a royal crown.
Initial letters take,
They will be found to make
Three words that Jesus spake.

L. T.

SCRIPTURE CHARACTER.

NO. XII.

1. They were husband and wife.

2. They were banished from Rome during a persecution of the Jews.

3. In their exile they met with one who taught them about Jesus.

4. They happened to follow the same trade as their new friend.

5. They became the means of giving wider and better instruction to an eloquent preacher.

6. They risked their lives for the man who led them to Christ.

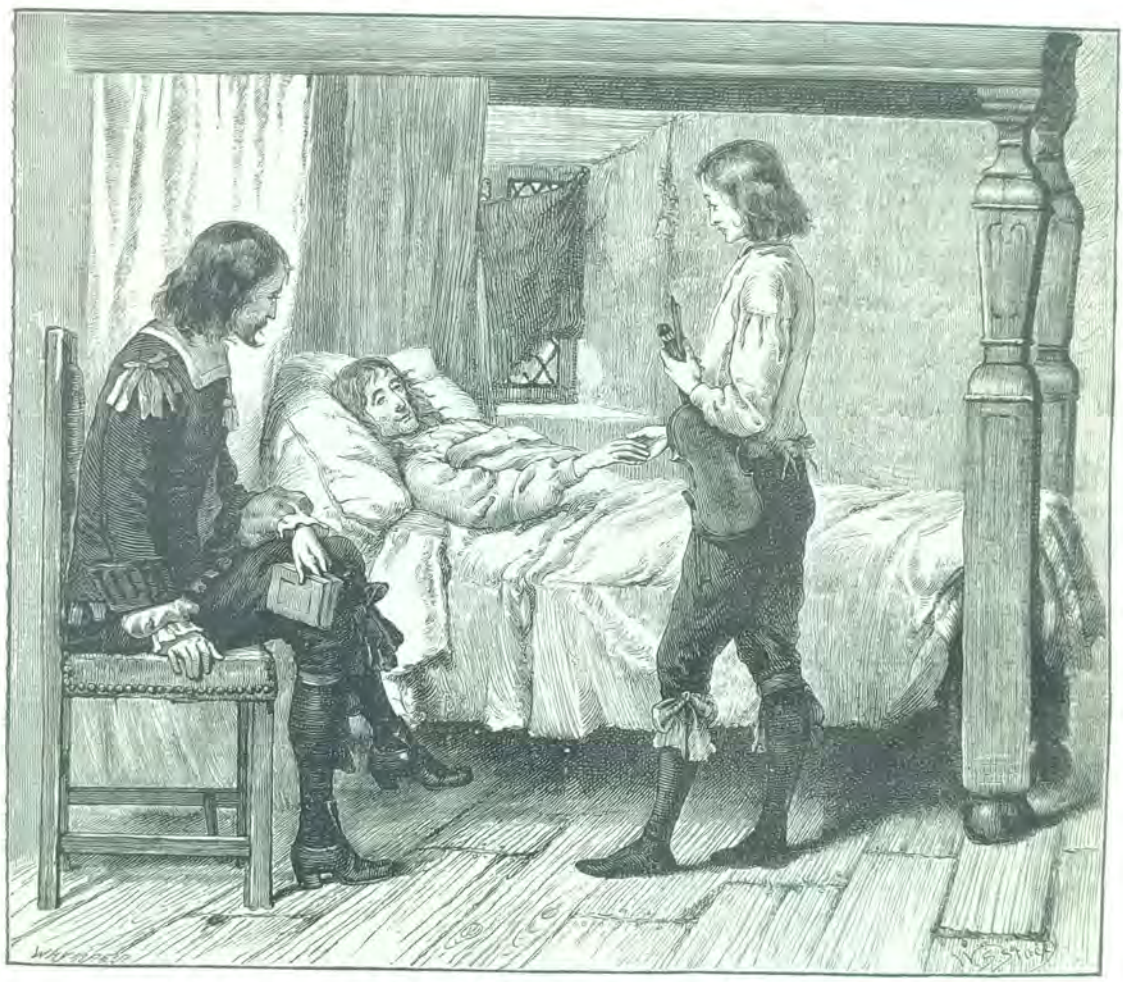
THE SUNDAY AT HOME

O DAY MOST CALM, MOST BRIGHT! . . .
THE WEEK WERE DARK BUT FOR THY LIGHT.—*Herbert.*

GENEVIÈVE;

A STORY OF OLD FRANCE.

CHAPTER XVIII.—AFTER THREE YEARS (*continued*).



"MY GOOD BOY," HE SAID WEARILY, "TO YOUR MASTER AND TO YOU I OWE MY LIFE."

WITH a return to his usual tone and look, Edouard presently resumed his narrative.

"I now perceive that my first step when I regained my freedom was a false one. Assuredly I ought to have returned at once to my uncle, submitted myself to him, and obeyed him in all lawful things. But in the state of mind in which I then was, this seemed too tame and commonplace a proceeding, especially as I lay, before my adventure, under his grave displeasure. I was fired with the ambition to do some great thing, to render him some signal service which should make him more than forgive my Hugenotrie. To seek you out, to relieve the misery your letter revealed, and bring you as a penitent to his feet, seemed a noble and worthy aim to toil for. What would our welcome be, I thought, if we came back to him together! Besides, there was another reason. As soon as I came forth from the den of the "faux sauniers," I began to perceive a dimness in my sight, occasioned, I suppose, by my illness, and my efforts to read in

the dimly-lighted cave. This caused me a mortal fear, for I know of few things more terrible to a man than the loss of sight. I wished, without the knowledge of my uncle, to go to Paris, and consult the best surgeons there. This I accomplished, and their verdict, thank God! was very encouraging. Then, without returning at all to Chèvres, I set my face northwards, towards England."

"And left my poor father still mourning for you as for a son, all the son he had too? Huguenot or no, therein you acted like a saint. Saints are always aiming after something far away up somewhere in the clouds, and not condescending to notice the little everyday matters at their feet—such as fathers, mothers, husbands, children, and so forth."

"I do not deserve canonization quite yet," returned Edouard with his grave smile. "Of course I wrote at once, from the first town I reached, to inform my uncle of my safety; and I also asked his permission to go abroad for a short time, entreating him to send me my page Henri, and a modest supply of money for my intended journey."

"What if he had ordered you to come home?"

"I would have obeyed him, of course. But I wrote to him in such a way that he was hardly likely to do it. I was, as I see now, obstinately set upon carrying out my plan; which I thought would only delay my return for a very short period. My letter, through the miserable negligence of the post, took I know not how long a time to reach Chèvres. However, it came at last into my uncle's hands; and by his directions, Henri joined me at Rouen. The poor boy had been eating his heart out with grief for me since the day he left me for dead among the robbers. He brought me generous supplies, and, what was better still, an affectionate letter from my uncle, full of joy at the news of my safety, though tinged with natural disappointment at the postponement of my return. I think I ought, even then, to have gone back to him, especially as I had accomplished my purpose of consulting the surgeons. But I foolishly thought that, having gone so far, I had better persevere. After a short detour to the neighbourhood of Vernon to see old friends, who, as it proved, had long since left the place, I went to Havre, took ship, and reached London. There I enquired for you amongst all the Frenchmen about the Court and in the household of the Queen Dowager.[1] I ascertained at last that you had lost a large sum at play, and that to escape prosecution for the other debts you had incurred while waiting on Fortune, you had taken ship for the Barbadoes."

"What in the world should take me to the Barbadoes?"

"The desire to get away from your embarassments—the hope of adventure—and the chance of making the voyage with a French captain who had once been in your father's service."

"Peste! How careful a man should be of his words! Who would have thought that my very innocent *ruse*, in giving out that I was going to the Indies, to escape going to a worse place, that is to say, to the prison of the Fleet, would have cost so much trouble!"

"It cost me a year and nine months out of my life, and it nearly cost Henri the whole of his, for he caught the yellow fever the first day we went on shore. However, it was all my own folly. I ought not to have pursued you in that way, across the world. But God is above all, and you see, I have found you at last."

"How did you manage it?"

"When I returned to England, I heard that the Queen-mother and her French attendants had left the country, and that the king and his court had gone to Salisbury on account of the plague. I knew I should find the French ambassador with him there. So to Salisbury I went; and there I heard, from one of the ambassador's gentlemen, that you had ridden a race for a wager with some madcap young Englishman, had been thrown from your horse, and that you were lying helpless and abandoned in the plague-stricken city. He could not, however, give me your address; so on reaching this place, I went to the Capuchins the Queen-mother left behind her in Somerset House, and asked if they knew you."

"If they did, they never came near me, the rascals!"

"Not their fault; good and noble men as they are, who have not counted their own lives dear to them in this plague-stricken city,"[1] said the Huguenot, in his generous enthusiasm for whatsoever was noble, honourable, and of good report. "Two of them are dead, three more are ill, and the rest overwhelmed with work. However, one of them told me that a Frenchman had been ill in this house, but that he believed that he was dead long ago. Coming here, I saw the red cross on the door, but the watchman told me that only two poor old women were within, both dying of the plague. I hesitated to enter; for once within I knew I would not be permitted to go forth again, and so, if you were not there, my search would be stopped. Questioning the man farther, I heard a sickening story of desertion and misery; of the death of some, and the flight of others by night over walls and the roofs of neighbouring houses. He knew nothing of a Frenchman with a broken leg; and yet I could not get rid of the impression that there indeed you were. So at last I dared the consequences and went in, leaving Henri outside to take my directions in case of need. The first errand I found for him was to procure comforts for the two poor desolate old creatures, to whose last hours we were in time to minister, though we were too late to save them. I was leaning out of the window to throw him money for this purpose, when I thought I heard a voice from the room above me. Listening intently I caught the words, in a kind of wild chant, '*A bas la Mazarin.*'[2] Never before did it give me such real pleasure to hear the name of the cardinal."

"Ah," said Léon, "I suppose I thought in my

[1] Henrietta Maria, widow of Charles I.

[1] A fact.

[2] Down with Mazarin. The Fronde was a kind of revolt against the Cardinal Minister, who was all powerful with Anne of Austria, during the minority of Louis XIV.

wanderings that I was again in the midst of the *Fronde*."

"At all events you were singing Frondeur songs. You were quite delirious. Indeed, I say now that when first I saw your face, hope and courage forsook me, and I thought I had found you only to lose you again. My cousin, those were dark days that followed. I will not dwell upon them. Thank God, you are saved."

His voice trembled; and he averted his face from the sick man lest his emotion should be read too plainly there. The protracted conflict he had waged with death, in one of its most appalling forms, had left deep traces even upon his strong heart and frame.

His cousin was moved also, as much as his weak condition permitted. He stretched out his hand to Edouard.

"I thank you," he said. "You have saved my life. I can never repay you."

"Yes, you can," Edouard answered, in a lighter tone. "You have it in your power to give me that thing which all men desire the most—success. When I bring you home with me to the Hotel de Graffont, and present you to your father——"

"Oh, do not speak of that! How can I ever face him again? And not him alone, but all Paris. The De Bauny connection, and all their friends, the king himself!" And, moving uneasily on his couch, he murmured something about a *lettre de cachet*.

"No fear of that," said Edouard. "I once talked the whole matter over confidentially with M. L'Avocat Dartignan, who you know is a great authority about the Graffont family affairs. He assured me you would be in no danger if you returned at any time; and as to your father's disposition towards you, I will answer for it with my life. It will be the happiest day in his when he embraces you once more."

"I cannot do it," said the sick man petulantly.

Edouard kept silence, being too wise, perhaps also too strong, to utter what he thought: "You will do it for all that." He knew his own power and the weakness of his cousin; and in such matters, as well as those of higher import, "he who believeth" does not "make haste." The long pause that followed was ended by an ominous sound. The unaccustomed noise of approaching wheels broke the stillness of the desolate street, and as it came nearer and nearer, a loud harsh voice was heard to cry, "Bring out your dead! Bring out your dead!"

The sick man shuddered, and drew the coverlet over his face, which had now grown ashy in its paleness. Edouard went over to the window and looked out. The action was characteristic of both. Throughout life, one would always face the terrible, the other cover his eyes from the sight of it.

Edouard said presently, in the quiet matter-of-fact tone which is the best remedy for nervous terror, "The cart has not stopped once in this street; and I verily believe it is almost empty. God be praised! He is removing from us at the last the stroke of His hand. Or rather," he added in a softer tone, "it is now that His hand is touching us, to bind up and to heal. The pestilence was only His sword." Then approaching the bed, "You have talked enough now, my cousin. I shall read a Gospel for you, and then you will go to sleep."

He opened his father's Bible, and read the parable of the prodigal's son. At the words, "I will arise, and go to my father," a tear stole down the wasted cheek of the sick man. But when he finished, Léon, much to his surprise, took up the word.

"My cousin, there is a new version of that old story, in which it is the elder son who goes after the prodigal, and brings him back to the fatted calf and the best robe. But what about *his* part when that is done? Will it be said to him in future, 'All that I have is thine?' Has he not been playing, for his own interest, a losing game?"

"Allow me to repeat to you, my cousin," observed Edouard, "that for the present you have talked quite enough."

"Well, yes, to you. For the present I have no more words to say to *you*; they must wait until I find them. But I pray you, ere I sleep, call me that boy of yours whose violin I hear twanging in the next room. My thanks to *him*, for the courage and devotion with which he has tended a plague-stricken sufferer; may perhaps admit of being put into words.—Henri! Henri!—Is it my own voice I hear? It sounds to me like another man's."

"Your own voice truly, but still faint and weak. He could not hear you. But if you really wish it, and will promise not to speak more than ten words to him, I will call him."

He did so; and the lad, still holding his beloved violin, came and stood by the bed, saying respectfully, "I am glad to see M. le Marquis so much better."

Léon stretched out his hand to him.

"My good boy," he said wearily, "I thank you with all my heart for your care and service. To your master and to you I owe my life. If I can ever repay you, God knows how gladly I will do it."

"M. le Marquis is too good," said the youth. "Any little services I have had the honour to render were only my duty, and far less than I owe to my own master."

"To whom," said Léon, "you yet cannot owe as much as I do."

"If monsieur will pardon me," said Henri, "it is true that I owe him less because, no doubt, my life is worth much less than that of a gentleman of France, like Monsieur. But M. de Sercourt, himself face to face with death, held off with his own hands the faux saunier whose poignard was at my throat, bidding me fly for my life, which to my everlasting disgrace——"

"Hush, Henri!" Edouard interrupted imperatively. "You tell that story all wrong; and even if told aright, it could not interest M. le Marquis, to whom I am sure, you are properly grateful for the kind and gracious sentiments he has expressed towards you. Now we must both leave him, that he may take the rest which is absolutely necessary.—No, my cousin, not another word. I am going, with my books, to take the air in the back yard. Should you have need of anything, the lightest touch on the wall at your head will bring Henri, who will remain in the next room—this time without his violin."

SOME OLD PULPITS.

WYCLIF'S PULPIT.

THROUGH miles of richly-wooded country we reach the spot which may be called the cradle of Protestant truth, Lutterworth. No shriek of whistle or rush of train disturbs the peace of the dwellers in this cosy village. It is as quiet as when Wyclif moved down its

WYCLIF'S PULPIT.

streets and carried comfort and help to the simple people of his flock. There, amid the thick clump of trees, is the broad tower of the church of which he was so long the loved minister. We approach it through the well-kept graveyard, and passing under the deeply-shadowed porch, we meet the rector, who most kindly guides us to the various points of interest. He shows the very quaint fresco of the resurrection, recently revealed from under thick coatings of yellow-wash; the very old Bible of Wyclif under the tower; in a glass case, the simply embroidered, but very faded, robes the Reformer wore at the altar; the chair in which he used to sit, and the spot where he was struck with paralysis, and ended his noble life; then to the monument commemorating his struggles, his virtues, and his victories. We ascended the short flight of steps and stood in the dark oaken pulpit from which Wyclif so often had preached. It is of the ordinary shape, but without a sounding board. Each side is of chastely carven Gothic. It is in such a good state of preservation that one could with difficulty believe it was the one Wyclif had used, but we were assured that it was the very pulpit in which the fearless champion of truth in a dark age stood forth for Christ, the spot where the "morning star of the Reformation" shone with greatest brilliancy. The steps are modern, and the double candlestick is also a recent addition. The rector was quite eloquent as he stood just behind us in the pulpit, and said: "Look round on the walls of this church. They are reputed to have been built by Wyclif, and they should never resound with any but the doctrines of Christ and the Reformation. Whenever any man stands in the pulpit or sits in that chair, the principles of the Reformation should be suggested to him. I hope those principles will ever be preached here. The good people of Lutterworth still revere the memory of Wyclif, and would be very sorry indeed if any other doctrines than those he loved were proclaimed here." At such utterances, spoken earnestly by such a man in such a place, on such a theme, we could almost imagine the bodies of the faithful dead around us quivering in their coffins, and the spirit of a Wyclif rejoicing afresh over a true descendant.

We wandered round the church and then down to the side of the small river that once received on its surface the ashes of the brave Reformer. We pondered over the changes that had come to this dear old land, and rejoiced at the way in which God takes care of the work, and even of the reputation of those who faithfully serve Him. Standing on the very birthplace of the Reformation, we could exult at the way in which a good work is carried on by one and another to a glorious completion. Wyclif stimulated Huss. The doctrines of Huss emboldened a Luther, and a Luther's name has been a watchword with multitudes ever since. Leaning over the low wall of the bridge that spanned the river, we could only silently pray that God would raise up many who should do something to help to maintain the principles for which Wycliff struggled, that have made our country great, and that are destined to bless the whole world.

II.—BAXTER'S PULPIT.

THE red ball of the setting sun was just visible through the bare trees, and a bluish wintry haze, as Kidderminster was entered. A great hush was over nature, and this was in harmony with the writer's feelings as he found himself going down hill into the town made almost sacred by the work of Baxter therein. The streets are narrow and twisted, with here and there triangular openings and all sorts of projections incident to the antiquated style of architecture. We were struck with the resemblance presented to some old French towns, and came to the conclusion that if Kidderminster were on the Continent, many English and American tourists would, for its quaintness alone, pay it a visit. Here are very old houses with the white

plaster crossed by massive black timbers, or oddly fashioned red brick buildings. Here is one street with such paving that it looks like a glissade, and another with loftily raised footway. There is a narrow river with broad bridge spanning it, and by its side a large factory with an uninteresting shaft piercing the gloom. In one open space there stands a statue to Rowland Hill, who was born in Kidderminster, and on the pediment is an inscription telling of the benefits he conferred by instituting the penny postage system. In the "Bull Ring," once the scene of much vile sport, another statue has been erected to the man who, of all others, has made Kidderminster famous. For its carpets it is renowned, but far more as being the scene of the labours of Baxter.

The attitude of the grand Puritan is most imposing and graceful. He is represented in becoming Puritan preaching robe, with one hand resting on a Bible, and the other lifted high towards heaven, as if he were still directing his flock thitherward. Close to the statue is a church called the Baxter Church, but it was not there that the Puritan preached. The scene of his labours was the parish church higher up the hill. We wander up to the beautiful structure. It is open. The vicar is most courteous. In the vestry a very well finished portrait of Baxter is shewn, and in the church is a large chair, the only relic of the man who once honoured those walls by his ministry therein. The communion table is in the Congregational Church, and the pulpit in which he preached is in a vestry of the Unitarian meeting-house. Before we go and find out the pulpit let us copy the inscription on the chair preserved in the church. Here is a facsimile—

Rev R^{d} BAXTER
born n^{r} Shrewsbury
in 1615 and died at
London in 1691
Chaplain to
King Charles II
A ✣ 1630 ✣ D

On the back of the pillar half way down the nave, attached to which the pulpit stood, is still discernible in faint characters, the text "We preach Christ crucified."

The vicar said, speaking with enthusiasm of the work of Baxter, "It could not now be said of this town as it could when Baxter left it: 'There is scarcely a house in which the voice of prayer and praise is not heard.' When he first entered it, there were but few houses in which God was honoured, but the spirit of his self-denying labours still seems to hover over the place, and wrought a mighty change. He being dead yet speaketh."

"But how is it that the pulpit in which he preached has been removed?"

"It was sold, not by us, but by the men of a preceding generation. The beautiful stone pulpit was a gift, and two pulpits were not necessary. We would not have sold Baxter's pulpit, however."

The vicar seemed very sorry that it had been removed. It seems that the Unitarians bought it, but it was either too old to be used, or its Jacobean dark deeply carven oak was out of harmony with the light pitch-pine fittings of the church, and so it has been placed away in a vestry, set up in a niche and preserved. One had to enquire for the meeting-house and discover the entrance under a low archway. Then we had to ask for the pulpit. Although we went into a number of shops in the town to try and purchase a photograph of it, we could not find one. It was, however a work of joy to sit down and sketch it, imagining ever and anon we could see the thin form still moving, the eager face and the eyes with dark lightning in them still flashing from that sacred desk. We were thankful to be left alone in the vestry that evening. The detail of the ornamentation is elaborate. Just under the great sounding board is a bracket with a crown thereon, suggestive of the preacher's reward. The under part of the sounding board has inlaid work, representing a quivering sword of fire, indicating, perhaps, the power of the word which "pierceth to the dividing asunder of soul and spirit, discerning the thoughts and intents of the heart." On the panels are richly-wrought trees with apples, possibly hinting at the story of the Fall, or at the trees of Life, under

BAXTER'S PULPIT.

which the faithful are at last to recline. On each panel in very plain letters is the intimation that the whole pulpit was the gift of a widow.

It seemed to us at first that it was a pity that that pulpit should be so hidden away, that it might have been strengthened and used instead of the

stumpy shapen pitch-pine pulpit in the meeting-house, but then other thoughts came. Possibly the Unitarian pastor and people have too great reverence for the memory of the sainted man to allow any one else to habitually preach from that pulpit sacred to him. We wondered why they purchased it. Possibly it was because the place called the New Meeting was once the home of a Presbyterian Church that had lapsed into Unitarianism, and the people felt that they had some right of possession beyond that which money gave. We took up from the cushion of the old desk over which Baxter had so often leaned, not a copy of the old Bible he used, but of Freeman Clarke! Some other volume such as "The Saint's Everlasting Rest," or "The Reformed Pastor," might fitly be placed there in addition to a Bible.

If the purchasers of that pulpit saved it from being broken up for firewood, all evangelical Christians are in a measure indebted to them. May it long be cared for, and the truths Baxter loved still be proclaimed!

In a house in the market-place Baxter lived. On the upper part of the house in large letters is still seen the inscription: "Baxter 1641." The house is now used for the sale of pastry and confectionary, and the occupant seemed very surprised that a stranger, while eating a custard, should ask whether anything that Baxter had used remained in the house.

F. HASTINGS.

SEVENFOLD.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "NEARLY IN PORT," ETC

CHAPTER VII.

TO go back to my story before the digression about Harry Wilson—Polly's position became daily more uncomfortable. Her appeal to her father had been of little use. He had told his wife that he would not have the child worried, and that she must let the matter drop, and as he was all day away from home, he saw and heard nothing more of Mr. Biggins, and thought all was well. But Mrs. Hart took it into her head that "Polly's head was runnin' on that pauper lad," and that the sooner the matter was clenched, the better.

She therefore redoubled her efforts. She talked to Polly of the advantages of making "a real comfortable match," praised Mr. Biggins till she hated the sound of his name, and told her she was an undutiful girl as well as a fool, to say a word against it.

If Mrs. Hart had read Tennyson, she might have finished off very effectively

> Hers not to make reply,
> Hers not to question why,
> Hers but to——

marry Mr. Biggins! But as she had not, a sniff of determination generally ended the onslaught, and Polly felt in disgrace for the rest of the evening.

After one of these miserable arguments one day, Mrs. Hart set off up the street, and as she had on her best bonnet, Polly felt sure she was gone to visit Mr. Biggins, and perhaps to draw closer the net which she sometimes felt closing round her, in spite of her quiet resistance. She sat down and cried bitterly. What was she to do? Her refusal seemed to count for nothing. She had prayed too: were her prayers in vain? The next moment she blamed herself for her mistrusting thoughts. "The darkest hour is just before dawn," she said to herself, "I will trust, and not be afraid."

She set about baking cakes for tea: her eyes still swollen and smarting, when a knock came to the door. She opened it, and there stood Mrs. Adams. She came in on Polly's invitation and sat down.

"I come to bring you the book I promised you, Polly, but—" she went on, "you are in trouble—what is the matter, my dear?" for Mrs. Adams had been a kind friend to the Harts ever since they had come to Clampton, and Polly had no secrets from her.

At the kind, sympathising tone, her tears flowed afresh, and before Mrs. Adams left, she had told her all her trouble. Polly was sorely perplexed. Her duty to her mother, and her own sense of right in the matter, pulled two different ways, and it was a relief to ask Mrs. Adams' advice. She spared her mother in the telling, only that she wished her to marry this man whom she never could like, that her father wished it too, and what was she to do?

Mrs. Adams promised to think it over, talked kindly to her for awhile, and left Polly much comforted.

Mrs. Adams went straight home, and into her husband's study.

"Stephen," she said, "I want your help and advice. Our dear little Polly Hart is in sore trouble. Her mother (I never liked that woman!) wants her to marry that man that has the draper's shop near Mrs. Gritts; Biggins, you know. She can't bear him. And even good John wishes for it. Can you fancy it, Stephen? I suppose it is his money, for I don't like his looks, though perhaps one shouldn't go by that.

"And, Stephen, I shouldn't wonder if the girl had a liking somewhere else. Do you remember that fine-looking young fellow that sat in the pew with them, and sang out of the same hymn-book with Polly?

"You are laughing at me, I see; but take my word for it, the poor child wants our help. She

is so gentle and dutiful, she might be dragged into anything."

And Mrs. Adams untied her bonnet, and sat down quite hot with distress and anxiety.

"Biggins, did you say?" asked Mr. Adams. "I heard something of that man only the other day. We must sift it out; John Hart is too simple to suspect evil, and a little flash and gilding would make Mrs. Hart take to Jeroboam the son of Nebat!"

The Vicar had just been composing a sermon on that evil man.

And so Polly's cause was taken up by these staunch friends, and Mr. Biggin's character and antecedents thoroughly investigated.

A few days later, Mr. Adams met John on his way home, he brought him into his study, and laid before him the result of his enquiries.

Mr. Biggins had come to Clampton only two years before. He was originally from Norwich, where Mr. Adams found he had borne anything but a good character. He had had a small shop there, but in consequence of drinking and gambling had failed, and was very low in the world when a relation in America died leaving him money. He had left Norwich, no one knowing where he had gone, when he cropped up in Clampton, and devoted himself body and soul to business. His old mother was still living—in the workhouse in Norwich.

Mr. Adams had only recently seen him in church, and shrewdly suspected that Polly was the cause of his coming there at all.

John went home and told the whole story to his wife. She pretended at first to disbelieve it, then broke into angry tears, and reviled Mr. Biggins till John almost felt inclined to stand up for him, and finally begged she might never hear his name mentioned again.

Polly soon heard of the new order of things; blessed Mr. and Mrs. Adams in her heart, and resolved never again to despair or despond whatever might befall.

It is to be supposed that Mr. Biggin's conscience (if he indulged in such a luxury) guessed that Mrs. Hart had heard something to his disadvantage on her giving up her almost daily visits to his shop, for he made no enquiries after her, and shortly after consoled himself by taking to wife the dashing widow of a publican, more suitable for him than our sweet Polly.

She was very thankful for her own escape, but she was really sorry for her mother. Her golden dreams had melted away, and her consciousness how nearly she had shipwrecked her child's happiness, filled her with bitter self-reproach, which however so far from suggesting to her to be more amiable in future, made her more irritable than ever.

Polly found it best to take no notice of her moods, for when she had tried to be even more loving and caressing than usual, Mrs. Hart had repelled her, saying she wanted no smoothing down, and that people might triumph as much as they pleased, but she had done all for the best, though in this world people got small thanks for good intentions, if they happened to make a mistake once in a way.

So Polly shrank into her shell, and only looked a little less bright than usual. Then little Cherry took the matter in hand. She was so used to Grannie's fretful looks, she minded them no more than the sun minds the little clouds that flit across his face.

But one evening when Mrs. Hart sat in her beehive chair, neither speaking nor knitting, but looking cross and angry, "past the common," to use her own expression, little Cherry came to her, and with a sympathizing "poo' gannie!" scrambled into her lap, stroked her cheeks, and covered the sour face with the sweetest kisses. Who could resist it? The puckers smoothed out one by one, the twitching lips grew quiet, and soft tears filled the hard, angry eyes. She put her arms round Cherry, and kissed her with quivering lips, and it being her bed-time, the child, tired with play, fell asleep. No one said anything about it, but from that evening Cherry considered it her peculiar duty to be Grannie's comforter. And by slow degrees Mrs. Hart, softened and quieted by little Cherry's love, began to think more justly of her past life.

Those wholesome tears seemed to have washed off the film that had so long clouded her sight. John's patience with her in her "contrary" moods; Polly's unfailing, dutiful submission; how black and bad her own peevish temper looked beside them! And how nearly her worldly pride and covetousness had blighted her child's innocent life! It came very gradually—for old people are slow in all their movements, but it came surely, the change in Mrs. Hart. At first she thought most of how she had marred the happiness of their home by her temper; and of the love and patience husband and child had shown her. But the blessed light that shone into her darkness, went on shining till it showed her much more. Her sins against God, and His love and patience with her, filled her heart now, so that she almost forgot the other.

But the good Physician leaves no half-healed cases, and once she had applied to Him, the way to peace and happiness opened before her.

They were a happy family indeed now. Mrs. Hart had many a struggle, and some slips back into her old ways; but she fought on in prayer and faith, and in the course of time, no one would have known she had ever been anything else than a quiet-tempered gentle-mannered woman. Between her and Cherry was a special bond of union.

Grannie was first with Cherry. As years went on, and the little girl went to school with her sun-bonnet and bag of books, and dropped her curtsey to Mrs. Adams, just as Polly had done before her, the first kiss as she ran home after school was for grannie; her little lessons were said to grannie overnight; and the first knitting she laboured through, with a good many dropped stitches and inequalities of structure, was a pair of garters for grannie.

And what was Cherry to Mrs. Hart?

She had been like the small boy that the burglar puts in through the little window when the front door is barred and bolted. She had crept in at an unguarded corner when grannie's

heart was shut against every one, and her baby hand had helped to undo the bars and bolts. So no wonder if Cherry was very dear to her, and if often in her heart she thanked God that He had not let her, in her blindness, put the blessing from her.

I must pass more lightly over the years as they go, or my story would be too long.

The little family in Meadow Road held on the even tenor of their way. They heard occasionally from Harry Wilson. He had been raised to being head man in the factory, a post of much responsibility and bringing a good salary. But he had now to support his father and mother, whose only child he was, so that he had not saved much, but he worked on steadily, putting by all he could spare by the strictest self-denial, in hopes that one day he might accomplish the dream of his life—buying back the mill, and bringing Polly home to the pretty cottage hard by.

At last, one Christmas holiday time, he came to Clampton—it was about four years since their first meeting—and spoke out to John Hart.

His consent was a hearty one, and not less so was the mother's; but when they sent him into the garden to Polly, though she did not say him nay, but confessed, with many blushes, that she liked him—well, loved him, if he must hear her say it—yet she told him she could never leave her father and mother till Cherry was able to look after them and help her mother as she had done.

Harry was terribly disappointed. He was a little comforted when Polly, seeing his discomfiture, thought, on reflection, that in two years hence, when Cherry would be ten years old, it might be possible for her to leave them. Harry cheered up; he had waited four years already, and two more would soon pass. He would have saved up more, too, and be nearer the accomplishment of his purpose.

So it was settled. Harry went back to work harder than ever, and Polly with a new work before her—the training of Cherry to fill her place with her father and mother.

Time passed on, and the two years were very near their completion, when Harry wrote in a very different strain from usual. His letters had told how well he was getting on, and that by some improvement in machinery which he had suggested, he had received a handsome sum of money, so that he would very soon have enough in the bank to effect the purchase of the mill, whose owner was in bad health and wished to part with it.

Now all was changed. He had been called on to pay a large sum of money for his father, who had gone security for a friend many years since. The friend had failed, the money called for, and who was to come to the rescue but Harry?

"I have paid it," he wrote to John Hart. "I could not do otherwise—but it has swamped all my savings. I am an unfortunate man. I cannot ask you to give me your daughter now. I have to begin life afresh, as it were, and I love her too well to drag her down to poverty."

Polly wrote herself by next post—

"You have done quite right, and I love you the better for it. I am willing to work with you, and for you, and let us both remember 'the blessing of the Lord it maketh rich.'"

Harry sighed as he put down the letter.

"Polly, Polly, what a girl you are; but how can I do it?"

The Heir to the Boat.

AYE, sir, they say who know it best, it's a grand land,
this far, far West.
Here, no one asks in vain for work, and there's rough
times for those who shirk,
And though that may sound hard and stern, 'tis truth the
world has got to learn,
That 'tis where knaves and sluggards thrive, hard-working
folk scarce keep alive!

I've been here forty years and past, and I'll stay on
here till the last.
The old home I would like to see, but that, you know,
can never be.
It's not by going back we find the unchanged scenes
and faces kind,
But in our memory and love, and in the Father's house
above!

Aye, sir, I sit among my wheat, and dream of our old
Fishers' Street;
I catch the salt smells of the place and feel the sea-
breeze on my face;
I hear the shouting on the quay, my father's home-bound
boat I see,
And mother's hymns are in the air, and names that
filled my childish prayer!

On that old shelf there, something lies that brings a
mist before my eyes—
A little boat that father made, and on my birthday
pillow laid.
I used to take it to the strand when we went down to
see him land,
Then for "a lift" I always pined, and mother brought
my boat behind!

And father used to talk to me, and how I'd grow and
go to sea,—
There never entered in his head another way of making
bread.
He thanked God for the sea and sky—and God knew
why the winds blew high!—
And thanked God when he saved a man—and helped
his friends as poor folks can.

I've lived my life out otherwise—'neath warmer suns and
clearer skies,
But harvests ask for faith as well as ugly reef or after
swell,
And souls are always to be won and kindly actions to
be done,—
So the old boat has always stood my type of all that's
true and good!

ISABELLA FYVIE MAYO.

THE HEIR TO THE BOAT.

HOSPITALS AND HOSPITAL WORK.

BY MRS. BREWER.

CHAPTER IX.—CHILDREN'S HOSPITALS—GREAT ORMOND STREET—FINSBURY—SHADWELL.

IF I were asked to point out the most pathetic scene possible, I should say a Children's Hospital or a Children's Ward in a General Hospital—pathetic because of the dear little helpless ones so early called to endure suffering and pain, and because of the causes which in many cases induce this condition. And yet, contradictory as it appears, a Children's Ward or Children's Hospital is a place for cheerful thoughts and thankful hearts, seeing how much is successfully done here to alleviate suffering, to stop pain, to diminish sorrow, and to call up smiles on the little faces, and even at times bright laughter.

Previous to the erection of the first Children's Hospital in 1852, very little was known about children's diseases, and for want of knowledge many children died, who might, with proper treatment, have grown up to be useful members of society.

It is wonderful how late we were in recognising the want of a hospital for children. We were, I think, the last of all European States to do so; but the moment the recognition took place, there was no lack of will, energy, or money.

It is easy to understand that from having many children under their care, the doctors learn more and more how to treat their special sicknesses and ailments, as well as how they can be avoided or brought to a minimum.

The good effect of this knowledge is not confined to the hospital in which it is learned, but spreads itself over the country within reach of every family in the land.

I speak in this chapter specially of the hospital in Great Ormond Street, not because it is the only children's hospital in London or in England, but because it is the mother of them all, and because it set the example of caring for the sick little ones.

It is thirty-six years ago that the work in Great Ormond Street began. It was but a small beginning—only ten children could be received at a time within it.

Some of those who started this good work have lived to see the wonderful success and blessing which have attended their early efforts; and more than this, to see how, in every part of London, like institutions have sprung up, vieing with the mother-hospital in all that brings health and strength and comfort to the young and helpless in the land.

From the little seed of kindness planted thirty-six years ago, a wonderful harvest has resulted—the care, and the watching day and night, have never ceased; but it is the loving Father who has given the increase.

It may have passed out of the recollection of many how the seed was sown, and how the ground was prepared, because we live in the harvest time.

In the first month of the year 1850, nine gentlemen—two of whom were medical men—met together to see if it were possible to do anything to combat the terrible mortality of children which annually occurred in England, and in London specially.

After much earnest thought, one of the medical men was sent to inspect children's hospitals in foreign cities; and appeals were addressed to the medical profession both in London and in the country for their opinion and co-operation.

Next a public meeting was called at which Lord Shaftesbury, then Lord Ashley, took the chair.

The result was a determination to make a beginning at once, and an old-fashioned house in Great Ormond Street being in the market, it was bought, and in eleven months it was ready to receive ten patients.

Our English poor are slow to receive any new thing cordially: they will take nothing upon trust, and in this instance they made no exception.

It might have been expected that those ten beds would have been filled over and over again, that the door of the hospital would have been crowded from morning till night. On the contrary; for a day or two, only one little girl was received, and at the end of the month, the committee could only announce twenty-four out-patients and eight in-patients.

It was not until the end of the first year, when the committee issued its first report, that its purpose and work began to be understood.

This report declared clearly to the people the object of the hospital, which was, 1st, the surgical and medical treatment of poor children; 2nd, the attainment and spread of knowledge regarding the diseases of children; and lastly, the training of nurses specially for children. But that which gave the hospital special favour in the eyes of the poor was that the Queen approved of it, and had become its patroness.

Year by year now saw success, both in the number of patients, and in an increase of funds, and as it became widely known, this little hospital with its ten inmates appealed to the sympathy of every human heart which somewhere or other has hidden within it a tender love for children. Money came in liberally, and enabled those devoted to the work to commence building a hospital which should contain every appliance.

The central portion and the north wing were

completed and opened in 1875; but the south wing could not be built for want of funds.

"Why," it may be asked, "had the enthusiasm and the love and the money all come suddenly to an end?"

No, very far from that; but many local institutions had sprung up in the meanwhile, and so it has come about that the mother-hospital stands to this day with only one wing and an ugly space adjacent waiting to be used.

Even with only one wing this loving mother has received and sheltered already 10,114 children. Any one going into the out-patients' rooms, at certain hours when they are crowded with little creatures suffering from every form of disease, would see a sight sure to awaken their sympathy, and an eager desire that the building should be carried to completion.

Since the year 1875 the number of little ones treated as out-patients is 127,601, or on an average 10,633 a year.

If we could only see with our own eyes one single day's work in this hospital, or indeed in any other, there would be no occasion to plead either from the pulpit or the press the urgent need for help: money and help would come pouring in without measure. We do not realise the sorrow and suffering and pain just because it reaches us in print only, but if we would go and see with our own eyes the actual state of things the knowledge would touch our hearts.

I have seen lately appeals to little children to get up amongst themselves a fund—indeed for this very hospital. I hope I shall not give offence if I say that I think this is scarcely fair? My observation the last few years inclines me to think that little children have exercised more self-denial in order that they might give than the majority of grown-up people. The little pocket-money which children of the middle rank have, and the farthing or the halfpenny a week which the children of the poor get or earn, in many instances nearly all goes into the missionary-boxes. I have seen children often hugging their farthing tight in the hand while they looked longingly at the glasses of sweeties in the shop window, which appeal to them with quite as much power as a new dress or new bonnet to their elders—I have seen these children turn resolutely away, and then walk into school and drop their little contribution into the missionary box.

This is perhaps uppermost in my mind because yesterday I opened a box which came from the Sunday infant school in my own district for the Melanesian mission, and in it I counted nine shillings and eightpence, mostly in farthings, from these little ones of the poor, to whom a farthing represents as great a value as a sovereign to us; and I say again, it is not fair to tax the little ones too much; their hearts are very tender and very much alive to the sorrows of others. Rather let us grown-up ones do our work and follow the Spartan-like example of the little ones in passing the "sweeties" that we may have somewhat to give to those in need.

But back to Great Ormond street. A month ago we made our way thither, and Mr. Adrian Hope, the enthusiastic secretary, who thinks no place in the world equal to his hospital, took us over it.

While waiting for him in the hall we heard a babble of children's voices within, and then the sound of a nurse's voice cheerful and kind, a bird singing somewhere at hand, and alas! one little child crying and sobbing. I wondered if this would prove a kind of outline of what the whole would be.

As a nurse or two passed us while we waited we noticed that their dress was a black gown with what is called leg-of-mutton sleeves, a white apron with bib and two bands crossed at the back and a white cap—altogether quiet and picturesque, and nothing in it to frighten the children.

Before going into the hospital we went into the exquisite little church, built and endowed by a gentleman in memory of his wife who had loved the hospital and its work—*a consecration of sorrow* that chapel has been called.

Certainly this gentleman, like David of old, has thought nothing too good for the house of God; it is very beautiful, and cost £15,000. I thought it much like the church in the crypt of the House of Commons.

Prayers are read here every day, and to me it is very touching that once a week, on Saturdays, this gentleman is never missing from the quiet service held there.

Lessons are learned in many ways we dream not of and who shall say to how many a poor lonely heart that chapel, "the consecration of sorrow," has been blessed? Who shall say how many a home is improved by the lesson taught there, or how many a neglected child has through its means been more cared for, more loved?

The wards are very pretty and bright with pictures, cut flowers and plants in blue and red pots. The walls faced with grey, red, and green tiles are not only extremely clean but gay. There is always something pleasant for the little sufferers to look upon—a great advantage even as a contrast to what many of them have been accustomed to.

There are five wards, a diphtheria ward, and an isolated block for infectious cases which may break out in the hospital; but unfortunately there is neither accident ward nor a ward for whooping-cough, both of which are greatly needed.

How pretty the children of the poor are! and how patient in suffering! We could not restrain our tears as we looked at one little bed after another, where some were too ill even to look at a toy; and one face I shall never forget, it was not larger than a breakfast cup—all wrinkled and old with pain. It was three years old, but did not look more than three or four months from its size.

But I do not want to convey a sorrowful picture where all is so tender and hopeful.

Everything is scrupulously clean both in the wards and in the little kitchens attached to each. We were there at the children's tea-hour, when all who were able sat up and drank their milk and ate their eggs and bread and butter; and very pretty they looked in little red jackets over their nightgowns.

There is a rocking-horse in every ward, and in the Louise Ward were some doves and a fernery. These may seem trifles, but nothing is a trifle in a sick room that conveys cheerfulness.

In passing from ward to ward we soon saw that the diet, treatment, nursing, all are peculiar and quite different from that required in dealing with adults. The nurses all seemed to have their hearts in the work, and to have a real love for it. I asked if it were so. The answer was, "It would be quite impossible for us to perform our daily tasks if we had not a great love for children as well as for our work."

This hospital is most successful in dealing with cases of diphtheria, 50 per cent. of cures to 15 per cent in other hospitals.

There are a hundred and twenty beds in Great Ormond street, and fifty-two in the Branch hospital in Highgate.

The cost of each bed is about £64 per annum. Not a shilling seems to be spent unnecessarily.

It has been remarked that the toys here are too expensive, but they are all gifts, the committee would not think of buying such.

In going from bed to bed I found no absolutely incurable case; these are sent to special hospitals.

As this article would be incomplete without a word about these, I went to Finsbury where I heard there were some terrible cases, and saw for myself some thirty-three children ranging from a week old to eighteen years, not only incurable but incapacitated, sights too sad to mention here and which few people even like to hear of.

We went from bed to bed choked with emotion. It is the fashion to say, "How very little is done for the sick and poor of London." Indeed, if they who say this would but go with us, the phrase would be, "How much is being done quietly and without ostentation among the saddest of God's creatures."

In these incurable wards, gentlewomen tend, and minister with hearts full of love and tenderness, and when I said, "Oh, how can you do it?" one Sister said, "I assure you we never feel disgust, we love these little ones as though they were our very own."

We staid long in the wards and the children were not nervous with us. As we were leaving the Sister said, "I believe the children would like to sing to you."

"Sing!" I thought to myself. "Can mere stumps of human beings—children almost rotting—children paralysed, sing?"

All I said was—"Thank you."

Never did Patti's, Patey's or Albani's voices thrill through me as did these voices singing in perfect time and tune the "*Birdie's Ball.*"

We wished them good-bye and thanked God in our hearts that He had put it into the minds of these women to devote themselves to such a work.

At this point I was about to finish my paper when it was suggested to me that I ought to go to Shadwell and see the children's hospital there, as it had but few visitors owing to the neighbourhood in which it is placed.

We went to Shadwell Station from Broad Street, and walked from there to the hospital, about half a mile distant.

We shall not easily forget the walk. It was between eleven and twelve on a Monday morning. The streets were full: the stalls of stale fish finding many a customer, a barrow of cheap ices also carrying on a brisk trade, a man playing dance music on the violin with a crowd round him. There were several public houses of course. Not one bright fresh face did we see among the women, all had so much the same look that they might have been sisters.

At length we reached the hospital. What a contrast inside and out!

Thank God who put it into the hearts of a good man and woman to start such an institution in such a neighbourhood, for its commencement was the work of a young married couple Mr. and Mrs. Heckford, a doctor and a nurse.

Twenty years ago they bought and fitted up an old sail-loft with ten beds for children, and devoted their means and their lives to the work, settling themselves in the same building with surroundings the most repulsive for refined and educated people.

To those who would like to know more of these two people and their work I would say read Charles Dickens' account of his visit to them in "All the Year Round," Dec. 19, 1868.

It is a pretty hospital, and everything about it orderly and clean.

There are three Wards, "the Heckford," after the two noble people who started it; "the Enfield," after Lady Enfield, the President; and the "Princess Mary Ward," after the Princess Teck, who opened this new building; and in one of these, the boys' ward, is a pretty cot supported by the readers of *Little Folks.*

I quite expected to see a large number of accident cases, but there was an absence of these, the majority being there for lung and brain disorders.

There are ninety-two beds and, except one or two always kept ready in case of accident, they are always full.

I was there at the children's dinner, and it was painful to see them putting aside the plate with a pitiful look and "Me tant eat; take away." Some few were able to sit up, and would soon be ready to go out.

"I suppose the children are sorry to leave this quiet cheerful place, sister?"

"No, I think not," was her answer, "cleanliness and order are restraints to the older ones; gutter life is fascinating, and they look forward eagerly to a return to it."

A part of the building which pleased me much was the basement, containing the kitchen, the store rooms and a room where gifts of clothing are kept. Every article was sorted, neatly folded and labelled, and the superintendent could put her hand on any article in a moment. I think ladies would be glad to see how much their gifts are valued.

The nurses looked delicate, and on my remarking this the Lady Superintendent said: "Some of them have no homes and therefore get no holiday. The most we can do for them is to make collections among our staff, and send them for a week or two to convalescent homes, but this is not the relief that a good farm house would be to them."

Perhaps some of my readers may be able to render occasional help of this sort to these deserving people.

The arrangements for out-patients are thoroughly good. Twice in the day the doors are open for an hour, but so great is the number wanting help that parents sit for hours on the steps with their children waiting for the door to be opened. As I saw them my mind went at once to the Pool of Bethesda.

This hospital will well repay a visit, and a better way to get there would be by the Commercial Road or by water to Wapping Stairs.

BIBLE NOTES AND QUERIES.

Gen. iv. 7: "If thou doest well, shalt thou not be accepted? and if thou doest not well, sin lieth at the door. And unto thee shall be his desire."

THIS is generally understood to mean that if Cain did wrong, sin would be at hand, or he would fall into sin. But doing "not well" "and sinning," are really the same thing, differently worded. Sin is not "at the door" only, but actually *within* us, if we transgress by a hair's breadth from the law of God. But many think the right ending would be, "the *sin offering* lieth at the door." We know that "sin," and "sin offering" were often used one for the other; and the word translated "lieth" (rabatz) means rather "crouches," or "couches," as an animal does on the grass. It is the word constantly employed of flocks lying down in the pasture. May not the Lord's words have meant "If thou doest not well, the sin offering, the lamb or kid—which had evidently been already instituted as the appropriate sacrifice for sin—is lying at hand?" Cain had chosen to offer only thank offerings of corn or vegetables, like the "meat offerings" used afterwards in the Tabernacle service. But Adam and Eve having been clothed with coats of skins, shows that already the "sin offerings" of animals must have begun; for the permission to eat flesh was not given till Noah's time, and for what other purpose could they have slain the beasts? It seems to show that God taught them, when sin entered into the world, to offer animal sacrifices, as Noah and Abraham did, long before the Levitical law was established, as a type of the great Propitiatory Sacrifice to come.

In obedience to this, Abel had brought the firstlings of his flock. God "had respect" to his offering, and not to Cain's. Cain was displeased, and received the Divine admonition that if he offended (as all men do, being sinful human beings), the lamb was at hand for him to offer up, as his brother did. The sentence which follows is thus made plain. "And unto thee shall be his desire, and thou shalt rule over him." This is sometimes applied to the elder brother ruling over the younger. But Abel had not been mentioned in the whole discourse, so the allusion to "him," would have been unintelligible. Besides, it had never been decreed that one brother should rule over the other. And had it been true, it would not have had anything to do with the previous clause; but apply it to the lamb to be offered, the whole becomes clear. If Cain did wrong (as of course he must have done, being human), the lamb was lying at his very door for the offering. Man had been given dominion over the beasts of the field, and he had therefore a right to kill the creature appointed for sacrifice, while it is not conceivable that he would have any difficulty in obtaining one from his brother.

This also explains the passage in Hebrews xi. 4, "By faith Abel offered unto God a more excellent sacrifice," &c.

It is not said, that the inward faith in his heart made his sacrifice acceptable, but that by his faith he was led to offer an acceptable sacrifice, and that by it "he being dead yet speaketh." If his state of mind had been the only point to be remarked on, he would not have spoken by his actions: and the heart we cannot read: but his offering a bloody sacrifice was a living witness of his faith in the atonement yet to come, and seen only dimly and afar off by the earliest of the race of Adam.

E. J. WHATELY.

[The difficulty of the passage lies undoubtedly in the second clause; and we cannot regard our esteemed correspondent's explanation as wholly satisfactory. It seems harsh to represent "the desire" of the victim-lamb to be to the offender. At the same time we agree with our correspondent that the language cannot well apply to Abel. To our mind the best interpretation is that suggested in the margin of the *Speaker's Commentary*:—"If thou doest not well, sin coucheth at the door (the image being that of an enemy, or wild beast, ready to spring upon the transgressor to his ruin). And unto thee is its desire, but thou shouldest rule over it." Cain may still overcome evil and so escape the judgment. It should be noted that the word rendered *sin* nowhere else stands for *sin-offering* before the giving of the Law, so that here also it would seem best to take it in its usual and obvious sense.]

Heb. xiii. 10. "We have an altar,' whereof they have no right to eat which serve the tabernacle."

This is very often understood to signify the Lord's Table, and from thence it is deduced that the table is quite rightly and properly called an altar, because the sacrifices of praise and thanksgiving are offered upon it.

But a closer examination will show that the writer is not speaking of any Christian worship as such. He was addressing Jewish hearers, who though Christian also, were still strongly attached to the observance of the law. He represents to them that the heart should be established with grace, and not with meats (ver. 9), and then proceeds to give an illustration of this. "We (we Jews) have an altar, of which the priests have no right to eat." And then he goes on to explain what that altar was in the next verse.

"For the bodies of those beasts whose blood is brought into the sanctuary by the high priest for sin, are burned without the camp" (ver. 11). In other words, the priests, who were allowed distinctly to eat of the flesh of the other sacrifices, were forbidden to eat of any of those whose blood was brought into the holy place. In ordinary cases, the sacrifices were slain and offered up on the brazen altar which stood at the door of the tabernacle, in the presence of the people who were in the outer court, and the blood remained therefore outside the sanctuary: but there were certain offerings whose blood it was commanded to bring inside the holy place to make atonement. This was the case with the priest's sin offering (Leviticus iv.). The blood of the bullock slain for it was to be sprinkled before the vail of the Most Holy Place, and therefore inside the holy place or sanctuary (ver. 6). The same in the case of the congregation collectively sinning through ignorance (ver. 16) also with the sacrifices of the Day of Atonement (Lev. xvi. 14, 15).

Now of all these offerings it was declared (Lev. vi. 30), that, "no sin offering whereof any of the blood is brought into the tabernacle of the congregation, to reconcile in the holy place, shall be eaten; it shall be burnt in the fire."

This, then, was the altar of which the priests were not permitted to eat. And the writer goes on to point out how Christ's death answered to the death of those animals whose blood was brought into the Holy Place. He suffered *without* the camp; therefore, these animals were types of Him. He, the Holiest, of whose death the sacrifices were all but shadows, suffered outside the camp as a criminal.

And the application is even clearer and more distinct to us than to those Hebrew Christians. For we can see by it, that His flesh, as the sin offering, could not be offered up as "an unbloody sacrifice," as the Church of Rome calls it. For the flesh of the most solemn and the principal of the sin offerings was not even allowed to be eaten; it was to be wholly consumed. Therefore we are to offer the sacrifice of thanksgiving and praise, but *not* at an altar; the sacrifice is the "fruit of the lips," coming from a grateful heart, and shown outwardly in works of love and kindness (ver. 16). A clearer and more distinct guard against the notion that the memorial bread and wine of the Lord's Supper was to be looked on as a sacrifice for sin could hardly have been put into words.

E. J. WHATELY.

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1 Cor. i: 26. "Not many wise men after the flesh, not many mighty, not many noble, *are called*."

This text is generally quoted to point out what is undoubtedly true in most cases: that the great, the highborn, and the learned, are often much less willing to submit themselves to receive the humbling doctrines of the Gospel, than the simple and unlearned. But true as this is, many thoughtful Bible students doubt whether this is the right meaning of the text before us. The words "are called," we must observe, are in italics, therefore not in the original. We are left therefore to draw our own inferences as to *who* are those who are not, many of them, wise, noble or mighty. The question then arises, whether the blank in the original might not be filled up by "callers" instead of "called?" whether the Apostle was not speaking of the preacher of the Gospel, rather than of their hearers?

If we look at the context, this would seem to carry out the idea. He is speaking of the preaching of the cross as being regarded by the Greeks (such as those he was addressing) as "foolishness." The Greeks desired "wisdom"—in other words, philosophy and earthly learning, as the Jews wanted "a sign;" but the apparent "foolishness" and "weakness" of God was shewn to be stronger than man. And this he illustrated to the Corinthians, by pointing out, not that those among them who were Christians were generally lowly and unlearned—for this would have had nothing to do with the argument—but, that their own teachers, those who had brought the Gospel to them, were very few of them in the ranks of the noble or learned, for God had chosen "the weak things of the world to confound the strong," &c.

Then in the second chapter the argument is continued, as is manifested by the connecting conjunction "and" St. Paul himself might seem an exception, because he was a learned and well-instructed man; but he guards against that inference, by going on to say, that he did not come among them with "the excellency of man's wisdom." He purposely laid down, when preaching to them, the exercise of the powers he possessed, in order to show them that he came simply as a messenger of God, and not as a professor of human systems of philosophy. He was determined "not to know anything among you save Jesus Christ, and Him crucified." And this, not because human learning was in itself wrong or objectionable, but because his object was to preach so as to draw a distinct line between God's message and any human adjuncts.

And it was on this account that the Corinthians were bidden to take note of the fact that the teachers of the Gospel had been chiefly humble and unlearned men, so that "no flesh should glory in His presence."

E. J. WHATELY.

THE TRUE GREATNESS OF TRUE GOODNESS.

LAKE AND MOUNT OF TARAWERA.

"HE will never be great," said a friend of mine the other day, speaking of a lad who was one of our mutual acquaintances, "but he is good—very good!" Then he went on to say how much the young fellow's upright character, God-fearing life, and Christ-like spirit had influenced others, and how, by his consistent walk and conversation, he had made religion a sweet and an attractive thing to those about him. And as I listened, I said to myself, "And this is the youth who will never be great! God grant us all like lowliness!"

But speaking of the true greatness of true goodness, reminds me of the touching story of Edwin Bainbridge, who was just one of those of whom religion made a hero, and the history of whose life and death will find its way to many a home and heart, showing what faith in Christ, love to Him, and entire consecration to God, can do for a lad, even though he have no great gifts save the grace to accept simply and frankly that best gift of all, the Redeemer and His salvation. A brief sketch of this young man's life and death will perhaps interest our little friends, and be helpful to them, as an example which must go further than any precept.[1]

Edwin Armstrong Bainbridge was born at Newcastle-upon-Tyne in the May of 1866, and when he was only a child of seven his father died, and soon after, his mother also. Edwin, with his brothers and sisters, went to live with their grandparents, and we learn that even at that early age he was very loveable and attractive, being truthful, warm-hearted and unselfish, showing none of that irritability of temper in which children are too apt to indulge at home.

He went to school at first in Darlington, but afterwards was sent to the Ley's School at Cambridge, accompanied by his elder brother Cuthbert.

Here again, in the little world of school-life, Edwin, though by no means always popular, won the affection and friendship of some, the confidence of many, the respect of all. For it was felt by the boys, even when he was acting in opposition to them, that he was always on the side of truth and purity, and would make no compromise with evil.

Not that he was at all a perfect boy. He was often in scrapes, and had to be punished and reprimanded for carelessness and boyish faults. But under-lying all these was the desire for real goodness, a true longing, an earnest striving to do right.

In his studies he seems to have taken a fair position, but in athletic exercises he far surpassed most of his companions, and showed great energy and perseverance in conquering difficulties, and overcoming constitutional weakness.

School life with its books and its plays, its varied companionships and interests came to an end at last, and Edwin entered the employment of a large house of business in London. Accustomed to be surrounded with familiar faces and affectionate hearts, whether at school or at home, the change to a lonely London life was a heavy trial to him, and it was in this loneliness and desolation that he turned with his whole heart towards the only true source of comfort and peace. It was now, amid the perils of temptation from the like of which he had been sheltered hitherto, that he consecrated his life wholly to God, and gave himself unreservedly into the Saviour's charge, confident that He was able to keep that which he had committed to Him, against that day.

How the Saviour fulfilled to this young disciple His precious promise, "Lo, I am with you alway, even unto the end," will be seen by those who follow our little sketch to its close.

The sudden death, by an accident, of Edwin's elder brother Cuthbert, was a great shock to the lad, but his sorrow did not take the form of rebellious murmuring against the will of God. Meekly he accepted the bitter trial, saying "Truly God moves in a mysterious way, but I thank Him for having given me in this hour of trial grace to pray "Thy will be done!"

But there was more suffering in store for Edwin Bainbridge, to prepare him perhaps for the last fiery trial of all, by showing him how near the Saviour is to all who call upon Him, even out of the very depths.

Less than two months after his brother had passed away, a younger sister died of decline, and this second bereavement following so quickly, told upon Edwin's health, and it was decided for him to leave for a while the scene of his griefs, and to take a long voyage, visiting Australia, Fiji, New Zealand, and the United States.

Accordingly, in the month of January 1886, he sailed in the steamship Paramatta, arriving at Sydney on the 20th of March, after a voyage which seemed fully to have restored his health and spirits.

From Sydney he went to New Caledonia, and thence to Suva in the Fijian group of islands, where he saw much to interest him. After about a month's visit, he sailed for Auckland in New Zealand. Here he met friends, and in their company was able to visit some places of interest; he

[1] "Memoir of Edwin Bainbridge." London: Morgan & Scott.

appears to have been much struck by the wild and beautiful scenery while climbing the heights.

From Auckland he started on June the 4th for the Hot Lakes District, that beautiful fairy-land with its sheen of sunlighted vapour, its hot springs, its sapphire lakes, its glittering crystal rocks, its luxuriant verdure, and its many coloured fountains charged with various gifts of healing.

Edwin reached Wairoa safely, and put up at M'Rae's Hotel. Wairoa was at this time a flourishing settlement. The fame of the healing waters had attracted thither many sufferers hoping for relief, and already several fine houses had sprung up, two hotels, a school, and a church. It was no wonder that visitors thronged here in the summer-time, for, in addition to the advantages of the water-cure, the surroundings of the settlement were of exquisite beauty. The falls of Wairoa are described as surpassing in magnificence anything in Wales or Cumberland. The village looked down upon Lake Tarawera, the finest lake in New Zealand; a splendid sheet of water, ten miles long, set in a frame of hills. Prominent among the hills rose the grand Mount Tarawera, 2000 feet high, and plainly showing its volcanic origin, for it consisted of three table-lands divided by ravines which had been craters.

A row of seven miles up the lake, brought the explorer to a little stream running under rocky cliffs, overgrown with ivy-fern. This stream ended in the lake of Rotomahana, near which were the famous white and pink terraces, marvellous cascades whose rocky steeps were afterwards destroyed by the eruption, and are now only represented by desolate mud-heaps.

But at the time that Edwin Bainbridge visited these wondrous works of Nature, he saw, spread out before him over a hillside 150 feet in height, a staircase of gleaming white with about twenty steps. At the head of this glittering stairway, a cloud of vapour was ever rising from a boiling spring, the waters of which, charged with silicic acid, rolled from step to step, and cooling as they descended, added a fresh fringe of brilliant stalactites to the pure white basins that caught the crystal drops.

This was the so-called White Terrace. On the opposite hillside rose the Pink Terrace, named thus from its pale rose colour, the effect of oxide of iron contained in the water. Swelling out from the warm springs above, the stream came down in sheets of glittering, rosy sheen, and collected in pools of heavenly blue.

Edwin Bainbridge made one of the last party that ever looked upon these lovely scenes, and that day was his last upon earth.

On the 8th of June, at midnight, a severe earthquake shook the ground, and about two o'clock there was a violent shock and an awful roar, as the whole top of the Tarawera mount was blown to pieces.

The mountain was ten miles away from the hotel, and perhaps hardly more than one or two out of the little party of M'Rae's, thought of any possible danger to themselves, as they stood on some high ground, and watched the wonderful sight of the burning mountain, like an awful, fiery giant, just awaking from the slumber of centuries. Showers of dust began now to fall, and the awe-stricken gazers returned to the hotel. No sooner were they under shelter when a rain of red hot stones descended, falling with such violence that some of them came through the roof. This was followed by quantities of mud, so that the house began to give way under the weight of the tumbling masses.

A sense of personal danger was at length fully awakened, and Edwin and his companions felt that at any moment the end might come to one or all of them. And now it was that the true heroism and Christian courage of the youth showed itself, proving that there is no greatness like goodness, no boldness like that of the Christian soldier—no self-possession like the calmness of absolute trust in an unerring wisdom and a perfect love.

The little band gathered together in one room, with the broken roof above, and the creaking, cracking walls about them, and there amid the wild tumult of the warring elements, Edwin Bainbridge, calm and quiet, prayed aloud to the God in whose hand their breath was, and who alone knew what was before them. He prayed to God that if it was His will they should be destroyed—for the sake of His dear Son to receive them to Himself. It was the prayer of a heart resigned to God's will.

Edwin then read some passages of Scripture, and spoke some earnest words which those who heard them will never forget. He told them that he believed God had given them this respite before the end came, that they might prepare themselves to go into His presence; and exhorted them all, if they had not given their hearts to God, to do so now. And if any of them should escape, to let it be the turning point in their lives. He pointed out that at the last moment Christ heard the prayer of the dying thief upon the cross, and said to him, "This day shalt thou be with Me in Paradise;" and that if they would only now just accept Jesus, He would be with them at the end.

Edwin was still speaking when another terrible roar and crash came, so that his voice could no longer be heard, so shutting his Bible, he opened his writing-case, and wrote on a piece of paper the following words.

"Written by Edwin Bainbridge, of Newcastle-on-Tyne, England.

"This is the most awful moment of my life. I cannot tell when I may be called upon to meet my God. I am thankful that I find His strength sufficient for me. We are under heavy falls of volcano——."

Another tremendous shock, and the whole party made a rush to the drawing-room, and scarcely had they done so, when the walls of the chamber they had just left, fell in with a crash. But even the temporary refuge of the drawing-room proved to be unsafe, and they ran out of the house into the darkness to try and reach the hut of one of the guides. M'Rae and two servants alone reached the hut, and M'Rae going back, at the risk of his life, to look for the others, could find no traces of the young man whose brave, calm spirit had sustained and upheld his companions hitherto. He found some of the party, however, and when a closer search became possible, Edwin's body was discovered among the ruins of the fallen balcony, which it was thought, must have crashed down upon him while he was feeling his way through the darkness along the verandah.

That darkness had not lasted long for him; it had ended in a bright morning of eternal blessedness. The Heavenly Bridegroom had come, and this young servant of His had gone forth to meet Him.

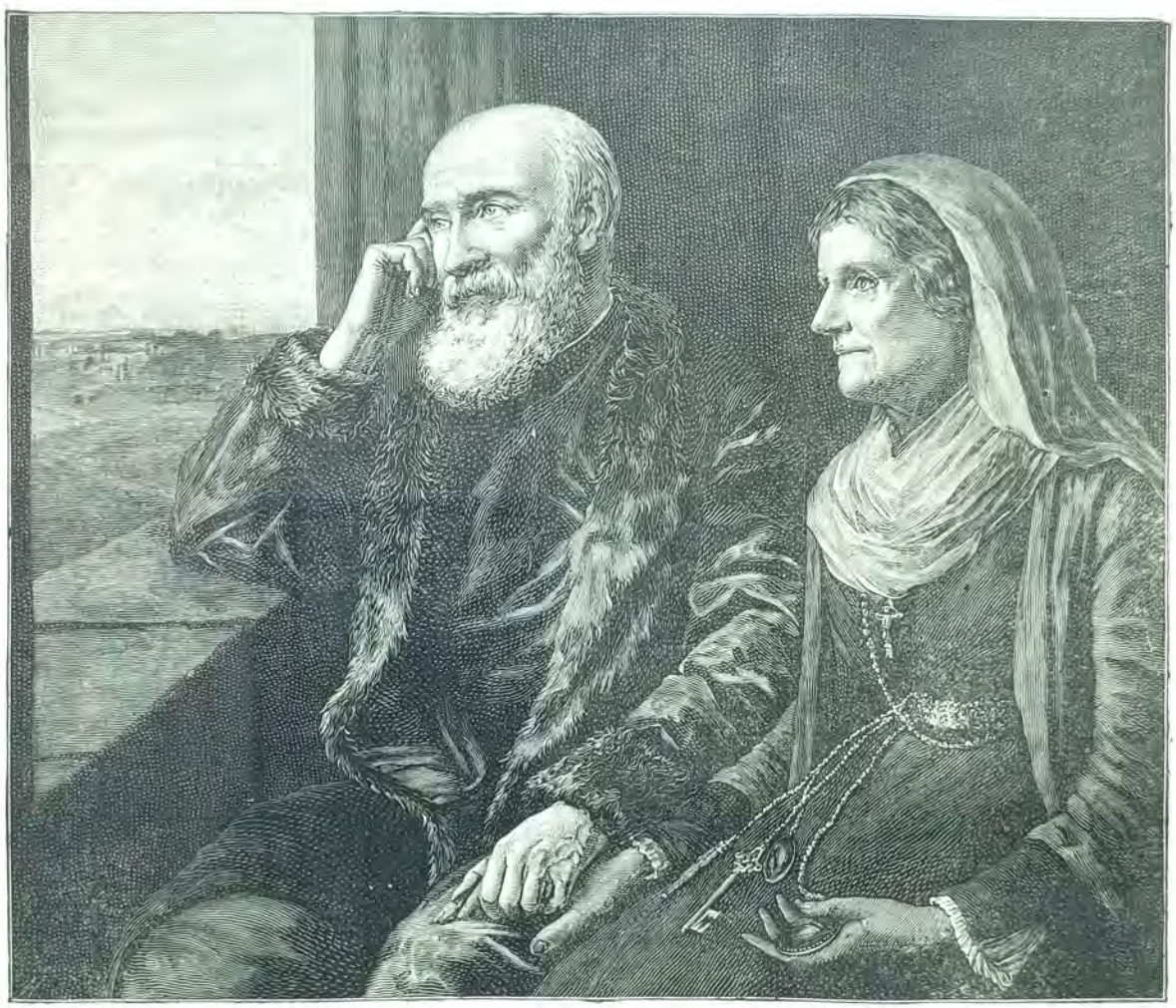
A short life, a sudden death, was that of Edwin Bainbridge, yet his life was long enough to do good, to let his light shine for the Master; and the circumstances of his death bore the clearest testimony to the upholding and sustaining power of true religion.

During his life-time, his attitude was that of the child Samuel; his spirit seemed ever to echo the child-words; "Speak, Lord, for Thy servant heareth;" and at the last, it was the divine voice of the Redeemer that spoke to him once more through the horrors of that awful night, calming his spirit, as it calmed of old the storm-tossed sea of Galilee, and saying "Peace, be still!"

Young friends—is Edwin Bainbridge's Saviour yours? Have you, like him, found the straight and narrow path which leadeth into life, and whose door is Christ? Let the simple and touching story we have been telling you, sink deep in your hearts; and take heed—"Be ye also ready, for in such an hour as ye think not, the Son of man cometh."

THE SUNDAY AT HOME

O DAY MOST CALM, MOST BRIGHT! . . .
THE WEEK WERE DARK BUT FOR THY LIGHT.—*Herbert.*



Grosvenor Gallery.] [*After the painting by Edward Clifford.*

WAITING.

"For I know that my father and my mother wait for me, watching every day and every hour."

THERE are no bounds in love—its yearnings fond
Can traverse alien shores and wastes of foam;
Forgetting blame and loss, it goes beyond
All space and time to woo the wanderer home.

So strong, so world-wide, is dear human love,
But what must be the quests by angels trod,
And what the yearning impulses that move
By day and night the Father-heart of God?

GENEVIÈVE;

A STORY OF OLD FRANCE.

CHAPTER XIX.

"A grief, then changed to something else."

THREE years had not passed over the household in the Hotel de Roannez, without leaving behind them some traces of their footfall. What years ever do? Yet the changes wrought by these three years were inward, not outward, and they came not "with observation." Still, as of old, Madame la Duchesse filled her place in the world of fashion; and supported by her worldly and frivolous kinsfolk, strove hard to maintain, in the brilliant Parisian society of the day, the position that her son and daughter both absolutely refused to occupy. Still, as of old, the amiable, rather passive Duke—who, like many amiable people, was capable of intense, though quiet determination, not to say obstinacy—read, studied, meditated, associated in secret with his persecuted Jansenist friends, and did not show the slightest inclination to marry, to appear at Court, or to mix in any way with the business of the world. Before the silent resolution of her son, Madame felt herself utterly powerless; and she was far too astute to waste her strength in a palpably hopeless struggle. Silent also, when speech could plainly avail nothing, she acquiesced in the inevitable. But she was all the more desirous of conquering the resistance of her daughter, over whom the social habits of the time allowed her an almost absolute power. So the old conflict went on, and very much in the old way. Save for her brother, whose absences from home were increasingly long and frequent, Mademoiselle de Roannez stood alone in her family, and endured, as best she could, the assaults constantly made upon her. She lived as much as possible apart from the rest, occupying herself in devotion, and in works of charity for the poor.

Yet the hand of Time had softened insensibly both the opposition and the resistance. The health of Madame was not what it used to be; she was often ailing, and more than once had been seriously ill. Her daughter had then, with filial assiduity, taken her place beside the bed of suffering. Nor had Madame been insensible to her attentions; although on her recovery, things apparently returned to the well-worn groove, yet it was with a difference. On both sides there was more gentleness, more desire to avoid occasions of friction, and to please each other in indifferent matters. It was a token of this, that Madame ceded Geneviève of her own free will to her daughter; and she was now her "Demoiselle," as well as, in a very real sense, her friend. Perhaps however Madame might not have been so complaisant, had she not found a new favourite, and source of amusement, in a negro page presented to her by one of her acquaintances. It must be owned that little Zoro, with his piquant ugliness, his queer tricks, his detestable French, and his unfailing good-humour, was a more lively, if not a more ornamental appendage to the ruelle of Madame than the tall and graceful girl, who would hand a cup of chocolate or wave a fan with what her lady styled "un air de princesse."

Geneviève now spent much of her time in the simple little room which was called the boudoir of Mademoiselle. Her affection for her had grown and deepened, until it had become almost, if not quite, the very mainspring of her life—a passion in its ardour, a principle in its depth and constancy. It was not only that she knew better what there was to love, but that there was really more to love than there had been in the first days of their acquaintance. During those three years, outward fading and inward ripening had both gone forward rapidly with Mademoiselle de Roannez. At eight-and-twenty she looked like one who had already left her youth half a lifetime behind her. Her cheek was pale and wasted, her eye had lost the sparkling vivacity of early days. Threads of silver had even begun to show themselves in the smooth dark hair, which still, as heretofore, disdained the fashionable disguise of powder. But there was less of the old yearning, hungry-look, less pain and more patience, less conflict and more peace.

One day—the very day, as it happened, when in distant London Edouard de Sercourt was telling his story to the kinsman he had saved—Mademoiselle summoned Geneviève to her boudoir. She was seated at her little table, upon which, beneath the crucifix, lay an open portfolio of dark morocco, containing a pile of MS. Geneviève saw that she had been weeping, but now her tears were dried, and her face wore a bright and animated, even almost a joyful look.

"I have sent for thee, my child," she said, "as a friend in whom I can place implicit trust. I am going to repose in thee a great and signal confidence—But sit down."

Geneviève would have placed herself on the footstool, her usual seat, but Mademoiselle pointed to one of the tall, high-backed chairs, motioning her to bring it to the table.

"My brother," she said, "has been entrusted with these most precious papers by our friends—Messieurs de Port Royal. And he has honoured me by taking me into counsel about them."

"I think that was very wise of M. le Duc," said Geneviève, whose private impression was that neither he, nor M. de Saint Cyran, nor M. de

Sacy, nor even the great M. Arnauld himself, would be half so good a judge upon a difficult point as Mademoiselle. "Is it that M. le Duc is preparing a book of devotion?"

"Not so, my child. These pencil marks, sometimes so difficult to decipher, have been traced by a hand far greater than his, even the hand that gave the 'Little Letters' to the cause of truth and righteousness. Yes, you may touch them—you may look at them yourself."

She took up the portfolio, and placed it in the hands of Geneviève, somewhat as if she gave her, not merely some priceless treasure, like a pearl or diamond, but some high gift that ennobled and consecrated the receiver—like a holy sacrament.

Geneviève took it reverently, and looked at its contents. They seemed to be for the most part disjointed fragments, often mere pencil scratches, disfigured by many corrections and erasures, and as Mademoiselle had said very difficult to decipher, although there were found amongst them a few pieces of comparative length, which had been carefully written out. Raising her eyes from the portfolio, she looked once more in the face of her friend. The innermost secret of one heart, which the other had long guessed in silence, was in the eyes of both as they met. Then once for all, once only in a lifetime, did Charlotte de Roannez answer in uttered words the unuttered question of her friend. The peace that had come to her at last made her strong to speak. "As the nearest friend of M. Pascal, my brother was consulted by Messieurs de Port Royal on the subjects of these MSS. and requested to give his help in preparing them for publication.[1] Was it strange that he should ask mine, since M. Pascal was my friend also in the old days?—Do I say it a little proudly, Geneviève? No wonder, it is my title to honour. If it could be—if it were not a sin—to glory in aught less than the cross of Christ, I might glory in the thought that the—(she choked down something that might have been a sob, and a word went back into the silence with it)—the *friendship* of the noblest soul God ever made has been my lot, my portion on the earth. No, there is no pain now. I do not say to thee that there has been none. But it is gone, I think for ever. For he has entered into peace. He walks now in white garments stainless, with Him whom having not seen he loved, and for whom he gave up all. Is it strange that the reflection of that peace should come to those who loved him here? It has come, even to me. Old things have passed away, sometimes I feel already as if the mortal had put on immortality. Sometimes I seem to see, untouched by earthly pain or passion, a glorious transfigured form, standing in the living light, near the mystic Elders and the Seven Lamps of fire, beside St. John the Divine, and with eagle eye like his for ever fixed upon the burning Jasper above the Throne."

Geneviève could not speak, she held her breath in wonder and in awe. After a long pause, Charlotte took the papers again, and selecting one of them, which was much worn and frayed, she gave it to Geneviève, adding in an altered tone: "And that you may understand the saying, 'these are they that came out of great tribulation,' *read this.*"

Geneviève read as follows: "It is unjust to attach any one to myself, although the attachment might be formed voluntarily, and with pleasure. I should deceive those in whom I awakened such a desire, for I am not the end of any one, and therefore I have no means of satisfying it. Am I not about to die, and thus the object of their attachment would be no more? As I should be guilty, if I caused a falsehood to be believed, although there were sweetness in the persuasion, and pleasure in the acceptance, to others and to myself, so should I be guilty if I made myself beloved. If I attract people to myself, I ought to warn them that they are about to consent to a lie, and that they ought not to believe it, whatever satisfaction from it might revert to me. Moreover, they ought not to attach themselves to me, but to pass their lives and spend their efforts in pleasing God, or in seeking Him."[1]

"Mademoiselle, it is awful!" said Geneviève, looking up with the wondering, terror-stricken face of a child who has come unawares upon some appalling sight.

"It is *sublime!*" returned Charlotte, with a flash of mournful pride. "But give it back to me. This is not a piece of composition, it is the life blood of a heart. Perhaps of two hearts," she added in a lower voice. "He used to keep it within his vest, or beneath his pillow. The world shall not have it—not at least in this form."

"Oh, Mademoiselle!" cried Geneviève, as her heart sent up, from its inmost depths, a passionate protest against this doctrine of renunciation. "It hurts me! It burns me like fire! I cannot bear it."

It was with a smile, a strange sad smile, that Charlotte answered her.

"I will not tell you that great saints have borne it—such as he. But even I, with all my errors and shortcomings, I have borne it—lived through it—found the peace that waits for us beyond the grave of all we love, and all we hope for here on earth.—But enough, more than enough, of all this. These papers, Geneviève, are but a portion of those he has left behind him. They are the precious stones, the gold and silver, the rare and fragrant wood another David had prepared for another temple of the Lord which he, in His providence, was not permitted to build. It was his design to dedicate the ripened fruits of his splendid genius to a great work upon the evidences of our most holy Faith. No doubt the plan was perfect in the brain that gave it birth, but only unfinished fragments had been transferred to paper when the pencil dropped from the dying hand."

"But, Mademoiselle, God will surely say to him what He said to king David, 'Thou didst well, in that it was in thine heart.'"

[1] A fact. M. de Roannez was one of the editors of the Port Royal edition of the "Pensées de Pascal."

[1] This detached fragment Pascal kept with him, as described above. It was incorporated in the "Thoughts" by his Port Royal editors.

"Surely. There will be no loss to him; but much, I fear, to the church on earth. For even the nearest friends of his spirit to take up with too daring hand the tools of the master and attempt to complete his unfinished work, would be a blunder and an insolence, almost a sacrilege. Therefore, all that love and reverence can do now is to select and prepare, out of the rich legacy he has left us, a treasury of golden thoughts for future generations of the church of God."

"Ah, Mademoiselle, what a beautiful work!" said Geneviève.

"Beautiful, too, for us to help in it, which we may do, both you and I, if only as hewers of wood and drawers of water. There will be a great deal of mechanical work, in making copies of that which has been revised and deciphered, to submit to the other editors, some of whom are in exile, or in prison. Such work must be entrusted to no one in whom we cannot confide to the uttermost. The papers must not leave my brother's hands, or mine, and for the present, strict secrecy must be observed about the whole matter. Therefore I have constituted myself my brother's secretary, and I intend that you, Geneviève, shall be mine; I know you write quickly, and in a clear and fair hand."

"For that, I have to thank my dear, excellent father," cried the delighted Geneviève. "How glad he would be now if he could see the fruit of the careful lessons in penmanship which he gave me in my childhood!"

"MURPHY" OF SOUTHWARK.

Yours faithfully
Geo. M. Murphy.

THE Rev. G. M. Murphy, whose sudden death on the morning of Sunday, July 17th, broke as a sad surprise on the south of London where he had long lived and laboured, might truly have been called a philanthropist in lowly life. Born at Chelsea, a son of the people, he lived all his life among his class—their champion whenever championship was needed; their friend and sympathiser at all times; and ever forward in promoting whatever might conduce to their instruction and healthy enjoyment. The greater part of his life was spent in the metropolis, which he left only for a brief space, to serve a kind of apprenticeship which the better fitted him for his great work.

His early experiences were somewhat various. Like many youths of his class he enlisted as a soldier; but after some sharp practice, though without actual service, he gained his release and secured a Government position in the Gosport Dockyard. For letting out too much of the truth as to the working of the department he was dismissed the service, and ere long we find him in the employment of an engineering firm, which was then engaged in the erection of the New-street station at Birmingham; and thither young Murphy was sent. Here he came under the influence of the late Rev. John Angell James, who encouraged him, as his religious convictions deepened, to add to temperance advocacy the preaching of the Gospel in the open air, and other forms of Christian usefulness.

When in 1856 a missionary and temperance advocate was wanted for Surrey Chapel, of which the Rev. Newman Hall had only a year or two previously become pastor, Mr. Murphy was ready for the post. For ten years he occupied that position, and signalised it not only by an ever active discharge of its various duties, but by striking out new methods of working for the benefit of the people. He became celebrated even as a subordinate worker, and was looked on, from his multifarious and persistent labours, as a model missionary.

First and foremost he was a rough-and-ready preacher to the masses. Outside Surrey Chapel, or at the Obelisk, in Blackfriars-road, or wherever else he could get a standing, he was to be

seen with a crowd around him as he told of the Saviour and Helper of the poor and needy. He spoke to the people as one of themselves, as one who knew what it was to do a day's work, indeed, as one whose every-day would have been so spent in manual labour had he not been released the better to serve his class. As a district missionary he was called to house-to-house visitation, in which he had to speak to the sick and dying, and to enter into the sorrows, and sometimes to become acquainted with the sins of men; and that he said the right word in each case was evident from the confidence that came to be reposed in him by both sinners and sufferers.

It was among the people of his own class that he first won his laurels. They took him as their friend, and encouraged and stimulated by their appreciation and confidence he went on devising fresh plans for their advantage. Next to the preaching of the Gospel, and almost a part of it with him, was the inculcation of temperance principles on the minds of the people. Himself a rigid abstainer, he never ceased to persuade them to become abstainers also. His rugged and forcible addresses with this view, went straight to the mark, and were the means of making temperance converts by the hundred.

His daily visits to the dwellings of the people, and his close and constant intercourse with working men gave him an insight into their character and an acquaintance with their habits of which he was not slow to avail himself, and which led him to devise plans for the better use of their leisure hours, and for the improvement of their minds and manners. Working-men's Exhibitions were among the earliest of his schemes, and he may be said to have been the originator of them. His aim in these was not so much to promote the ordinary industries of the artisan, as to lead working men in general to follow any mechanical or artistic bent of which they might give indication. This aim he judged would be promoted in no small degree by the exhibition of the productions of their leisure time, while it would create a general interest in their private occupations, and a special interest in each other's work. The idea "took" with the classes it was sought to benefit, as its success not only in the south of London but wherever it was adopted abundantly proves. An occasion of no small importance to the interests of the working classes arose out of this project. Mr. Gladstone became informed of it, and of the intelligence that was developing among the working men as a consequence, and he requested the Rev. Newman Hall to instruct his missionary to select a number of the men to visit him at his private residence. This was done, Mr. Newman Hall and Mr. Murphy accompanying them. They were hospitably entertained at luncheon by Mr. and Mrs. Gladstone, who entered into conversation with them, and afterwards showed them their paintings and sculptures, and various articles of *vertu;* and the working men in turn, with some diffidence, produced their works—such as models, stuffed birds, carvings, and other amateur productions. The meeting was one of great interest on both sides. On Mr. Murphy's death, Mr. Gladstone addressed a letter to his widow in which he referred to this circumstance. The letter ran thus:—

"Dear Madam,

"It was with deep regret I learned the unexpected death of your excellent husband. During all the later years of his career I heard with pleasure the report on all hands of his ability, zeal, and patriotism in all he undertook. At an earlier period I had the pleasure of some intercourse with him, and my experience was in full accord with what I have since heard from others. I only add the expression of my hope that you may be enabled to support this heavy bereavement in faith and hope. I am, dear Madam,

"Your very faithful and obedient,

"W. E. GLADSTONE."

The more prominent and continuous of Mr. Murphy's projects was the use of the Lambeth Baths as a place of rendezvous for the working people during winter. The late Mr. Samuel Morley being appealed to, with his usual generosity, undertook to pay the rent as well as to subscribe liberally towards the current expenses. Here Mr. Murphy rose at once to leadership. The success of the undertaking depended on himself, but he was equal to every occasion. Sometimes on a Saturday night he would read the week's news, with sundry comments, to the crowds who had gathered, the readings being interspersed with songs, or a musical recital. Sometimes free concerts, lectures, temperance meetings, and entertainments were given. As many as 200 meetings were held during the winter season, and Mr. Murphy was virtually leader of them all, and actually chairman of fully half the number, though frequently he would call in the aid of men of local or general influence as presidents. So the thing went on from year to year for twenty-five winters. At the last annual meeting over which Mr. Morley presided, Mr. Murphy said in the course of his customary statement:—

"It is matter for great encouragement and thankfulness that converts from the Lambeth Baths meetings are found everywhere in the gospel and temperance field, and are living for goodness and God; and yet it is quite within the range of possibility that we are at our last Lambeth Bath meeting to-night. The conductor is not so young as he was thirty years ago, when he began his life of labour in the New Cut and neighbourhood. The stalwart helpers of his early days—those who are left—are not quite so vigorous as they were; they have stood almost unrecognised and unrequited in their places in the field. Their work at old Surrey chapel, Hawkstone hall, the Borough-road—as well as at the baths—as working men earning a weekly wage would read like a romance if it could all be told, how they have toiled and what they have given in the interests of Christ's cause and for their fellows. There is, however, this consciousness remaining, that if we do from to-night give up the work here, we have not in the past given our lives and strength in vain. Words fail us to thank all whom we ought to thank for their many favours, but His promise remains sure who says they shall reap who have not fainted. We thank God for the help, strength, and courage given, and leave all the future in His hands."

It is an affecting fact that since these words were uttered both the principal movers in the Lambeth Bath enterprise have passed away.

Mr. Morley was never present again, though at his decease another generous friend stepped forward to take his place in the way of support, so that the work was continued during last season. But now the inspirer and leader of the movement has himself fallen. The Borough-road helpers have, however, met some of the principal supporters of the Lambeth Bath meetings with a view to their continuance, and this has, it is understood, been already determined upon.

In the course of his early missionary work many inducements were held out to Mr. Murphy to enter the regular Congregational ministry and assume the pastorate of a church, but nothing moved him from his devotion to Southwark. When, however, in 1866, a large chapel in the Borough-road was vacated, he felt that the opportunity had come, without leaving the sphere of his life-labours, to gather around him a church of the people. The building was rented, some alterations effected, and a congregation gathered, and there for twenty-one years he ministered as pastor. He took all his energy into this undertaking, and the place became a very hive of religious activity. Some 400 now constitute the membership, and more than 1200 have been united with the church during the twenty-one years of its existence. There is a considerable congregation, especially on Sunday evenings. There is a large Sunday school, and there are various Bible-classes, connected with it. Tract and Dorcas societies, Bands-of-hope and temperance organisations are in full operation. The management of the Lambeth Bath meetings is undertaken by the church, and its choir and ladies' committee have been ever at the conductor's service. The life and soul of the whole movement was the pastor. It seemed impossible to exhaust his energy.

Whatever fresh work Mr. Murphy added to his already abundant labours, he seemed fully equal to accomplish. If any project were set on foot for the moral, or social, or educational, or political, or religious good of the people, "Murphy" was as naturally called to the front as he naturally stepped into the position. And whatever the object in view he always had something pertinent and suggestive to say about it. Having a large organising faculty he could always point out "how to do it," and as easily lead on an enterprise to success. In all respects he was the man of the people.

With such a hold on the people of Lambeth it is not to be wondered at that he was placed by their suffrages on the London School Board, a position he held from 1873 to his death. He was no silent member of the Board, but whenever measures were brought forward bearing on the condition of the people, he always had a word to say, and generally the right one. The estimation in which he was held by the members of the Board in general was forcibly expressed when his sudden decease was reported to them. The Rev. J. R. Diggle, the chairman, said he was sure all who knew Mr. Murphy must deeply regret his death. The Rev. A. Jephson moved: "That the Board record upon the minutes the regret with which they heard of the death of their late colleague." Coming from South London, he said he knew that great gloom had been cast over that part of the metropolis by Mr. Murphy's death. The deceased had carried on a work for years which he believed was unequalled by any man in the metropolis. They did not in Lambeth know where to look for a man to take up what he had begun.—The motion was seconded by Mr. Helby, who said that though some of them differed from Mr. Murphy, they all believed that what he did was from conscientious motives.—Mr. Buxton felt that the Board had lost one of its most sincere and earnest workers. Mr. Murphy was a rough diamond, but the purity of the water of the stone outshone the roughness.—Several other members spoke, and the motion was agreed to, directions being given that a copy of the resolution should be sent to Mrs. Murphy, with an expression of sympathy from the Board.

The simplicity and naturalness of Mr. Murphy's character were manifest in all he did. Though raised by his fellows to a position of importance among them, he never assumed any airs. In whatever company he might be, he was the same man without the least affectation of being other than he was. He never used his work for the glorification of himself, but lost himself in the pursuit of his work.

Seldom is such a funeral accorded to a public man in the metropolis as that which passed through its wide thoroughfares from south to north on the afternoon of Saturday, July 23rd. Released from their avocations, the working people turned out in their thousands, and crowds lined the roads more or less through the six or seven miles stretching from the Borough-road to Abney Park cemetery. It is estimated that there were at least a hundred thousand spectators.

The funeral procession started from Borough-road at half-past two, and did not reach the cemetery till after five o'clock. It comprised about 100 conveyances and numerous bodies on foot, the latter carrying over fifty large banners. An open car bore the coffin, and the late minister's banner was carried at the head of the temperance organisations. All along the route—Borough-road, High-street, London Bridge, Shoreditch, Kingsland-road, and Stoke Newington-road — large crowds watched the procession, which took a long time to pass any given point. The remains of the deceased were laid to rest in the presence of a gathering of which only a small part could see the ceremony. Men of singularly opposite views, as well as of various ranks, gathered around his grave and took part in his obsequies, including the chairman and most of the members of the London School Board, many members of parliament, and other public men without distinction of creed or party.

The Rev. Newman Hall in his funeral address said he had a copy of the last letter ever written by the deceased. In it he said, "If I am spared, I shall preach on the morning of Sunday, July 17, from the text, 'Wist ye not I must be about my Father's business?'" Early on that very morning he died. It was characteristic of his life that he should be busy to the last, and he felt that he

"must" be busy. It is computed that he gave as many as a thousand addresses of various kinds in the course of the year, in addition to his pulpit discourses. On the afternoon before his death he was at two meetings, at each of which he made a vigorous speech.

Neither the influence nor the effort of this earnest Christian worker was by any means confined to the metropolis. Throughout the country he was widely known as the people's man, and whenever he appeared in the provinces crowds of his own class would gather to hear him.

The amount of work he did and the number of meetings he attended was truly astonishing. He seemed well nigh ubiquitous, and he was ever ready to take his part in promoting what he felt would be for the people's good, and in preventing what would be for their harm. His versatility and exuberant resource were remarkable.

Mr. Murphy was almost as ready with his pen as with his tongue, and would sometimes versify with much aptness. The following lines were composed to be sung at the funeral service he conducted for Mr. S. Morley—most of the stanzas may well serve to commemorate his own career:—

Snapt is the brittle thread,
Of one pure holy life;
Another warrior joins the dead,
And ceases from the strife.

He prized and lived the truth,
From childhood's early days;
Cherished the Christian faith in youth,
And all his life was praise.

Ripe was the shock of corn,
The angel-reaper came,
And from the harvest-field was borne
A saint in more than name.

And myriads dropt a tear,
To know his spirit slept;
A nation gathered round his bier,
Thought of his work—and wept.

* * *

Benevolence and love
His help could ever claim:
He stooped and lifted crowds above
Want, sorrow, sin and shame.

O nation blest of God,
Where men like these are found;
With Jesus side by side they've trod,
And made earth holy ground.

The inner life of this active servant of God, and the loftiness of his spiritual aspirings may be inferred from what he called "The Motto Song," composed by him on the passage he had given to his church as a motto text for 1887.

"Made nigh by the blood of Christ."—*Eph.* ii. 13.

O Saviour Christ, brought nigh to Thee
By Thy great sacrifice for me,
May I by holy service prove
How glorious Thine attracting love.

May heavenly meditation draw
My soul from sinning more and more;
Till all my thoughts and all my powers
Are Thine through life's remaining hours.

The golden cords of love divine,
Shall link my longing soul to Thine;
Till every error is denied,
And Christ in me is satisfied.

The course I steer through life's deep sea,
Leads over troublous waves to Thee:
But toward the sun the voyage tends,
And in its brightest beauty ends.

* * *

In these days, when the growing urgency of social problems presses painfully on the nation, the record of such a life has especial value. It is a remarkable illustration of the work which may be accomplished by a simple man sprung from the people, living and labouring amongst them with an undivided heart, in the spirit of his Lord and Master.

J. BRANWHITE FRENCH.

Things New and Old.

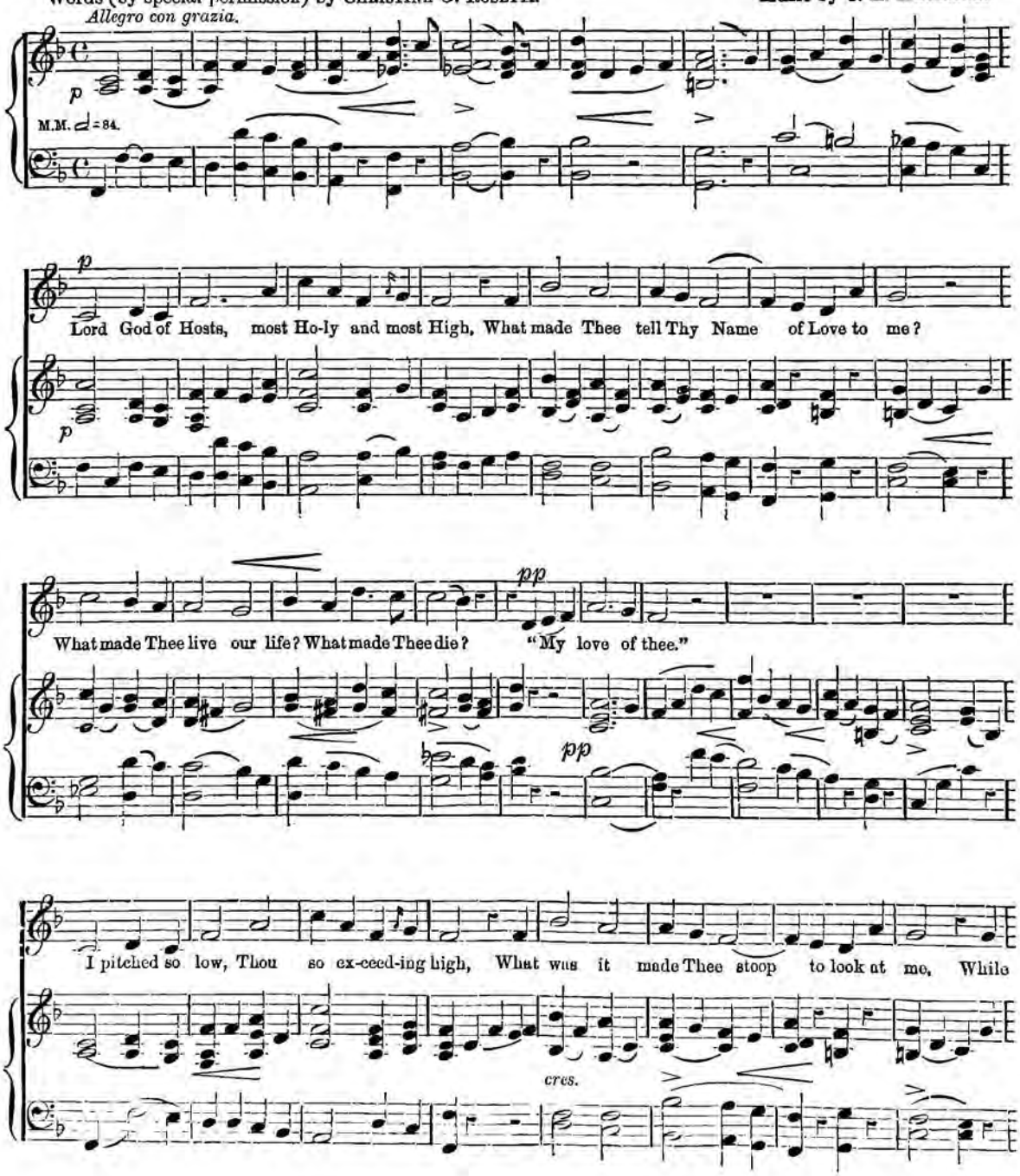
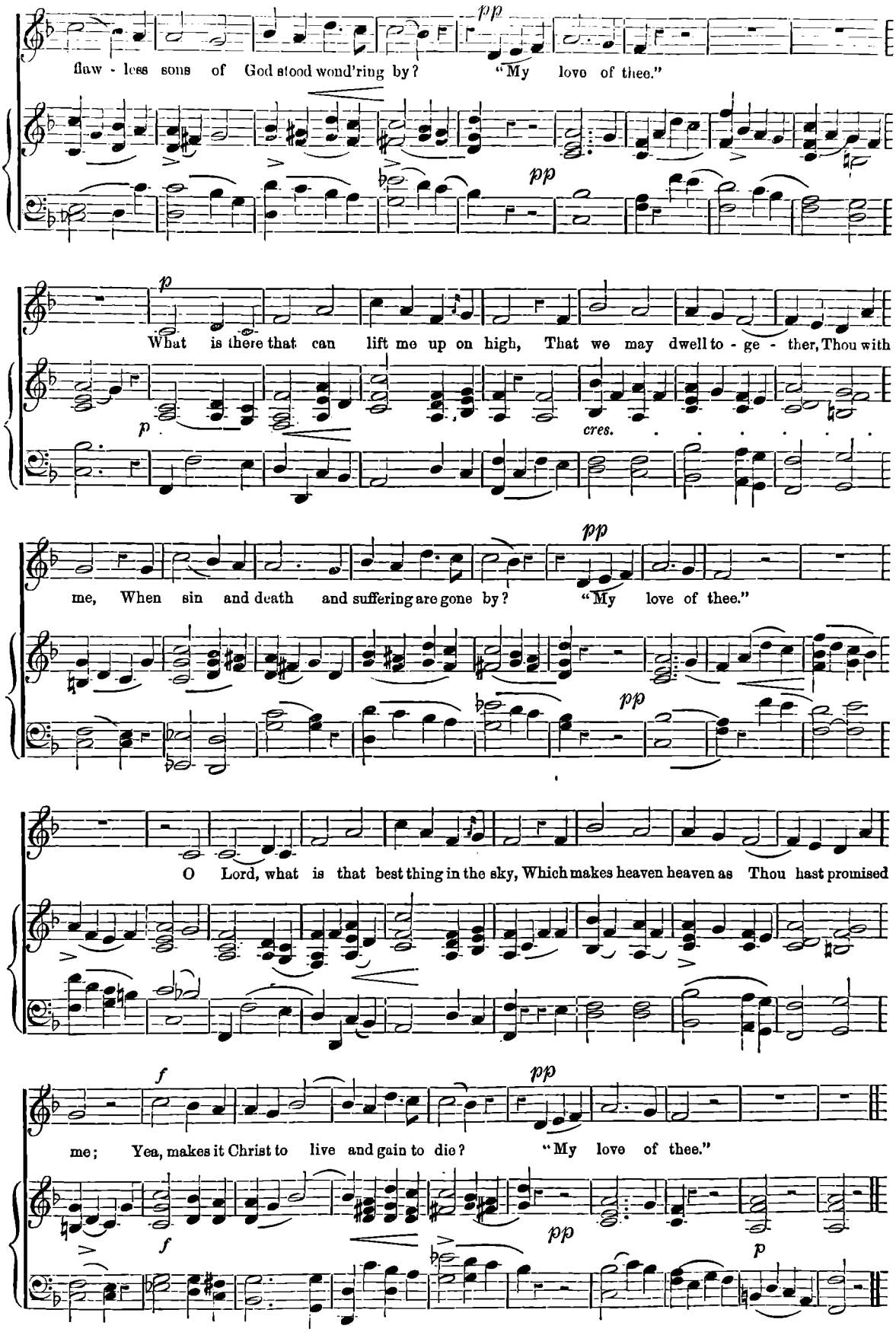
NEGRILLOS.—Many have asked me whether I have discovered in the Hervey Group any trace of a prior negrillo people. My answer is, None whatever. Indeed, I believe the idea of a black race formerly overrunning the Eastern Pacific to be a pure fiction. When Karika landed on Rarotonga he found a few *maori*, or brown, people from Iva (= Nukuh*iva*), originally from Avaiki. Their chief was named Ata. These maoris were all—or nearly all—slain by Karika. A *black* aboriginal race was never heard of in the Hervey Group.—*W. Wyatt Gill, B.A.*

SUNDAY IN SAXON TIMES.—Through all the Saxon and early Norman laws, the interests of the working classes are protected in the matter of Sunday. If a bondman work on Sunday by his lord's order, the lord must pay a fine of thirty shillings; if without this order, he must be flogged. If a freeman work without his lord's order, he must forfeit his freedom or pay sixty shillings; a priest pays double. Under Edgar and Guthrum (about 900 A.D.) we find: "If any one engage in Sunday marketings, let him forfeit the chattel.... If a lord oblige his slave to work on a festival day, let him pay the fine."—*Gesta Christi.*

A PARABLE OF THE CITY.—In the time of the Great Plague the solemn cry was heard, "Bring out your dead; bring out your dead!" "Suppose," said Mr. Spurgeon in a recent speech, "there had been a man anywhere in London who had found out a medicine that would heal the plague. To his surprise and amazement, when he was dying of the plague he put the phial to his lips and recovered. He has found out all about it; he has known it for weeks, and he has gone into the streets and never told anybody. His wife is dying of the plague and his little children are getting stark and stiff, and all those multitudes in the streets with the cross on their doors, he has never told them. Why, if he were human, he would rush to his neighbours and tell them of the remedy; if he were not possessed of an evil spirit he would make it known from end to end of the city that people could be cured. I need not translate that parable. Translate the meaning of it into your own lives, and as you know the Gospel of Christianity, go and spread it all around among the myriads of this great city."

"O Lord of Hosts."

A Sunday Song.

Words (by special permission) by Christina G. Rosetti. Music by C. A. Macirone.

The Words from 'Time Flies,' a Diary, by Permission of the S.P.C.K.

FIVE SMOOTH STONES OUT OF THE BROOK.

BY M. L. WHATELY, OF CAIRO.

THOUGH September had begun, it was still very hot, when we sailed up the river from Damietta, after spending a short time on the sea coast beyond that city. In winter, on the Upper Nile, one can be out of doors, and walking or sitting about all day; but at this season the powerful sun makes one giddy if exposed to it in the baking hot villages, which are generally without shade, and in the midst of rice and maize fields nearly or quite under water.

I rose with the first rays of the sun one morning, at a place where the dead calm had obliged us to anchor all night, and hastened to cross the plank to the shore, hoping to find some opportunity of either reading or distributing the word of God. It is necessary to be discreet in dealing with Mohammedans, for if the spirit of bitterness is once aroused, the door is shut, for the time at least, against good influences, so I watched for some opening. This village, though not far from the coast, did not seem suitable for my purpose, as most of the peasants were evidently absent at work, and the women drawing water at the river; besides, poor Egyptians do not like strangers going to their huts in general—unless there is some cause they can understand. Outside the village, heaps of dust and rubbish under a sun already hot, did not seem the place to sit and read. All around was water, except just the footpath.

Here then I took my stand, as it was too dirty to sit down, and a small mulberry tree afforded a slight shade. Several women passed and replied with tolerable civility and good humour to my salutation; but all were either really too busy to stop, or pretended to be so, that they might not have to refuse to listen to a Christian. The "smooth stone" must not be drawn from the scrip till the right time comes, and sometimes one must wait long and return disappointed. It was so this morning.

A group of men, evidently not very busy, came up on seeing the book in my hand, and one or two of the women then paused, as if to see what they thought of it. When I asked leave to read a part of God's word, they looked coldly at it, and though not refusing point blank, interrupted me, when I began, by irrelevant questions.

I inquired if any could read. One lad was then pointed out as a good scholar; but when I showed him the Testament and asked if he would read a little of God's word, he said: "I don't know how to read." I saw by the expression of his face, as well as from what his neighbours had just said, that this was not true, and remarked that I supposed he did not like to read my book. "It is *param* (forbidden), he does not want to read that book, because it is param!" said a man clad like the other peasants in a brown mantle and white shirt, but unlike them in having a beard of reddish hue: he was standing opposite to me, spinning wool on a little stick, using his fingers as a distaff—and he laid a strong emphasis on the last syllable of the word which means "forbidden." I told them that was a mistake, as their Koran did not forbid the reading of the Gospel. They seemed surprised to find I knew anything of their book, and paused for a moment in their chattering to one another, while I read a verse or two. Then the man spinning interrupted me by asking questions. "You are a Syrian, I think, are you not?" "No, I learned Arabic first from a Syrian teacher, but I am English."

"Oh! do you know we wanted to kill your people? Aye, truly we wished to do this to all of you," drawing his finger across his throat in a very unpleasantly significant manner. I told him I knew that—but I hoped they felt differently now, and said a few words about our being all children of Adam, and how we ought not to hate one another.

"Your book is Christian—we don't like Christian books," said another. The word used for Christian is Nasara, by which Moslems in the East understand members of the corrupted Eastern Churches who reverence images or pictures—I therefore never make use of it. I told them God did not judge men by names, but by actions, and belief: if they loved God and obeyed His word, that was the important thing. Two or three assented, and one seemed inclined to listen, but the man with the red beard laughed at him, and he then rather reluctantly walked away. From the expression of the greater part I could see they were all extremely bigoted; and as my time was limited, I could only hope some word might recur to some one of them hereafter, and returned with a rather sad sense of failure to the boat.

Next day we stopped at a very pretty spot near which a Government steam engine was stationed for drawing up water. The nearest village was half a mile or so distant. The fields, rich in maize and cotton, were divided by raised pathways shaded by rows of sycamore and mulberry trees, while every here and there clumps of beautiful weeping willow, and a few palms, had been planted. The palms, except close to Damietta, which has magnificent palm groves, are not nearly so numerous as in the south.

There was no rice; this crop, though beautiful from its delicate and brilliant green, needs to be nearly always under water, and it is not considered healthy to be in its neighbourhood, so I was glad to see none; in fact we were nearly out of the rice districts now. I saw several peasants as we walked out to explore, but as it was near sunset, all were hastening home. One man was riding a donkey, a small sack of forage before him, and his poor wife walking after, and very fast she had to walk to keep up with the donkey's brisk trot. I thought it characteristic of woman's lot here, for the man was neither aged nor sickly.

Next morning I came out quite early, and found a young man engaged in arranging the slight bridge over the little irrigation channel, composed of bundles of reeds with clods of earth roughly heaped over; it was not a very safe bridge, and I was very glad to accept the hand he held out to me to help me to cross. Then I got into conversation with him and another peasant, about the land and crops, and then asked if they could read. "No," they said, they could not; "but here is one who can," observed one of them, pointing to a very intelligent-looking man who came up the path as he spoke.

I found this man was servant to the manager (a native Egyptian). He was going to a neighbouring town where was a post, about some newspapers; he showed me the address on one written in Arabic, and said he was always sent for such things, as he could read. He was very willing to listen as I read some portions of the Gospel, and several other peasants joined the little circle. We were all standing,—they seemed to be in a hurry at first, and one said to another, "I must go on very soon. I have to fetch the ass;" but yet most stayed on for a little longer, and then a little more still, as they got more and more interested. "I should like to read that; I am sure it is a good book," said the man of the papers. "And I also," said another, who, on being put to the proof, could only read very imperfectly, but he had a son who read well, he said. The first said, on my offering to give him a Gospel, that he would come in the afternoon, but I could not be sure of remaining so long, as we were dependent on wind, and were already behind time; so I said, if he would wait, I would send the servant from the boat with it. Making haste over the raised causeway, and a ploughed field to our temporary home, I seized a small parcel of Gospels. But the servant having gone to buy milk, I had to speed back again to my friends under the mulberry tree by the maize fields. They were waiting just where I had left them, and there they stood for another quarter of an hour, listening to some more "good words," as they said. An old man riding a donkey who had joined us, and twice turned his steed's head to go on his way, was still there, his unusually bright keen eyes full of interested wonder. "I must go," he said at last, and with a cordial salutation went on.

When I turned from bidding farewell I saw the two who could read disputing and nearly coming to blows, for the newspaper man wanted both a gospel of John and one of Luke,—not that he knew the names, but he had heard a story in one and the opening part of the other, and wished for both. I would have given him a New Testament entire, but he liked the larger print of the separate Gospels, and their being vowelled seemed to give them value in his eyes. I pacified them easily, as I had several copies with me. They were very ignorant, even their own garbled religion they evidently only knew in a disjointed way. But "the entrance of Thy word giveth light," and having given another copy to one of the group, now rapidly dispersing, I returned to the boat. One of my companions I found giving a Gospel to a bright-looking boy, son to the engine manager, who having heard we had books, came to beg for one, and went off much pleased.

It seems truly a very little thing to have thus sent out only five portions of God's word into this district, so dark as respects the light of the soul; but the Almighty is pleased to bless small things in a wondrous way sometimes. These five smooth stones from the brook (or one of them), may, by His grace, be blessed to the breaking down of Satan's stronghold in some poor sinner's soul.

These were not the only stones slung out into the kingdom of darkness, though they were the first. Two days afterwards we anchored on the shore about a mile from a large and populous village. Being already belated by contrary winds, we were overdue in Cairo and urgently needed, so there was not time to go to this village. An entire day would be too little even to break up ground in a large place. When time is restricted, a quiet country spot is better where a few may be found willing to hear. As usual, I was up betimes in the morning, and while the boatmen waited for the breeze—which rarely at this season springs up early—I went on shore for a walk, and to see if any work could be done. The coast is at the inundation time provided with numbers of watchmen, each village furnishing its contingent. They erect small reed sheds or wigwams of the very slightest kind, at intervals of perhaps fifty yards or so; these are thicker in parts where the coast is most exposed and stand more thinly where it is safer. Night and day the men must be on the spot for a certain time, to give warning if the water should break down the banks and threaten the safety of the villages and crops.

One of these sheds was not far from the boat. I climbed the high bank, and was walking slowly along, when I saw a group of six peasants including a little boy, who were seated on the ground, most of them spinning, near the shed. Probably all being safe, and it being broad daylight, the watchers for some little distance had met to eat their morning meal and have a chat. One of them saluted me very civilly, and to my surprise said, "Come and sit a little with us," and he spread his cloak at once upon the dirty ground. I hesitated a moment, but the others echoed his words so cordially that I agreed and sat down, drawing out my Arabic Testament at the same time. I told them it was God's word, and after a little talk proposed reading, and met with not the least opposition. It seemed as if God had made the way ready here.

I read several portions, all being interested: one man, a middle-aged peasant with a very intelligent face, more so than the rest. He really seemed to take in the words and be eager to understand the full meaning. I explained simply, whenever it seemed needful, and after an hour's reading left them, not that they were tired, but that I could read no more in the hot sun. The New Testament, after I had been asked for it many times, was at last given to one of the party; and another man a little later got a separate Gospel for his son, whom he assured me could read.

Knowing they would probably find bigoted

neighbours who might cast doubt into their minds about "Christian books," I begged them to recollect what I had read about knowing a tree by its fruit. "If any one tells you this is not a good book, read it first before listening to him, and you will find it is good, and the best of all books." The man clasped the volume tightly, and smiled as he declared he would value it. The others said the same. I promised to recollect the name of this village, and to come again, God willing, and to get our doctor to come also. Many came for eye-water, when they heard of our being here and having a few medicines on board; but without a medical man, we could not venture to treat any but very simple cases.

Thus the stones were slung and sent forth in the name of the Lord of hosts.

*** Miss M. L. Whately, the earliest worker in Egypt among Moslems, has carried on her labours there for more than a quarter of a century Her efforts have been chiefly among Moslems, though all are included, and at this moment six hundred scholars are in daily attendance at her schools, while the Medical Mission associated with her work relieves several thousands in the year, all of whom have heard more or less of the Gospel, the Scriptures being read and explained to them while waiting their turn. This mission also works among some villages a little way south of Cairo, which, being chiefly Moslem, have not been visited by any other Christian teachers. Miss M. Whately and her helpers go to these villages every year. and this year the success—the result of long and patient labour—has been such that at the seven places visited the eagerness for the Word of God among all who could read has been something unprecedented. At every station crowds came to the boat entreating for copies of the Scriptures. All the stock on hand—consisting of several hundred Bibles, Testaments, and Gospels—was given away to those able to read; several had walked from villages two or three miles inland, and some have come since to Cairo to beg for Bibles. That the desire was a real one and not from curiosity was shown by the fact that many who had received copies on former occasions repeated Bible histories correctly from memory, and even helped to explain them to others. And these incidents took place in some cases in villages which, when first visited many years ago, had seemed utterly unapproachable on account of the bigotry of the Moslem inhabitants.

In a recent note on General Haig's report on the work of the American Mission in Egypt (p. 351), the statistics of the schools in Cairo were wrongly given. It is mentioned that in Cairo and the suburbs there are 600 Mohammedan boys and 350 girls. This calculation, however, evidently includes Miss Whately's schools. Even with this deduction it would not be a correct statistical account. In the American Cairo school, the number of boys is considerably under 200, and of these only 20 boys are Moslems. In Miss Whately's schools, about half the number of boys and two-thirds of the girls are Moslems. But the Copts who form the chief part of the remainder, both in this and the American school, need instruction in the Way of Life quite as much, and are as ignorant of it for the most part.

SEVENFOLD.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "NEARLY IN PORT," ETC.

CHAPTER VIII.

MR. ADAMS came down to breakfast one morning, just about this time. The postman's rat-tat brought him among his letters one with the Hull postmark upon it. It ran as follows:

"Reverend Sir,—Will you kindly give me all particulars as to a child left by Mrs. Burton, who died in your parish between nine and ten years ago. Mrs. Burton's father is dying. He quarrelled with his daughter (Cherry) upon her refusing to marry a man of his choosing (he desires me to say he turned out a great rascal), and afterwards had no communication with her. He has heard that she left a child, and that some one has taken care of it ever since. Please, *without delay*, give all details, whether the person that took the child is poor, or otherwise," &c. &c.

The Vicar wrote by return of post giving all particulars desired.

"Why, my dear," said Mrs. Adams, when he read the letter to her, "it may be something good for the Harts, and don't they deserve it? The dear, good creatures! They were really poor when they took the child up, and have often had to stint themselves. I only hope this old gentleman will do something for them now."

A few days later another letter came from the same hand. Mrs. Burton's father was dead, but he had received Mr. Adams' letter before his death.

He had dictated a few lines, leaving £500 to his grandchild, Cherry Burton, to be placed out on good security, and the interest to be paid over to John Hart for his life, in consideration of his maintenance of the child. The necessary arrangements would be made immediately, and the money sent to Mr. Adams in trust.

Mr. Adams put the two letters in his pocket, and went off to tell the Harts the news. They were even more glad than usual to see their pastor, to tell him the change in Harry's affairs. He had ever been a sympathising friend and counsellor, had approved of his favourite Polly's choice, and allowed Harry Wilson to be almost worthy of her, quite as much as we could expect.

He was sorry now to hear of the new trouble. Harry had waited patiently, and deserved to be happy, but he had done his duty, "and Polly will not like him the less," Mr. Adams said, turning to her, "because he has put even his love second to his duty."

The girl's eyes filled, her fair cheek flushed, but on her quivering lip Mr. Adams could read the No which she could not speak.

But he had his news to tell now, and many were the exclamations of wonder at what they heard. The few pounds of interest were not the chief interest to any of them, though on second thoughts it seemed quite an income.

But Polly's soft heart dwelt on the sorrows poor Mrs. Burton had gone through—the same kind that had threatened herself—being urged to a marriage repugnant to her. Her thoughts were so absorbed that she heard nothing of the talk going on, till her father touched her arm.

"Polly, do ye hear what Mr. Adams proposes? that Harry should take the £500. He could then buy the mill, and pay the interest out of the profits. It's a downright good paying mill, so it is. Sam White has made quite a comfortable thing of it, and will have enough to live on, now that his health has failed."

Polly flushed all over. Could it be possible? Was there to be no more waiting—waiting—

month after month—year after year? No more of these partings with the uncertainty when they would meet again?

She covered her face with her apron and burst into tears. She had borne all so cheerfully, no one knew what the strain on her had been.

However she soon recovered herself, and when the Vicar left, wrote, by her father's desire, to Harry an account of Cherry's grandfather's legacy, and then Mr. Adams' suggestion.

I need hardly go on now. Harry lost no time in arranging matters. Mr. Adams went security for the £500. The mill was bought, and Harry, leaving his employer with the highest testimonials and many expressions of regret, besides a more substantial token of his regard, in "something to help to furnish his house," came to the mill at once, began business without delay, and set about doing up the cottage in a style worthy of Polly.

It was already a pretty, cheerful place, and when whitewash and paint had glorified it, and the simple new furniture was arranged, one could not have chosen a prettier home for even Polly herself.

The wedding took place as soon as the nest was ready. I need not try to tell you how pretty, and far better than pretty our dear Polly looked in the simple wedding dress Mrs. Adams had prepared for her.

Cherry was bridesmaid, and both she and Mrs. Hart bore the parting with Polly better than could have been expected. Cherry so full of the importance of being now sole caretaker and comforter of grannie and grandad, besides having Polly still at hand; and Mrs. Hart too full of thankfulness at the turn things had taken to think of herself at all.

John was the one Mr. Adams felt most for, Polly and he had been so much to each other. But honest John only felt he had got a son now, as well as a daughter, "and wouldn't it be new life to them all to have Polly in such a home of her own, and with just a pleasant walk between us. She'll want my help in the garden; it's a pretty place, but wants putting in order, and Polly says she'll beat me in cabbages yet!"

So all went well, and Harry took Polly home.

They came next Sunday to church, and a finer young couple I never wish to see. And the best of it was, that both were not only fair to look upon, but real good Christians: fair with the beauty of goodness and happiness.

They spent the day in Meadow Road, and after dinner (and you may be sure Cherry had a hand in that dinner, she was as red as a rose, and was so anxious about some of the dishes), they sat in the garden, and talked over matters, past, present, and to come, while Cherry ran after the butterflies, and cooled her hot cheeks.

John was in a musing mood. His eyes followed Cherry.

"I was just thinking," he said presently, "how blessing seemed to come to us with that child. First, Polly got the blessing from the mother's teaching, and through her, God gave it me too."

"I never told you before, my lass, but it was you that led your father into the narrow way. To Him be all the praises!" and John reverently uncovered his head, and was silent for a moment or two.

"Then," he went on, "it came of Mr. Adams' thinking we would be pinched to feed another mouth, that he spoke to Mr. Gritts about the situation, and that brought about comin' here out of the old house. Then, to crown all, 'tis through her that Harry could get the mill, to say nothing of all the cheer and brightness her little face has brought since the day we got her."

"And, to say nothing, of what Cherry has done for me," broke in Mrs. Hart, wiping her eyes. "I can't say much, being never much of a speaker, but somehow God made use of the child to bring the sour, peevish old body to her senses. And not a day of my life goes by, but I thank Him for that morning when Polly brought the baby in, and laid it in my lap."

Polly's eyes were full, but there was a happy smile on her face.

"Father, mother!" she said, "I never told you that when Mrs. Burton was dying, and she gave her baby to God—and then to me to take care of, her last words were—

"He will reward you into your own bosom—He will—Sevenfold."

A Letter

FROM THE REV WILLIAM ROMAINE TO THE RIGHT HONOURABLE LADY MARY FITZGERALD.

May 6th, 1784.

W. R.'s respects accompany this book, and wishes Lady Mary may find as much profit in reading it as he has done, in the knowledge of the truth, in the belief of it, and in the experience of it. You do pray. In your present state of mind it would be better with you if you prayed more to the Holy Spirit. You should remember that the work of Christ is finished, and the application of it is now in the hands of the Divine Witness for Christ. It is His office, as you may read, John xiv. 14, 15. Direct your prayers to Him. Beg of Him to carry on His work, for be assured that He has begun it. He is the Spirit of *knowledge* Ask—continue asking, for He giveth liberally and upbraideth not, come ever so often. He is the Spirit of Faith, the Giver, the Exerciser of it. Oh, pray to Him then for His influence that He would make you more willing and more able to believe His word, which cannot be broken, and to rely on His promises which cannot possibly fail! Pray on—use this means, but never leaving Him out, and He will teach you some further degrees of faith. Yea, in trusting you will get experience of His power, and will find your spiritual senses exercised and thereby improved When it is best for you, and He has led you to a thorough acquaintance with your own heart and life, He will bless you with the comforts as well as with the reality of your salvation. But as an old friend of mine said, I have trusted Him with my salvation, and with the comforts of it too. He freely gave me the will, and He will give me the possession when and how He pleaseth. I leave all to Him. God help you to follow those steps of His faith. So prays your friend W R. yesterday and to-day, and hopes to praise with you for ever.

HOMELY LIGHT ON HALLOWED TEXTS.

NO. VII.

"Their soul shall be as a watered garden; and they shall not sorrow any more at all."—*Jeremiah* xxxi. 12.

HOW delicious it is to go into a garden that has been newly watered. There has been a season of drought, perhaps, and the flowers have looked languid and faint. But the rain has come at length, not in a mere passing shower, but in copious down-pouring, until the air becomes heavy with the perfume which rises like the sweet breath of thanksgiving, from grateful flowers.

Passing from the garden, into the house, you may notice, perhaps under a glass-case, a collection of beautiful flowers. They are so perfect in form and colour, that for a moment, you may be deceived. But you go nearer to them, and raising the glass which preserves them from the air and dust, you discover that they are wax. One thing they lack, which tells at once their real nature—they have no perfume.

And that mysterious gift of God to the flowers of the garden and the field, is an emblem, or picture, of that other gift of His, to the souls of those who trust, and love Him—for surely love is the perfume of the soul.

In the garden of the Lord all the trees and flowers are of His own planting. The prophet Isaiah speaks of them as "trees of righteousness, the planting of the Lord, that He may be glorified," and our text speaks of a "redeemed" people, even those who are redeemed by the precious blood of Jesus.

All in whom God has put the love of His name, and the desire to serve Him, are trees of His planting. They may not be big trees, and they may be hidden in very quiet corners of the garden, but they are His, none the less, and because they have received the refreshing dew of His grace, they give forth love in return. "We love Him, because He first loved us."

There was once a little girl whose people belonged to the wild tribe of bushmen in Namaqua Land, South Africa. She was stolen when quite young, and at length was taken charge of by a Christian missionary in another part of the country, in whose house she remained for some years, learning to read, and better still, learning about the Saviour who died for us all. She was but a little child, yet her young heart opened to the Saviour's love, and the sweet savour of that love soon began to spread itself abroad.

One day, when she was about eight years old, the good missionary found her with a book in her hand, instructing another girl much older than herself.

When asked if she loved the Lord Jesus, she answered: "Yes I do, and I want to love Him more."

The missionary enquired how it was that she loved Him, since she had never seen Him. To this she replied: "He loved me, and gave Himself for me."

When asked if the Lord Jesus would love little children, she smiled, but when she tried to speak, tears filled her eyes, and she could not answer for weeping. Her heart overflowed with joy at the thought of her Saviour's love for little ones like herself.

Some flowers, as we know, only give out their fragrance in the night, and many of the flowers of God's planting, have been sweetest in the dark night of sorrow and trial. Some again are most fragrant when they have been bruised, and suffering has brought out the perfume of many a loving heart, to the glory of God. Whatever it is that makes us show forth the love of God, should be gladly welcomed: "Awake, O north wind, and come, thou south; blow upon my garden, that the spices thereof may flow out. Let my beloved come into his garden, and eat his pleasant fruits."

The sharp, and biting winds of persecution have often blown the fragrant spices of love and faith all over the world. It is told of a French minister, who was imprisoned in the castle of Tournay for preaching the Gospel, that when a lady visited him, she expressed wonder at his being able to eat or drink or sleep in quiet. "Madam," said the good man, "my chains do not terrify me, or break my sleep; on the contrary, I glory and take delight therein, esteeming them at a higher rate than chains and rings of gold, or jewels of any price whatever. The rattling of my chains is like the effect of an instrument of music in my ears, not that such an effect comes merely from my chains, but it is because I am bound therewith for maintaining the truth of the Gospel."

This is but an echo of the words of St. Paul, when writing to the Philippians: "I would ye should understand, brethren, that the things which happened unto me have fallen out rather unto the furtherance of the Gospel; so that my bonds in Christ are manifest in all the palace, and in all other places."

May our souls be refreshed by the dew of the Holy Spirit, and may we be "as a watered garden," remembering that—

Little deeds of kindness
Little words of love,
Make our earth an Eden
Like the heaven above.

SCRIPTURE ENIGMA.

NO. XXV.

Should I not serve in the presence of his son?
Hast thou found me, O mine enemy?
Whither do these bear the ephah?
Why should this dead dog curse my lord the king?
Hast thou also brought evil upon the widow with whom I sojourn?
Let me escape thither (is it not a little one?)

Search for these texts and look
Within God's holy book
And find out all who asked these questions six;
One had a wicked wife;
Two saved a monarch's life;
One met a widow-woman gathering sticks;
One saw his home in flames,
And one God's word proclaims;
Initial letters show a murderous king
Who said "Am I a dog to do this thing?"

L. T.

ANSWER TO SCRIPTURE ENIGMA.

NO. XXI.—p. 622.—POMEGRANATE.—Ex. xxviii. 33.

P-alm-tree	Ex. xv. 27.
O-live.	1 Kings vi. 23, 28.
M-ulberry trees . . .	2 Sam. v. 23, 24.
E-lm	Hosea iv. 13.
G-ourd	Jonah iv. 6, 7.
R-eed	2 Kings xviii. 21.
A-sh	Isa. xliv. 14, 15.
N-ettles	Prov. xxiv. 30, 31.
A-lmug	1 Kings x. 11.
T-histle	2 Kings xiv. 8, 9.
E-bony	Ezekiel xxvii. 3, 15.

Monthly Religious Record.

THE wonderful summer now passed away, which, while bringing drought to the fields, brought an unwonted measure of sunshine to multitudes of lives, scattered holiday-makers over a vast and varied field. No one feature of the season, we rejoice to note, was more conspicuous than the effort to bring the poorer classes of our great cities within range of the enjoyments of nature. Many a thought also must have gone towards them in their crowded haunts from their more fortunate brethren who in "merry England" have chanced upon decaying villages, and seen the weed-grown lands waiting for some new solution of the social problem. How long yet shall it be before we can adjust our population to the new conditions? or stay, for instance, the immigration into the towns, which presses so heavily upon Christian workers in London?

Now that the holidays are passed, we have come upon the season of conferences and congresses. One of the earliest of such gatherings is the Convention which now meets annually at Keswick for the promotion of practical holiness. This year it was remarkable for the manifestation of missionary interest. In response to an appeal for more labourers in the field, sixty persons are said to have offered themselves definitely for foreign missionary service, and nearly as many more intimated that they were prepared to consider the matter. The President of the Convention, Mr. Bowker, had received a letter from the Rev. J. R. L. Hall, of Jaffa, appealing for ten ladies ready to go to Palestine at their own charges. This appeal aroused much interest. On the last day of the Convention a missionary meeting was held, the speakers being Mr. Reginald Radcliffe, the Rev. Hudson Taylor, the Rev. H. W. Webb-Peploe, the Rev. James Johnson, of Lagos, Mr. Eugene Stock, of the Church Missionary Society, and others; also three ladies. Mr. Stock invited any whose hearts God might touch to call upon him in Keswick; and in the next three days he had some twenty interviews with persons who came to inquire about the work. Eleven of these were ladies who desired to respond to the call from Jaffa; and a twelfth wrote afterwards. The China Inland Mission has also received many overtures.

In this connection we note, too, a meeting of the Salvation Army in London, to bid farewell to a company of fifty volunteer missionaries, young men and women, about to leave for India. General Booth said that the Gospel was now preached by the Army in 25 different countries, and in 35 different languages. Comparisons are proverbially odious, but he went on to say that, though the Salvation Army was last in India, where 35 different missionary societies were at work, with 700 missionaries, they had now in the field 120 English and 80 native missionaries, the latter saved and trained and taught and sent forth to labour amongst their fellow-men. The great difficulty in dealing with such vast populations was the want of men, and when they had got men they wanted money. The outfit of one of their missionaries, however, cost only 15*l.*, and the ordinary cost of maintenance of a missionary, it was calculated, would be but a small sum. He did not see why they should not send out soldiers in equal number to subdue the nations to God Almighty as the Government send out to subdue the nations to British rule. He did not see why they should not have their own troopships. These things were in the good time that was coming. Colonel Tucker, who has given up an official position in the Punjaub, in order to devote himself to the evangelisation of India, said: "They were working a tremendous revolution in the system of carrying on work among the heathen. There was a great gulf between the natives and the official English, but they were bridging over the gulf with their bodies. The people were most anxious to talk about religion, and invited them to their houses, and treated them in the kindest manner, simply to hear what they had got to say. They did not trouble the people about doctrines, but told them of the love of Jesus, and that Jesus wanted them to be His servants." This is the testimony of Colonel Tucker, but it is no secret that the action of some sections of the Army in India has given rise to painful controversy. Such facts as we are recording have, however, too great significance to be disregarded. Whatever differences of opinion there are, and whatever recognised dangers in the newer methods of procedure, this rally of missionary zeal is a sign of the times.

THE question of "church membership" was brought under discussion at the last Wesleyan Conference, in a series of resolutions touching several points of great interest and importance to the Wesleyan body. The subject in its different relations was referred to a committee to meet during the present year. As all the world knows, John Wesley regarded early Methodism as "a society," and every one meeting in "class," under an authorised leader, received every quarter a ticket as a "member of society." But the "class-meeting," central and vital as it has been, does not hold the same position as it formerly did. There are communicants who do not attend it, and who therefore cannot be accounted members in the annual connexional returns. While probably a large majority believe that the meetings for Christian fellowship are a mainstay of spiritual life, every year shows an increasing number who are unwilling to enrol themselves as members under such a requirement. Thus, in the course of the debate, the Rev. F. W. Macdonald said, "he held that the class-meeting through force of circumstances no longer upheld the same position to the entire organic life of Methodism that it did in the days when they were unencumbered by the duties and responsibilities of a great Church system. Whether it was in the nature of things that an institution which was the life of certain societies, under conditions long since passed away, should retain precisely the same position towards a vastly different order of surroundings, it seemed to him that nothing more was wanted by them to-day than the courage to face the facts of the case. He believed that to do so would dissipate fears in more directions than one; and would be the destruction of much wild free-and-easy theorising; it would also destroy the complacent taking-for-granted that the class meeting was still capable of doing that for the Methodist Church which it had done for a few generations for the Methodist Society." There is, however, much more than the class meeting involved in this discussion. The question as between a "society" and a "church" thus raised, touches many points. What would the Society of Friends say to such an issue?

THE report of Sunday-schools presented at the Wesleyan Conference, gave 895,532 scholars, showing an increase of 16,420; and it was stated, that of the whole 72,256 were members of society, and 48,352 junior members. The teachers number 127,763, of whom 104,724 are members.

A PROTESTANT Association for the Practical Study of Social Questions, has been started in France, with the support of the most eminent pastors of all sections. The leader of the movement is M. Follat, the pastor of the church founded by Frédéric Monod. In the appeal issued by the association, it is strongly urged that Christians must not leave the social needs of life to be dealt with by the enemies of the faith.

THE extreme action of the Municipal Council of Paris in its endeavour to secularise education has ceased to surprise. The sentiment of hostility which it expresses is of the kind which becomes persecuting and tyrannous in proportion as it obtains influence. "In one of its recent sessions," says Dr. Pressensè, in a letter to a contemporary, "a member of the Council made a formal protest against any works being used as class-books in which the name of God occurs, even though they may be the masterpieces of our classical literature. It appears that in the primary schools, the children are accustomed to read this line of Racine:—'Je crains Dieu, cher Abner, et n'ai point d'autre crainte.' This critic is willing that they should be allowed to read

certain passages of Racine, and of our other great writers, but he gravely adds: 'I imagine it would be easy to select from their works other passages than those just cited.' Certain quotations from Victor Hugo, Voltaire, and Diderot, were also denounced as clerical in tone. 'Diderot,' said another, 'was like you and me; he believed in God till he learned not to believe in Him.' And the children of our day must only learn of the later Diderot—that is, of the sceptic. Such extravagances as these have ceased to surprise us coming from the lips of our Municipal Council. The thing to be dreaded is that they should strike deeper. We are told that certain publishers, fearing the censure of the Municipal Council, have begun to issue expurgated editions of the classics." Surely this is not freedom? but enslavement of thought, which might soon become as fatal as the creed against which it is a reaction.

ACCORDING to the Odessa correspondent of *The Times*, the officials from the Holy Synod appointed to inquire into "the alarming spread of Protestantism in Southern Russia" have now made their report. "They recognise that heretical opinions are largely on the increase, and attach considerable blame to the orthodox clergy"; but as to the nature of these opinions we are not informed. "The following measures are recommended by them, measures which they hope will adequately cope with the heresy;—(1) Gathering together in the villages those of the peasants who can sing for the practice of church music; (2) lectures on ecclesiastical subjects; (3) directing the village clergy to celebrate Divine service at least twice in every week, and to take care that each celebration is performed with all due solemnity, and with the proper canonical costume; (4) appointing certain of the better educated of the clergy to reside in infected districts, and to keep a strict watch on all that transpires, to admonish those who display any tendency towards unorthodoxy, and generally to keep the authorities and the police well informed."

DR. OSCAR LENZ has found another critic in the Rev. T. P. Farler, of the Universities' Mission. He contrasts the reckless statements of the German traveller with the facts which have come under his own observation in Africa. Twelve years ago the station with which he is himself associated, consisted of a mud hut, the residence of the missionaries, a few sheds, and a small iron building used as a church. "The natives," he says, "were always fighting; no man could travel alone safely; they clothed themselves in goat skins, and their only means of exchange were strings of beads or Amerikano, i.e., cotton sheeting. Now the excellent granite of the country has been quarried, lime has been burnt, a large and beautiful church, capable of holding 700 people, with nave, aisles, and arches, has been built in granite; a large hospital has been erected, with schools, house for the missionaries, dormitories over for boarders and dining-hall—all have been built by our native converts in granite, under the superintendence of a young English-working mason. At this moment as I write I see eleven masons, native converts, nine of them being apprentices, hard at work, building a large house for sisters of mercy. I see other converts, native carpenters and their apprentices, bringing up the doors and windows they have just made to fix into the new house. I am writing at a table made by native converts. Not far off is a large workshop, well fitted with tools, also a forge, and anvil, full of busy native converts learning carpentering and blacksmithing. Around about are many native converts, some bringing planks or rafters, which they have cut in the forest, others working as masons' labourers. Every morning men eagerly press for work, lasting from 7 A.M. to 5·30 P.M., under strict supervision, with one hour's tea at noon, for the wage of fourpence a day. There is now perfect peace and safety in the land; a child can travel alone. The natives dress now in well-made garments, sewn by themselves after the coast fashion. Trade has been introduced; a large market has been established close to the mission station, attended by some 2000 to 3000 traders every market day. . . . I can see from my window a young native Christian, who is being trained as a doctor, busily attending to a crowd of patients, sitting in a piazza near the dispensary, binding up their sores and giving medicine for their sicknesses. Finally, all our translations, some of which are now done by our native teachers, and our other literary works are printed in the first instance by our native Christians, who have been taught printing." Thus, again, the churches may be reassured. While sincerely desirous of knowing the actual facts, they are happily not dependent on the testimony of a single traveller. As Mr. Farler points out, the European traveller has sometimes been found to have in his train the very men whom the missionaries have been obliged to exclude and they judge others by these black sheep. When all due allowance is made for the failures and relapses incident to Christian life in every land, there is abundant evidence of genuine progress. These native industries, not only exist, but are fruits of a new and transforming life in the souls of the people.

A LETTER from Emin Pasha, dated early in the year, expresses his belief that the wave of fanaticism which overran the Soudan has spent itself; the people may now, he thinks, breathe freely for awhile, and there is an opportunity for the British Government to give the Soudan a just and orderly settlement. He says that only those who lived there know how the people were harried and oppressed. The disturbances which were apparently religious in their origin were, at bottom, revolts against misrule and tyranny.

THE mission at Uganda has been again disturbed by the capricious temper of the king. Mr. Mackay writes courageously, believing much in prayer, but his last news is saddening. One Sunday morning, his congregation had to be dismissed, owing to the king having given out that he intended making another onslaught on the Christians. Then his mood changed again. One or two prisoners were liberated, and those in hiding were encouraged to show themselves. But one lad, a page, who ventured out, has disappeared, and it is believed has been secretly murdered. Then "his majesty took a turn to reading the Koran, and gave out that he would kill every one who refused to read it. Alarm seized all our young people, the more especially as the Arabs had instructed their royal pupil that by slaying sacrifices he could bewitch those who disobeyed him. One and another of the pages were ordered to read Arabic, and the chief page was sent for to his country seat that he might be forced to learn the Koran. The Arabs were all present with the king, and their book, when suddenly fire broke out in the women's quarters. The flames spread, and almost all the king's huge houses were reduced to ashes. He fled to the Katikiro's, but the sparks followed in the air, and that chiefs' houses and property were also quickly consumed. The king's property was saved, however, although several storehouses were burnt. . . . The head page arrived afterwards, and was ordered to read the Koran, but refused. This occasioned more wrath, but nothing has been done to the lad as yet, except continued sacrifice of animals to bewitch such as he. Again his majesty gave out that he meant to kill the Christians. But his mother, a heathen, sent to the Katikiro and Kibare, asking them to advise the king not to hold another massacre, as those young fellows were his only strength, and at present he was not popular among his chiefs. They advised him accordingly. So far, execution was stayed; but, unfortunately, a few days ago, one of our church council, Mika, a sub-chief and officer in the bodyguard, who was spared in the last massacre, was going to the forest to cut canes for rebuilding the king's fences. On the way he was met by some of the royal ladies, who always travel with several executioners. These beat all and sundry to drive them off the road, and rob wayfarers. Mika's boy had a bundle on his head, containing the New Testament and other books. The bundle was seized, and Mika fled. Next day the books were taken before the king, who sent them to the Katikiro, with a complaint that those pardoned were reading as before. Executioners were sent to find Mika, who has fled west, and others of our people with him." Such is a troubled glimpse into the land which has given the church its latest martyrs.

THE Congo Mission of the Baptist Society, so often stricken, has experienced another loss. This time it is the Rev. J. T. Comber, who has been carried off by fever. A pioneer of the mission, he had seen a brother and a sister fall in its service. Long before he became known his letters had kindled a flame of missionary zeal in the hearts of his younger brothers and his sister, and one after another followed him to Africa. "Few sacrifices," it has been said, "have been more heroic than that of the father who has sent three of his sons and a daughter into that deadly battlefield." One brother remains at his post.

THE SUNDAY AT HOME

O DAY MOST CALM, MOST BRIGHT! . . .
THE WEEK WERE DARK BUT FOR THY LIGHT.—*Herbert.*

GENEVIÈVE;

A STORY OF OLD FRANCE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE SPANISH BROTHERS," "THE KING'S SERVICE," &C.

WHO WAS THIS STRANGER? HAD SHE EVER SEEN HIM BEFORE?

CHAPTER XX.—"BROTHER AND SISTER."

> Pascal,
> Whom, if I pleased, I might to the task call
> Of making square to a finite eye
> The circle of Infinity.—*R. Browning.*

TIME glided swiftly by with Geneviève after this. Slight and mechanical as her part might be in the noble task of her patrons, it was yet, to the thoughtful, deep-hearted girl, nothing less than "a liberal education." She illustrated that true word of the poet, "'Tis the taught already that profit by teaching." Of course she did not gain any clear or connected idea of the

scope and plan of that great work of which "the imperfect and immortal sketch" had dropped from the dying hand of Pascal. But in this she was not so very much behind the ablest critics of her own time, and of ours. Almost as well might we

> "Call up him who left half-told
> The story of Cambuscan bold,"

or reconstruct the "palace of music reared" by some mighty enchanter who has poured forth all his passionate soul upon the lyre or the organ, as seek to complete the design of which Pascal took the secret with him to the grave. No human hand shall ever raise the temple which he projected for the glory of God; but the treasure he amassed and prepared, the gold, the silver, and the "stones of fire," remain as a priceless legacy to the church. Perhaps they are even more precious, in some respects, than the finished work would have been.

It was these "stones of fire," these grand, living, quickening thoughts, which filled and expanded the soul of Geneviève. She learned the greatness and the littleness of man; his grandeur and his misery. How his grandeur evidences and enhances his misery; and his misery bears witness to his grandeur, "because it is the misery of a dethroned king," who can never forget that which he has been, and that which he was meant to be. "He is only a reed, the weakest thing in Nature: but he is a *thinking reed*. The Universe need not arm itself to crush him; a vapour, a drop of water, suffices to kill him. But if the Universe were to crush him, he would still be more noble than that which kills him; because he knows that he dies, while the Universe which kills him knows nothing of its power." She learned, moreover, that this weak, but noble being possessed in his first estate "a true and living joy, of which there now remains to him only the empty track and channel, which he tries in vain to fill with all that surrounds him, seeking in the things he has not that which he cannot obtain in those that he has, but without success, because this infinite gulf can only be filled by the infinite and immutable, that is, by God Himself." She learned "the three orders of greatness, the visible, the intellectual, and the spiritual." How great minds have their empire, their glories, their victories, and have no need of outward pomp and show, and no connection with it. How the pure and holy, who are great in the sight of God, have their glories also, as far beyond the triumphs of intellect as these transcend the vulgar splendour of kings and princes. "Archimedes won no battles; but he enriched the world with his discoveries. Oh, how great is his intellectual glory! Jesus Christ, without wealth, without scientific achievement, stands in His order of holiness. He gave us no discoveries; He never reigned: but He was humble, patient, holy—holy—holy unto God; terrible to demons, without sin. Oh, in what glory and magnificence has He come, for the eyes of heart, which can discern what is excellent!"

It doubled their preciousness in the mind of Geneviève that these grand thoughts came to her "all perfumed with the name of One"—even that Name above every name which was enshrined in the innermost heart of Pascal. All his treasured wealth of thought was an offering laid at His feet. "Seigneur, je vous donne tout." "Lord, I give Thee all," he wrote once, and the meaning breathes through every word he ever penned. The centre thought of all his thoughts is this—"Jesus Christ is the source of all things, and the centre to which all things tend. He who knows Him knows the reason of all things."

A bright wintry sun was shining on the first snow of the year, when one morning Mademoiselle came back to her room from a consultation with her brother, to find Geneviève bending diligently over her writing, and looking, as she thought, rather pale and tired.

"Lay down your pen, my child," she said to her kindly. "Go and walk in the garden for half an hour; it will refresh you."

Geneviève looked up pleadingly, "But, Mademoiselle, I want so much to finish this. Look, there is only another page."

"All the better discipline for thee to leave it unfinished," said the pupil of Port Royal. "Go, Geneviève."

Geneviève was too well trained by this time to object. She covered her golden hair with a warm scarlet hood, and went down into the garden, pondering the while upon what she had been writing.

Mademoiselle did wisely in sending her out. There was keen exhilaration in the crisp morning air, and the clear frosty sunshine. On the yet untrodden paths and the bare flowerless beds lay the pure white snow, adorning also the branches of the trees and shrubs, and lurking here and there in crevices of the marble statues, whose dull weather-stained hues it seemed to mock. In the midst, the fountain sent up its tiny spray to sparkle in the sunshine.

Geneviève thought God's world very fair to see, and very pleasant to live in, as she crushed the soft snow beneath her light elastic feet. It was in part that mere physical enjoyment of existence which is oftenest felt by the young, though by no means confined to them, but it was also in part the more deep and real joy which is born of high thought, and especially of the thought that links the loving and believing heart with the true source of joy. For now the heart of Geneviève re-echoed from its inmost depths those words of the great master which her hand had just been tracing on the pages of her "cahier"—"Seigneur, je vous donne tout." Half unconsciously her lips uttered them, in glad and fearless acquiescence. The old self-questionings as to how much the "all" includes, had vanished for the present, or at least they had ceased to vex her. She felt content to lay everything at His feet, and to let Him direct the disposal.

Whilst meditating upon these things, she found herself close to one of those fantastically-constructed arbours common at that time in the gardens of the great. She wondered if it would be too cold for Mademoiselle to bring her book, or her work for the poor, and to sit there for a little while. Surely the fresh air and the sun-

shine would do her good. To test the point, she went in and sat down. It was very pleasant; before her lay the garden, fair in its winter robe of white, unsoiled as yet by a single stain, sparkling in the frosty sunshine. In the foreground of the picture was the marble fountain, with its broad-rimmed basin, its quaint statues, and its changing jets of quivering crystal, filling the air with a low murmur of slumberous sound. All these things together lulled her senses, and she was—not sleeping, but certainly resting mind and body—when she became conscious of the approach of some one from the house.

For a moment she thought it was M. de Roannez. The head of the household had always been kind to her, as indeed he was to every one; but since her labours as a copyist had brought her into closer intercourse with him, he had treated her with a sort of paternal interest and friendliness. This friendliness she fully reciprocated; but she was a keen observer, and by this time she had come the length of acknowledging to herself that M. de Roannez was cast in a mould less heroic than his sister. Of late he almost seemed to doubt whether Mademoiselle ought not to yield to the wishes of her mother, and of all their kindred, by accepting the still constant Duc de la Feuillade; always supposing that she could be lawfully absolved from the hasty and informal vow of celibacy which she had taken at Port Royal. As Geneviève now thought she saw him approaching, she debated with herself whether she might not summon courage to make use of this rare opportunity in giving him a hint—without pretending to have noticed anything—of how greatly the presence and the attentions of M. de la Feuillade always grieved and pained her beloved Mademoiselle.

But, after all, this was not M. de Duc. It was a stranger, resembling him in figure, being tall and rather slender. He looked considerably younger, however, Geneviève thought as he drew nearer. Doubtless he had come from the ruelle of Madame; there was in the ante-chamber a glass door which opened into the garden. He had, what she had now learned to call "an air of the highest distinction." He was very richly dressed in maroon coloured velvet, trimmed with gold lace, and a long and sweeping triple plume adorned the hat which he removed with a profound bow as soon as he saw her. The indispensable perruque shaded a handsome young face, wearing an unusual, but not unbecoming air of nobleness and gravity, increased by the fact that instead of the "royale," or single tuft of hair, usually adorning the chins of gentlemen of fashion, he wore an ample "Huguenot beard," as it was styled at the time. Yet, in spite of this, there seemed to Geneviève something strangely familiar in the face, something that awakened dim, indistinct recollections. Who was this stranger? Had she ever seen him before? Somehow she felt in his presence a vague trouble and disquiet.

He, on his part, was probably mistaking her for some one else. So, at least, she concluded, partly from a kind of uncertainty and indecision in his step and manner as he approached, partly from the unlikeliness of a "grand seigneur" wanting to speak to her, unless indeed he wished to send some message through her to Mademoiselle. True to her training, and to the instinct that taught her it was safest for her to observe, with extreme carefulness, all the forms of etiquette, and thus keep within the shelter of a well-defined position, she rose and acknowledged the bow with a "courtesy," which said plainly, "I am not a great lady, but only the Demoiselle of a great lady." Her neat dress of dark camlet, with its snowy frills and "pinners," told the same tale.

"Have I not—I think, but I am not certain, that I have the honour of addressing Mademoiselle Geneviève Montères?" said the stranger.

His voice stirred strange memories in the heart of Geneviève, and it was with an unconscious quiver in her own, that she answered, "You are not mistaken, Monsieur. Can I have the honour of serving you in any way with Mademoiselle?"

For all answer he drew near, took her hand in his, and bending down, pressed his lips upon it.

"*Monsieur!*" cried the astonished and indignant Geneviève, crimson to the roots of her golden hair.

"*Geneviève!*—Do you not remember your brother, Edouard de Sercourt?"

"Edouard!—oh, Edouard, I am so glad!" The next few moments were spent in mingled tears and laughter, and in very incoherent exclamations, questions that waited for no answers and expected none, and broken words of greeting and congratulation.

At last Edouard found composure enough to say, "Dear little sister, let us sit down here, and talk together soberly. I have so much to hear from you, and to tell you. More to hear from you, I think."

"How did you find me out?" asked Geneviève.

"Ah, that is quite a long story. There is quite a romance about it, in which my cousin, the Marquis de Chévres, figures largely. That gentleman was not, in his early youth, quite as dutiful a son as he ought to have been. He displeased his father, the Duc de Graffont, in various ways; but his last, and as the world thought, his worst escapade, was to marry a very beautiful young lady without the consent of her parents, and under circumstances which particularly enraged her family. He had to leave the country; and the young lady—who is altogether charming, and deserving of nothing but sympathy and admiration—was restored to her friends. In her sorrow, for she was really attached to him—she betook herself to works of piety and charity, a very good way of healing a sore heart, as many have found before her. It was her pleasure to minister to the sick poor in the Hotel Dieu, wearing the humble dress of a sister of St. Vincent de Paul. Whilst thus engaged, she laid both you and me under the deepest obligations, by soothing the last hours of my dear adopted mother."

"Ah! That *dear* Soeur Marguerite!" Geneviève exclaimed.

"Yes, my little sister; that dear Soeur Marguerite, to whom you were so grateful, is really

no other than Madame la Marquise de Chévres. If she lives, she will, I presume, be one day Madame la Duchesse de Graffont. I am happy to say, all are now reconciled, and at peace. M. de Chévres has received his father's forgiveness, and has accommodated his differences with the family of Madame. She is to be released from her religious habit; I know not how they manage these things, but they do manage them. The young people who, as I said, are really very much attached to each other, are to have a suitable establishment and to live in Paris."

"Oh, but Soeur Marguerite will be so sorry to give up her works of piety, and to return to the world!"

"I am not so sure of that," said Edouard, smiling a little, and stroking his Huguenot beard. "Besides, M. de Chévres will not prevent her doing as much good as she likes amongst the poor. He is greatly changed from what he was in his wild, reckless youth; though even then his errors rather arose from thoughtlessness and want of any fixed principle than from deliberate wickedness. It is a great cause of joy to me, that all their affairs have turned out so happily. My uncle absolutely lives anew in his restored son; whilst my cousin is as happy as a king, enjoying his father's favour, his wife's affection, and his recovered position in society. See how I am telling everything to my little sister, in this first hour of our meeting! It seems so natural to talk to you. But I am wandering from my text, as M. Claude would say. Before I left France—that is to say, three years ago—I went to Vernon to seek for you, and there I learned the sad news of your departure, but no one could tell me whither you had gone. The old château was in the hands of strangers. They were kind people, however, and seemed to cherish a sort of compassionate interest in the former owners of the place. Only think, Geneviève, they showed me our dear old Jeannette, spending her last days in ease and comfort in the meadow by the river. Then I sought out Margot, but she could only tell me that you and your mother had gone to Paris, she believed to some convent. So I was obliged to postpone farther search for you till my return from abroad. I happened yesterday to mention your name to Madame de Chévres; and she at once told me all she knew of Madame Montères, and of you. I lost no time in calling upon M. de Roannez, with whom I had already a slight acquaintance, and requesting him to present me to the ladies of his family. Behold me, then, waiting upon Madame la Duchesse at her levée, all for the purpose of finding out, and conversing with, my dear little sister."

"You are very good to me, M. de Sercourt."

"Brothers and sisters do not say 'Monsieur,' and 'Mademoiselle,' at least in private; they call each other by the dear familiar names they have learned in childhood. Remember, Geneviève, you must look upon me entirely as your brother; an elder brother, whose right and whose duty it is to take care of you. Duty it is indeed, if there be any meaning in the word. I think that no son ever owed more to parents than I owe to your excellent father and mother. Your father, with his strong, uncompromising truthfulness, kept me true to the Faith which he himself did not share. But for his wise counsel, I might have lightly parted with it in my boyhood."

"Then you are still a Protestant," said Geneviève with a shade of disappointment in her tone.

"Yes, my little sister; and I shall be, as long as God keeps me true to Him and to myself. But now, tell me about yourself. Have you been happy here, Geneviève?"

"Oh, yes, very happy," replied Geneviève warmly.

"I am so glad. Still, I do not think it well to leave you here longer. It is scarcely the position M. Montères would have chosen for his daughter, or to which the daughter of M. Montères is justly entitled. My plan for you is this. I hope it will meet your approval. I intend to place you, for the present, as a boarder in some convent, where you will enjoy the advantages young ladies ought to have, and will also be able to complete your education. Being a Protestant, I might find it difficult to fix upon one in all respects suitable, and I could hardly trust my own judgment in the matter. But Madame de Chévres will assist me in the selection; and perhaps your protectress, Mademoiselle de Roannez, will be kind enough also to give us her assistance. Both these ladies are well known, not only for their piety, but also for their Jansenist sympathies; and I should be exceedingly sorry to send you where you would be exposed to influences of another kind. I know too well the insidious and dangerous arts of the Jesuits, and of their imitators."

"Dear Edouard, I am infinitely grateful to you. But—may I not stay where I am?"

Edouard looked surprised, and perhaps a little disappointed. "You do not wish it, really?" he said. "You only say it to spare me, as you imagine, some cost and some trouble. It is like you. You were always a good, unselfish little sister."

"No, indeed, I am not good," Geneviève protested. "Good people always do what they do not like, or wish; and I like to stay with Mademoiselle, and wish it with all my heart. I am not unselfish either; for I was not thinking of pleasing you, but wholly of pleasing myself."

"If you wish to please me," said Edouard, "You will allow me to provide for you, just as I would provide for a young sister of my own. But you surprise me, Geneviève. I wonder what attaches you so strongly to this place. Tell me, dear, is there anything I do not know as yet? Perhaps I am forgetting that my little sister is not still a child. M. de Roannez, in speaking of you yesterday, which he did most warmly, dropped a hint about one of his gentlemen, a certain M. de Viremont."

"Oh, no! there is nothing in all that—nothing," Geneviève answered eagerly. "M. de Viremont is very good-natured, and I like him well enough. But he sees now that there is no use in talking nonsense, and he will never try it with me again. No, it is only Mademoiselle that I think of. If you love me, Edouard, if you want me to be happy, you will not take me from Mademoiselle."

"Are you then so fond of her?"

"I love her with all my heart. Dear brother, if you only knew her!"

"I hope to know her very soon. Will you convey to her the assurance of my most profound respect, and say that I propose to myself the honour of waiting upon her to-morrow, if she will receive me, to thank her for her goodness to you, and to consult her about your future?"

"I will tell her; and I am sure she will receive you gladly. Can you come about noon, for she is always at home then? to-morrow will be one of the mornings which she spends in visiting the poor and sick, and I attend her."

"Yes, I will come at noon. And now, will my dear little sister do me the favour to stand up, and to come this way, that I may see her face? Yes, a little closer, please. That will do. Thank you."

Much wondering, and flushing hotly in the gaze of those intent blue eyes, with their strained, pathetic look of wistful earnestness, Geneviève obediently stood where he placed her, allowing the scarlet hood to drop off, and reveal her luxuriant golden hair.

"Ah, I see," he said smiling. "The shower of gold rich as ever; the face—but I will not pay you compliments. Brothers do not flatter their sisters—they are proud of them. Indeed, I ought to apologize, as indeed I should have done at first, for giving you this trouble. My sight is dim; at one time I thought it had gone from me for ever. Then a sea voyage restored me in great measure; but during the latter part of my stay in London the dimness returned, and it has been increasing since. However, the physicians assure me that, with proper care, I shall recover eventually; and so, by God's blessing, all will be well. Pray sit down again, Geneviève."

"May the little sister, in her turn, ask a question or two of the great brother?" said Geneviève.

"Certainly, as many as she likes," was the smiling answer.

"Well, then, my brother"—(for Geneviève shrank a little from the too familiar "Edouard")—"I should like to know all that has happened to you since we parted, and all that you are doing now."

"Rather extensive questions those! I shall take the last in order first. I am living with my uncle the Duc de Graffont. Being but newly returned to Paris, I have no pressing affairs of my own in hand, so I am interesting myself in those of my friends, and especially of my cousin and his wife. Also I go often to Charenton, where M. le Pasteur Claude, my honoured friend, is anxious to engage me in various matters pertaining to the welfare of the community to which I belong. But my future course must remain uncertain, until I know what God means to do with this cloud—Geneviève, some one is approaching us from the house; two persons, I think."

"Yes, it is M. le Duc; and with him, arm in arm, the Duc de la Feuillade. They are talking quite eagerly, and I should think, confidentially; I am sorry to see it."

"Why so, little sister?"

"Ah, because M. de la Feuillade—But I will tell you another time. They are coming to us."

"So it seems; then I suppose I must bid my sister good-bye, for the present? But I shall claim a brother's privilege of coming often to see her." He took her hand, and pressed it in a strong and cordial grasp that seemed to promise for all her life the support of a true brother's hand and heart. Then he advanced to meet the two gentlemen, who were evidently in search of him. He exchanged a courteous greeting with Roannez, who presented him to his companion, adding as he did so, "You observed just now to my mother that you were going to call upon the Duc de Montausier; M. de la Feuillade is going there also in his coach, which waits at the gate, and he will be very happy if you will honour him with your company."

Edouard accepted the obliging offer of a conveyance to the Hotel of the great Huguenot noble; who was then one of the most brilliant stars of fashionable Parisian society, whilst he maintained at the same time a high and stainless character which won universal respect. Geneviève watched the three gentlemen as they returned together to the house; and thought with pride that her adopted brother looked, and was, the noblest of the three. Then she saw them pause on the terrace for a few more words of conversation. De Roannez seemed to be making some appointment with De la Feuillade. Presently, after a little polite contention between the two Dukes as to who should take precedence, they passed in by the glass door; and Geneviève, who was burning to tell Mademoiselle of the great joy that had come to her, followed their example, only choosing a less pretentious mode of entrance, by a little side door, which led at once to the apartments of the household.

The Redbreast Sings.

THE redbreast sings as if to cheer
The heart of the declining year:
Sitting amid the shattered bowers,
Where fallen leaves hide withered flowers,
It charms with song the season drear.

From holly boughs red berries peer
To warn us Christmas snows are near;
But though the face of nature lowers,
The redbreast sings!

O for a voice serene and clear,
In age or sorrow, pain or fear,
To solace man's decaying powers;
Such gracious ministry be ours—
As when to soothe the pensive ear
The redbreast sings!

RICHARD WILTON.

PALESTINE IN TRANSITION.

I.—THE GERMAN COLONY AT HAIFA.

THE sea-board of Galilee has during the last few years become the scene of industrial enterprise of a singularly interesting and eventful kind. The town of Haifa, at the foot of Mount Carmel, Acre, and Jaffa are some of the more important localities in which the energy and enterprise of the German colonists known as "Adventists," have added another stimulus to the recent revivals of industry in the country, so that the traveller, more especially in the northern district, sees Palestine in a state of transition. A new era in the history of the Holy Land was begun when the electric telegraph posts and wires were set up from Acre to Jerusalem; but still greater innovations would now seem to be imminent. The first Palestine railway has been projected, and its route laid out; and should it be constructed, steam-tugs would probably ply in connection with it on the Sea of Galilee. Another project, that of the Jordan Valley Canal, was planned to compete with the Suez Canal as a short route to India. This portentous scheme would have completely transformed the aspect of Palestine by making it a great world's highway to the East. Although it has been reported upon as impracticable, owing to unforeseen engineering difficulties in the latter part of the route, its progress has been watched with considerable concern, and has resulted in important contributions to our geographical knowledge.

Such are some of the changes by which it has been proposed to modernise and "open up" the Holy Land. To understand how they have come to be regarded as practicable, if not indeed desirable, it will be necessary to say something more upon the general revival of industry, and agriculture, and commercial enterprise now visible in Northern Palestine, and especially the influence of the German colony at Haifa.

The German "Adventists," as they are called (members of the Temple Society, founded by Professor Christophe Hoffman, of Wurtemburg), have been settled at Haifa some fifteen years. During this period the influence of these three hundred industrious, simple, honest farmers and artificers has made a great impression upon the surrounding Arab population, which to every traveller who visits them seems to promise quite a new future to the natives of Palestine. In 1873 the colony consisted of 254 persons. In 1875 the numbers had risen to 311, and the colonists then owned 600 acres of arable land, 100 acres of vineyards and gardens, 250 head of cattle, and eight teams of horses. The number of houses was eighty-five. The vocations and trades practised included architecture, stone-cutting, waggon-making, smith's work, joinery, copper and tin smithery, shoemaking, tailoring, harness-making, wood-turning, soap-making, vintner's, butcher's and farmer's work, and quarrying. Fifteen years ago a wheeled cart had never been seen by the inhabitants of Haifa; to-day omnibuses owned and driven by natives run four and five times a day between Haifa and Acre, the capital of the province, distant about ten miles. A road has been constructed from Haifa to Nazareth, distant about twenty-two miles. The colonists' clean and neat dwellings, half-a-mile to the north-west of the town, are built of stone quarried near at hand, and are principally arranged along a wide road running from the sea up to the foot of Mount Carmel. They present a pleasing contrast to the dirty houses of the Orientals.

A British resident at Haifa writes: "Prior to the arrival of the colonists of the Temple Society, Haifa was as dirty as most Arab villages. It is now well paved throughout. The houses, constructed of white limestone (quarries of which abound in the immediate vicinity), give it a clean and substantial appearance, and contain a thriving population of about six thousand inhabitants." [1]

It is at Haifa that the traveller sees one of the sights which have inspired the idea of a Palestine railway. Under the high cactus hedges at the eastern gateway are usually to be seen hundreds of camels squatting amid sacks of grain. These, attended by wild-looking Arabs, have arrived with their load of cereals from the Hauran on the other side of the Jordan; for Haifa is gradually becoming one of the great grain-exporting ports of the country. One or two steamers are generally to be seen loading in the harbour.

We may leave the Haifa colonists for the present, with the following significant quotation from Mr. Oliphant's pages: "When we remember that the Carmelite monks have held the mountain hard by for seven hundred years, and compare their influence over the native population with that which these simple, honest Germans have acquired by simple example during less than fifteen, we have a striking illustration of of the superiority of practice to preaching. Their whole effort has been to commend their Christianity by scrupulous honesty in their dealings, by the consistency and simplicity of their conduct, and the active industry of their lives."

II.—THE FIRST PALESTINE RAILWAY.

The first Palestine railway has been planned with direct relation to Haifa and its Mediterranean seaport, Acre. Its primary object is to provide easier and cheaper transport for the export grain of the great plain of Esdraelon (or Megiddo) and the great cereal-growing province east of the Jordan—the so-called Hauran. The plain of Esdraelon, which also answers to the ancient plain of Megiddo, or Jezreel, is now in the highest state of cultivation. In spring, when seen from the mountains, the plain resembles a huge green lake, so entirely is it covered with the green waving wheat. Some idea of the amount of corn which is grown here may be gathered

[1] "Haifa, or Life in Modern Palestine." By Lawrence Oliphant, 1887.

from the statement by Mr. Sursock, one of the owners, who farms a portion of the plain. Mr. Sursock stated that the cost of transporting his last year's crop of grain into Haifa and Acre amounted to $50,000. Inasmuch as the width of the country, from Acre on the west, to the Jordan on the east, is only twenty-eight miles as the crow flies, the project of a railway is so far not a very ambitious one, and has commended itself to those who know the rapidly improving condition of the district.

It is, however, proposed to extend the railway to the great grain-growing uplands east of the Jordan, and thence to Damascus. From the Sea of Galilee to Damascus the distance is a little over seventy miles. This extension is the more serious part of the undertaking, involving a rise of two thousand feet in a comparatively short distance; but it is looked upon as the most productive from a commercial point of view.

It will be seen that the railway would run through scenes consecrated in Holy Writ. Starting from Acre (called Ptolemis in Acts xxi. 7) and crossing the river Belus, the line as projected follows the curve of the bay for ten miles in a southerly direction at a distance of about two miles from the shore. Thus far it traverses a low and inland sea-beach, dotted with sand-dunes, and having the already established electric telegraph to Jerusalem on the seaward side. It then reaches the Kishon—"that ancient river, the river Kishon"—the most important river in Palestine next to the Jordan—which it will cross by a sixty-foot bridge: the Kishon, though at times a sluggish stream in a wide marsh, is at other seasons a bold river. It is then joined by a short branch line from Haifa, two miles long. Getting close under the Carmel range, so as to avoid the Kishon marshes, the line passes through the gorge which separates that mountain from the lower ranges of the Galilee hills and debouches into the plain of Esdraelon. This plain measures fourteen miles from north to south, and nine miles from east to west. The line is planned to traverse its entire length; there will be a station for Nazareth, about twelve miles south of the town. There may also be a short branch to the foot of the Nazareth hills.

The route so far presents no engineering difficulties, there being in these twenty miles a rise of only two hundred and twenty feet, so that the grade is imperceptible. The line now crosses the watershed at El Afûleh (280 feet) and enters the river basin of the Jordan along the level of the Wady Jalud, which offers an easy incline as far as Beisan. Beisan, which is fairly in the Jordan Valley, and 320 feet below the sea-level, answers to the ancient Beth-shean, which lay in the territory of Manasseh (Joshua xvii. 11).

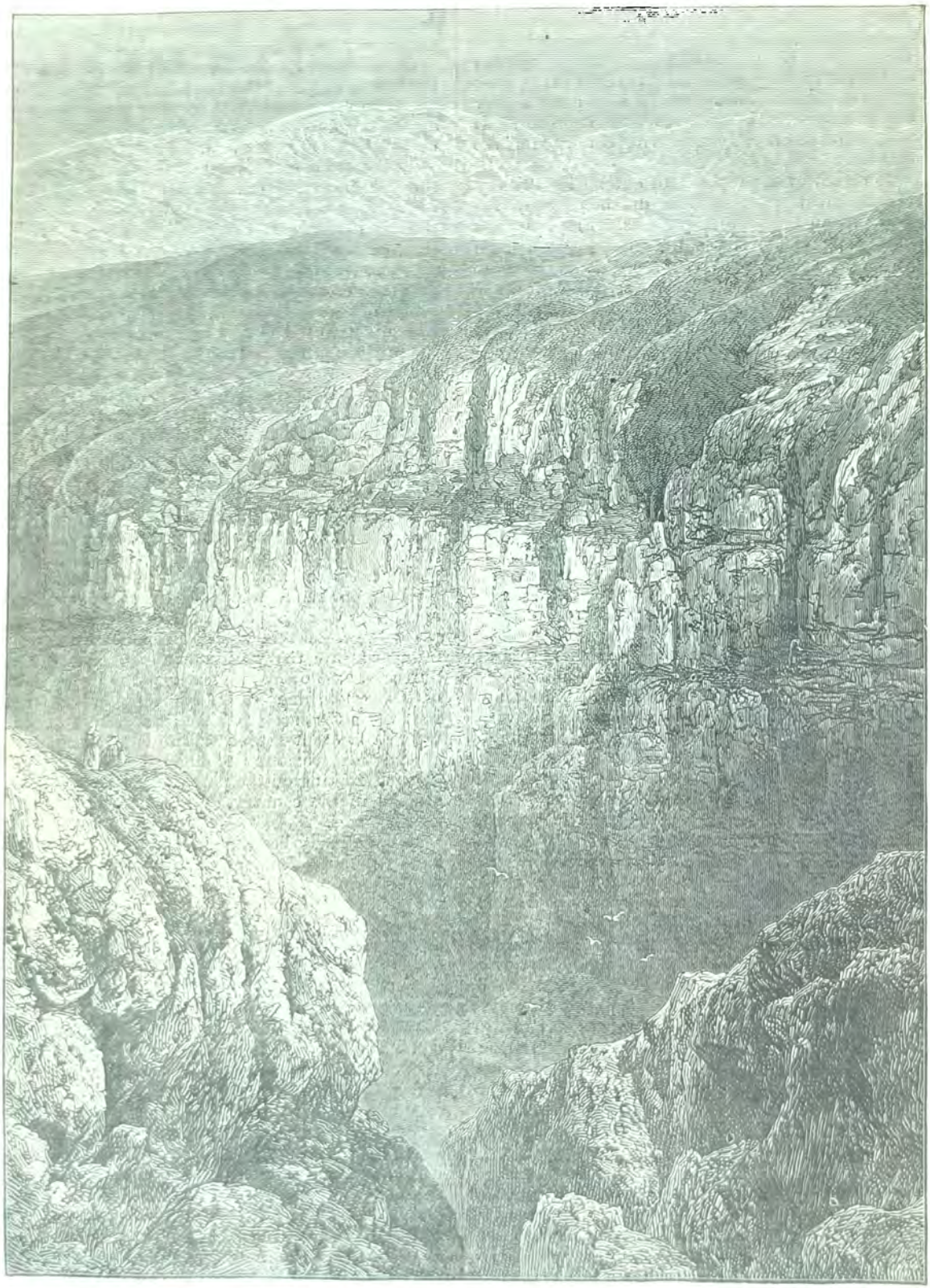
Every mile of the country so far, says Mr. Oliphant, is private property, is fairly cultivated, and produces more than is wanted for local consumption. At Beisan the line enters upon a region which, partly owing to malaria and partly to its insecurity, has been abandoned to the Arabs; but it is the tract of all others which the passage of a railway is likely to transfigure. The abundance of the water which is here allowed to stagnate in marshes and cause unhealthiness, is destined to attract attention to its great fertility and natural advantages. Proper drainage would, it is believed, make it the most profitable region in Palestine.

Dr. Thomson, describing this place in his well-known "Land and the Book," says, "Few spots on earth and none in this country possess greater agricultural and manufacturing advantages than this valley, and yet it is utterly desolate."

The scheme so far makes the development of the Beisan country one of the chief conditions of its success. From Beisan a little engineering skill is required to carry the line down to the level of the Jordan, which is here as much as eight hundred feet below the Mediterranean. It will then cross the Jordan near an ancient Roman bridge of three arches—the Djisr el-Medjamieh—which is used to this day by the camels bringing the produce of the Hauran to the coast. The line would then follow the course of the Jordan to the Yarmuk, the eastern margin of the Sea of Tiberias, and thence eastward to tap the grain-growing country of the Hauran for the Damascus trade.

Such is the scheme of the Acre and Damascus Railroad. Whether it is more plausible than practicable remains to be seen; but the prospects were considered sufficiently good, both by the Sultan and the promoters of the enterprise, to deserve a "concession," which was accordingly granted. The firman was made out to ten or twelve gentlemen, some of whom are Moslems and some Christians, but all of them Ottoman subjects resident in Syria. Amongst the most influential are the well-known bankers, Messrs. Sursocks, who own the greater part of the plain of Esdraelon, and who have therefore a large interest in the success of the line. From this, it would seem that the enterprise is no speculation of Western promoters or financiers, but a *bonâ-fide* undertaking on the part of persons who have a stake in the country, and are acquainted with its resources.

It has already been intimated that one of the most promising features of "Palestine in transition" is the increasingly industrial and energetic character of the native population, especially the Arabs. The influence of the various Temple Societies scattered over the country has largely contributed to this result. Most of the German settlers have learned to talk Arabic; the Arabs respect and like the colonists, and adopt their improved methods of agriculture. A good deal of land is now cultivated in shares by Germans and Arabs, who arrange their industrial and agricultural operations to their mutual satisfaction and in perfect harmony. It is significant, too, for the future of the country, that Palestine is the only Turkish province that has developed in agricultural and material prosperity during the last few years. One instance of the progressive improvement is the extraordinary wealth which has been accumulated by the Sursock family alone, who now own thousands of acres of the finest land in Palestine, and who purchase numerous villages every year. It is this family which owns nearly all the villages extending from the foot of the Nazareth hills to the sea.



THE MOUNTAINS OF LEBANON. [From a Photograph.

OUR ENGLISH HYMNS.

SEVENTH PAPER.

A HUNDRED ADDITIONAL HYMNS.[1]

THE hundred and fifty hymns selected by vote of our readers have been very generally accepted as fairly representing the choicest hymnody of our churches. The desire has been repeatedly expressed to have these hymns published as a separate collection; but we confess to some hesitation before adding in this way to the many hymn books already existing. Almost every hymnal in general use will be found to contain the great majority of the chosen hymns. Thus a clergyman writes from Cork:—"It may interest you to learn that out of the hundred favourite hymns selected by your readers, no fewer than eighty-eight are to be found in the *Irish Church Hymnal*. The first fifty-four occur therein without a break, and up to ninety-one only seven are omitted. Some of them have been composed since the *Hymnal* was published, and will doubtless find a place in the Appendix." Almost the same might be said of most evangelical hymn books.

Criticisms on particular hymns have been freely made. A few, as we have seen, are questioned because of their authors' heterodoxy, and of some favourites the intrinsic merit is challenged. Thus one correspondent disputes (on a post-card) the choice among the best hundred of "All hail the power of Jesus' Name," and of "Safe in the arms of Jesus"; and an American critic, in a generally favourable notice of the list, is surprised to find so high a place assigned to "Eternal Father, strong to save," and to "There is a green hill far away." But, for the most part, the criticisms deal with omissions from the list, and every writer finds some admirable hymns excluded. Probably it would still be so, were our list extended to a thousand; yet it must be granted that, with regard to some of these omitted hymns, there is so general a consent as to entitle them to a place among the best. Two or three of our correspondents remark upon the difference between *best* and *favourite* in this connection. That which is really best, they say, may not be among the most prized. To a certain extent this is true; and yet upon the whole the safest standard of estimation will be found in the general appreciation of devout minds. That hymn is good which commends itself to Christian worshippers as appropriately embodying their deepest and holiest feelings. In this appropriateness literary correctness and beauty of expression must no doubt be taken into account—but secondarily. The best poem upon a sacred subject may not by any means be the best hymn.

Our lists, however, it seems admitted on all hands, may well bear addition; and we have selected another hundred hymns, some of which received a large number of votes, while others have been suggested by different correspondents as worthy to rank with the hundred and fifty already given. Several, again, we have ourselves chosen, introducing a few which are as yet but little known, but which seem destined to a high place in the hymnody of the future. For the convenience of readers, the following hundred are arranged alphabetically. We begin with one on the Holy Communion:

1. According to Thy gracious word . *Montgomery.*

A second, by the same author, may be given, although from its peculiar form some would question its title to be considered a hymn. Surely, however, it ranks among the most beautiful of Christmas carols, with a rare felicity summoning to the cradle of the "new-born King" the different personages of the sacred narrative.

2. Angels from the realms of glory . *Montgomery.*

We add the following, which need no word of comment:

3. Author of faith, Eternal Word . . *C. Wesley.*
4. Behold the glories of the Lamb. . *Watts.*
5. Blow ye the trumpet, blow . . . *C. Wesley.*
6. Bound upon the accursèd tree . . *Milman.*

The next upon our list is, like the first, a Communion hymn; and its catholicity, as well as its beauty, is attested by the fact that, although the production of an evangelical Nonconformist, it has found a place in one of the most pronounced of High Church collections.[1]

7. By Christ redeemed, in Christ restored . . . . . *G. Rawson.*

That the next hymn should not have been placed among the first hundred, is to us very strange. It is one of the most spirit-stirring of hymns, beautiful alike in sentiment and expression.

8. Come, let us join our friends above . *C. Wesley.*

The next has been described by Dr. Watts, by James Montgomery, and by Dean Stanley, as among the finest hymns in the language. The only exception that we should take to this praise is, that it is rather a poem than a hymn. Certainly, no application of the wonderful old Bible story could have been more truthful and felicitous.

9. Come, O Thou Traveller unknown . *C. Wesley.*

Two versions of the *Veni Creator Spiritus* may be given next in order, widely differing in age and authorship, but both admirable:

10. Come to our poor nature's night . *G. Rawson.*
11. Creator Spirit, by whose aid . . *Dryden.*

[1] Added to the lists on pp. 347, 398 of the SUNDAY AT HOME, May 28 and June 18 of the present year.

[1] See *Lyra Eucharistica*, edited by the Rev. Orby Shipley

Should the *Dies Iræ* be altogether omitted from among the best hymns? Versions of this grand and solemn meditation on the judgment are very numerous. The best of them, perhaps, is that which follows:

12. Day of wrath! O day of mourning! *W. J. Irons.*

A few miscellaneous hymns may now be given; the second of them (14) is in a truly noble strain.

13. Dismiss me not Thy service, Lord . *Lynch.*
14. Eternal Light! eternal Light . . *Binney.*
15. Far from my heavenly home. . . *Lyte.*
16. Far from the world, O Lord, I flee . *Cowper.*
17. Father of love, our Guide and Friend *W. J. Irons.*
18. Father of mercies, in Thy word . *A. Steele.*
19. For mercies, countless as the sands. *Cowper.*
20. For the beauty of the earth . . . *Pierpont.*

The last mentioned hymn deserves notice as one of the few that we have on the Son of God as the *Creator*. For in the correct version of the hymn the final couplet of every verse runs thus:

> Christ, our God, to Thee we raise
> This our sacrifice of praise.

The next few need no commendation. To Mr. Ellerton's (24), the remark already made will apply, that, although comparatively new and hardly as yet familiar, it will certainly take a place in the hymnody of the future. It is one of the grandest funeral hymns in the language.

21. Forth in Thy name, O Lord, I go . *C. Wesley.*
22. Go when the morning shineth . . *Simpson.*
23. God of my life, through all its days *Doddridge.*
24. God of the living, in whose eyes . *Ellerton.*

Next, we give one of Keble's versions of the Psalms, a specimen only of his many noble renderings, instinct with beauty and poetic fire. It is his ninety-third Psalm.

25. God the Lord a King remaineth . *Keble.*

Two more hymns to the Holy Spirit assuredly deserve a place in our list (26 and 27).

26. Gracious Spirit, dwell with me . . *Lynch.*
27. Gracious Spirit, Holy Ghost . . . *C. Wordsworth.*

The next is a grand Ascension hymn:

28. Hail the day that sees Him rise. . *C. Wesley.*

Of the three which follow, two are by Dr. Bonar, the former being perhaps the best among the many translations of the mediæval *Alleluia, dulce carmen*, the latter one of the finest of Communion hymns. Dean Stanley's Ascension hymn (30) has already become a classic.

29. Hallelujah! song of sweetness . . *Bonar.*
30. He is gone: a cloud of light. . . *A. P. Stanley.*
31. Here, O my Lord, I see Thee face to face . . . . . *Bonar.*

Of the next three it only need perhaps be said that the last (34), one of the *Hymns from the Land of Luther*, is almost unequalled as a hymn on Christian service, a topic on which our hymn-books are still generally but poor. See also 13, 52.

32. Holy, holy, holy Lord . . . . *Montgomery.*
33. How are Thy servants blest, O Lord? *Addison.*
34. How blessed, from the bonds of sin. *Borthwick.*

We have now a version of the eighty-fourth Psalm, hardly less admirable than Lyte's, already in our hundred: "Pleasant are Thy courts above."

35. How honoured, how dear, that sacred abode . . . . . *Conder.*

The next is an extract from the beautiful lyric of the American "Quaker poet," entitled *Our Master*. Other parts of it are found also in our hymn-books, beginning "We may not climb the heavenly steeps." The whole poem should be read, and read again.

36. Immortal Love, for ever full . . . *J. G. Whittier.*

Of the group that follow, little need be said. How could a professed Unitarian have written the second of them? The Communion hymn by Canon Baynes (41) is worthy to rank with the best.

37. In all things like Thy brethren Thou *Anstice.*
38. In the cross of Christ I glory . . *Bowring.*
39. Jesus, I my cross have taken . . *Lyte.*
40. Jesus, Thou joy of loving hearts . *Ray Palmer.*

This last is from Bernard's *Jesu dulcedo cordium.*

41. Jesus, to Thy table led . . . . *R. H. Baynes.*
42. Jesus, where'er Thy people meet . *Cowper.*
43. Join all the glorious names . . . *Watts.*
44. Leader of faithful souls, and guide . *C. Wesley.*
45. Light of the lonely pilgrim's heart. *E. Denny.*
46. Lord, as to Thy dear Cross we flee . *J. H. Gurney.*
47. Lord, her watch Thy Church is keeping . . . . . *Downton.*

The next is, in its ruggedness, almost incomparably sweet and touching as expressive of Christian submission. It is part of a longer poem by the saintly author.

48. Lord, it belongs not to my care . . *Baxter.*

Recent hymnody has dealt much with the incidents of our Lord's earthly life. His Transfiguration, especially, has been a favourite theme. Bishop C. Wordsworth wrote several hymns on the subject; but better, perhaps, is the following:

49. Lord, it is good for us to be . . . *A. P. Stanley.*

The next is as yet but little known. It originally appeared, we believe, in *The Poet at the Breakfast Table*, and is recognised by the few as one of the finest of modern hymns. There is another by the same author, beginning "O Love divine, that stooped to share"—which is almost as beautiful.

50. Lord of all being, throned afar . . *O. W. Holmes.*
51. Lord of mercy and of might . . . *Heber.*
52. Lord of the living harvest . . . *Monsell.*
53. Lord of the Sabbath, hear our vows *Doddridge.*
54. Lord of the worlds above. . . *Watts.*

This last is a version of the eighty-fourth Psalm that may worthily vie with those of Lyte and Conder.

55. Lord, speak to me, that I may speak *F. R. Havergal.*
56. Mountains by the darkness hidden . *Lynch.*
57. My God, how wonderful Thou art . *Faber.*
58. My God, I love Thee, not because . *Caswall.*

On this translation from Francis Xavier, our readers are referred to the paper in our September part, p. 566.

59. My God, the spring of all my joys . *Watts.*

The exuberance of Christian gladness expressed in so many of Dr. Watts's hymns never perhaps found more expressive utterance than in the above.

60. Never further than Thy Cross . . *E. Charles.*
61. Now the labourer's task is o'er . . *Ellerton.*

The above is another exquisite funeral hymn. See 24.

62. O come, O come, Emmanuel . . . *J. M. Neale.*
63. O God of mercy, God of might . . *Keble.*
64. O God, the Rock of ages . . . . *Bickersteth.*

If Dr. Watts's version of the ninetieth Psalm (of course included in our hundred) is incomparable in vigour and solemnity, there was yet room for this brighter and more hopeful strain, which has deservedly become a favourite.

65. O Jesus, King most wonderful . . *Caswall.*
66. O Light, whose beams illumine all . *Plumptre.*
67. O Love, who formedst me to wear . *Winkworth.*

The next hymn, *The Humble Lamentation of a Sinner*, should on no account be omitted. In its original form, by John Mardley, it is found in old editions of the Prayer Book. As retouched by the hand of a true poet, it has become one of the hymns that deserve to live.

68. O Lord, turn not Thy face away . *Heber.*

The next two are from a series of hymns, to which our busy generation has hardly had leisure to attend, contained in a volume entitled *The Golden Chain of Praise*, and containing, often in quaint and difficult forms, as much true poetry as in our day has been combined with intense evangelical devoutness and great compass of thought.

69. O mean may seem this house of clay *T. H. Gill.*
70. O not to fill the mouth of fame . . *T. H. Gill.*

Of the next four, the first is by an American writer, perhaps the best translation of a hymn which has come to us from the Latin (*Salve, Caput cruentatum*) through the German. The second is a noble invocation to the Holy Spirit; the third (73) is the best of a writer well-known in his day as an evangelical leader, the fourth (74) is a fine example of the way in which the author found in the words of Scripture materials for his song. The text is in Leviticus vi. 13: "Fire shall be kept burning upon the altar continually; it shall not go out."

71. O sacred Head, once wounded . . *Alexander.*
72. O Spirit of the living God . . . *Montgomery.*
73. O Thou from whom all goodness flows *Havergal.*
74. O Thou who camest from above . . *C. Wesley.*

The following hymn, on the miracles of Christ, is in the same key with Mr. Twells's "At even ere the sun was set," and contains a touch of true poetry:—

'Twas seedtime when He blest the bread,
'Twas harvest when He brake.

The application of Christ's miracles to modern needs is striking: "My soul, the Lord is here!"

75. O where is He that trod the sea? . *Lynch.*

Next we have a group of noble hymns. In No. 76 the first line is a little ambiguous. We understand it to mean "The Word of the Incarnate God."

76. O Word of God incarnate. . . . *W. W. How.*
77. O worship the Lord in the beauty of holiness . . . . . *Monsell.*
78. Praise to the Holiest in the height . *J. H. Newman.*
79. Rejoice, the Lord is King . . . *C. Wesley.*
80. Saviour, when in dust to Thee . . *Grant.*

The following is found in many hymnals with the first line, "Son of God, to Thee I cry." It is in fact an abridgment of a long poem, with the *refrain* in every verse: "Manifest Thyself to me!"

81. Saviour, who, exalted high . . . *Mant.*

Three hymns may next be included, appropriate to the commencement of public worship:

82. Songs of praise the angels sang . . *Montgomery.*
83. Stand up and bless the Lord . . *Montgomery.*
84. The festal morn, my God, is come . *Merrick.*

This last is a version of Psalm cxxii. We have not in this supplemental hundred hymns drawn largely on the Psalter, many as are the excellent versions and paraphrases that lie ready to hand. We must, however, here give three, the first of which embodies the very spirit of the nineteenth Psalm in its glorious analogy between the starry heavens and the written word. The second (86) is rather a free paraphrase than a version of Psalm xcix. The last (87) as a rendering, perfect in its simplicity, of the loveliest of the Psalms, it would be almost unpardonable to omit:

85. The heavens declare Thy glory, Lord *Watts.*
86. The Lord is King, lift up thy voice. *Conder.*
87. The Lord's my Shepherd, I'll not want . . . . . *Rous.*

Among the many hymns in praise of the Scriptures, for the most part prosaic, perhaps the following ranks among the best. There is also a striking poem in Mr. G. Rawson's "Songs of Spiritual Thought" on Robinson's great saying: "The Lord hath more light to break forth from His word." The poem begins, "We limit not the truth of God," but is hardly a hymn:

88. The Spirit breathes upon the word . *Cowper.*

Not only in the written Word, but in Nature,

is God revealed; and this thought has prompted the next hymn in our list, one of the finest in the *Christian Year*:

89. There is a book who runs may read. *Keble.*

The next two hymns celebrate the glories of Christ. The former, on the Ascension, is simple and beautiful; in the latter, the author has reached, perhaps, his highest strain:

90. Thou art gone up on high . . . *E. Toke.*
91. Thou art the Everlasting Word . . *Conder.*

The next, like several of the preceding, is a Communion hymn:

92. "Till He come!" O let the words . *Bickersteth.*

A group of beautiful hymns must now be added, beginning with Wordsworth's noble hymn for noontide:

93. Up to the throne of God is borne . *W. Wordsworth.*
94. We saw Thee not when Thou didst come . . . . . *J. H. Gurney.*
95. What equal honours shall we bring *Watts.*
96. When God of old came down from heaven . . . . . *Keble.*
97. When the weary, seeking rest . . *Bonar.*
98. Who are these, like stars appearing *Cox.*

This last, translated from the German, is one of many on the same theme. Some readers may prefer Cameron's "How bright these glorious spirits shine!" or Montgomery's "Palms of glory, raiment bright," or "What are these in bright array?" Rowland Hill was stimulated to something very like poetry by the same inspiring theme: "Exalted high on God's right hand."

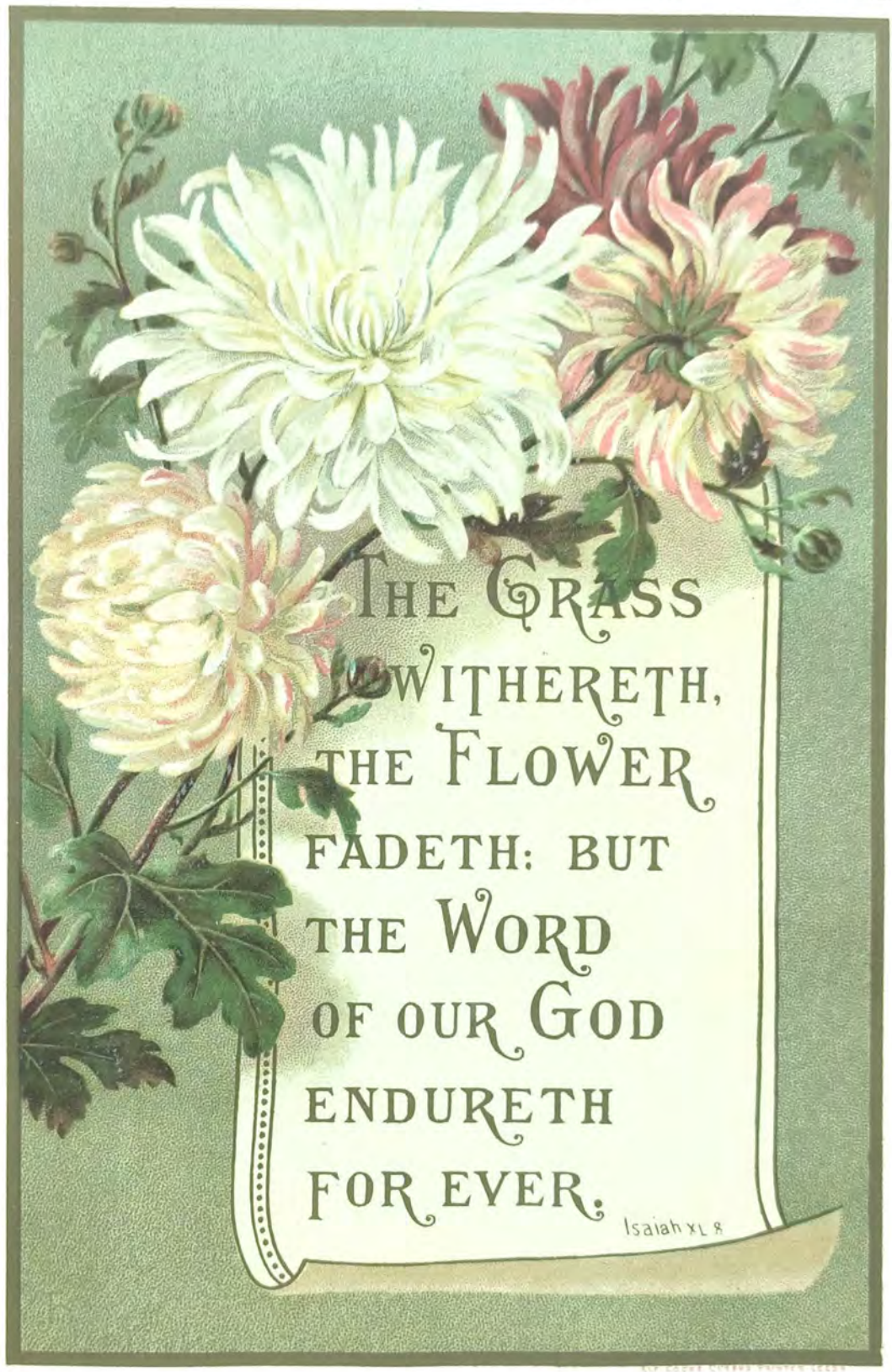
We conclude our list with two hymns, each by one of the "great twin-brethren," whose names must still stand among the highest in the long roll of sweet singers in our modern Israel:

99. Ye servants of God, your Master proclaim . . . . . *C. Wesley.*
100. Your harps, ye trembling saints . . *Toplady.*

We are bold enough to anticipate the general concurrence of our readers as to the excellence of these hundred hymns. No doubt there are still several which one and another would have preferred. The hymns commended to us by our correspondents, and still not included in our lists, are often good and beautiful. Thus, among versions of Psalms, we have Tate and Brady's "To bless Thy chosen race," Watts's "High in the heavens, Eternal God," "Joy to the world, the Lord is come," "Bless, O my soul, the living God," "From all that dwell below the skies," "I'll speak the honours of my King," and "I'll praise my Maker with my breath." Then, of morning hymns, we are reminded of such as "The radiant morn hath passed away," and "O Jesus, Lord of heavenly grace," and among evening hymns, of Kirke White's "O Lord, another day is flown," and Kelly's "Through the day Thy love hath spared us." Cowper's "Ere God had built the mountains," Evans's "Hark! the voice of love and mercy," Mrs. Alexander's "The eternal gates lift up their heads," and "When, wounded sore, the stricken heart," Miss Ada Cambridge's "The dawn of God's dear Sabbath," and Dr. Punshon's "We rose to-day with anthems sweet," are favourites with many. Among Missionary hymns, Kelly's "On the mountain's top appearing," and the fine paraphrase of Morrison, "The race that long in darkness pined," at least deserve mention. Different correspondents would add to the list Watts's "Great God, how infinite art Thou!" "When I can read my title clear," and "Come, Holy Spirit, heavenly Dove," Newton's "Though troubles assail and dangers affright," and "Quiet, Lord, my froward heart," Kelly's "We've no abiding city here," Elizabeth Mills's "We speak of the realms of the blest," the old quaint hymn by Robert Seagrave "Rise, my soul, and stretch thy wings," and that wonderful production of the boy-poet Joseph Grigg "Jesus, and shall it ever be." Another writes: "What can be the reason why the beautiful hymn 'Jesus, I will trust Thee,' is neither in the first hundred nor even in the second fifty? It seems to me one of the best of hymns. I always repeat it to the sick and dying. My school children sing it every Monday morning. It seems to suit every one." Thus large and various is the field of choice. Several hymns on leaflets or in MS., and a few hymn-books, compiled for special purposes, have also been sent us, all of which we would cordially acknowledge. The subject is one that we could pursue almost without end.

We hope to conclude this series of papers with one next month on the important topic of Children's Hymns. Meanwhile we cannot but add some interesting and suggestive remarks from one of the contributors who have favoured us with their lists and criticisms:

> You cannot but have seen that the earliest hymns of the Christian Church, and down to the sixteenth century, are almost entirely hymns of *Praise*, whilst since that time our favourite hymns are chiefly *Prayer*, either collective or individual. How and why came the great change? Does it arise from a change in Christian motive? That is, were Christians at first so separated from the surrounding world, and so assured of their blessed state, that they felt the impulse to adore and praise for a sure gift beyond all doubt in possession? And, later on, when mixed with the world and the world with them, have our hymns sprung from souls alive to contamination and worldly hindrances? If so, does not the change give a portion of the history of the inner life of the Church? "Lead, kindly light," and many like it, are but prayers of men in darkness and in fear. "Art thou weary, art thou languid?" is but a gospel disquisition to souls in the same state—being not a translation from the Greek, but so called by Dr. Neale, on the sole fact that a Greek verse suggested it to him. It is his.
>
> Then you touch slightly, and more by implication than directly, upon the union of Christians in their hymns, even though divided in all other matters. Is it not a wonderful testimony to the real, though hidden oneness of the Christian Church that the Greek, the Latin, the Episcopalian, the Methodist, and the Baptist all use the same hymns?
>
> As to "Rock of ages," no doubt the words are those of Isaiah, but the rock of the Prophets and of the Psalms was a fortress. Do you not think Toplady had in his mind the smitten rock in Horeb, whence flowed streams of living water to a perishing people, for "that Rock was Christ"?


THE GRASS
WITHERETH,
THE FLOWER
FADETH: BUT
THE WORD
OF OUR GOD
ENDURETH
FOR EVER.
Isaiah XL 8

BIBLE NOTES AND QUERIES.

APPARENT CONTRADICTIONS.

"Then answered one of the servants, and said, Behold, I have seen a son of Jesse the Beth-lehemite, that is cunning in playing, and a mighty valiant man, and a man of war."—1 *Sam.* xvi. 18.

"Saul said unto David, Thou art not able to go against this Philistine to fight with him: for thou art but a youth, and he a man of war from his youth. And David said unto Saul, Thy servant kept his father's sheep, and there came a lion, and a bear, and took a lamb out of the flock: and I went out after him, and smote him," etc.—1 *Sam.* xvii. 33-35.

THERE appears to be a contradiction in these statements about David. In the first he is represented as a full-grown man, renowned for his valour; in the second and later account he is quite a youth unaccustomed to bear armour (verses 38, 39), whose only exploits were against the wild beasts. Reconciliation of these different representations has been pronounced impossible by some; we venture to suggest a solution, which, as far as we are aware is new, and possibly may be satisfactory. It is to be observed that the reputation of David as "a mighty valiant man, and a man of war," rests solely on the testimony of one of Saul's servants. The historian is not responsible for the accuracy of the servant's information, who, though he may have believed what he said, may have confused accounts he had heard of David's elder brothers, and attributed them to David; or who may have exaggerated somewhat what he knew of him, knowing Saul's partiality for strong and valiant men (1 Sam. xiv. 52). At all events, the credit of the historian is not pledged to this servant's description of David, but to a faithful report of what he said. If this be admitted, the difficulties of the history disappear. We have two other instances where the same principle is required to make the story consistent. In 1 Kings ii. 15, Adonijah is represented as saying to Bath-sheba, "Thou knowest that the kingdom was mine, and that all Israel set their faces on me, that I should reign." Now this is contrary to the facts of the case as presented to us in the preceding chapter, from which it is obvious that Adonijah's brief-lived usurpation was supported by a small portion of the people. The historian's fidelity is in no way impaired by this contradiction. A still more pointed example is found in the Acts of the Apostles. In the twenty-third chapter we read that the chief captain wrote a letter to Felix, in which he says, "This man was taken of the Jews, and should have been killed of them; then came I with an army, and rescued him, having understood that he was a Roman." Now so far is this from being true, that the chief captain did not know he was a Roman until he had rescued him from the Jews, and bidden that he should be examined by scourging. In all these cases we have the same method of solution, and it seems to be equally simple and natural; the historian relates what actually occurred: he is not to be made responsible for others' errors, whether intentional or not.

JAMES INGLIS.
(Author of the *Bible Text Cyclopædia*).

Two correspondents (at Exeter and at Ballymena) seek an explanation of our Lord's words to Mary Magdalene at the tomb: "Touch me not; for I am not yet ascended," etc., John xx. 17; whereas to Thomas He said, "Reach hither thy hand," etc., ver. 27.

The two cases were quite different. Thomas needed to be convinced that his risen Lord in very reality stood before him, and he was invited to assure himself by the evidence of touch. So with other disciples: Luke xxiv. 39. But Mary needed no such proof; she had joyfully recognised her Lord, and, like her companions on the same occasion (Matt. xxviii. 9), no doubt, "came and *held Him by the feet*, and worshipped Him." It was an act of loving adoration, a sign of the disciple's desire to return to the joy of fellowship with the Master. But the time for that fellowship was not yet. "Touch Me not," *i.e.* "Let Me go. Arise and execute My commission—go to My brethren." The reason given—"for I am not yet ascended to My Father"—has been variously interpreted. The words must either be read: "Cling not to Me *now*, I have 'not yet' gone away. There will be other opportunities of fellowship before I have finally left the earth." Or they may mean, "Seek not *now* to enter into this fellowship, for the time of My full revelation to My people is 'not yet' come. It is only My ascension to My Father that will open up the way to perfect communion with Me." Mr. Keble (in *Lyra Innocentium*, "Awaking from sleep"), adopts the latter interpretation of the words:—

> Love, with infant haste, would fain
> Touch Him, and adore;
> But a dearer, holier gain
> Mercy keeps in store.
> "Touch Me not—awhile believe Me;
> Touch Me not—till heaven receive Me;
> Then draw near, and never leave Me;
> Then I go no more."

This is the interpretation that we would accept. Mary and the other disciples had yet to wait a little before their communion with Christ could become close and constant as they desired. He would be *nearer* to them when in heaven with the Father than ever He had been, or could be, amid earthly conditions, as in "the days of His flesh."

The phrase "I ascend," need not imply, as one of our correspondents suggests, that Jesus ascended *immediately*, and "was in heaven during the next forty days, only occasionally appearing on earth." Literally, it means, "I am ascending," *i.e.* "I am on My way;" and a better description of that wondrous life of the risen Christ on earth during the "forty days" could not have been given. The Resurrection was the first step of that entrance into glory, of which the ascent from Olivet was outwardly the last.

Things New and Old.

An Example of Leisure in a Busy Life.—The recent death of M. Etienne Alexandre Lombard, the distinguished head of the banking-house of the Messrs. Lombard, Odier et Cie, of Geneva, will recall the service rendered by this powerful financier to the good name and credit of the American people and to his yet more honourable efforts to promote in Europe the religious observance of the Lord's Day. The story of his life should be known in the New World as in the Old, where it may prove an encouragement to labourers of kindred spirit in the Master's vineyard, whose discouragements are, perhaps, neither so many nor so great. To busy men loaded with responsibility and charged with heavy worldly cares, it will prove a particularly bright example, as showing how a man not less pressed and occupied than themselves and always embarrassed with a frail constitution was able to do much which has lived after him.

M. Etienne Alexandre Lombard was born in Geneva, in 1810, where his father had founded at the end of the eighteenth century a banking-house, now widely known as the house of Lombard, Odier & Co. After completing his classical studies, he entered the bank as clerk, and soon was noted for his delicate sense of honour.

When thirty years old, he published on American securities, then almost unknown in Europe, a pamphlet which attracted much attention, and was the beginning of large financial operations not only in Geneva but also in Switzerland. M. Lombard was called in 1854, by Count Cavour, to negotiate the Anglo-Sardinian loan. This he accomplished to the satisfaction of all parties. Often forced by delicate health to seek recreation, he would indulge in geographical and archæological studies, or more especially in the study of the religious persecutions in Italy, which, toward the second half of the sixteenth century, had forced his ancestors to take refuge in Geneva. His native city is also indebted to him for the opening of several of its most beautiful streets.

But M. Lombard was more than a successful financier and more than a man of liberal culture. He was both a patriot and a Christian philanthropist. In 1858, while visiting a friend in Toulouse, his attention was drawn to the importance of the observance of the Sabbath, by a tract called "The Lord's Day, or the Day of Rest." Three years later, having retired from business, he was eagerly attending the meetings of the Evangelical Alliance, held in Geneva. Prof. F. Godet, of Neuchâtel, having read a remarkable paper on the importance of the Sabbath question, Sir Culling Eardley, President of the Alliance, touching M. Lombard on the shoulder, said: "This is just the thing for you to do." These words revived the impression received in Toulouse, and proved to be to him what "*Deus vult*" was to the first Crusaders. From that hour the Sabbath and its blessings to rich and poor became for him "the great question of the age," as he ever called it afterward. In spite of his delicate health, which finally led him to retire from business, he resolved, trusting his family motto, "My strength is in Thee, O Lord!" to devote his energy, his pen, every means in his power, to secure the day of rest for the millions of white slaves, who, in Europe, know none of the blessings of the Sabbath.

He wrote tracts, appealed to governments, corporations, railroad and mining companies, manufacturers, etc. He called for the co-operation of philanthropists of all countries, in the name of God's holy Word, justice, charity, hygiene, social peace, and in the interest of commerce itself. He founded Sabbath committees in Geneva and the principal continental cities; he grouped them in an international federation. It was at his suggestion that the four general conferences were held: in Geneva, 1876; Berne, 1879; Paris, 1881; Brussels, 1885; where eminent men from diverse nationalities brought to bear on the Sabbath question the results of deep and earnest study of the subject. M. Lombard was prevented by ill-health from attending the Brussels Conference. Baron Peisse, President of the Ghent and Antwerp Railway, in his report on the rest of the employés on railroads, spoke thus: "I wish to express here to the honourable M. Lombard my deep gratitude for the benefit which I have received personally from his courageous claim of the Sunday laws. His voice has been and remains for me an echo of the appeals of the prophets and apostles. He has helped me to see the wrong in which I have shared. May God bless him and repay the debt of gratitude which so many presidents, agents, working-men on railroads, and I with them, owe to him."

It would be impossible in this brief sketch to tell all that this eminent Christian man accomplished, or the obstacles and opposition he encountered. But the sympathy and gratitude shown at his funeral by all classes of persons sufficiently proved that M. Lombard-Sunday, as he was called, had not laboured in vain. He has gone to his reward, but his name remains among the benefactors of humanity.—*New York Independent.*

A Looking-glass Wanted.—I remember once when going over to Norway having a very interesting talk with one of the sailors. I said to him, "Do you read your Bible?" "Yes," he replied, "every day of my life, and it is many years now since I began to do so. I was at Scutari, after the Crimean War, and a good man came to visit us there. He came down to where I was, and looking about as if in search of something, said, 'Have you got a looking-glass here?' I thought that an odd kind of a question, and replied that I had a bit of one; but when he saw it he said, 'That is nothing—I want a looking-glass that will show not only a man's face but his heart.' I told him I had never heard of one. But then he said, 'Have you got a Bible?' and I told him the truth, that I once had one, that mother put one in my chest when I was going to sea and begged me read it, but I had sold it to a comrade. He said 'Will you promise to read the Bible every day, if I give you a large printed one?' I told him I would, and I have kept my word. That Bible showed me my heart and I read and believe every word of it."—*The Bishop of Exeter.*

Scripture Enigma, No. xxvi.—Three men go each on a journey, separately. Two are seeking something, which, if found, they can neither eat, nor wear, nor sell nor keep. The other seeks one who has sought for him in vain. In one chapter we have the account of the start of all three; of the parting of two; of three meetings between two at a time; of ten commands given to or by one of the three; and of the return of one to his home. Who were the three travellers? What were they in search of? What commands were given? Where was the home of one of them?

"ONLY A BEGGAR!"

CHAPTER I.

"I AM so sorry you are going to-day, Rosie."

"And so am I, although I am longing to see mamma and papa and the children again; but you have all been so kind to me, dear Ethie."

"You must soon come to us again," replied Ethie, in rather a patronising tone, evidently meant to impress the friend, who was on a first visit, with a sense of her own importance, but affectionately putting her arm round her as she spoke.

"Oh, thank you! I should enjoy it indeed. I admire your papa's handsome house so much, and I love this beautiful garden."

It was indeed a beautiful garden, and was at that moment looking its very best, or at least so thought Rosie Bryant, as she and Ethie Fawcett, protected from the rays of the afternoon sun, sat resting under a fine old chestnut, upon a lawn, smooth and soft as velvet, its emerald surface broken here and there by beds of luxuriant flowers of almost every colour and species. Knots of rare trees were grouped around, and not far from where the girls were sitting, a rippling fountain showered crystal drops and feathery spray into the air. The dark shadows contrasted vividly with the brilliant gleams of light that bordered them, and the summer breeze was laden with sweet perfume.

"Yes, I love it," she repeated, drinking in all this beauty with a sense of gratitude as well as of admiration.

"So do I. Papa bought this house from a Colonel Macdonald before I was born. It is very nice to be rich," added Ethie.

"Is it?" questioned Rosie. "I never thought about it."

Rosie's parents were not rich. Her father was a clergyman, with a large family and a small living. The Bryants had never been accustomed to wealth, and had never cared for it. The vicar and his wife were large-hearted and charitable, and had early taught their children perfect contentment with their surroundings, and the lesson of exercising self-denial whenever possible, in order to help those who were poorer than themselves.

"Oh, yes," replied Ethie, self-complacently; "there are so many poor people."

"There are, indeed! When you come to stay with us at Langley, I will take you to see some of them."

"Thank you. I don't care about seeing poor people." Rosie's countenance fell. "One is thought so much more of when one is rich," concluded her friend.

"I am sure people could not think more of papa than they do now," answered Rosie warmly, visions of his parishioners' respect and love for their pastor rising in her mind—"and he is not rich."

To this remark Ethie could only murmur confusedly that she "did not mean that, of course," and she quickly led the conversation into another channel.

Whilst the girls were thus talking together, at a window commanding the lawn and the spot where they were sitting, stood Mr. and Mrs. Fawcett. The latter, her hand locked in that of her husband, was looking anxiously into his pale, worn face, as if endeavouring to read his coming words before they were uttered.

"Yes, darling, it is useless to blind ourselves to what the end must be," he said in a broken voice. "The firm is sinking fast, and"—his voice faltered as he pronounced the words—"we must lose much—perhaps *all* that we have."

Mr. Fawcett was junior partner in a large firm, which, previous to within a year or two of the present date, had been wealthy and influential. Trade depression, which has brought with it so much misery to so many thousands, began to tell upon the great house of Burnett and Fawcett. The possibility of failure never at first suggested itself; but as time went on, and the usual enormous orders fell off, the partners began to experience some anxiety. Every effort was made on their part to avert the ruin which appeared about to come upon them. Many were the weary weeks and months passed—more especially by Mr. Fawcett, whose partner was many years his senior—in laboriously poring over complicated calculations; but all to no purpose. The fall had been gradual, but the crash was inevitable, and but the matter of a few days sooner or later.

Mrs. Fawcett, who from the first had been her husband's confidante and gentle counsellor, was scarcely surprised at the last words that fell from his lips; yet in her case, as so frequently in that of others, it was hard actually to realise the blow for which she had so long been partially prepared. For herself she cared little; but her husband's failing health had long been a source of secret anxiety to her, and the thought that sudden poverty should have come upon him, filled her with momentary dread; then her eyes sought her child. It would be a heavy blow to Ethie, she told herself, to the little girl who had never known privation in any sense of the word. Tears rose to the mother's eyes, as she drew nearer to her husband; and, hiding her head upon his shoulder, she murmured softly—

"God's will be done."

"My brave Mary!" began Mr. Fawcett, after a few moments' silence. "There is no time to lose," he went on. "Notwithstanding every effort to the contrary, honour demands that we should sacrifice all our personal property. Our servants must be discharged; the horses and carriages sold; then our furniture, and"—he hesitated—"lastly our home."

Mrs. Fawcett was quite calm by this time. She realized it now but too well.

"The sooner it is all done the better, dear Harry," she replied courageously.

"I knew you would make it easy," he answered cheerfully, and he left her with a lighter heart.

Meanwhile, the last afternoon of Rosie's stay was wearing away, and the little girl had gratefully accepted Ethie's kind offer, to drive her to the house of friends living some two miles distant, with whom she was to travel northwards. The time for taking leave of her kind hostess soon arrived, and the latter accompanied the girls to the front door.

"Oh, you beautiful creatures!" exclaimed Rosie, her eyes sparkling with pleasure, as the pair of perfect grey ponies once more came sweeping round, drawing an elegant little carriage behind them.

"I am glad you have taken such a fancy to them. You know they are my very own; a birthday present from dear papa. You shall have plenty of drives when you come again. Shall she not, mamma?"

Mrs. Fawcett could not say "yes." A pang shot through her heart as she thought this would probably be the last time her little girl would ever drive her favourites. She nodded a sad farewell to Rosie, and Ethie, taking up the reins with a little air of conscious pride, drove out through the open gates.

Just as the carriage emerged from them, an old man came in view. His face wore an expression of deep sadness, his clothing was soiled and worn, and he carried a pack upon his shoulders, yet his whole appearance bore unmistakable traces of his having seen better days. He stopped and looked wistfully into the drive. Then his eyes rested upon Ethie and he gazed long and fixedly at her. She was too much engaged with driving to notice him.

"Oh! look at that poor old man," said Rosie compassionately.

Ethie looked round for an instant, but quickly turned away.

"He is only a beggar!" she exclaimed disdainfully.

"Only a beggar!" repeated Rosie musingly.

"Yes," replied her friend laughing; "but you really must not think too badly of me, dear Rosie."

"Perhaps you will speak differently some day," answered Rosie gently, and no more was said on the subject.

The girls thoroughly enjoyed their drive. Ethie bade her friend farewell, obtaining a promise of a future visit from her, and returned home in high spirits. Entering her mother's room, she kissed her lovingly, and seating herself beside her, began:

"Dear mamma, I have asked Rosie to come again for my birthday. I knew you would wish it, and you will let me give a very large party this time, will you not?"

Mrs. Fawcett sighed, and for a moment did not reply.

Then drawing her little girl tenderly towards her—

"Would my Ethie be very much disappointed if she could not have a party?" she asked.

"Of course I should, dear mamma," and Ethie appeared puzzled at this question.

"Suppose you knew that we could not afford to give one, darling."

The girl's eyes opened wide with astonishment.

"But papa is very rich," she replied.

"Not so rich as he once was, Ethie."

"You cannot mean that, mamma!" exclaimed the little girl, tears of disappointment at the possibility of her having no birthday party filling her eyes.

"I do mean it, darling. Papa has had severe losses lately, and we shall be much poorer in the future than we have been hitherto."

Ethie looked at her in amazement.

"Yes, Ethie, papa is now very poor; and you and I must help him to bear his losses. We must not think of parties just now."

"What do you mean, mamma?" exclaimed Ethie. "Papa was always rich, and it will be so dreadful to be poor,' she added in a lower tone.

"Dreadful," repeated Mrs. Fawcett slowly. "There are many worse evils than poverty, dear Ethie. It has been God's will to give us riches hitherto, but now He sees fit to take them away from us, and we must bow in patience to the will of Him who ordereth all things for our good."

"But it cannot be for our good to take everything from us," broke out Ethie sobbing; "and no one will think anything of us if we are poor."

Never before had Mrs. Fawcett realized how much her little girl's heart was set upon riches, and now there filled her mind the soothing consciousness that perhaps this bitter lesson, coming to her so early in life, might be the means of lifting her heart from earthly things. It was long before her mother could bring Ethie to understand the great change that was about to take place in their position. Her vanity suffered a severe shock, and it was hard indeed to comfort her when she was told that even her favourite ponies would no longer belong to her. Gradually, however, she grew calmer, and could find consolation in her mother's gentle words.

"We are all left to each other, my darling, and our future is in God's hand."

After this date the household of the Fawcett family underwent a gradual change; retrenchment in every department of it became necessary. Poor Ethie endured much and frequent mortification, but the example of patience and fortitude given her by both her parents was not without its salutary influence. Gradually the girl learnt to feel how little necessary to the happiness of existence are its luxuries, and to repent heartily of having hitherto so set her heart upon them.

The Fawcetts had many wealthy acquaintances, but, alas! in this their time of need, although some amongst them were ever ready to offer condolence and sympathy, others there were who, in their loss of fortune, found a reason for avoiding their society.

When the crisis had really arrived, poor Ethie asked her mother's permission to write to Rosie and tell her everything. Mrs. Fawcett only too gladly acceded to her request, and the girl, in a long letter, acquainted her friend with all the misery that had come upon them. By return the post brought her a loving and sympathising reply, and a warm invitation to spend a few weeks at Langley Rectory. Ethie could not bear to leave her parents in their present distress, but they both affectionately urged her doing so, feeling that for the time at least she would be happier amongst true friends, and promising her she should return to them as soon as any definite decision could be come to concerning a future home. So Ethie went, and was received with affectionate welcome.

Soon after her departure, the various necessary arrangements, with which Mr. Fawcett had acquainted his wife, were carried into effect. The two silently encouraged each other as they passed through the trying ordeal. The greatest self-control was needed on their having to part with a small estate in Scotland which had been in the possession of the Fawcett family for many generations. Hillside, a shooting lodge, was the place of all others dear to their hearts. Here they had first lived, and here their little girl was born. When the London season was over, Mr. and Mrs. Fawcett were wont to retire to this beautiful spot, and with their child to ramble amongst the lovely woods and hills, or glide upon the lake in their pretty boat "Fairy" during the peaceful hours of the long northern twilight. The tears rose in Mrs. Fawcett's eyes as she thought that just at a time when her husband most needed change and rest, this little haven should be taken from them. Yet she did not murmur, and no word to this effect escaped her lips.

When everything had been wound up it was found, which was more than they had hoped, that a meagre pittance was left to them; not sufficient indeed to keep even the tiniest of houses, but enough to enable them to take apartments in some quiet spot, until some new sphere of action opened to them.

It was not long before they selected a village on the south coast, where through the help of the rector's wife, a former friend of Mrs. Fawcett, they were fortunate enough to find what they wanted in a humble cottage.

THE SUNDAY AT HOME

O DAY MOST CALM, MOST BRIGHT! . . .
THE WEEK WERE DARK BUT FOR THY LIGHT.—*Herbert.*

ON COURTESY.

CHARLES V. PICKING UP TITIAN'S PAINT BRUSH.

WHAT constitutes a gentleman? Much has been written and said in reply to this question; but the word itself, in the present everyday meaning of its component parts, will afford as good an answer as any other. *Gentle*ness taken in a wide sense as including all graces of behaviour towards other people; *manli*ness taken also in a wide sense, as implying dignity, sincerity, and strength of personal character;—these two, the outer and the inner qualifications, combine to make up the subtle whole. A man possessing something of these blended elements is recognised as a gentleman in every land, no matter whether his clothes be of the right cut, or whether he be abreast of the latest extravagances in his personal habits. It would, of course, be blindness to ignore the advantages which descent may confer. Graces of social behaviour are often part of the family heritage. Sometimes the very atmosphere into

which a child is born favours their growth. The exquisite courteousness of one whose ancestors for centuries have been "gently" born and bred will sometimes possess a delicate aroma that one is fain to think can only be the product of generations of culture. Yet it is true that this inherited grace does not always characterise the "gentleman," in the conventional meaning of the expression. And the question of wealth does not enter into the term at all! Kindness and strength being the chief forces in life, have, or should have, a tendency to attract and distribute its material goods, but that the "gentleman" is often poor needs no assertion. This is essential, that he should own gentleness and manhood; respect for others, and respect for himself.

In the second of these two qualities Anglo-Saxons are by no means deficient. They have the personal force that constitutes manliness, bringing with it the dignity of self-respect. But the same can hardly be said with regard to the "gentleness" that makes up the other half of the character; and hence it is that the blossom of courtesy, the manifestation of gentleness to others, flourishes with a certain amount of difficulty on Anglo-Saxon soil.

We English are lacking in the social instinct. We view strangers with a curious mixture of mistrust and defiance. Witness, for instance, the scene on the platform at any London railway terminus, before the departure of a not too crowded train. One man comes up after another, looks for an empty carriage, and establishes himself therein in solitary state, only to act as a beacon to warn away the next man, who also finds *his* lonely carriage, and so on until a row of isolated travellers sit dotted along the length of the train. The insular peculiarity of which this is an example militates against courtesy. It is difficult to be cordially polite to a stranger, and seems almost hypocritical to be so, when one feels an instinctive antipathy to him; but let any mishap befall him, and the frigid English ice barrier is thawed at once by the warmth of kindness.

I have known two sets of people, obliged to set off in the same carriage of the crowded "boat express," regard each other as natural enemies all the way to Switzerland in consequence! Chance threw them together at a mountain resort, where one lady fell ill. Instantly the utmost tenderness and solicitude were shown by the chilly fellow-travellers, who could not do enough to express their sympathy. The true English kindness of heart, of which this is a specimen, is sometimes quoted as a defence against the reproach of discourteousness, and there is an undefined impression that "fair words" are synonymous with insincerity. But when courteousness is regarded merely as the expression of that kindly temper which every one ought to cultivate towards his fellow-creatures, it is obvious that, if it is not sincere, it certainly ought to be.

Apropos of foreign travel, it is a part of true courtesy to respect the innocent customs of the countries where we chance to be. It is a becoming continental fashion, for example, to salute one's neighbour by a slight bow on rising from *table d'hôte*; but the true-born Englishman or Englishwoman is frequently seen to get up and stalk forth with visage grim and neck held particularly erect. Instances of a similar kind will suggest themselves to any who have had opportunities of witnessing this lack of self-adaptation. Such a tone of behaviour may seem of little importance; and yet, trivial as some of its manifestations may be, it is scarcely in accordance with the spirit of Christianity.

Our great Exemplar Himself paid a kindly deference to the customs He found existing, when they were genial or harmless. It would be well sometimes if the story of the marriage at Cana were read in this light, and its teaching translated into the trivial actions of every day.

Modern life is hurried. There is no longer time for the elaborate ceremonies by which our ancestors sought to express their idea of courtesy. Men have not leisure to execute formal bows over the hand of ladies and to deliver the tedious sentences, beginning, "I protest and vow, madam," which seemed to make up conversation some time ago. It was a serious affair, this courtesy of the days of Sir Charles Grandison! But we need not lament its disappearance too bitterly, for, after all, it was an artificial and a stilted thing, having in view the glorification of oneself quite as much as the comfort of other people. A kind, gentle, considerate behaviour towards all people in all departments of life is a very much better aim for the gentle-man or gentle-woman.

In the busy daily round of buying, selling and hurrying to and fro this courteousness is rather at a discount in England. De Quincey, in his essay on Manners, says: "This tone of harshness and incivility it is that constantly deters people of quick sensibility from addressing themselves at random in any case of difficulty to the street passengers in London. Often have we observed timid or nervous people drawing up into a corner, and anxiously reviewing the stream of passing faces, in order to select one that might promise patience enough and kindness for enduring the interruption."

It is in this civility to passing strangers that the French excel. And there is one point in which they might well be copied; the habit of every Frenchman to raise his hat on entering and leaving a shop where a woman is behind the counter.

Buying and selling are made wonderfully pleasanter by courtesy. It seldom needs to be urged upon the seller, but there are instances to the contrary, as the following authentic incident will show.

A gentleman, member of a cricket club, entered a cottage in a prosperous Northern village where the good woman sold bread and tea cakes, his object being to carry off a quantity of the latter that he had ordered for the "Yorkshire Tea" after the impending match. He was a young fellow with no small vanities about him, but was rather dismayed at being briefly pointed to a mighty double column of floury tea-cakes on the spotless counter. The responsibility of the seller had ended; that of the buyer had begun!

"I'm afraid I must trouble you for some paper to wrap them in," he politely remarked. The good woman eyed him with a shake of the head.

"Nay," she rejoined, "I'm not going to give thee my paper to lap *thy* tea-cakes up in."

This was a novel view of the case to the young man. Unaccustomed to cater for himself, it had never struck him that the packing-up process was one of pure grace. How could he bear that huge floury pile, tottering to its fall, through the village?

"I'm afraid I must leave them behind, then," he observed, thinking that this argument would prove irresistible. But the woman rejoined with stolid equanimity:

"Please thyself."

And the tea-cakes were abandoned by their discomfited purchaser.

This is a typical instance of buying and selling without courtesy to smooth the process.

In social life an important distinction needs to be drawn between Courtesy and Etiquette. The former is the natural result of kindness and unselfishness; the latter is the artificial invention of fashion. The former is always reasonable, the latter is sometimes ridiculous. It was true courtesy that Charles v. showed to Titian, when, on one occasion, the great monarch stooped to pick up the painter's brush. The bystanders started in horror at such an infringement of the sacred rules of court etiquette, but Charles preferred to obey a better law, and handed the brush to Titian, saying, "You deserve to be served by an emperor."

Those who have never even heard the name of etiquette may nevertheless, as Milton says, manifest the finer grace:

> Courtesy,
> Which oft is sooner found in lowly sheds
> With smoky rafters, than in tap'stry halls
> And courts of princes, where it first was named.

Some years ago I was exploring with a friend one of the wild glens that run up among the hills from the lovely valley of Patterdale. A leaping stream in a forest drew us on and on with irresistible fascination, and it was not until the afternoon had merged into evening that we suddenly discovered we were tired and hungry. We were far from home, and had nothing with us but a little tea twisted in a paper, brought in a vague idea of finding some means of brewing it. But the region was wild and lonely beyond all our expectation. One cottage indeed stood on the mountain slope outside the forest, and at its low door, with some misgiving, we ventured to knock.

It was opened by a young woman, decently though poorly clad, who instantly invited us in and set busily to work to prepare a meal, placing before us oatcake, bread, butter, milk and coarse brown sugar. As soon as the water boiled, she made our tea, producing quaint flowered cups of great age, and talking meanwhile with an engaging simple grace on every topic she deemed likely to interest her guests. And when the meal was over, and the question of payment was broached with great diffidence, she at once put it aside in a firm yet delicate manner, indicating that she felt the obligation was entirely on her side. It was impossible to insist, and we quitted the cottage, feeling that we had discovered the full flower of courtesy in this remote mountain glen. This Westmoreland peasant was more of a true gentlewoman than many a London lady in her drawing-room. Absolutely disinterested hospitality is rare. We entertain because it is expected of us, because we wish to be asked back again, or because we have already been invited by our acquaintances.

Too often the absurd result is secured of people who do not want to entertain asking people who do not want to be entertained; the reluctant guests wearily attire themselves and go to see their reluctant hosts, all masked in smiles. Surely etiquette, rather than true courtesy, dictates this sort of thing. Very different is the hospitality that comes from the heart, whether it be shewn in palace or cottage.

Good listening is no small part of courtesy. It is a mark of unselfishness and regard for others both to try to draw them out, and to listen to what they have to say. Many of the best talkers have been, like Madame Rémusat and Madame de Staël, excellent listeners; not so was Dr. Johnson. Boswell relates an amusing anecdote of a dinner party with numerous distinguished guests, at which, àpropos of Ossian and Highland fauna, the wolf was mentioned. This caused Dr. Johnson to think of wild beasts generally, and in the midst of an earnest dialogue between Sir Joshua Reynolds and Mr. Langton, he burst out, "Pennant tells of bears——." The others went on with their conversation, but Dr. Johnson, unwilling to cease, continued to shout his remarks at the top of his voice, the chief word "Bear," sounding forth at intervals above the din. When the talkers had subsided into an amused silence, Dr. Johnson was heard proclaiming, "We are told that the black bear is innocent: but I should not like to trust myself with him." "I should not like to trust myself with *you*," murmured another of the company in a low voice.

Poor Doctor Johnson! kind and tender at heart, he did not, after all, deserve the comparison. But we cannot avoid being judged by manner; it is all that casual acquaintances have to judge us by. Therefore it is as well to avoid the importation of bearishness.

Courtesy in correspondence is in some danger nowadays of being neglected. When the postage of a letter was an expensive matter, people were careful how they expressed themselves. But in these days of post-cards, cheap stationery, and penny postage, things are different.

Two rules may be suggested to the correspondent who wishes to be courteous even in small details—to use post-cards sparingly, and abbreviations not at all.

For purposes of business and of despatching brief messages, the post-card is a delightful institution; but there is a certain lack of delicacy in using it for any other style of communication. It is as though my informant shouted to me across a throng of people instead of speaking to my private ear. The use of an envelope to hide

domestic intelligence and to convey a few kind words into the bargain is a more courteous thing.

"But nobody reads post-cards," it may be said. A little while ago a friend of mine received a post-card from a lady neighbour containing, amongst other items, an invitation to come and "spend a long day in the garden to-morrow." "To-morrow" meant Saturday, but the card had been delayed in the post and did not arrive till Saturday night. Across it was written in a strange hand, "Remember the Sabbath day to keep it holy."

Who had perpetrated this outburst of ill-timed zeal? Nobody knew, or probably ever will know; but it proved that some one had read, and misread, the card.

I have known people who would not for the world give pain intentionally, cause keen mortification by using a post-card to return thanks for a present. Imagine the feelings of a lady friend, no matter how intimate, who has toiled for weeks over her fancy work, and sent it off with joy and pride, and who merely receives in return a card with "Thanks for your pretty C. B." Her disappointment anent her abbreviated "chair-back" may be childish; yet who would willingly be the means of causing it?

This leads naturally to the use of abbreviations, a decided blemish in correspondence. Such forms as "Dr.," "Yrs.," "Yours, &c.," are to be avoided, excepting under great stress of hurry, for they are essentially discourteous. They say in effect, "I do not think you are worth the pains of my addressing you at full length." A Doctor of Divinity should not be addressed, although it be by an old friend, as "Dr. Dr." And yet this is no imaginary instance. Words that are worth using are worth writing. No race but the Anglo-Saxon would fall into such lapses in courtesy. They are a fruit of the busy, energetic mode of living that tends to throw forms aside as waste of time.

The French style of conclusion: "Receive, sir, I pray you, the assurance of my most distinguished consideration," may be exaggerated, but the gulf between that and "Yours, &c.," is unnecessarily wide. We often take too much for granted as to mutual respect and regard.

Especially is this the case in home life. In shutting out the cares of the world it is not necessary to shut out also gracious ways, and respect for privacy of thought and intention. Between wives and husbands, brothers and sisters, children and parents, employers and employed, gentle and becoming modes of speaking and acting are imperative. We are too apt to forget that meaning well is not the slightest excuse for doing ill.

One sometimes hears an excellent person boast, "I always speak my mind." As this announcement invariably goes with a habit of saying disagreeable things, the retort is suggested, "Then what an unpleasant mind you must have!"

In work among the poor, courtesy is all-important, for they are keen observers, and are often hurt even by benefactors, where they cannot retaliate. I have known a widow struggling to maintain her children, and a heroine among women, shed bitter tears of humiliation at the way in which her application for a little help from a Coal Society was received by its benevolent manager. The lady's manner was that which she judged most serviceable—a "Now-then-I-suppose-you-are-an-impostor" style; but courtesy would have been just as effectual, for enquiry was easy, and fraud is not detected by roughness.

The Revised Version of the New Testament has shown us that "Be courteous" in the First Epistle of St. Peter should read "Be humble-minded." Yet the lesson is not lost. Humility is an important part of courtesy; the "In honour preferring one another" is the manner of its exhibition. And it must be remembered that courtesy is only valuable as the expression of a truth. If the mind that was in Christ be in His followers—the tender, unselfish kindness, eager to help, willing only to be stern when good can be done thereby, self-forgetting, gracious, pitiful—then courtesy becomes the natural outcome of the inner life. And the grace of the Lord Jesus Christ in a fresh sense, the beauty and the loving-kindness of His character, by being reverently studied, may in time be partly won.

LILY WATSON.

GENEVIÈVE;

A STORY OF OLD FRANCE.

CHAPTER XXI.—A FRIENDSHIP.

GENEVIÈVE flashed like a sunbeam into the sombre little room where Mademoiselle sat writing. Kneeling down beside her chair, she poured forth all her story with simple-hearted, child-like joy. She had found again the dear brother of her childhood; and found him again unchanged. Unchanged, that is to say, in goodness, kindness, and brotherly love; although he had grown into such a grand and noble gentleman, "with manners of the most distinguished," and the air and bearing of a Prince of the Blood. Mademoiselle would receive him

—would she not? And she would allow him, as often as he pleased, to visit his poor little sister, who was so honoured by his notice?

Mademoiselle listened to the recital with very mingled feelings. She had not now to learn that the Duc de Graffont's son and nephew had returned to Paris; and that the Duc and his son were reconciled, principally through the good offices of the nephew, who was believed to have acted a very noble and generous part. She had also heard, not altogether with satisfaction, that Soeur Marguerite, who had been an angel of mercy in the Hôtel Dieu, had consented to resume her place in the world as Madame la Marquise de Chévres. But she hoped that Geneviève, who now led a very secluded life, associating chiefly with herself, might remain in ignorance of these events; and also that M. de Sercourt would not discover her present abode and position. But since it was otherwise ordained, she could not deny that the young nobleman had behaved with good feeling, tact, and delicacy. Supposing that he felt himself obliged, by gratitude, honour, and affection, to renew the old intimacy, and to befriend and protect the child of his benefactor, he could not have done more wisely than to assume at once the rôle of the elder brother, with its duties, privileges, and obligations. After some reflection, therefore, she answered the eager Geneviève with her wonted calmness of manner; beneath which, however, the young girl felt her genuine sympathy, and was satisfied.

"Yes, my child," she said, "I will gladly receive M. de Sercourt, for your sake. His gratitude to your parents, and his kindness to you for their sakes, do him infinite honour. But, nevertheless, we will not allow him to part us—will we, Geneviève?"

Edouard was true to his appointment the next day; and he enjoyed the privilege of a long and private interview with Mademoiselle—so long indeed that Geneviève, who was most anxious to know the impression her adopted brother would make upon her idolised Mademoiselle, thought it would never come to an end.

Nor, even then, did Mademoiselle relieve her suspense immediately. But as Geneviève's loving hands were binding and arranging for the night the abundant hair, which, in spite of its premature sprinkling of grey, was still so beautiful, she broke the silence at last.

"I think very highly of M. de Sercourt," she said. "You are happy, Geneviève, in having such a friend. He spoke to me about you with the utmost good sense and good feeling. I believe he is satisfied that you are well provided for, and happy in your present position, and that he will not seek to disturb you; at least not now. But if circumstances should arise to make any change advisable, he holds himself prepared to act a brother's part by you."

"I do not know what I could want from him, except friendship," said Geneviève. "You will not send me away, dear Mademoiselle, and certainly, while I am with you, I want nothing."

"But, my child, there is another possibility which ought to be considered. You have not, as yet, definitely renounced the world. Should you at any time wish to marry, you are free to do so. At least, there is no positive obligation laid upon you to choose the higher life; the matter must rest with your own conscience. I might regret your decision, but I could not control your action. In that event, M. de Sercourt is willing to provide you with a suitable portion."

"I shall never want it from him!" cried Geneviève indignantly. "To speak of such a thing! It shows how little he knows me. As if I would leave Mademoiselle for any one in the whole world! But, dear Mademoiselle——" she paused, apparently irresolute whether to proceed or no.

"Well, my child?" said Mademoiselle in an encouraging tone.

"Dear Mademoiselle, if you would do me a great favour, a very great one—I scarcely know if I ought to ask it. But, I think if Mademoiselle would show, or allow me to show, some of the papers we are copying—that is to say, I mean the copies we have made—to M. de Sercourt, it might be the means of much good."

"There is no doubt that he would find them deeply interesting," mused Mademoiselle, entertaining the proposition far more favourably than Geneviève had ventured to hope.

"Far better than that," said Geneviève. "They might be, with God's blessing, the means of his conversion."

"Conversion, thank God, he does not need," Mademoiselle returned confidently. "I have never met with a person, still living in the world, who appeared to be actuated by such sincere and unaffected piety. It teaches us that God distributes His favours as He pleases. His submission to the will of God, and his faith in our blessed Lord, are most beautiful and edifying. He is truly an elect soul; and I should not be surprised at any time to hear of his renouncing the world, and entering some religious order."

"But, Mademoiselle, he is a Protestant."

"Oh, no, you are quite mistaken there. I know he was one by birth; but he is converted, for he is now a devout and believing Catholic."

"Indeed, it is Mademoiselle who is mistaken. He has never been converted at all, I am sorry to say. I am sure I wish from my heart it were otherwise."

"Then you have your wish without knowing it; the matter does not admit of dispute," said Mademoiselle, who indeed was little used to have her words disputed, except perhaps by her mother. "He spoke to me to-day as no one could speak whose soul was not in close and real communion with God."

"Still, he told me yesterday that he was a Protestant, and that he hoped to remain so as long as God kept him true to himself, and to Him. Those were his very words, Mademoiselle."

"It is incredible!" said Mademoiselle de Roannez, and after that she said no more. But she thought a great deal; and the longer she thought, the deeper grew her perplexity and bewilderment. She felt as one might be supposed to feel who should see a manifest impossibility translated before his eyes into a fact which he could not

dispute. If a student of geometry could be imagined some day suddenly to discover

> "That sides, by a curious juggle,
> Are sometimes less than their base,
> That parallel lines, with a struggle,
> Contrive to enclose a space—"

he could not be more confounded than was Mademoiselle at the information she had received from Geneviève. Touched herself by the quickening influences of the Divine Spirit, she had the mysterious but most real instinct by which the possessor of spiritual life discerns its presence in another. Without needing to reason on the subject, she knew and recognised the *touch of the living hand.* She had held that day with Edouard de Sercourt, in their long and confidential talk, such communion as they only can hold the central thought of whose being is the same. It happened that no controversial subjects came under debate; Protestant and Jansenist might have conversed long together without trenching upon such, provided they kept either in the high, clear air of spiritual experience, or on the safe level road of practical duty, avoiding the "central cloud region" of dogmatic theology, vexed by so many storms.

"Other graces may exist, where the grace of Unity has, unhappily, not yet been given," said Mademoiselle to herself at last; but she felt, in the depths of her heart, that this was a very inadequate solution of the problem. How could a soul, which was filled with love to God, be banished for ever from His presence, and consigned to the society of demons? The thought was not merely bewildering, it was inconceivably horrible. And yet Pascal—Pascal himself—had written to her: "We know that all virtues—martyrdom, austerities, and all good works—are useless outside of the Church, and of communion with the head of the Church, who is the Pope. I shall never separate from this communion, if God gives me His grace, otherwise I should be lost for ever." Lost for ever, with the dispositions, the feelings, the aspirations of a saint! Lost for ever, loving Christ, desiring above all things to serve Him, and willing at need to die for Him! She did not dispute the terrible sentence. When the voice of authority had spoken, she never disputed, she never struggled even. She submitted—but she suffered.

It was natural that her interest in M. de Sercourt should be quickened exceedingly by the discovery of his spiritual peril. Might not such a noble spirit be rescued from the impending doom, and be won for the true faith? And might not she be the instrument chosen for so good a work? Henceforward it was not only for Geneviève's sake that she welcomed and encouraged the visits of the young Huguenot. Nor indeed did he stand in need of much encouragement. It would have been a quite sufficient inducement, that when he visited at the Hotel de Roannez, he usually, though by no means invariably, saw Geneviève as well as Mademoiselle. But even had Geneviève been elsewhere, he would gladly, for its own sake, have cultivated the friendship of Mademoiselle de Roannez. For he found the fashionable world of Paris very uncongenial. Although not so corrupt as it afterwards became—although the unspeakable abominations of the Regency, and of the age of Louis XV., were as yet in their infancy—there was abundance of vice, and there was also a coarseness of thought and feeling, to us almost incredible, plainly visible beneath the varnish of an unsurpassed artificial refinement. The celebrated Hotel Rambouillet, with its "salon bleu," and its society of learned men and cultivated ladies—where, amidst abounding wit and gallantry, nothing was tolerated which was not pure and virtuous—was in its day a protest and a reform. But its day was over now, and its imitators had degenerated greatly from its tone and spirit; whilst preserving, and grossly exaggerating, the affectations which had exposed it to the pungent satire of Molière. It is true that one of the most distinguished ornaments of the famous "salon bleu," the Duc de Montausier, still kept open house in Paris; and young De Sercourt gladly attended his receptions, and was proud of his friendship, all the rather because of their sympathy in religion. Montausier's Protestantism does not appear to have affected his popularity, or hindered his social successes; although it opposed an impassable barrier between him and his dearest wishes. For twelve long years he adored with hopeless constancy the lovely daughter of the Marquise de Rambouillet, the great lady who presided, with inimitable tact and "savoir faire," over the brilliant society which has given such celebrity to her name. All the fashionable world admired his devotion, and the delicate homage he rendered to its object; yet it did not seem to occur to any one, and least of all to the young lady herself or to her family, that the barrier need not have been insurmountable.

It soon became evident that the only houses young De Sercourt greatly cared to frequent were the Hotel de Montausier and the Hotel de Roannez. In the latter especially he attained a position of the closest intimacy. The Duc de Roannez, as men of his stamp so often do, loved force of character in others; and although his whole nature could never again be dominated, as it had been in the old days by Pascal, yet he admired Edouard, was influenced by him, and predicted that he would do great things "if he remained in the world."

Still De Sercourt sought the society of Mademoiselle in preference even to that of her brother. It became almost his greatest refreshment to turn from the heavy, scented atmosphere of the fashionable world, where perfumes too often hid impurities, to the pure clear air of her devout and high toned conversation. With her he found a genuine sympathy, and he was able to speak to her without restraint upon topics dear to every Christian heart. It is true that after their first interview, their conversations often took a controversial turn: but this was always of her seeking, never of his. They used to dispute for hours about the power of the Pope, the Invocation of Saints, or the Doctrine of Purgatory; De Sercourt appealing solely to the Bible, and

supporting his position by abundant quotations from its pages; Mademoiselle not questioning this authority—(as indeed she knew her Bible quite as well as he did, though she used a different version)—but claiming for the Church the sole right of interpretation, and also of adding or completing what had been left incomplete or undetermined. To this claim of the Church to be the sole authoritative teacher and guide, they recurred once and again; usually concluding with a skirmish over the question which both felt to be the key of the whole position—"*What is the Church?*"

Still, however they might differ—

> "Their thoughts were disentangled
> By no breaking of the thread."

There grew up between them, very quickly, one of those rare and beautiful friendships only possible between a man and woman who have, and can have, no thought of any closer tie. In this case, each had already enshrined in his, or her heart, an ideal wholly different from any which the friend could ever realize. None the less, rather indeed the more effectually, could each stretch out to the other the right hand of a cordial fellowship, such as is well expressed by the old word *camaraderie*. Still their friendship differed widely from that of man for man, or of woman for woman. For one thing, there was on the one side chivalry, and on the other the admiration which a woman feels, and likes to feel, for genuine manly strength. Each respected, or rather it might be said, each reverenced the other.

RAPHAËL'S "TRANSFIGURATION."

"And He was transfigured before them."

SUCH a subject painted by the hand of a master gifted beyond all his craft, and by him in the full maturity of his powers, it would have been strange if Raphaël's "Transfiguration" were other than it is,—one of the choicest art-treasures of the world.

Giulio de Medici, afterwards Clement VII., being, according to the arbitrary fashion of the world, appointed Bishop of Narbonne by Francis I., wished to present the cathedral of that city with two paintings. He offered the commission to Sebastian del Piombo and to Raphaël. Sebastian undertook to paint the Raising of Lazarus, Raphaël, the Resurrection of Jesus Christ.

It was during the year 1517 that the chief priests at Rome gave this commission. Blind leaders of the blind, they had not the least idea that the Resurrection had just received an illustration infinitely more glorious than the genius of the Renaissance in its sweetest, purest blossom could produce. On the 31st of October of this very year, 1517, Martin Luther affixed his famous theses on the door of the church at Wittenberg. Men felt as if the Christ had risen again from the dead. When Myconius heard his fellow-monks declaim against Luther and his convent, he said, "that convent is like our Lord's sepulchre, they wish to prevent Christ from rising again, but will not succeed." And Melancthon described Luther's work still more forcibly when he likened it to "Christ, the apostles, and prophets, coming forth from darkness and a loathsome dungeon."

After spending some two or three years in considering his subject, and making several sketches, which sketches, to be found in the collections at Oxford, Windsor, Lille, and elsewhere, show how he studied each figure and group, and how planned the composition, Raphaël finally gave up the idea of painting the Resurrection of Jesus Christ, and determined in its place to take the Transfiguration. No one seems to know, or even to hazard a suggestion, why he did this. But of all painters none have shown a better-balanced judgment than Raphaël, and doubtless some inner voice had said, "In attempting the Resurrection you will not win the crown."

And this he was specially anxious to do, for behind Sebastian del Piombo was one who was then, and would be through all time, Raphaël's competitor for the supreme place in the realm of Art. Michael Angelo sustained and encouraged the Venetian painter, and it was already given out that the "Raising of Lazarus" would put into the shade every work of the time.

As many a victor has fallen at the moment of his triumph, so Raphaël had hardly finished his picture but he was carried off by death. The magnificent popes and Italian despots, supposed to have been of such importance as patrons of the arts, were merciless tyrants who put these children of the Sun into chains and made them suffer a bondage like Samson slaving away at the Philistine mill. Raphaël lived in lordly fashion, caressed by cardinals and all the grandees in Rome, but he was none the less a slave. Summoned to the Vatican, he obeyed, but with such precipitation that he arrived there in a sweat, and being compelled to wait in a cold and damp hall, he was seized with a pleurisy of which he died a fortnight after.

Rome was sorry enough to lose its beautiful painter, and those who came to look at the bier were touched to see the painting of the Transfiguration suspended above. It must have seemed to render the picture still more sacred, and Cardinal Giulio de Medici determined that it should not go away from Rome, but be given to the Church of San Pietro in Montorio, where it remained until the Revolution. Napoleon sent it

to Paris, but it was returned in 1815 and placed in the Pinacotheca of the Vatican.

Several critics find fault with Raphaël, asserting that his picture wants unity, and complain of his attempt to represent two scenes on one and the same canvas. But two of the best among their critics :—Quatremère de Quincy and Muntz, do not admit this failing at all, which, indeed, if it existed, would be the complete condemnation of the painting and a singular fault for a genius so harmonious as that of Raphaël to commit. Nothing so easy to criticise as a work of art, and especially in an adverse sense; the thing is to show how it could have been done better, considering all the exigencies of the case.

Raphaël has carefully studied his text, and that, according to Matthew and Mark, leads plainly to the inference that the two events were occurring at the same time. It is true that Luke represents the case of the young demoniac as taking place on the day following the Transfiguration, but there is nothing to prevent us believing that the father had brought the child to the disciples on the previous day. But if the text were even more open to doubt, the painter saw in the two events a moral unity which he must have failed even to suggest had he treated one alone.

That moral unity he not only saw, but did his utmost to portray; circumstances, however, over which he had not complete control, have perhaps helped to accentuate and give more force to his intention.

The thoughts that control and permeate this picture, that give it harmony and unity, are clearly these:—there is a Kingdom of Heaven around us, a present God not far from any one of us, in whom we live, move and have our being. This kingdom is the source of all consolation, all salvation; but because no one believes in it, and sometimes least of all its accredited representatives, men writhe in the miseries of this lower sphere, impotent, waiting for the coming of the Saviour, the Healer, the Comforter, the Restorer. Here, in a word, is the painter's meaning; how has he carried it out?

He has given us in the upper sphere a glimpse of the Kingdom of Light, in the lower he has portrayed an incident typical of what is every day going on in every part of this Vale of Tears. The Son of Man ascends a mountain to pray; no solitary saint, he takes with him his companions dear—Peter, James and John. And *as He prays* He is transfigured, the fashion of His countenance alters, and His raiment becomes white and glistering. Could a painter, by any effort imagination can devise, have attained a more just and sublime conception of this transfiguration through prayer? It is a glimpse of another world, of a spiritual sphere, that has to be portrayed. The subject of Transfiguration must be shown freed from this world's laws. But He is in prayer, therefore His form is motionless: His every gesture and whole position suggesting rapt communion with the Eternal.

His arms are raised as if to embrace Heaven, to which his feet suggest Ascension. But the raised hands and the position of the figure in the picture are equally suggestive of the Christ praying for and blessing the world. Altogether no picture has ever more justly delineated the mediatorial character of the Saviour. It is clear at once that He belongs to both spheres, and that His heart embraces them both. The best critics agree that the main figures here, the Christ and Moses and Elias, are powerfully rendered, and Charles Blanc, quoting Vasari, says the head of the Christ was Raphaël's supreme effort, and that he reached in it the utmost limit of his art. The figures of Moses and Elias presented great difficulties, over which the painter, especially in the former case, has happily triumphed, and he has made a truly beautiful composition by the way he has connected and contrasted the three apostles dazed and lying on the ground, with the three figures in glory. We are told that "they were heavy with sleep," and the effect Raphaël has sought and attained is that of slumberers suddenly awakened by an overpowering light. One crouches behind the back of another, and covers his face with his hands; John, whom we suppose the figure near Moses, shades his eyes and contemplates the earth, while Peter, ever rash and unwary, looks up, but suddenly blinded is obliged to rapidly hide his eyes with the back of his hand. The confused and troubled positions of the prostrate disciples add to the reposeful exaltation of Christ and the prophets.

In accordance with a frequent custom of the early painters, Raphaël has represented as beholders of the Transfiguration the patron saints of the donator of the picture: Saints Julien and Lawrence. They humbly stand in the background where they cannot see the face of the Saviour, and the propriety of their introduction may very well be questioned. But they are useful in the composition, and, since the picture is pre-eminently symbolic, they may be regarded as representing the interest the universal Church takes in this revelation of the honour and glory which God has bestowed on the Son of Man.

But it is the scene below, in its extraordinary contrasts to that above, which claims and fixes our attention. The serenity of the upper portion could not be enhanced. It is Dante's Paradise: Peace, Rest, Beatification. Light, Love, Liberty; these are the elemental conditions of the scene on the top of the mount. But all below is trouble, confusion, suffering. Human impotence unable to cope with human misery; darkness, despair, all this is here. The parents bring their poor deranged child—the father, his eyebrows raised in bewildered anguish, his eyes fixed on the disciples, and his mouth compressed, has the look physicians must know so well: the look that seeks to pierce their secret thoughts, to know if there is the least hope. He has told his tale, and the mother, garrulous in her trouble, takes it up and is repeating what her husband has just said, and as the latter holds the boy in his arms, the fit comes on, the poor sufferer almost striking his father in the face. With this unhappy family come a group of friends, or passers-by, attracted

> . . . not by sound
> Of words alone, but that which moves not less:
> The sight of misery.

THE TRANSFIGURATION.

[FROM THE PAINTING BY RAPHAËL.]

They seem to play the part of the chorus in this pitiful scene. The woman in the foreground is on her knees, so earnestly does she desire the disciples to exercise their gift of healing on behalf of these afflicted people, while the men behind are all uniting in the same supplication. How well this symbolises the cry put forward to-day by suffering humanity to those who now represent the disciples in this scene. Poverty ever increasing, bringing in its train demoralisation and crime, prepares to struggle with a wealth which it feels to be its originating cause. I cannot but think of words uttered by Edgar Quinet half a century ago, but more patently true to-day, because he was thinking then of intellectual changes, which only the learned can appreciate, while the trouble we fear all comprehend, since it is material and social.

"To-day," he said, "a strange malady ceaselessly torments us. It is the shadow of future evil—evil most bitter, which, never slumbering, stands hour by hour at your bedside, saying to you, as to the little Capet, 'Can you sleep? As for me I wait and watch!' From the bottom of our souls we all feel what is going to happen. That nothing is already something which makes us pant with terror. We see it, we touch it, although the world is still unaware of it. What kills us is not the feebleness of our own thought, it is having to support the future in the emptiness of the present. What are these pangs that agonise humanity?"

This is the question the groups of disciples in the rear are putting to themselves and to each other concerning this young demoniac. The one with hand outstretched is explaining to the other all the symptoms of the disease. He has felt the sufferer's pulse, has enquired how many times he has fallen into the fire and into the water, and he has carefully examined all his bruises and scars. He recalls the disciple who to-day studiously searches out all details of the social trouble, who can explain what is the matter, but has very little hope that it can be cured. Two others less learned but more sympathetic are bending to gather from the poor mother all she has to tell of the child's suffering and her own misery. But their interest is bounded to sympathy, their hearts are touched by the tale of woe, but they do not think for a moment they have any power to help. They represent hundreds, whose hearts are bleeding from horror and pity, who would do anything that loving hearts and active hands could do:—feed the hungry, clothe the naked, teach the ignorant, but who, in the presence of our ever-increasing social anguish, are confounded and paralysed. "I wish an earthquake would come and swallow us up," such was the despairful expression of an East-end minister, overwhelmed the other day by the progress of the evil, notwithstanding perhaps a twenty years' singularly popular and successful ministry and ever-increasing philanthropic work. Another group mourn in silence. They are men of thought. In the original their faces are very beautiful, but most sad. They look absolutely hopeless. They have tried, but failed, the cure is clearly impossible. In front, a disciple with noble features has been so wrapt in the study of a ponderous tome that he has almost forgotten that he has received a commission to heal the sick and cast out devils, but now the screams of the young demoniac wake him up from his theological or prophetical studies, and he looks at once surprised and shocked. Behind him rises the principal figure of the whole company of apostles, the one who in the composition of the picture is opposed to that of the father, and makes the uniting link between the upper and lower scenes. With finger outstretched towards the transfigured Christ, of whose peculiar glory at the very moment he is not aware, he seems to be adjuring the unhappy sufferers to look upward, and not to expect anything from earthly assistance. His action is repeated, but in a feebler manner, by a disciple whose face we cannot see. And thus the genius of Raphaël has exhausted all the types. He knew only his own times, but what was true of them was true of apostolic times, and is true to-day. Nothing is changed but the forms of thought, and this is why the Bible can never wear out, but will remain the world's illustrated text-book to the end of time.

All this misery of the World, all this impotence of the Church, is going on in close proximity to the Excellent Glory. And to impress this fact the painter has used all the contrasts Art can enable a master to present. To the calm splendour of the upper portion of his picture he opposes a style of work in which the colours are harsh and violent, and the shadows black. Even one of the warmest admirers of the picture falls into a strain of apology when speaking of this lower portion. According to Muntz, it was finished up by Giulio Romano, whose vigorous manner tended, as we know, to the harsh and black; moreover, the same critic conceives that Raphaël himself fell into the error in wishing to show that he could draw with as powerful a pencil as Michael Angelo himself. But all this is to misunderstand the inspiration of genius; which in its highest efforts frequently transcends the rules of art, and terribly perplexes the critics. Raphaël's hand was directed by a power, the full purpose of which he did not, perhaps, himself fully understand, and it may well have happened that that same power permitted the coarser pencil of Romano to increase and intensify the effect. Anyhow, it is painted just as it ought to be, if tested by the purpose of the picture, and without such a purpose the picture would be simply an impertinence, an idea inconceivable with reference to a work of this kind from Raphaël.

No, the painter has ever had clearly before him the word of our Lord, His own especial Gospel: "The Kingdom of Heaven is at hand." Raphaël represents the disciples, with the exception of the two who are raising their fingers upwards, as having forgotten that fact, and even these seem unable to realise that Christ had actually delegated to them its powers. "Heal the sick, cast out devils" was part of the commission they had lately received from Him, and, moreover, they had exercised and proved their power.

But the lesson to be drawn from this sublime

picture would not be complete if we stopped at the moment represented. The Christ reappears, and the father returns to urge his petition. Does the Master commend the humility of His disciples, who thought that until He returned they were powerless? It is evident that it grieved Him deeply. "O faithless generation!" He exclaimed on hearing the story, "how long shall I be with you? How long shall I bear with you? Bring the child to Me." And that this reproach was addressed to His own disciples is clear from the answer He gave them when taking Him apart they asked Him why they could not cast out the demon. "Because," he replied, "of your little faith."

"Of your little faith!" what a charge! These men were not guilty of presumption, but the reverse; they thought too little of their calling and of their powers; they believed in the force of evil, the strength of the devil, a thousand times more certainly than they believed in God. And that is the misery in every generation: the disciples never believe enough in their own character, calling, and gifts; they never expect to succeed in the highest degree, and in consequence they never do. Why is this? Because, to begin with, they doubt the Master's word. Who among us to-day can say he really believes it, and acts upon it? Above all, where is the apostolic society that does?

Would there have been a French Revolution if the Church in that country had believed in its Master, if it had had faith even as a grain of mustard seed? Faith in what? Faith in the Gospel of Jesus Christ: "The Kingdom of Heaven is at hand"—it envelopes us, its laws are paramount, its words *never* fail. This picture is a sublime witness to the fact. It represents in the foreground a scene only too typical of this world. We need not go to the hospital for an example, it is human life, over consumed by aimless convulsions. Yet above its misery, close at hand, is the supernal peace of the Heavenly Kingdom, the source of Life, the Fountain of Salvation. Its powers are delegated to those whom Christ has called, chosen, and sent forth.

But where is this faith? Has it always been found in those who have claimed to be the only true successors of the apostles? Is it to-day in those who profess to be the disciples' real representatives? How often has the church itself been discomfited by unbelief.

Mark runs parallel with Matthew in his narrative of this incident until he comes to the question as to why the disciples failed to cast out the demon. This kind, said the Lord, can come out by nothing but prayer. Thus this admirable lesson commences with prayer, and ends with prayer; for Luke tells us that that was the very object for which the Son of Man went up into the mountain. And as He was praying, the fashion of His countenance was altered, and His raiment became white and dazzling.

Mysterious power, but who that knows anything of prayer will doubt it? In its strength Christ descended from the mountain, and cast the demon out of the tortured boy;—disciples of the same Master, would you fulfil your calling to-day, it must be in the same manner. You, too, must first be transfigured by Prayer.

R. HEATH.

MRS. COX'S COMFORTING.

SHEENFORD is a little country village with not many houses, and those some space apart, with free air blowing between, and plenty of room for flowers and shrubs. A place for children to grow up clean-limbed and ruddy, nourished by pure air as well as good food.

To the rich and cultured the great town may be worth very much; I do not know. Some folk say we should not appreciate the country if the culture of the town did not teach us to do so. This may be at any rate partly true. But what the advantages, physical or spiritual, of a great town can be to the poor it is hard to realise, for one sees so much of the other side for them. The grinding down of life at a ceaseless round of mechanic labour, the ugliness of the surroundings, the overcrowding, the impure air, the degenerating body. You would get nothing of this at Sheenford, with its clean air, and its great trees outside, all alive with birds this nesting time.

Not very far from the village school was a pretty little cottage with its garden in front and rear. You could smell the wall-flowers a good way off, and there were a good many polyanthuses, and cowslips, and primroses; and there were two or three clumps of snowflake, and one clump of lovely blue hepatica. A couple of burberis shrubs were laden with clusters of yellow bloom, about which one or two bees were hovering in the sunshine of the early spring.

It had been always Mrs. Cox's wont to keep the door open, and now and then to dart into her garden, "to sun herself," as she called it, utilising the time by pulling up the well-nigh invisible weed which her sharp eyes could discern. The weeds in Mrs. Cox's garden never attained to maturity. Or she would give a little encouraging look to some new bud or flower; or, if it were twelve o'clock, she would go to the gate and watch till she saw the young flock coming down from the school-house with light heels and light hearts. And Mrs. Cox would wait till one of the lightest-heeled and lightest-hearted of them all would dance up the road, and run into her open arms, and the voice that she thought the dearest little voice in all the world would say, "Here I am, mother." And then she and little Esther would

have their dinner in the kitchen, with its exquisitely clean table and nicely-cooked plain food. And at three o'clock Mrs. Cox would again be on the look-out for the little maid's return from afternoon school, and Esther would say, "Now I'm come back for good."

Mrs. Cox's busiest days were Tuesdays and Wednesdays and Thursdays, for she did the washing for the Squire's family and for the vicarage folk; and in summer-time when the Squire's daughters and their aunt, who looked much more like their father's daughter than his sister, wore much dainty white, and the Vicar's little girls had their washing dresses in daily wear, Mrs. Cox had as much as she could do. But there was always "a little minute." as she phrased it, to look at the garden, and always time to meet the bonny little daughter coming home from school. There was always time also to help the child a little with her school preparation, and to read a few verses of the Bible with her before she said her prayers and went to bed: time also to keep her clothes just as sweet and clean and whole as the Vicar's little girls' dresses were kept.

But this spring-day Mrs. Cox had not come once out of her cottage; and, indeed, it was nearly six weeks since she had come out to welcome Esther for the last time, the day she had sickened with the illness that took her away from her mother and her playmates, and the snowdrops and the promise of spring, into that keeping of God's which is so safe, but all apart from us. To Mrs. Cox the blow had been a very, very terrible one. A widow from her early married days, all her love had been centred in this child, and it seemed as if she could not bear the pain and the awe of the empty house, and the garden-walk that should never more feel the tread of those beloved little feet. Mrs. Cox shut up her sorrow in her own heart. She never let any one see her weep; indeed, she seldom let any one see her at all, but went on with her work, pale and heavy-eyed, and never speaking of her grief.

The Vicar had found her, as he sorrowfully told his wife, "like a stone," and she had told him that she could not hear him speak to her; that she would do her work, but that there was nothing now in the world to care for, and that she must be left alone. So the Vicar had felt that he must not force his presence on her, and that the time was not yet for speaking to her of the peace which comes after one has bowed oneself to the Great Will, that so often wraps its tenderness in a veil of terror and pain.

And the Vicar's wife was ill, and gone away for a change, so she could not come to see Mrs. Cox. And the lady, whom of all others, Mrs. Cox would have been most likely to see, and whom, indeed, she had found herself wishing for, Miss Mary Sandys, sister to the Squire and the Vicar's wife, and to Mrs. Marvyn, the widowed lady who lived in London and worked with body and soul to help the poor of the great city, was away, staying with this Mrs. Marvyn and helping in her work.

When she had heard of her trouble, Miss Mary had written to Mrs. Cox: just a few words they were, but all alive with tender sympathy, and they came in a box of fair white flowers. Over that little letter Mrs. Cox's tears had fallen heavily; but it was now lying put away in a drawer, and Mrs. Cox was going about with her close-locked lips that looked as if they never would smile again. It wanted just a week to Easter now, and Miss Mary was expected home shortly. This very spring morning she was sitting with Mrs. Marvyn in the London breakfast room; it was the last of Miss Mary's days in London for some time to come, for she was leaving that very afternoon. The sisters were talking about one of the many "sad cases," which weekly came under Mrs. Marvyn's knowledge. It was that of a little girl, whose father had three weeks ago died in gaol, just after receiving a sentence of twenty-one years' penal servitude, and whose mother, after a hard struggle of years with poverty and sorrow, had died just two or three days ago. The mother had been a country girl, one of the numerous class who come up to London "to better themselves," and had married, while quite young, the manager of a small company got together for organising miscellaneous entertainments. This man had heard her sing for the amusement of some young women whose acquaintance she had made, and had been, like others, struck by her voice as well as attracted by herself. He married her, partly because he was really drawn to her, chiefly because he believed she would be useful to him. But after a short time her health failed, and her voice which, untrained though it was, had nightly pleased large audiences, grew so poor and weak that it was of no avail to attempt to use it. There was hope that, with the return of strength after the little one's birth, the mother might regain her voice, but it never came back.

One night James Matty, her husband, forced her to go on the boards. There had been a good deal of falling off in the receipts, and two of the best members of the company had left; and, soured by ill-success, he insisted that his wife was only "shamming," and that sing she must. And she tried her best; but such poor, weak, quavering notes came forth that the crowd hissed and jeered, and Ann Matty fell fainting with fright and weakness. After that, things had gone worse and worse till at last James had taken to ill ways, and begun to join men who got their livelihood by crime. He left his wife and child, and poor Ann struggled and kept body and soul together, and clothed and fed her child by plying her old country craft of lace-making. But at last came the terrible time when her husband was taken up with a gang of men who, breaking into a shop at night, had murdered a man who opposed them. And then, after what seemed a long, long waiting, the trial had come, and the sentence. She thought she must have died in that awful time, if it had not been for Mrs. Marvyn, who had grown to know her well, and to care for her and her child since they had taken a small room in a block of buildings which Mrs. Marvyn visited as rent-collector, and to whose tenants she had become such a help and brightness. Mrs. Marvyn had taken her in a cab to hear the trial, and stayed by her all the time.

And it was Mrs. Marvyn who, not long after, brought her the news of the death which had come before the carrying out of the sentence. The end was very near then for Ann herself, and yesterday little Esther had been brought to Mrs. Marvyn's and put under the housekeeper's care, until it could be decided what were best to do with her. Mrs. Marvyn thought of sending her to Canada with Miss Rye, but Miss Mary had thought of something else. "I want Mrs. Cox to take her for a while; I think it will help both. You will not mind having nothing decided until I have seen Mrs. Cox to-morrow. If she won't have her, we must arrange something else—Miss Rye, perhaps."

"Do you think Mrs. Cox will have her? She is the poor thing who lost her little girl just after you came up to me, and who George says is so bitterly and hopelessly sad and withdrawn into herself. She would hardly be the best person, even if she were willing?"

"I think the hardness George is so grieved about is only temporary. It has been a terrible trial to her, and it takes great trust in our Father to accept such a manifestation of His will as this has been."

Miss Mary said "our Father" in the simplest and most natural way possible. She knew Him, had known Him for very long, as her Father, and "our" meant with her as sure a union with His other children as if it had referred to the bond of earth's brotherhood. And she had loved His will just as she loved the sunshine; and when it had been to her not as sunshine, but as the mighty rushing wind that breaks the cedars, and shakes the very foundations of life, she had not only accepted it, but arisen stronger and readier for work and joy. She went on: "Mrs. Cox is a good woman, clean and orderly, and with pretty tastes. I think, too, that the very strength of her sorrow shows her power of loving. If she will love little Esther, it will mean much. I am half sorry the child's name should be the same as her own child's—yet even that may be for the best."

She was silent for a minute, and then said brightly, "You know, Harriet, a little child shall lead them—the creatures with wild wills and savage souls—and I think a little child may lead Margaret Cox, and lead her to the Father's feet."

* * * * *

"Well, how many out of the five millions have you taken on your shoulders this time?" laughed the Squire, when he had greeted his sister on her return.

"I wish I could have brought away all the poor folk," said Miss Mary. "It's so dreadful for them to be shut up in London; I've heaps of things to tell you, John, heaps upon heaps."

The Squire clapped his trousers pocket with a tragic air. "I suppose I am nearer than ever to my ruin," he said, pathetically. "Have you run through all your patrimony, Polly? Nay, I forgot you were with Liz. She would not let you and me become paupers, on principle."

"Dear old Liz!" said Mary. "We must send her up more flowers. She kept about a dozen primroses and a sprig of wall-flower out of the big hamper that came up on Saturday. Oh, how lovely the country looks!"

"Yes, I don't understand how any one out of *malice prepense* can retire to the howling wilderness on the Thames. I fully expect, though, that you'll settle there, one day."

"Out of *malice prepense?*"

"Well—perhaps."

They understood each other very well, this brother and sister, with those twenty years between them, bridged over by a great love and sympathy.

The next day, Miss Mary went to Mrs. Cox's. It was a difficult visit to pay, much more difficult than the Squire's sister had at first realised. She could make Mrs. Cox feel her intense sympathy—that was easy enough. She had not been five minutes in the house before Mrs. Cox was weeping with her hand closely clasped in Miss Mary's, and listening to the tender words that came from her lips. And the two knelt together and prayed.

"That's the first time I've prayed, Miss Mary, since He took my lamb—except that I've asked over and over that He'd take me too."

"Perhaps He has work for you to do first; and I want to ask if you can hear any call from Him in this that I am going to tell you of."

Mary Sandys would never have dared to say, "It is His will that you should do this work for Him. You must serve with such and such a service." She had too much reverence for other souls, too much humility, too much sweet tact, to use the word in Ruskin's sense. Then she told Mrs. Cox about the Mattys, and Mrs. Cox listened without a word.

At the end she said, "Miss Mary, I'm surprised; I am, indeed! You come to me in my trouble, and you ask me to take a gaol-bird into my child's place."

"Oh, no, Mrs. Cox, you must not think that. I have asked you to receive a little orphan, whose father, indeed, sinned grievously, but who herself is sweet and pure, and to help her to gain strength of body and soul. I think she has a sweet little soul, Mrs. Cox, and she has a sweet little body too, but it is very puny and fragile, and it wants country air and mother-love. You understand, Mrs. Cox, we would not wish you to be at the expense——"

"It's not that, it's not that; I cannot give her mother-love, Miss Mary. I can't care for another person's child."

"Not for a poor little motherless soul?"

"No, Miss Mary, I tell you it's impossible. My heart is dead. I can go on doing my duty; I can do my washing, whether my heart's broken or no; but I'm not going to undertake mothering. No, no, if God had wanted me to do mothering, He'd ha' left me my own child; but He took her away, and so let it be. And if I did want to take care of any stranger's child, it 'ud be a respectable child, not——" She stopped, because of the look of pain in Miss Mary's face.

"The little one's mother has been all that she could be," said Miss Mary, "good, hard-working, and patient, and the child has been most carefully brought up. But I must not tease you, Mrs. Cox; I must not urge anything on you which

you feel you would not like to do. I will try to find another home for my poor little maid. May I look at your garden before I go? Will you walk round it with me?"

"Oh, yes, miss. But it's a poor thing, and I don't seem to keep it nice now."

"You know, Mrs. Cox, your garden is said to be the neatest in Sheenford. And it's coming to lovely Eastertide—the time that flowers seem so specially to belong to: young spring flowers breaking the long rest in the kind breast of the earth, and spreading gladness about. There is a gladness, even greater than the spring's, in Eastertide, is there not? May I have a little bit of this queer-looking polyanthus? How peculiar it is!"

"Why, of course, Miss Mary. You're welcome to the best I have. But you'll let me bring it to you this evening? I'll come with it by-and-by."

"Will you? Oh, many thanks! But mind you don't take up more than a morsel of it; just enough to grow. And—dear Mrs. Cox—we shall meet at church on Sunday?"

"Yes, Miss Mary." She took Miss Mary's hand in hers, saying, "You're not offended with me, miss?"

"Offended! Why should I be offended? I should have been more than glad if you could have seen your way to taking in the little stranger, but you don't, so we must leave it."

And when Mary was gone, Mrs. Cox said to herself, "I've heard something like that before, about taking in a stranger." It haunted her all the rest of the afternoon. "Taking in the stranger' take in—'Ye took in the stranger'—no, no, that's not it. 'A stranger took in'—'A stranger not took in.' Then it flashed upon her, 'I was a stranger, and ye took Me in.' Is that right? No, there's a 'not' in it. 'I was a stranger and ye took Me not in.' Nay, I'm sure it goes the other way. It sounds better so, 'I was a stranger and ye took Me in.'"

That evening Mrs. Cox went up to the Hall with the flower-root for Miss Mary; and she saw Miss Mary and asked her to let her have the child for a month, "And then we can see, miss. But please let me have her at once." And Mary understood; so a telegram was sent to Mrs. Marvyn, and the next day Miss Mary met little Esther Matty at the station. She had been looked after all the way by the kind guard. He had found time to think of her, though he had had under his guardian eye a young foreign governess, two lads who wanted by hook or by crook to ride on the engine, the pet dog of an old lady whose heart nearly broke when she found she must take a ticket for it and have it put in the van instead of cuddling it under her cloak, and several other articles of a miscellaneous character.

The guard knew Miss Mary well, for he often looked after old men and women and delicate folk and little children, come to spend a few weeks at Shurton and be looked after by Miss Mary; and the guard and Miss Mary smiled at each other in very old-friend fashion, as the child ran into her arms.

Then Miss Mary drove Esther slowly along the road where the quickset hedges were a mass of green, and the young lilac leaves were glowing with all manner of delicate tints against the sunlight; and branches of the great oaks and elms were swaying in the breeze, and the boughs of the birches fell like cascades of living green, and the banks were starred with lovely primroses.

And when the little phaeton stopped at Mrs. Cox's gate, Miss Mary told the servant to carry in Esther's little box, and when he came out again he said, "Mrs. Cox says, ma'am, may the little girl come in to her?"

"Go in, little Esther: go in to her, and love her—"

So the child went into the house, and Mrs. Cox put out her hand.

The little one lifted her face to be kissed and said, "I've come to love you. I'm Esther."

Mrs. Cox gave a little cry.

"Esther!"

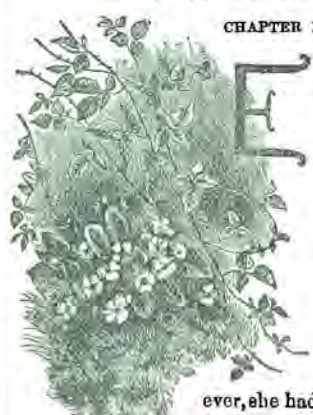
"Yes! Miss Mary says your little Esther's gone to my mother, and I'm come to her mother—Don't cry—oh, don't cry!" And the little arms were round Mrs. Cox's neck, and the pale little face was pressed close to hers.

When the month was gone Esther did not leave Shurton, for she had found a home: and to Mrs. Cox had come light and healing, for a little child had led her to the Father's feet.

E. H. H.

"ONLY A BEGGAR!"

CHAPTER II.



ETHIE'S parents had spent a fortnight in their peaceful solitude when she left Langley to join them. During her stay there she had been chastened by the good example set her. At first with much reluctance, she had accompanied Rosie in her visits to the poor and sick. By degrees, however, she had learned to take an interest in them and their wants, and the really kind feelings of her nature had, under God's guidance, developed themselves. It seemed strange at first, very strange, instead of their inhabiting a suite of handsomely-furnished reception rooms, to find her beloved parents confined to one small sitting room; but the only feeling now awakened by the change was the idea of making it as attractive and comfortable for them as possible. Many were the long rambles undertaken by her in search of some favourite flower whose presence would cheer and brighten their little home, nor were her hands idle in furnishing some pretty ornaments for its decoration.

Mr. and Mrs. Fawcett were delighted to find how readily their child adapted herself to her new mode of life. Little was said between them of their past existence; the present and the future alone occupied their minds. Ethie was active and cheerful, and in her spare moments soon began

to find out those in the parish who most needed help. Not that she could benefit them in a pecuniary sense, but kindly words and attentions go far to soothe an aching heart, and many were the poor old women who blessed "the good young lady" who visited and cheered them in their loneliness. As for Ethie herself, it was with feelings of wonder and regret that she looked back upon her former neglect of and dislike for her poorer neighbours.

To the great grief of both mother and daughter, Mr. Fawcett's health did not improve. His hope that after a few weeks' rest and sea air he might get strong enough to undertake some appointment was farther from being realised than ever. Silent prayers were offered up by his wife and child for his recovery. How often did the former in her secret heart think of Hillside, which had long since passed into other hands, and with natural regret imagine that had he been able to go there he would have regained his health.

Time fled rapidly by. Summer merged into autumn; winter had spent itself, and the green buds and milder air of spring had come back once more. It was nearly eight months since the Fawcetts had come to live at Branksome Hollow.

One afternoon Ethie was returning from taking a nosegay of wild flowers to a sick child. She was hurrying across the village green, when her attention was attracted to a knot of some five or six boys, who appeared to be jeering at some one in the distance. As she came nearer, she remarked that they had stones in their hands. Before she could pass them, first one and then another stone was thrown across the green, and turning her head she perceived the object of their derision. An old man, with dusty and travel-stained clothing, carrying a pack upon his shoulder, was slowly crossing the end of the green.

Ethie's anger was roused at this unkind and cowardly treatment, and going up to the ringleader, a boy of some sixteen or seventeen years of age, she said, in a tone of unconscious authority—

"How dare you throw stones at that old man?"

The boys looked at her for a moment, half-cowed by her earnest face; then one of the group said—

"He's used to it; he don't say nothing."

"All the more cowardly of you to do it," replied Ethie.

"He is only a beggar!" put in the elder boy.

Only a beggar! The words struck home to Ethie's heart. The colour mounted to her cheek, as she instantly recollected having used the very expression on the occasion of leaving her old home to drive Rosie to her friends. How differently did she feel now!

"What would you say if any one better off than yourself were to maltreat you simply because you were poor?" she said in a firm tone. Then, perceiving no signs of relenting on the part of the boy, "Listen!" she went on; "I will walk with that old man to his home, so if you throw a stone at him you would probably strike me."

Meanwhile the old man, on finding that the stone-throwing suddenly ceased, had turned to look in the direction of the group of boys, and had caught sight of Ethie. He immediately crossed the green, and when the girl uttered these words, he was close behind her. As Ethie, without waiting for any reply, turned away to carry out her benevolent purpose, she stood nearly face to face with him.

"I ain't going to throw stones at the likes of her," murmured the elder boy in an undertone, dropping a stone as he spoke, whilst the others quickly followed his example.

"I am very grateful to you, young lady, for taking me under your protection," began the old man.

Ethie was struck by his tone and manner. She felt a little confused, and hardly knew how to reply.

"It was very cruel of them to throw stones at you."

Her companion smiled.

"They know no better, poor boys."

"Where do you live?" asked Ethie kindly, when they reached the end of the green.

"Here," and he stopped at the door of a little cottage, whose closed shutters she had often noticed in passing by. They were unfastened now, and the warm sun and soft spring air were pouring in through the open window. "I only returned the day before yesterday."

He had already taken a key from his pocket and unlocked the door.

"Will you come in and rest for a few minutes?" he asked, looking eagerly at her, as he held the door back.

Ethie hesitated a moment; then, animated by kindly motives, she passed into the little room. The boys were still lingering about; and when they perceived that Ethie entered his cottage, it was tacitly agreed amongst them that they were never again to throw stones at the old man.

On entering the cottage, Ethie's host courteously offered her a chair; and when he had removed his hat and laid down his pack, she was pained on remarking how pale was his face, and how sad was the expression it wore.

"I have seen you before," he began, taking a seat near her.

"Have you? Where?"

"Near London. It is some time since. You were driving a pair of grey ponies, and were just issuing through the gates of a broad carriage-drive."

"Ah!" exclaimed Ethie, "do you know that place?"

"Yes," he said in an undertone, and closing his eyes, as if speaking to himself, "I know the velvet lawn with its huge chestnut, and the little fountain dancing in the sunlight."

"How strange!" thought Ethie. Then suddenly the recollection flashed across her of Rosie having on that occasion called her attention to an old man near the gate, and of her own indifference, and the words she had made use of respecting him. "Only a beggar!" she had replied contemptuously. Surely her companion, whom notwithstanding his poor clothing, she could not but recognise to be of her own rank, could not be that same beggar. Tears of mingled shame and sorrow stole into her eyes. In a moment she looked up, however, and said frankly—

"My papa was rich then, but he is very poor now, and we have come to live here."

There was a moment's pause.

"And are you less happy than when you were rich?"

"Oh, no!" replied Ethie; "but dear papa is not so strong as he used to be then. And how did you come to live here?" she inquired a little curiously.

"My history is a sad one for a young girl like you. Nevertheless, you shall hear it." He then proceeded to tell her how his wife had died soon after the birth of their only child, a little girl; how his little one had been all the world to him; how she had grown up in the love of God, and that her love and gentleness had been the sunshine of his life. Suddenly, when she was about Ethie's age, illness had seized upon her, and she had died upon her fourteenth birthday.

"God saw fit to take her from me," he said, pale with agitation, "and since then my days have too often been a burden to me. I am but waiting for God's good time."

He paused.

"What was she like?" asked Ethie, full of sympathy.

"Like you."

He crossed the room as he spoke, and taking from the wall a framed portrait, handed it to her.

Ethie took it from him, and she could not help being struck by the likeness to herself. The same dark hair, the same large brown eyes. She returned it to him in silence.

He then went on to tell her how her resemblance to his lost child caught his attention, when he had first seen her. Another pang for the now repentant Ethie.

"I left my home when she died," he continued, after a pause, "and came down to be far removed from my old surroundings, but I have been restless ever since. I carry a few necessaries on my shoulder and wander through the country, always returning here from time to time. People take me for a pedlar," he added smiling.

Ethie spent half-an-hour in conversation with her newly-found friend. It was true he had nursed his grief in unwise fashion. It should have been as dew to his soul, but it had been as canker. He had neglected the duties which would have helped him overcome it. Ethie did not see all this. She felt grateful to him for his kindness, and the resolve that had long since been made, to show more charity to her fellow-creatures, received additional strength from the incident of her meeting with him.

"May I bring mamma and papa to see you?" she asked, on bidding him farewell.

For a moment she received no reply.

"I have made no acquaintances," he said at length; "but I should like to see your parents."

As Ethie rose, he accompanied her to the door.

"God bless you, my little girl!" were his last words to her, as he cut a rose from its stem, and placed it in her hand.

Ethie thanked him and left, determining to do all in her power to make amends for the wrong she had formerly done him. Her parents, to whom on her return she gave an account of her visit, gladly promised to go with her to the old man's house; and thus a friendship sprung up which was to have greater influence on her future than she could have surmised.

The curiosity of the village boys, which had been aroused by Ethie's visit to his cottage, was still further stimulated a week or two after the above occurrence, on seeing the clergyman of the parish enter his dwelling. There was nothing unusual in the fact, but this time he was accompanied by a stranger carrying a little black bag. The whole group were on the alert, and lingered about until their dinner hour came, in the hope of catching a nearer glimpse of him. In this they were baffled, however. Scarcely had they vanished from their playground, when the door of the cottage opened, and the visitors departed, the gentleman with the black bag leaving the little station by train for London.

As the winter advanced, Mr. Fawcett did not recover his strength. The cloud of anxieties seemed to darken over them. Sometimes their new friend, dropping his reserve, brought a gleam of cheerful hope into their little home. But one morning when Ethie looked out from her window upon the feathery trees tipped with snow, the bell in the old church tower tolled sadly in the clear morning air.

"Some one is dead, dear mamma," said Ethie as she entered the sitting-room. Who could it be, they wondered? There was no one dangerously ill in the parish, Ethie knew that.

They were not long left in doubt. Mr. Fawcett, who had been taking a short walk before breakfast, returned to tell Ethie that their friend had been called to his rest. The facts were soon known. Not only had his great sorrow weakened him permanently, as was shown perhaps by the way in which he met it, but he had long been vainly striving against ailments of a serious nature. The funeral took place a few days afterwards, and Ethie, who with her parents followed his remains, shed tears of real sorrow over the grave.

About a week later the gentleman with the black bag once more made his appearance in the village, but this time his visit was to the Fawcetts. Received by Mr. and Mrs. Fawcett, he to their surprise informed them that his message was more particularly for Miss Ethie, and it soon transpired that he was the bearer of the last will and testament of Hugh Macdonald, a former friend of his own, bequeathing to Ethie Fawcett a legacy of five thousand pounds.

Great indeed was the surprise of the Fawcett family on hearing the announcement that this friend was no other than the old man whose acquaintance Ethie had so recently made, and greater still their wonder when they learnt that he was the same Colonel Macdonald from whom her father had purchased, sixteen years before, the handsome house with the grand old chestnut on its sunny lawn and the plashing fountain near it.

". . . I kept the secret," concluded the lawyer, "of the kindest friend I ever had, and no one could recognise in the broken-down old man the soldier who in days long past had been the pride of his regiment."

The love of riches formerly cherished by Ethie had by this time so entirely vanished, that the sudden acquisition of five thousand pounds brought with it no particular sense of pleasure. Yet she felt grateful to Him who had doubtless sent her this money for some wise purpose. She had become so perfectly happy in her lowly surroundings that she had no wish to leave them.

Suddenly the thought flashed across her mind that she might possibly be able to purchase with a portion of this legacy the little lodge where she and her parents had spent many happy summers. She at once communicated the idea to her mother, who, influenced by consideration for her husband's health, lent an approving ear. Mrs. Fawcett and her child held a conference with the solicitor, from which papa was positively excluded, a surprise being evidently in preparation for him.

A few weeks passed away, and then, through the active intervention of Hugh Macdonald's friend, the owner of a certain little Scotch lodge was prevailed upon to relinquish it to its former possessor. Mr. Fawcett was carried off triumphantly in the sweet summer time to the place of Ethie's birth, and with thankful hearts to the Giver of all good, the family settled down once more at Hillside.

Mother and daughter soon had the delight of seeing the loved head of the house steadily regain his health and strength, and their lost benefactor ever held a place in their grateful remembrance. The healthful contentment of their modest life was more to them than all the luxuries of other days. Ethie had learned her lesson, and was never so well pleased as when she found opportunity to help those who were poorer than herself.

MRS. HENRY CREWE.

SCRIPTURE ENIGMA.—No. XXVII.

Blest privilege was thine, thou gentle soul,
To bear the people's hope in thy fond arms,
And guard the childhood of th' Incarnate Word.
Thou first didst learn His mission and His goal;
Thine heart was pierced with grief, with sore alarms,
And mourned, at length, the death of son and Lord.

1. An island in the Mediterranean Sea,
Where Paul fulfill'd Christ's wondrous prophecy.

2. As thou hast maimed full many a captive chief,
So must thou suffer pain, and loss, and grief.

3. Ah, birds of prey! How changed your nature rude,
Ere ye became God's messengers of good.

4. From Egypt came this useful merchandise,
Bought by the wise king's merchants at a price.

M. E. R.

THE SUNDAY AT HOME

O DAY MOST CALM, MOST BRIGHT! . . .
THE WEEK WERE DARK BUT FOR THY LIGHT.—*Herbert.*

GENEVIÈVE:

A STORY OF OLD FRANCE.

CHAPTER XXII.—A RIFT IN THE FRIENDSHIP.

EDOUARD ADVANCED TO THE TABLE AND TOOK UP THE SEALED PACKET.

WHEN winter changed to spring, and bud and leaf and flower, instinct with new, fresh life, began to obey nature's great law of growth, other things, which had already been growing in silence, came forth to the light of day.

One morning De Sercourt called upon Mademoiselle, who received him as she usually did, in a modest, simply-furnished parlour sacred to her own and her brother's use. When her brother was not present, Geneviève often sat with her there; and there, upon this occasion, Edouard found her, reading to her lady. When, however, the first greetings were over, Mademoiselle said to her, "*Ma fille*, be good enough to fetch me the thick parcel, in a parchment cover, which you will find in the third drawer of my cabinet. See, here is the key; and when that is done, you may bring some soup to poor old Jacques Nitart, and learn how he is to-day."

Geneviève took the key without a word. Whatever natural regrets she may have felt

that she was to lose the whole of Edouard's visit, she was far from entertaining a thought so rebellious as that Nitart might afford to wait another hour for his soup. She came back presently with the packet—a very large and bulky one, carefully sealed—and, having laid it on the table before Mademoiselle, turned quietly to leave the room.

Edouard rose and opened the door for her, saying as he did so, "I hope you will put off your pensioner with a short visit to-day, my little sister. It is nearly a week since I have seen you. *Au revoir!*"

He returned, and took the seat to which Mademoiselle invited him.

"I sent Geneviève away on purpose, M. de Sercourt," she said. "I wish to have some conversation with you upon a very important matter, in which she is concerned."

A shadow came over the face of Edouard. There were two things which he greatly dreaded, and either of them might now have come. Mademoiselle might have received an eligible offer for the hand of Geneviève, or she might have induced her to resolve upon entering the cloister. But he only said, by way of not meeting trouble half-way, "I shall be honoured by any communication Mademoiselle may be pleased to make to me."

"Do you remember having heard, in your boyhood, of the great lawsuit in which the father of Geneviève lost so much of his property?"

"I remember it well," returned Edouard, relieved by this beginning. "I have always thought he was most unfairly and unjustly dealt with. Often have I wished that the wrong might be brought home to the guilty parties."

"Suppose there were a chance of doing it even now, and of recovering for Geneviève some considerable portion of the property of which her father was unjustly deprived?"

"Do you mean by the use of influence in high quarters, of which there is at present a good deal that we might command? I think the matter requires consideration. I see grave objections."

"So did I, and so do I still. Nevertheless, I have often doubted whether I were acting justly by Geneviève in making no use of certain papers which lie in my hands. As I regard you, Monsieur, in the light of her guardian, I wish to acquaint you with the whole affair. I am ready to abide by your judgment as to the action that ought, or ought not, to be taken upon it. If, when you know all, you think it right to resort to legal measures, I shall not feel at liberty to prevent you, whatever my private judgment may be."

"I have no fear that we shall disagree—at least, *at present*," answered Edouard.

"Well then, Monsieur, I must tell you that about four years ago, shortly after Geneviève came to us, my ministrations amongst the poor led me to the death-bed of a clever but dissipated advocate, who had forfeited his place and his reputation by conduct of a grossly dishonourable character—with which, however, we have nothing to do. He was brought, as I trust, to sincere repentance; and amongst the many things in his past life which he bitterly regretted, he said that none caused him keener remorse than the affair of M. Montères. He had been the originator of the whole plot, the instigator and the counsellor of that wretched Abbé de Gars, who was put forward as claimant of the estate by the enemies of M. Montères, while he was really only a puppet of which they pulled the strings. In order to ease his mind, so that he might die in peace, I told thus much of his story to Geneviève, who took it in a very sweet and Christian spirit, and gave me, as I hoped she would, a message of forgiveness for the dying man. At the same time his spiritual director, whom I advised him to consult on the subject, enjoined it upon him to make any reparation in his power. At my next visit, therefore, poor M. Pliant put into my hands yonder packet, which he said contained documents that, properly used, would procure the reversal of the decision of the Parliament of Paris, before which, in the last instance, and after many appeals and counter-appeals, the suit had been carried. But he had not sufficient strength remaining to tell me either what these documents were, or in what manner they ought to be used. He could only say, that as Mademoiselle Montères was residing with me, I ought to have the papers, and murmur some broken expressions of regret for the past. Soon afterwards he died, in a state, as I hope, of sincere penitence, and not destitute of the grace of God."

"And what use have you made of the papers?" asked Edouard, who had listened to the story with keen attention.

"None at all," returned Mademoiselle. "I looked them over myself, but I could make nothing of them. They seem to be a confused medley of legal documents, and private letters and memoranda, thrown together without any order or connection, and most of them in very crabbed, unintelligible handwriting. In order to do anything with them, I should have had to place them in the hands of some one versed in the intricacies of law. But after all, to what purpose? Why disturb the mind of Geneviève? She was happy and at peace; she had everything she needed or wished for. What good could a fortune do her, even suppose we could have secured it for her? Might it not only attach her to the world, to which at present she sits loosely enough? Is it not an evangelical precept to resist not evil? Has not our Lord Himself said, 'If a man sue thee at the law and take away thy coat, let him have thy cloak also'?"

"I do not think that is exactly the meaning of our Lord's command," said Edouard, wondering, not for the first time, at Mademoiselle's curious mixture of simplicity and shrewdness.

"I am, as I have said, prepared to submit my judgment to yours," she answered humbly.

"But did it not occur to you then, and do you not think now, that there is another person whose judgment and whose wishes ought to be consulted?"

"If you mean my mother, because Geneviève was then in her service, I did not think it wise

or right to name the subject to her, for reasons upon which I need not enlarge. You know, however, that she belongs to the world. My brother I did consult, and he advised my leaving the matter alone. He thought it was far better for Geneviève not to know anything of this property, which, if she got it, might prove a snare and a temptation; while, if she failed to get it, her mind would have been needlessly disturbed and distracted from the contemplation of higher things."

"And so you kept the secret, you and M. le Duc?" said Edouard, with a slight air of impatience, and a sparkle in his blue eyes as he fixed them on her with the intent and wistful gaze of imperfect sight.

"Not entirely. We thought it right to tell M. Singlin, the esteemed Director of Port Royal, as no doubt you know already. He quite agreed with my brother, and praised his indifference to the things of the world."

"And did it never occur to you, Mademoiselle, or to M. le Duc, your brother, that the person immediately concerned had a positive right to be informed, and to be allowed to judge and decide for herself?" asked Edouard again, with a touch of impatience in his tone of which he was himself unconscious.

"But that was just the point upon which we were all agreed—M. Singlin, my brother, and myself. We all thought it best for Geneviève not to know," said Mademoiselle mildly, though with an air of expostulation.

Edouard suppressed a word or two that rose to his lips before he answered, in as mild a voice as her own—"Pardon me, Mademoiselle; but it seems to me that we have to consider, not what is best for Geneviève, but what is right and just towards Geneviève."

"Surely the same thing, monsieur."

"Yes; in the long run the right must be the best; but the right must come first always. And if we excuse ourselves from doing right towards others, on the plea that something else is best for them, we make ourselves, not God, the judges of what is best."

"But it is surely right that older people should judge for a child like Geneviève?"

Edouard's handsome, sunburnt face flushed visibly, as he answered—

"At least, Geneviève is no child now."

"Then, Monsieur, I conclude you think she ought to be told of this?"

"I do think it, Mademoiselle; but, at the same time, I am certain that she will act in the matter as we advise. Should it seem, on the whole, wiser and nobler to let things rest as they are, this wise and noble forbearance will then be, as it ought to be, hers and not ours."

"I have said that I will not oppose you," said Mademoiselle, with a slight touch of that air of pious resignation which she was wont to assume in speaking to her mother. "It will be best then that *you* should tell her."

Edouard rose, and leaned against the mantelpiece, turning so as to face her directly.

"Mademoiselle," he said, speaking very earnestly, though in a low, quiet voice, as if he suppressed some expression of feeling, "Mademoiselle, I may not do that, since there is something else which at the same time I could not refrain from telling her."

"I fail to understand you, monsieur."

"I will explain myself. Indeed, I must do so; for it would be unfair to you to keep silence any longer."

"To *me*, M. de Sercourt?"

"Yes, to you, Mademoiselle de Roannez, to whom I have the honour to say what you said just now to me, that I look upon you as the guardian—as one of the guardians of Geneviève."

"True; it is understood that we share the privilege and the responsibility."

"My share will soon be surrendered. Either the office will be merged into another, or its active exercise, in the nature of things, must terminate."

"You perplex me, M. de Sercourt. Are you going to leave France? I hope—I earnestly hope you are not."

"No, not now. But, dear Mademoiselle, have I indeed, in the late months of intimate intercourse, shown such reticence and self-command that you—even you, to whom I have unveiled so much, have never once guessed my secret? It is told in these three words—*I love Geneviève.*"

Mademoiselle de Roannez grew very pale. It was not until after some moments of silence that she murmured sadly, as if to herself, "The thing that I greatly feared has come upon me."

Edouard was disappointed; and yet this discouraging reception of his confidence had its consoling aspect. Whence this keen emotion, if in Mademoiselle's opinion Geneviève herself were quite indifferent to him, except as a brother? After a pause, he resumed:

"I see that I have taken you by surprise, Mademoiselle, and I beg of you to forgive me. When you have leisure to reflect, I trust you will perceive that my sincere and most respectful homage could not in any case injure or offend its object."

"Offend, Monsieur? The world would say that Geneviève is but too highly honoured. But Geneviève is not of the world."

"Nor, I hope, am I, in the sense in which you use the word," said Edouard.

"In the sense in which the world uses it you certainly are not," returned Mademoiselle. "The world would say that M. de Sercourt proposes to himself a *mésalliance*."

"With the world's wonted wisdom and truth!"

"The world, reasoning upon its own lines and about its own affairs, is very often in the right," said Mademoiselle with decision. "M. de Sercourt, you will have to look far higher. Geneviève Montères is no fitting bride for you. Of these unequal attachments only misery can come—*only misery.*" There was something in the tone of these last words which made Edouard raise his dimmed eyes to her face with an earnest look of interest and inquiry. She answered it by saying, "I speak what I know."

"But, dear Mademoiselle," he resumed, in a pleading tone, "you exaggerate the inequality, even in the world's sight; and you forget how

completely, how unusually, I am my own master, free to choose for myself. It is not as if I were the son, or the heir, of the Duc de Graffont. I am only a young relative whom he loves, and for whom, no doubt, he will make suitable provision. Even now I am somewhat at fault for a career. In earlier days I longed passionately to enter the Army, and entreated my uncle to allow me to do it. He refused then, wishing to keep me at his side, and perhaps intending for me the future which will now, I hope, fall to the lot of his own son. Meanwhile, peace has been made in Europe, and the Army has lost its attractions for me. If a soldier's life be not terrible earnest, it is apt to be a very vain and idle kind of play. Moreover, this affection of my sight rendered it doubtful for some time whether I could, even if I wished it, take part in the game. The same cause has kept me silent hitherto towards you and towards Geneviève. I trust I am not capable of the meanness of asking her to—to—— Now, thank God!—the verdict of the physicians, who at first very hopeful afterwards seemed to find my case a perplexing one, is again distinctly favourable. If I refrain from study, and live in the country for a few years, devoting myself to country sports and occupations, they venture to predict a complete recovery. So I intended to confer with you—but not to-day. Your confidence has in fact precipitated mine."

"Then this has long been in your mind, Monsieur?" said Mademoiselle, with a troubled air.

"It has been in my mind for eight long years—since I was a boy of fifteen. Since then I have seen much of life, and much of men and women; many a lovely face, too, but never one like Geneviève's. I kept the memory of my child-friend enshrined in my heart throughout all. At last I came back, and saw her once again. But I refrained myself, and kept silence, like the patriarch in the Holy Book, when he knew his brethren but they knew not him. For I said, 'These years have made the child a woman; she may have given her heart elsewhere; or haply we may both have drifted apart and changed insensibly from what we were.' So I made myself—not strange to her indeed—but still I hid from her effectually what I truly felt under the disguise of frank, brotherly affection and familiarity. But the free intercourse this plan allowed me only dispelled my apprehensions, and increased my reverential, admiring love."

"I own, indeed, Monsieur, that you have acted in the most honourable manner, and with the greatest tact and delicacy," said Mademoiselle.

"Such was my desire, at least," returned Edouard modestly. "The very fact that Geneviève is an orphan, towards whom I occupy—as you, Mademoiselle, have had the goodness to observe—the position of a guardian, necessitates extreme carefulness. I cannot be a judge in my own cause. Therefore, Mademoiselle, if you will do me the great favour of ascertaining the disposition of Geneviève towards me, you will place me under everlasting obligations."

Mademoiselle looked uneasy, and a faint flush dyed her pale cheek. "These things are usually decided for young people by their parents and guardians," she said.

"Which is what in this case creates the difficulty," replied Edouard. "Here the guardian is at the same time the suitor. But, Mademoiselle, I have this much to plead in my favour. Boy as I then was, I announced to M. Montères, in our last interview, the resolution which the man desires to carry out to-day. He treated it, it is true, as a piece of boyish folly, of which the Court and society would soon cure me. But since I have not been cured, I have no reason to think he would disapprove, if he were here to-day to judge. Rather the contrary; for he himself asked me to perform towards Geneviève the part of a friend and protector."

"But, monsieur, has it not occurred to you to consider the most important element in the whole affair—I should say the *decisive* element, the question of religion?" And now Mademoiselle spoke eagerly, fixing her dark eyes on the changeful face of Edouard.

"Certainly I have considered it," he answered calmly; "but I know that, notwithstanding outward differences, Geneviève and I are one in heart. We love the same Lord, serve the same Master."

Mademoiselle shook her head mournfully, but decidedly.

"Were it otherwise," Edouard resumed, "I could neither ask nor expect the Divine blessing. But seeing that the desire of my heart is in no way contrary to the will of God, I may hope that He will give it to me, if it seemeth Him good."

His voice was low, and broken with emotion, and it was some moments before Mademoiselle could answer him. Then she said, very sadly:

"Many a painful duty has fallen to my lot in life, but few, I think, more painful than that which lies before me now. M. de Sercourt, I respect and admire you with all my heart; still, if I have any power over Geneviève Montères, I must use it to prevent this thing!"

"For God's sake—*why?*" cried Edouard impetuously. He was not aware that he raised his voice, but it rang through the room and echoed in the corridor outside.

"Monsieur de Sercourt is a diligent student of the Holy Scriptures. He knows the Divine command, 'Be ye not unequally yoked together with unbelievers.'"

"But here is no question of unbelievers. Have I not said that Geneviève and I are truly one in faith and hope—that the differences between us are only superficial?"

"M. de Sercourt is indeed not far from the Kingdom of Heaven; but yet he stands without that Kingdom which is the Church of God."

"How can that be possible when I love God, and am as conscious of His love to me as I am of my own existence?"

"It is indeed a great mystery. I am bound to believe it, but I cannot reason about it,—at least not now. My heart is too sore, for you and for Geneviève—my poor little Geneviève!"

"*Oh!*" A flash of light crossed the darkness

of Edouard's pain and perplexity, prompting this sudden exclamation. Mademoiselle had unconsciously admitted much more than she intended. Perhaps this thought occurred to her own mind, for she hastened to add, "It has always been my hope that Geneviève would embrace the higher life."

"That is to say, that she would bury herself in some convent? I do not call *that* the higher life," rejoined Edouard scornfully.

"Nevertheless, our Saviour calls it so."

"*Where?*" he asked sharply, and, in truth, it would have taxed all the learning of Port Royal to find him an answer. So it was fortunate for Mademoiselle that he added, "But a truce to argument, since neither of us are fit for it just now. Mademoiselle, I am ready to acknowledge that you have, and ought to have, a large power over the life of Geneviève; but there are limits. *I* have also, as it seems to me, some right to be heard. Allowing that a young girl ought in these matters to be guided by her guardians, which of course is indubitable, what is to be done if her guardians disagree? Would it not then be the part of wisdom and of justice to ascertain if she herself has any decided preference, or the contrary?"

"In such matters good girls have no preferences and no wishes, save to do what is right —that is to say, to obey."

"But they may have their own opinions as to where their obedience is due. Mademoiselle, I claim but one right, and I think I am justified in making the claim—I shall speak to Geneviève myself."

"It is not doubtful what answer she will give you. Then why put her to this needless pain? Why disturb and trouble her mind? M. de Sercourt, be advised by me, and leave Geneviève in peace. She will never consent to a sin against God and her own conscience."

"How should I ask her to do so? If she think it sin, it would be sin for her. But I owe her the truth, and she shall have it from my lips. I may well claim this much on my part, since your influence over her is well-nigh unbounded, and you can use it as you please."

"We were speaking, not of influence, but of authority," said Mademoiselle.

"That, I think, you will hardly use," returned Edouard significantly.

Mademoiselle held her peace; for she was conscious that, after all, she had no legal authority over her *demoiselle*. Geneviève could leave her service to-morrow if she pleased, and if she could find any one to give her a safe and comfortable home. But the strength of her position lay in this—that she believed Geneviève would not please to do any such thing, that in fact she would rather die.

Edouard at last broke the silence. He advanced to the table, and took up the sealed parcel that lay upon it.

"There is no need to prolong this conversation," he said. "I fear we are not likely to arrive at a better understanding. But, if you will permit me, I will take these papers with me and examine them. If I attain the goal of my wishes, it is likely—so far as I now foresee—that they may lie unused for ever. On the other hand, if I fail, a fortune independent of me would be much more acceptable to the feelings of Geneviève. In that case it would become worth while to use every effort to recover for her a portion at least of her father's patrimony."

"Most certainly, M. de Sercourt; it is my wish that you should take the papers; and you will lay me under an obligation by examining them. Your sentiments now, as ever, do you infinite honour."

"And farther, may I ask the permission of Mademoiselle to wait upon Geneviève to-morrow?"

"It is full soon, Monsieur; and I must say that I regret your determination, though I do not feel at liberty to oppose it."

"Then, Mademoiselle, I have the honour to wish you good-day," said Edouard with a low and ceremonious bow, very different from his usual cordial, though always respectful, leave-taking.

But Mademoiselle advanced towards him with an outstretched hand, and a faint crimson on her worn and faded cheek.

"Do not be grieved with me, M. de Sercourt," she said, with a touch of *naïveté* not unbecoming to her. "You cannot know how much it costs me to oppose the dearest wish of your heart, perhaps also to——and you will never know it. I understand better than you think how young hearts suffer and break in silence; but I cannot act otherwise than I am doing. There is no discharge in this war. God's claim must be first; and I tell you plainly that I shall not fail to set that claim before Geneviève. If to this inevitable pain there must be joined the added pain of losing your friendship, there is no more to say, except only to ask your forgiveness, which I do very earnestly."

Edouard accepted the outstretched hand, bowed over it, and kissed it; but he could not say that he had nothing to forgive, or that he could forgive without a struggle. What he said was this: "I forgive you, Mademoiselle, as I hope to be forgiven. Mistaken as I think you now, I still believe you one of the noblest and saintliest women it has ever been my privilege to know. May God guide us both, and show us His will! For I warn you, on my part, that I will not surrender the dream of youth and the purpose of manhood without doing all that man may lawfully do to fulfil it. *Au revoir*, Mademoiselle!"

THE BEATITUDES.

BY THE REV. RICHARD GLOVER, BRISTOL.

VII.

"Blessed are the peacemakers: for they shall be called the children of God."—*Matt.* iii. 9.

IT is a blessed thing that each grace attained makes the attainment of other and higher graces possible. Purity of heart that sees God, has for ever after the great heart of God for the background of every picture. It sees the strifes of earth in the light of the grief they cause in heaven; the quarrels of His children in the light of the infinite heart so sorely wounded by them all.

And mercy comes to aid in healing the troubles of which purity has so clear a view. For mercy, bent on healing all sorrows of men, does not confine its regard to our poverty or bodily pain. It regards troubles of the heart as well. And in its luminous consideration of all human woes, gives, by the necessity of its wisdom, supreme regard to the chief of all woes, the parent of innumerable sorrows, the Discord which divides men from one another and from God.

By gradual development, therefore, all previous graces lead up to and are crowned by this grace of peacemaking.

Let us study it: considering—

I. Those Blessed: BLESSED ARE THE PEACEMAKERS.

II. Their Blessing; THEY SHALL BE CALLED THE CHILDREN OF GOD.

We begin with

I. Those Blessed: THE PEACEMAKERS.

If there is need of any grace in fullest exercise, it is of the grace of Peacemaking.

Peace is not a single advantage, one amongst many comforts, but it is the element in which all blessings thrive. Peace between individuals secures the joys of friendship: the flow of those fine sympathies which augment the delights of life, which quicken its intellectual forces, which soothe its sorrows. Peace permits the mutual trust which is the condition of all co-operation: and as man can do few things in this world single-handed, this co-operative trust is an essential condition of all social well-being. Where peace is in a family or community, it permits and promotes the development of all the finer qualities of the soul—of esteem, of affection, of the imitation of all that is good, of the concentration of the soul on goodness and on duty.

Where strife comes, detraction, envy, the turmoil of passion, self-contempt, degeneracy sets in, and with them "confusion and every evil work."

There is no waste of energies like that which takes place in discord.

In the conflicts of nations war stands conspicuous as the calamity costing most in treasure, in life, in trade, in happiness, in liberty (for freedom never grows when force is rampant) and yielding the least of all return in abiding good. In the family it changes what might be an Eden with every tree good for food, into a wilderness with thorns and briars.

There is nothing that wears men like strife. Nothing chills their hearts like it. There is no trouble like its suspense. No moral injury greater than that which it inflicts. It is the nurse of anger, unfairness, outrage, of pride, revenge, injustice. The old Hebrew vocabulary in the word Peace summed up all prosperity. Its "Peace be with you," was its universal benediction. So that if honourable usefulness has power to attract the heart, one might have reckoned that many would aspire to play the sacred part of peacemakers. But, alas! while peacebreakers are many, peacemakers are few; few having the purity, the mercy, and the depth of human interest to make them such.

For all of us have faults tending towards strife. Selfishness assumes that the interests of others are ever competing with its own. Greed does not take the necessary leisure to weigh the claims of others. Pride never deems itself sufficiently appreciated; nor can recognise the propriety of the will of others being consulted. Envy has a delight in detraction; rises higher in self-esteem, and thinks it rises in esteem of others, from disparagement of its fellows. Impatience unites with suspicion to assume the worst. Temper hurries suspicion into act or utterance. With each harsh word or deed the gulf is widened, and retaliation deepens mutual resentment.

There is, in addition, a strange law of nature, by which *we hate every one we injure.* He whom we have wronged is the man of all others we find hardest to forgive. And, injustice once done, enmity reigns in the heart that did it.

Fear, also, and timidity occasion feuds. We strike through fear of being struck, and do wrong through the nervous anxiety to prevent ourselves being wronged.

So that much in each one of us tends to produce discord, and much tends to augment discord between others. The cheapest and vilest form of sympathy we can offer is to condole with those who think themselves ill-used, and augment their indignation at their wrongs.

There is a sinister satisfaction felt at the troubles of others. We sow discord by our whispering what we should leave unsaid; by partial representation; by our flatteries of those present, and our disparagement of those absent; while few care to take the trouble of attempting

to compose the strife they see. An ignoble love of ease makes us decline the trouble; a shrinking from consequences makes us forbear to suggest the extenuating circumstances which would modify ill-will. It is a delicate, difficult, and generally painful work to endeavour to compose a quarrel, and few, accordingly, attempt it. Thus discord thrives, and homes that might be holy places, full of all delights, are made haunts of misery by strife. Churches split in factions and disintegrate in coldness. Nations run into wars so needlessly that subsequently all marvel at their entering them. And over the strife which thus desolates the world, the great Father-heart of God laments; marvelling at the waste of precious ointment, of powers, opportunities, and joys in needless conflicts.

But there are some who deplore this waste; whose hearts swell with pity over this weary world; some too saintly, too self-forgetful to do anything but deplore it, and labour to prevent its increase. Some have so drunk in the spirit of the great Peacemaker, that you may say of them "*They are in the world reconciling.*" Their acts, words, characters, all emit an influence of healing peace. Blessed are all classes of these Christ-like souls!

(1.) Blessed are *Those*, for instance, *that do all in their power to prevent peace being broken.*

There are such, not perhaps endued with the weight of character necessary to compose a quarrel, but still full of the ardent affections that are very potent in preventing quarrels arising. There are lives so affluent in friendships that they link multitudes of other lives together. There are generous natures, contact with whom always leaves you with a better estimate of your fellow-men; some who never feed a flame of ill-feeling; some have the faithfulness to give the good report of those disliked, and go through life making no enemies but many friends. In their lips the estranging sarcasm is not found, and in their hearts a cold indifference has no home. Some souls are so bright, and diffuse so much delight, that contention is kept out by joy. They are too loving to be scornful, or impatient, or unfair; not ready to "take up" an ill report; so good that they easily believe in goodness; so self-forgetful that injuries, unpleasant words, or unkindly acts take no root in their memory, and no grudge ever rises in their heart.

These peacekeepers are peacemakers, and if any in this world are blessed, it is those that help to bind their fellows to each other in bonds of mutual affection and esteem.

(2.) A second class who come in for this benediction consists of *Those who compose the strifes which disturb their fellows.*—It takes no slight eminence of character to exert a power like this! A shallow or ungenial nature cannot do it. You cannot unite two estranged hearts by simply reproving the faults from which the quarrel rose.

No fault-finder can be a peacemaker; for such work one must love both of those he would unite—be trusted by both. He must be distinctly free from the faults which in each offends the other. He must be willing to be accused of partiality, and temporarily suffer some abatement of affection. There must be in him a tender lowliness which will prevent his censure becoming offensive, through assumption of superiority. He must have that magnetism of the strong, child-like, kindly soul that draws men in the direction in which they should move. There are such souls, beautiful with every feature of grace.

Blessed are such, indeed! Priceless gifts of God! Happy the home with one such inmate! Happy the church with one such man in office—happy all at variance who can find one such true friend to compose their discords into harmony.

(3.) This word surely has a benediction for *The statesmen who seek to maintain peace between the nations of the earth.*

We are, alas! still far from that promised period when nations shall learn war no more. Three-and-a-half millions of men are under arms in Europe to day; a burden intolerable in its weight on the industry of every nation; an obstacle to its progress; an inflammable element lending itself easily to explosions; a willing tool for ambition or tyranny to employ. Of the wars of last century Earl Russell has said: "I do not see one of these wars in which, if there had been proper temper between the parties, the questions in dispute might not have been settled without recourse to arms." And a statesman still living (Mr. Bright) has passed the same verdict on the wars of this century, with the single exception of the great American war which terminated in the abolition of slavery. Yet who mourns the crimes of these needless wars? Who marks their folly, their mischief, their corrupting influence? The obstacles they present to the growth of liberty; the brutalisation of the conquering power; the despair of self-contempt or the absorption in the wasting ambition of revenge that comes to the conquered? The last war between France and Germany cost nearly 400 millions of money—and nearly 300,000 lives. And yet a few months ago, another war between the same two powers seemed on the point of breaking out which would doubtless have slain as many men and covered as many homes with the shadow of death. We in England are not without the guilt of blood upon our hands. Yet there are but few statesmen and few citizens alive to the evil of war. The fact that above all other courses war unites the maximum of disadvantage and of harm with the minimum of resultant good has not yet been realised by us. Some are, however, alive to these considerations, and have reached the wisdom from above which is pure, peaceable, easy to be entreated. There are statesmen and citizens who allay the ambitions which lead nations wrong; who hold the golden rule of Christ to be the highest maxim of international wisdom—and who, strong in the justice they enthrone, are free from the wild alarms that so often betray unscrupulous nations into war. Such souls are embraced in this benediction. Pray God to enrich the nations of the world with such! And let us each in his station uphold all those who seek above all things to give "*Peace unto the people.*"

Not to multiply further classes which receive this benediction, note:—

(4.) That it includes also and specially *those who labour, and labour successfully, to make peace between man and God.*

There are some who mourn the distance and variance which keep men from enjoying the love of God, and set themselves to bring nigh those that are far off. The wisdom that wins souls belongs to them, and is no slight gift. It is chiefly a sublime love that clings to a redeeming God on the one hand, and to men needing redemption on the other. Blessed are they who have it. Their hearts are radiant with the joy unspeakable: their Saviour is the object of a gratitude that dominates the life. Their love is deep, and its keenest solicitude is that those dear to them may be saved. Moved by that love they seek to lead souls to Christ. They expound Him by their lives; they commend Him by their lips; they glorify Him by the bliss in which they live. They plead with men. They pray for men until, the influences of God working through them, and these blending with finest human influences proceeding from them, men wake to wisdom, seek their Saviour, and trust and live. Blessed above all other peacemakers are such!

Let my reader reflect on these things. We have all great reconciling power, if we will but use it. Let us remember that whatever we can do to maintain and develop true affection amongst men furthers every kind of good. Value highly the gift of a friend, the worth of your brethren. Impair no kindly regard men feel for others. Guard more sacredly every friendship. Let no chill touch your own love for those dear to you. Leave it to the foolish to take offence—it is a kingly glory, as Solomon has taught us, to "pass by a matter." Once lost, it is not easy to restore mutual love. Life is too brief for experiments on estrangement. When there is no virtue that is more richly its own reward, let us at any cost endeavour to attain the Christ-like glory of peacemaking.

But if there is such need of peacemakers and such value in this service, consider secondly:

II. Their blessedness: THEY SHALL BE CALLED THE CHILDREN OF GOD.

The Saviour promises a great distinction: that *they shall be specially owned by God, as full of His own life and Spirit; as the divinest souls on earth; as thus likest to God in heart, in feeling;* fittest for His use and richest in the honour He bestows.

In this word the Saviour assumes they are sons of God, and promises they shall be owned as such.

They are sons of God. There is no greater proof of our sonship to God than brotherhood to man. If filial, you are sure to be fraternal. Love Him that begat and you love those begotten of Him.

The true children of God are all marked on the brow, and the love that maketh peace is their divine stamp. God is a God of peace; Jesus came to this world to be "our Peace." The great element of salvation is, "peace through the blood of His cross." The quickened heart, therefore, sets Peace before it supremely, clearly, as that for which it is to aim.

When the pure heart has seen the Lord, men are seen in all their preciousness to Him, and the filial soul fears to grieve the Father-heart by word or deed unkind to them. The desire of God that we should dwell in love is recognised, and the heart seeks to realise it.

The great God is ceaselessly playing the Peacemaker. By the nature He gives us, framed for loving, finding bliss in love and misery in the absence of it, He promotes peace amongst men.

When the great gulf seemed fixed between us and Him, He threw Himself into that gulf and by the sacrifice of Himself made peace for us. And the passion of God's heart being a yearning for the reconciliation of all, none carry such outward sign of inward sonship as those whom the very Spirit of Christ constrains to be peacemakers.

Let us ponder this, and measure our sonship accordingly. And peacemakers being children of God, the promise runs that they will be *owned as such.*

There are strange endorsements that come to gracious lives even now. Men have not always to wait for heaven to hear the "Well done, good and faithful servant" uttered to them, nor for the final manifestation to have their good made known. Acknowledgment and manifestation come often here. "There's a divinity doth hedge" a saint as well as a king; a mystic atmosphere surrounds the good; approvals from on high bring men to worship at the feet of those that are God-like, and to know that God has loved them. And though no aureole of outward glory encircles their brow, yet men know the peacemakers as heaven's finest work and God's dearest children.

Their words carry strange weight, as if oracles of God. The "still small voice" of their gentle wisdom haunts the memory and penetrates the soul. Their sufferings—for all reconcilers have a cross—are so kindred with those of Jesus, and their meek endurance recalls so clearly that of the Saviour, that somehow all feel the peacemakers near them to be owned and honoured of God, living in His light, stamped as His own dear children. That owning, here, is a great thing; let us seek to gain it.

And yet there is something more than this. The dread day is coming when all shall be manifested, and receive the retribution which is their condemnation or their reward. To stand approved on that day will be the infinite delight, as to be disowned by the Judge of all will be the unspeakable dismay.

There will be degrees in the glory, and distinctions in the rewards above. Some will "*hardly* enter the kingdom of God," their elementary contrition having merely started them on the path of life. Some will be richly rewarded as good and faithful servants, and will enter into the joy of their Lord.

But in that day the peacemakers, more than penitents, higher than servants, shall be owned as sons, with the richest, most endeared, and delightful of all welcomes, as sons of God, heirs

AN AUTUMN SUNSET.

of God, joint heirs with Christ, fittest of all souls for His highest heavenly work and service. It is almost incredible that such glory should be within our reach. But it is so. Let us aspire more worthily. Let us repent of the much we have done to promote dispeace, and the little we have done to cherish peace amongst men. With all the ardour of our being let us seek those things which make for peace; that in the great day which is so nigh at hand we may find ourselves with all the peacemakers, amongst those who have the bliss of being owned as the children with most of their Father's likeness, the saints who have caught most of the Saviour's glory.

An Autumn Sunset.

ONCE more the land hath rest, its strivings done,
Its crown of harvest won;
The days are brief and chill,
The golden rod has faded on the hill,
But in the sunset summer lingers still,
And shows what promise lies
In the far vistas of November skies.

Still in the woods some lovely things abound
Where the last leaves are found:
Where lichens green and grey
Hang their crisp fringes on the empty spray,
And scarlet berries lean across the way,
While glowing brambles tell
How gaily Autumn weaves her banners of farewell.

The red-brown furrows where the floods have been
Show silvery lines between;
Within them, cradled deep,
The tender nurslings of the future sleep;
And while above their rest the storm-winds sweep,
They whisper under breath
Of hope outlasting fear, of life that masters death.

For He who wrought the lily's robe of white
Keeps its least root in sight;
Beneath His rule secure
No flower can fade till next year's bloom is sure.
Alike through Spring and fall His covenants endure;
By His smile overshone,
The world rejoicing sings when summer days are gone.

We, too, would keep through life's November days
The power to love and praise,
And with the faith that springs
Most fair in sorrow, trust our precious things
To the safe shadow of His covering wings,
Till heaven at last restore
The treasures lost on earth, to fade again no more.

MARY ROWLES.

PALESTINE IN TRANSITION.

III.—THE JORDAN VALLEY CANAL

THE idea of a valley canal through Palestine, as a short route from Europe to India, is by no means a new one. It was advocated by Captain Allen, R.N., in a work published in the year 1855, entitled, "The Dead Sea: a New Route to India." The author wrote unfavourably of the then rival Suez Canal project, on account of the bad approaches to the isthmus through the Nile Delta. Although M. de Lesseps' scheme has been successfully carried into effect, there have not been wanting, during the last few years, influential advocates of the alternative route through the Jordan Valley, which, as it seemed to them, existed almost ready to hand as a natural highway to the East. Two companies were formed to carry out the project, one under the Duke of Marlborough, and the other under the Duke of Sutherland. The lamented General Gordon was greatly in favour of the scheme. A sum of 10,000*l.* was subscribed by the promoters to make the preliminary surveys, and to obtain the necessary permission from the Sultan to do so.

It will be worth while to give some particulars of the scheme as it was propounded, especially as the recent engineering surveys of the route have brought some new and important facts of Palestinian geography to light, and raised some momentous geological considerations as to the consequences which would follow any considerable interference with the statical condition of the great Jordan valley.

The promoters of this new route to India proposed an engineering feat of an astounding character. They would have filled up the grand Jordan Valley to the brim, by letting into it the waters of the Mediterranean. This portentous proceeding would, indeed, be indispensable to the scheme, owing to the vast difference in level between the Mediterranean and the Jordanic waters.

In the first place, a canal would be cut from the Bay of Acre across to the Jordan. The cutting would be two hundred feet wide and forty feet deep. It would debouch into the Jordan some little distance south of the Sea of Galilee. From this point, the Jordan Valley is in the required southerly direction to the Dead Sea. South of the Dead Sea another canal

would be cut, reaching to the Gulf of Akabah, at the head of the Red Sea. The whole length of the canal-route from the Mediterranean to the Red Sea would be two hundred and fifty miles.

The Jordan Valley route to India thus involves the tremendous task of equalising the widely discrepant levels of the Mediterranean and the Jordan river. In its present natural condition, the stream winds along at the bottom of an enormously deep fissure valley, 700 feet below the Mediterranean at the Sea of Galilee, and nearly twice that depth at the Dead Sea. Thus the Jordan Valley, if filled to the brim from the sea as proposed, would be connected with a vast inland lake, 140 miles long and about ten miles wide. The height of such a lake would be 1292 feet above the present level of the Dead Sea.

This project, if carried out, would be far more destructive of the great natural and historical features of the Holy Land than the Acre and Damascus railway. Fortunately, from this point of view, the latest survey of the route, by the officers of the Palestine Exploration Fund, shows the scheme to be impracticable. Moreover, and apart from the physical difficulties, it cannot be doubted that the sentiment of all Christendom would make itself conclusively felt against any engineering enterprise which, as will be shown, would permanently efface some of the chief scenes of our Saviour's earthly ministry.

A glance at a physical map of Palestine will show what would take place if the proposed canal were constructed, and the higher waters of the Mediterranean were allowed to flood the low-lying Jordan Valley. At the Sea of Galilee the incoming waters would swamp the country all around, and sink the well-known scenes of our Lord's ministration deep beneath the sea.

Among the sacred sites which would be for ever lost to the eye of man would be the Land of Gennesaret, the towns "wherein most of His mighty works were done;" the plain whereon the five thousand and the three thousand were miraculously fed; the country of the Gadarenes and Gergesenes; the sites of Magdala and Capernaum—our Lord's "own city," (Matthew, ix. 1). It was in Capernaum that Christ cured Peter's mother-in-law, restored the paralytic, healed the centurion's servant, raised Jairus's daughter from the dead, and obtained the tribute of money from the mouth of a fish. It was here that He spake the parables of the sower, the tares, the treasure hid in a field, the merchant seeking goodly pearls, and the net cast into the sea. But the proposed flooding of the Jordan Valley would sink Capernaum five hundred feet beneath the sea.

Farther south the submergence would be on a still larger scale. The Dead Sea, as we have seen, would be submerged 1200 feet. Among the sites which would be irrevocably lost to the world would be John the Baptist's first station on the Jordan, near Jericho, where Jesus was baptised; Bethabara, where John pointed out Jesus to Andrew and John; and the site of Jericho.

Such, in the first instance, would be some of the unspeakably calamitous results if the Jordan Valley Canal were ever constructed. The remoter geological consequences on the country and its inhabitants of so tremendous an interference with a stupendous feature of the earth's surface would still remain to be faced. What those consequences would probably be, in the opinion of well-known geologists, it would be well to mention.

There is good reason to believe that the admission of so vast a body of water as would raise the level of the Dead Sea some 1300 feet, would at the same time set the country in a volcanic blaze. The bed of the Jordan Valley cannot be considered watertight, and the leakage must sometimes penetrate dangerously near the igneous rocks which are known to be present there.

The existence of such rocks has been proved up to quite a recent period. Along the whole line of the Jordan Valley, hot springs are by no means rare. Vulcanicity is not yet effete; and though the craters of Galilee and Bashan no longer smoke, the inhabitants were unmistakably reminded of their proximity to one of the earth's great fissure-lines by the earthquake in 1837, which killed thousands of persons and utterly destroyed the town of Tiberias. Such facts as these lend weight to the following remarks by Professor Hudleston, F.R.S., who has recently had occasion to treat of the geological issues involved in the Jordan Valley Canal scheme:

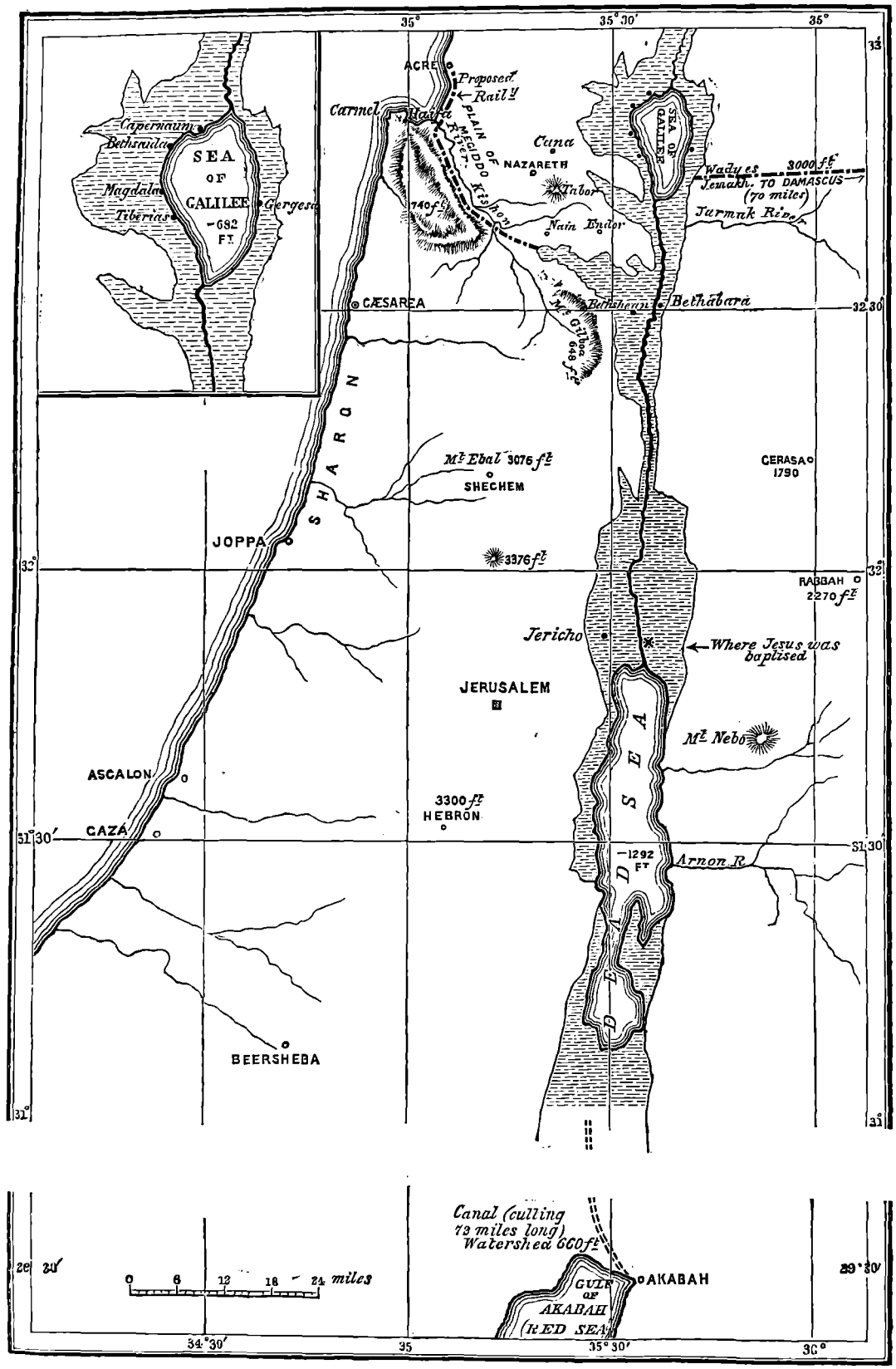
"The immense pressure of the waters proposed to be admitted into the Jordan Valley from the Mediterranean might force the liquid through some of the old cracks, and thus renew volcanic activity with destructive effect. It would be much better for the people of Damascus to be content with a railway than to run the risk of setting the Ledja and the Hauran once more in a blaze."[1]

Three large volcanic areas lie to the east and north-east of Lake Tiberias, besides numerous smaller basaltic flows on either side of the valley. There have been in pre-historic times abundant volcanic outbreaks all over Galilee, the most important of which may be found in the Safed mountains. Singularly enough, as Professor Hull has recently pointed out, these outbreaks occurred at a time when the Jordan Valley was actually inundated (without human agency) by a bulk of waters like that which to-day is proposed to be admitted by artificial means. Professor Hull agrees with the authority already quoted in conjecturing the last great outbreak of volcanic action by the Jordanic fissure to be connected with the filling up of the great Jordan Valley during the "Pluvial Period." The proximity of large sheets of water is indispensible to volcanic action; and at the pre-historic period already mentioned, "under very considerable depth and pressure, it is probable that the lower waters were forced through to the internal heated masses below: here they set in action the subterranean laboratories which gave such striking evidence of their proximity in the great sheets

[1] *Presidential Address to the Geologists' Association*, vol. ix. p. 103.

MAP OF PROPOSED INLAND LAKE IN PALESTINE,

SHOWING SCRIPTURE SCENES THAT WOULD BE SUBMERGED 600 TO 1200 FEET BY THE JORDAN VALLEY CANAL SCHEME.



The map also shows the route of the proposed first Palestine railway (Acre to Damascus) and the route of the proposed canal (Acre to Red Sea). Figures with the minus sign prefixed indicate the present depth below sea-level, viz. −1292 feet. The map of the Sea of Galilee shows also New Testament sites which would be sunk beneath the sea (500–600 feet) by the Jordan Valley Canal scheme.

and streams of lava which have overflowed the regions on both sides of the Jordan Valley."

But, as we have already intimated, there is no prospect of the Jordan Valley Canal scheme being carried out. It is true there are some who, like the late General Gordon, support the project as fulfilling the words of prophecy (Ezek. xlvii. 8–10): "These waters issue forth toward the eastern region, and shall go down into the Arabah. . . . And it shall come to pass that fishers shall stand by it; from En-gedi even unto Eneglaim shall be a place for the spreading of nets." Apart from the conjectural interpretation of prophecy, it may be assumed that the general feeling of all Bible-loving peoples would be strongly against an enterprise which, when once accomplished, would be irrevocable in its consequences, and would rob posterity for all time of rights equal to our own, and of unspeakably precious opportunities which former generations have enjoyed of looking upon the consecrated sites of the Holy Land.

It may be well to mention that obstacles of another kind, and quite independent of the interpretation of prophecy, have been discovered during the recent surveys of the proposed route. It is now found that the height of the land between the Dead Sea and the Red Sea is hopelessly adverse to the cutting of a ship canal. The work would be of a nature unparalleled in the history of engineering. The length of such a cutting would be seventy-four miles, and its maximum depth as much as 700 feet. Even the average depth would be no less than 260 feet. It is hardly surprising, under these circumstances, that the scheme of a Palestine route to India by the Jordan Valley is practically in abeyance.

H. W.

Things New and Old.

WHAT CONSTITUTES A GOOD HYMN.—A correspondent writes:—In compiling a list of hymns for the competition recently proposed, I was struck by the curious influence which fashion exercises even on things apparently quite out of her sphere. This led me to reflect on the qualities which constitute a good hymn, as distinguished from a religious poem—a distinction not always observed in our collections. A good hymn should be: 1. Simple. 2. Musical. 3. Devotional—not theological: and 4, It should express, without unreality or exaggeration, the feelings of a congregation. I emphasise the last canon because it is one against which many of our most popular hymns offend grievously. Simplicity is the first requisite. This will exclude many lovely poems. The second is music. It does not follow that really good poetry can always be sung, though bad poetry ought to be banished from the service of God. Against this rule the old hymns offend more than the modern, though the latter are not always faultless. That a hymn should not be a theological statement (still less a controversial one) would seem self-evident, yet how many find a place in our collections which can be called nothing else. The last canon is perhaps difficult of application; if taken strictly, it might shut out many of our most precious possessions in spiritual song. It is to be feared that few whole congregations enter into the spirit of "How sweet the Name of Jesus sounds," or even of the popular hymn, "Just as I am;" but it is quite certain that they cannot, and indeed ought not to feel that weariness of the world, and discontent with their appointed work in it, which are expressed in "O Paradise" and others, even in parts of "Jerusalem the Golden." Yet these are set to exquisite music, and whole congregations stand up and sing them, without apparently a misgiving as to their own sincerity. Surely such unreality in worship must tend to unreality elsewhere. Perhaps, if we went back to the old models, we might find a healthier tone and a more truly devotional spirit. Ken's Morning Hymn, Toplady's "Rock of Ages," for example, are better expressions of the church's faith, hope, and devotion than most even of the really beautiful poetry of the present day. The habit of introspection prevails too much, and many of our (so-called) hymns are really meditations, scarcely adapted for public worship. There is one point on which I have not touched. One does not like to think that the writers and singers of hymns can forget that "reverence and holy fear," which are the first requisites in drawing nigh unto God. Yet it must be said that some of the most popular hymns are expressed in terms of familiarity deeply painful to a devout mind. I might give instances, but should probably cause pain to some who love these hymns, so I will leave the subject without illustration, only reminding my readers that though "the Word was made flesh," and "is not ashamed to call" us His "brethren," yet He is still our Lord and Master, and surely the "Name which is exalted above every name" ought not to be handled with the rough familiarity used toward a comrade. Let us never forget that prayer and praise are a privilege.—*M. C. Y.*

STABILITY AND INSTABILITY.—Nothing isolates a man more for action than unsteadiness of purpose; no talents, nor amiability, nor even purity of intentions can make amends. There is a kind of respect for the man who goes on resolutely in a mistaken course, but only contempt for him who is always wavering in the right. If we would have influence, we should bear in mind that the world is not governed by men of talent so much as by men of will. Some may think very little of the importance of influence; but in whatever sphere we are, our influence is the measure of our power for good. It is the accumulated capital of a good man, impalpable but real, and often more precious than gold. We have seen it growing, as a shadow grows with a tree, longer, broader, deeper, till it becomes a shelter and solace to all about it. The very look, the thought of these men gives a sense of confidence to people in perplexity. They are to be found in all ranks and classes, and society could not exist without them. They are the building stones in its walls, and our homes are more indebted to them than to the carved topstones which the multitude admire; or they are the steadfast lighthouses on the shore of the unstable sea, doing more for the world's good than the flashing meteors which burn themselves out in the higher air. It is a just ambition to be a quiet, fixed light for some few souls around us; and when excellence is weighed by Him who holds the balance, it will receive its due: "Thou hast been faithful over a few things, I will make thee ruler over many things."—*Ker's Sermons.*

BOHEMIAN CHURCH IN NEW YORK.—About eleven years ago, in 1877, a mission agency was established by the Presbyterians in New York, for the benefit of the numerous emigrants from Bohemia and other European lands where the Czeck language prevails. The mission pastor, the Rev. Gustav Alexy, died in January 1880. It was found, at his funeral, that among the half million of Czecks in the

United States there was not a single Protestant minister who could officiate in the native tongue. A young student, Vincent Pisek, undertook to carry on the mission, while at the same time attending to his own theological studies. Mainly by the exertion of this young missionary, the work grew till there are now several stations where services are occasionally held, and there are three Sunday schools. The main station is in the basement of an Episcopal Church in Seventieth Street. Mr. Pisek says that within a short radius he knows of fifteen hundred families which could be reached, and probably attracted to regular services, if a proper church were provided. We trust that this may be obtained, as all Anglo-Saxon communities are under obligation to the ancient Bohemian Church.

A Reminiscence.—Some fifteen years ago a young Cambridge undergraduate was travelling in his holiday in the Lake country. He was separated from his companions, and happened to get a seat in a corner of a railway-carriage which was filled with young men. The train drew up at a railway-station and a gentleman opened the door and handed him a tract. This young Cambridge undergraduate was not an altogether thoughtless man with regard to religious things; but, alas! he was at that time destitute of real spiritual grace, content with merely going once or twice to the house of God on Sunday and with trying to live as far as possible, as he thought, a moral life. But if there was one thing which he despised more than another, it was the giving of a tract. He did not see why men should push their religion down other men's throats and make a public display of what they believed. He refused the tract—of course it was offered to the next man in the carriage, and he likewise refused; because, you know, young men are like a flock of sheep, and where one leads the others are pretty sure to follow; so the tract was offered all round the railway carriage and every one refused it. The gentleman who offered the tract shut the door with a sigh and said, "Gentlemen, remember you have a soul," and went away. Those simple words fell like a stone in a stagnant pool on that young man's heart. "Remember you have a soul;" at first he got angry. "Why," he thought, "did he want to tell me I have got a soul? I know I have got a soul as well as he." But, nevertheless, the words sank in, hammered by the power of God's Holy Spirit. The very thud of the engine seemed to say, "Remember you have a soul." The words stuck and went home, and when he went back to Cambridge he allied himself with some young men there who taught him the word of God "more perfectly." He entered the ministry of Christ's Church, and that young Cambridge undergraduate is the speaker who is addressing you to-night. I shall never, I suppose, clasp that man's hand here on earth, for it is impossible for me ever to find out who it was that spoke those faithful words; but I hope one day to meet that man in glory, and next to my Lord Jesus Christ, to thank him for those words in that railway-carriage, and to bless God through all eternity for having brought them home to my heart.—*Rev. E. A. Stuart, at the Religious Tract Society's Meeting.*

The first Home Mission.—We cannot tell certainly who was the first foreign missionary. The greatest who ever lived or laboured was probably the Apostle Paul. But we can scarcely say he was the first. Peter was before him when he preached to Cornelius the centurion, and Philip the Evangelist when he brought the Ethiopian eunuch to the faith of Christ, and sent him with the tidings into the heart of dark and oppressed Africa. But we know who was the first home missionary. It was Andrew, when he first got to know Christ, and then went to his brother Simon, and said to him, "We have found the Christ. And he brought him to Jesus."—*Ker's Sermons.*

THAT WONDERFUL SIGHT.

I DREAMED that I was living in my own home, and that it was summer-time. Everything was going on as usual in my home; one day, with its accustomed round of duties passed; another came and took its place, and nothing remarkable happened. In fact, several weeks it seemed to me went by, before there came news—chiefly through the newspapers—of serious and rapidly-increasing sickness, either in the North of England or Scotland. It was striking down large numbers of people, and spreading like the very plague itself. Several clergymen, missionaries, and other good people, the papers said, went in and out among the sick, but they seemed unable to resist the terrible infection, and several were stricken and died. Others went to fill their places, but they too, shared a like fate. It was summer-time, as I have said, and the sick who were increasing at a fearful rate, camped out on the open plains. Time passed on, the papers grew more and more full of it, scarcely any other news could find a place. The number of those willing to care for the sick and dying was at last exhausted, through death or fear. The stricken people seemed to belong more or less to a particular class—rough mining people—who, the papers testified, had led wild and evil lives, and it came to be considered, by those who were afraid to venture near them, that this sickness was the judgment of God upon them and their families, and that it was no sin to leave them to their fate.

But something far more remarkable in the way of news was getting abroad. It was reported that some unknown person had taken compassion on the suffering multitudes; whether minister, physician, or who, was not known; but it appeared that he was free from all dread of infection, and utterly indifferent to fatigue, and that he never left this wide scene of sickness and death at any time. His purpose seemed, not so much to effect cures, as to comfort, sustain, and bless. Not many days passed before it was further reported that this Stranger—the only true Friend these poor people now had—was none other than the Lord Jesus Christ: who, seeing them forsaken by all, and left to die by hundreds and thousands, without help or pity, had Himself come to minister to their sore needs, and to sustain them in the hour of death.

Most people—nearly all, it seemed to me—utterly rejected the whole story; and no one that I came across expressed the slightest belief in it. As for me, I so wished it might be true, that I was inclined to believe it; but I dared not express my feeling to those who looked upon the whole story as a make-up from beginning to end. One thing was certain; if this Stranger were not the Lord Himself, he certainly bore a very strong resemblance to Him. Probably several thought just as I did, but, like me, kept their thoughts to themselves.

More time of indifference passed, when there came a day on which, for some reason not clear to me, all at once every one believed it. Families were broken up, homes deserted; the one aim of every single being was to get to that vast plain of sickness, and see for themselves that wonderful Stranger. In a few hours—so it appeared in my dream—I lost sight of my father, brothers and sisters, and friends. I had no idea where any of them were; but I knew what their destination would be, and I determined to follow. I left the house and all it contained without any concern, and made my way to one of the large London stations where I

might take train for the North. I had to thread my way through crowds of people, the like of which I had never seen; they were so eager, yet so quiet. Most of them seemed poor, very poor, and haggard-looking, a great many with young children in their arms. The words—"Come unto Me, all ye that labour and are heavy-laden," rose to my mind as I saw them. In the station itself were rows of long trains, with engines all pointing one way. Every platform was closely packed with people; yet there was a strange absence of confusion and noise. Every carriage was crammed. It was soon clear to me that not another person could be accommodated, and the trains would soon be starting. I caught hold of one of the guards and begged him to find room for me somewhere in one of the trains now going off. "Anywhere, or anyhow, will do," I said. He tried to shake me off, telling me it was quite impossible to find room: but I would not give up, and followed him wherever he went, until, after more pleading, he said, "If you like to stand in a crowded carriage all the way, you can go." I consented gladly enough, and felt tolerably comfortable, until the train, with its enormous weight, got into full swing, and then I began to feel sick and giddy, and almost lost my senses.

Hour after hour we were whirled and swayed along, the train seldom stopping, as no one wished to get out; and to admit any one was impossible. When we reached our destination it was afternoon or evening, and I alighted with the other passengers. My limbs felt stiff and sore, but I was able to walk slowly, and I betook myself quietly and alone (for my fellow-passengers, more able to hasten, were far ahead of me) to the borders of a vast multitude stretching over a plain. My plan was to go quietly and cautiously to work, and to find out all I could for myself, without asking others. I looked around me before getting myself entangled with the crowds, and saw at no great distance a poor-looking shed. I made my way to it, and crept in. A man was lying there on a straw pallet, wasted and ravaged by sickness, and apparently near his end. I have a great horror of deadly and contagious sickness; I had this same horror, strong and real, in my dream. I could not bear to think that I was being infected with such a loathsome disease; I felt as if I could neither look at nor touch him. Yet this man, if only he could be roused to consciousness, would be able to give full particulars of all I wanted to know. If the Saviour were really here, he must have seen Him; his need was so great, his sickness so sore. I felt I could rely upon the testimony of a dying man, so, conquering my feelings of dread, I crouched down on the ground beside him, and by-and-by succeeded in rousing him a little from his stupor. I asked him the simplest question I could think of.

"Does a doctor ever come and see you?"

"No," he said, in a very feeble voice.

"Have you a nurse?"

"No;" as if he had only strength to utter that one word.

I longed to ask another question, but did not like to run the risk of having that listless "No" again; and yet I could see he would soon sink into a stupor if I left off speaking. I bent over him eagerly.

"Or *any one?*" I said.

He looked at me in a half-questioning way, as if he thought I knew more about it than he did, and tried hard to collect himself. It seemed to me he said "Yes," with more energy than he had said "No."

Kneeling down beside him,——

"Is it true," I said—"do tell me—that Jesus Christ is about here among the sick, and that you have seen Him?"

I saw that I had roused him, his face looked bright and intelligent.

"It *is* true," he said. "He was here this morning."

"Oh, can you tell me," I cried, "where He is now? How can I find Him? Where shall I go?"

In my eagerness I should have left the hut to enquire of some one else, when the man held out his feeble hand.

"My child," he said, "come here. Look at me: I am dying. In a few hours, at most, I shall be gone. Now, He has promised me that He will be with me when I die. Stay here with me—it will not be long—and you are sure to see Him."

He had made a great effort, and was now utterly exhausted. As I watched his death-like face, I could well believe I should not have to wait long. His last words, feebly as they were spoken, had opened for me the most wonderful prospect I had ever known; and nothing, I think, less powerful than death, could have kept me quiet. From time to time I did what little I could for his comfort, but he was past taking any notice of me, and seemed oblivious to everything. It was overwhelming to look round his shed, and think that but a few hours ago the Lord Jesus Himself had been here, that His hands had touched this man, this poor bed, this cup of cold water! Was He aware, at this very moment, of the sufferer's precise condition? Would He be able, with so many others around Him, to keep His promise? I looked at the poor being before me: a more emaciated, disfigured, pitiable object I had never even imagined. Who was he? I thought, and what had his past life been? What his sins? From a few muttered words here and there, I gathered that his sins had been many and great, his friends very few, his life rough and toilsome. And now, at last, he had found One who would be his Friend, who would put away from him for ever his grievous sins; who would, as it were, lift him into a life that should be beautiful and right. With what certainty he had said, "He will be with me when I die."

Daylight was fast fading, the man's life, too, was fading equally fast. His breathing was hard, his face pallid, his eyes glazed, his feet cold, his fingers chilly and stiff. The place grew darker and darker; the condition of my unknown patient was very serious. I knew he would never speak again; the last word he had uttered was the name of his one Friend, and that was before the darkness had come upon us. I crept as close to him as I could; all fear of being near him and touching him had vanished. I wondered whether any consciousness were left in him, and whether he still believed that Jesus Christ would be with him. His hand was too feeble to clasp mine; death was coming on rapidly, I knew, though I could not see his face, and in a few minutes, nay, in a few moments, his last, last breath would come. Tears filled my eyes; here was Death, and all was dark and lonely! But what is this?—The shed is light—radiant like the sun, white and soft like the moon; there is the sound of a footstep—near—close to the very doorway—the shadow of a Presence!—when, alas! my dream ends, and I have not seen Him after all!

This was but a dream, and ended, as dreams mostly do, in disappointment. I tell it as a dream, without attempting to transform it into a perfect allegory. The great Healer is ever moving to and fro among sin-sick men; and does not wait till they are at the last gasp to bestow His mercy.

Dreams are uncertain things; at any moment you may wake up and find everything unreal. Our lives are just the reverse of dreams; they are real; and it is certain that at the end of those lives—whether they be long or short—good or evil—we all shall see Jesus Christ the Saviour. Near to the end of the Bible we may read these words: "Every eye shall see Him." That must mean your eyes and mine. The journey—that is your life—the journey which is taking you to Him, has already begun; it began the day you were born. To some the journey is long, to

others short; to some it is rough, to others smooth; but the end, in this one respect, is the same. To hear of any one you are never likely to see is not very interesting; but when you hear of Jesus Christ, you may feel certain that one day you will see Him for yourself.

Now, if you knew that on a certain day in the future you would see the Queen face to face, what preparations you would make, what pains would be taken to improve your dress, your looks, your manners. Yet for the coming of a far greater event little preparation is sometimes made; as though it might, perchance, never come to pass at all; until the end is so near that there can be no longer any doubt that the meeting is close at hand.

Others again think of it, but it is with fear and dread. They have no wish to look upon Jesus Christ their Saviour; and the anticipation of it often makes their lives miserable. But to some the thought of seeing their Saviour is a bright and beautiful prospect, enough, and more than enough, to make up for all their troubles here below. The feeling that each day is bringing them nearer to Him fills them with joy, not with fear. And how is this? You know what makes us longing and eager to see some people; so much so, that we count the hours and minutes to the time of meeting. It is because we love them. And if we love Jesus Christ, the thought of seeing Him will make for us a beautiful and blessed future. Well, indeed, will it be for us if we learn to love Him before the time comes for seeing Him; and it is sure to come. Does it seem to you a difficult thing to love One whom you have not seen? Remember that though you do not see Him, He sees you; your faces and forms, your actions and ways are all familiar to Him.

He says—"Blessed are they that have not seen, and yet have believed." And what are you to believe about this Jesus whom you cannot see? First, that He died for you; second, that He loves you; third, that He sees you always, and knows all about you. This is a great deal to know about any one, is it not? And with so much knowledge, the seeing Him face to face may well wait a little while. You may, if you will, know your Saviour, be more intimate with Him, than with many whom you actually see. He should be not only your future joy, but your present possession—and ever-present Friend. Are there not people whom you see often and often—perhaps every day—whom yet you know very little of, and care very little for? Seeing is not everything. Try to believe in Jesus Christ, try to believe in His love for you, His interest in you, and then He will be to you as one "Whom, having not seen, you love."

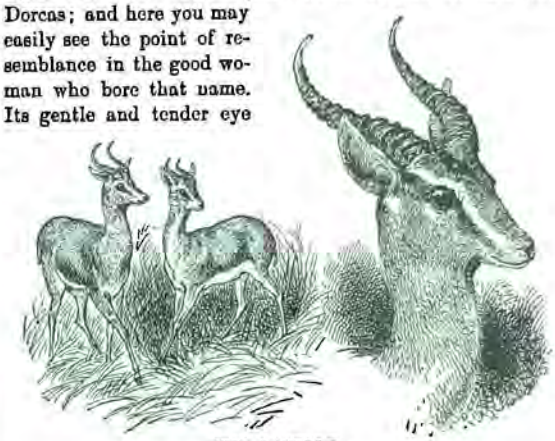
LILIAN DORLING.

NATURAL HISTORY NOTES

ON THE REVISED VERSION OF THE BIBLE.

NO. IX.—GAZELLE.

THE mention of the gazelle takes us almost out of the region of fact and natural history into that of poetry and imagination. There are several books in the Bible exclusively poetical, and in many of the others are found snatches of true eastern poetry. In nearly every one of these the gazelle is mentioned—its grace, its tenderness, its swift and supple limbs are freely in request to adorn the sketches drawn by the hand of passionate love. Asahel, the youngest of Zeruiah's three sons, is as light of foot as a wild roe; the name alone brings before us the lithe and wiry frame of the young warrior as he speeds after Abner, sturdy and perhaps somewhat slow with age. Isaiah wishes to sketch the forlorn state of a captured city, and he adverts to the gazelle run out of breath, panting and timid, seeking any covert from her deadly foes. In the sad dirge where David heaps up every tribute of love to the memory of his lost Jonathan, he calls him, "the gazelle of Israel," the pride of the nation, as the gazelle is the pride of the wilderness. There is here also some allusion to lightness of foot; for, in the same chapter, Jonathan is said to be swifter than an eagle. The speed here spoken of is not mere poetry; matter-of-fact historians tell us that the gazelle of the Syrian desert was so swift as quite to tire out one or more horses; indeed, it was necessary for the mounted huntsmen to station themselves along the line of its flight, and for a second rider to take up the running when the first one's horse was tired. The Greek name for this animal was Dorcas; and here you may easily see the point of resemblance in the good woman who bore that name. Its gentle and tender eye



THE GAZELLE.

speaks of womanly feeling, and a kind nature towards all around. Solomon, in the Proverbs, alludes to it in the same sense. The wife of one's youth is compared to the tender gazelle—faithful to its mate, and testifying its faithfulness by loving companionship. But it is in the Song of Songs above all that Solomon pictures his favourite. The bride in that poem sees her beloved bounding along the hills, and hastening towards her home with all the agility of the gazelle; then, with mute appeal, he looks in at the windows, knowing that he is welcome, yet waiting for the certainty that the open door will give. His feeding-place, too, is along hills fringed with groves of spicy shrubs. The bridegroom, in his response, has recourse to like figures, in order to describe the bride's beauty; and further invites her to join him that they may go forth like two roes to feed on the grassy plains, where the red lilies brighten up the fresh verdure.

When we look at the several passages, and compare the former version with the Revised, there appears to be no regular principle of translation. In the Hebrew there is only one word employed in the passages to which we have referred; but in the later English, sometimes *gazelle* takes the place of *roebuck*, and *roebuck* of *hart*. In other passages the word *roe* keeps its place; in others again *gazelle* is only put in the margin, as if we might use it or not.

Perhaps it is quite as well that the translators have not been too precise. The Hebrew word, it is well understood, may stand not for the gazelle only, but for any species of antelope, of which there are several kinds. In Africa, particularly at the present day, many species are known. Probability, however, is in favour of the gazelle, which is common in the countries known to the Hebrews, more particularly in Egypt, Palestine, and the Syrian desert.

No exact references to Scripture have been given in this paper. We will conclude by naming the various points touched upon; those who like to find them out will see the references to the texts later on.

EITHER GAZELLE OR ROE.

1. It is timid.
2. It is hunted.
3. It is an emblem of swiftness.
4. It feeds among the lilies.

THE SUNDAY AT HOME

O DAY MOST CALM, MOST BRIGHT! . . .
THE WEEK WERE DARK BUT FOR THY LIGHT.—*Herbert.*

GENEVIÈVE;

A STORY OF OLD FRANCE.

POOR LITTLE ZORO.

CHAPTER XXIII.—CONFLICT.

"I could not love thee, dear, so much,
Loved I not honour more."

THE next day Edouard presented himself at the gate of the Hotel de Roannez. The porter, who knew him well as a *habitué* of the house, informed him that M. le Duc was from home, and that Mademoiselle did not "receive," since Madame la Duchesse was seriously indisposed.

Edouard expressed suitable concern, and then

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inquired for Mademoiselle Montères. He was conducted to the parlour where his last interview with Mademoiselle had taken place; and there he found Geneviève, who rose to meet him, her look, which had been grave and anxious when he entered, changing rapidly with the bright flush of welcome which lent an added charm to her lovely face. As Edouard drew near to salute the hand she held out to him, he stumbled over something on the floor, which seemed to his imperfect sight a shapeless bundle of black and scarlet.

"Ah, Monsieur, take care!" she said, as, with a light and graceful touch, which none the less sent a quiver through the strong man's frame, she piloted him safely past the obstacle to a seat near her. "That is poor little Zoro. I found him sobbing at the door of the chamber of Madame; her women would not let him in, and the lacquais outside mocked and teased him, calling him, as they all do, a mischievous little plague. So I brought him here, and comforted him with cakes and chocolate, as you see"—glancing at the table, on which stood an empty cup and a plate of *oubliettes*. "Now he is asleep, poor child, and he is like to sleep long and soundly, as he was awake all night."

"Is Madame then so very ill?"

"She is better now, but all yesterday and most of the night she was very ill, and in great suffering. Mademoiselle was sent for to go to her soon after you left, and she has been with her ever since. I am so grieved for Mademoiselle."

"No wonder. I am grieved for her also, dear Geneviève."

"And you will pray for her and for Madame?" asked Geneviève, in seeming forgetfulness of their difference of creed. "I have been praying most of the night, and also this morning. There was nothing else I could find to do, except to comfort poor little Zoro. And it is so weary to sit doing nothing when your heart is heavy, and you are very, very anxious."

"That indeed it is," Edouard acquiesced. "But could you not assist Mademoiselle in her cares for her mother?"

"Oh, no; she herself said to me—and it was the only word she had time to say—'Go, Geneviève, and pray for us. It is all you can do; there are too many people about already.' That is true. The chamber of Madame is only too full; and besides, her people are all jealous of me, remembering the time when I stood as high in her favour as poor little Zoro does now."

"But you say she is better?"

"Yes; they tell me this attack is passing off. Is it not strange that whenever she is ill she sends for Mademoiselle, and will scarce allow her out of her sight; although at other times she almost seems to hate her, on account of her religion, and speaks to her so bitterly, so cruelly, that no one but a saint like Mademoiselle could bear it?"

"It is the world's way," said Edouard. "When sickness and sorrow come the most thoughtless like to have good people about them, and begin to think of God, not knowing how the thought of Him lightens our joy as well as consoles our sorrow."

Geneviève raised her eyes involuntarily to his. How earnestly he spoke—how grand and how noble he looked in his young heroic manhood! His was a finer face and form, she thought, and thought justly too, than that of M. le Duc. Mademoiselle, so rich in all else, might envy her poor little handmaiden this brave and beautiful brother, who had come to her in such a wonderful way, stooping down to her from his own high sphere, yet never for a moment letting her feel that she was beneath him.

He resumed presently in a lighter tone; for in fact his heart had been lightened considerably by Geneviève's admission that Mademoiselle had not spoken to her at all in private.

"We must not think that Madame does not love Mademoiselle because she finds fault with her. With some people, scolding is a proof of love."

"A very disagreeable proof," answered Geneviève in the same tone. "I am glad Mademoiselle does not show me such love. Nor my great, wise elder brother," she added, with a little air of half-timid playfulness.

"What would you say to me, if I were to begin now?"

"I don't know; it would seem strange. But I think—I know—I would try to mend whatever you blamed in me, or to do whatever you told me. Surely, Edouard, you are not in earnest," she added, stirred into vague uneasiness by something she saw in his face. "Is it that you have really noticed anything in my manners, or in my dress perhaps, that you think I ought to change? You know the world so well, that it is quite possible. Please tell me, dear brother, if this is so; and I promise that you will not have to tell me twice."

"Dear little sister, there is nothing I would have you change. In my eyes you are just yourself, the sweetest, fairest, loveliest thing in all God's world, and, as He knows, the dearest too."

"Oh, Edouard!" cried Geneviève, crimsoning to the roots of her golden hair. "What makes you talk to me thus? You never did so before. It is not like you."

"That is true," said Edouard. "I never did; because I wanted to win the less ere I sought the greater. But now the time for such reticence has gone by. This is a new day, Geneviève, from which we must begin a new life. Sister and brother can we be no more."

"Ah! why not? It was so sweet," faltered Geneviève, with a puzzled, bewildered look in her face, like that of an inexperienced swimmer beyond his depth, but as yet only at fault, not seriously alarmed.

"Because the time has come to change these names for better ones. Geneviève, dear Geneviève"—he rose, and stood before her with the air of a suppliant—"can you say to me—can you breathe, even in the lightest of whispers—words which will make mine the happiest heart on earth—'I love thee?'"

"I love—my brother," said Geneviève.

"But I ask for a little more, which little means, however, an immeasurable difference."

"Oh, Edouard!—But I am not worthy. I, a

poor little girl—only a great lady's demoiselle—I must be dreaming."

"Should you wish then to awake from the dream? Or may the dream go on, Geneviève?"

"No. To wake *now?* Oh, no, not *that.*"

He took the bewildered, faltering, incoherent words in the sense he wished.

"Then, if the dream may go on, and prove itself, as dreams sometimes do, truest truth, give me a token—just lay thy hand in mine, Geneviève. Thank you. And thank God, who has given me this day my heart's desire."

"I *must* do what you tell me. But, Edouard——"

"Well, my beloved?"

Bright and glad was his look as he spoke, and full of joy his words rang out. Where were now the difficulties which yesterday seemed to lie in his path? With the heart of Geneviève throbbing in unison with his own all was possible—nay, all was certain.

But Geneviève could find no words. The flood of sunlight poured suddenly over her life seemed to dazzle and overpower her. She looked up to Edouard as the very ideal of all that was grand, noble, and chivalrous; and when, after raising her eyes to that splendid height, she turned them once more upon the poor insignificant being called Geneviève Montères, exaltation at the thought that he loved her was changed into burning shame and humiliation that she was "so slight a thing" to be loved by one so good and great. But all was as yet dream and vision, dimly seen and indistinctly realised, though felt with overpowering intensity.

Edouard, who had the gladness without the bewilderment, began to soothe and cheer her with tender words, "speaking to the heart of the maiden," in that old new language, first whispered in the bowers of Eden. Thus the minutes passed unreckoned and uncounted by either—a kind of summer solstice, in which the sun of life seems to stand still because it can ascend no higher.

It was Geneviève who broke the dream. She grew pale suddenly, and shivered, as one who sees a spectre.

"Oh, Edouard, what shall I do?" The words were a sharp cry of pain. "Up to this moment I forgot—we have both forgotten—what lies between us."

"I assure you, dearest, I have forgotten nothing. And nothing lies between us but faith and love."

"Ah, that is it—Faith, *the* Faith. Have you forgotten that we cannot pray together?"

"But we can pray together, Geneviève. In all that is deep and real, in all that our souls truly rest on, we are one. We adore the same Father, we trust the same Saviour, we seek the same Spirit."

"But not in the same way. Oh, this is terrible! Edouard, you have been tempting me to a mortal sin."

"Nay, my beloved, not for life itself would I do that," answered Edouard in a tone of expostulation. "I acknowledge that it would be sin, for both of us alike, if each did not love Him first and best. But seeing that we do——"

"There is still the difference," faltered Geneviève.

"The difference is outward and will pass, while the oneness is inward, and will last." [1]

She looked up at him with a gleam of hope.

"The difference will pass, will it? Do you really mean *that*, Edouard? That would alter the case, of course."

"It will pass, if not before, yet assuredly when we come together into the sunlight of His presence."

A look of bitter disappointment stole over the fair young face, out of which the glad light had faded, perhaps for ever.

Edouard drew near to her, and spoke with passionate earnestness.

"Hear me, my beloved. Do not break your own heart, and mine, for a dream, a shadow. Do not heed what others think or say. Judge and act in this matter for yourself. You have the right, before God and man."

"No, Edouard. No one has the right—to do wrong."

"Dearest, let us talk together reasonably about this thing. If your honoured parents were with us now, we would both be bound to submit ourselves to them. That is in accordance with the Divine command; and also with the usages of the world, and of society. But as it is, they are both with God."

Geneviève looked up quickly.

"Then we ought to do what they would have wished," she murmured.

"You are right, my Geneviève. When your father gave me his farewell charge and blessing, I told him I would return one day to claim your hand, and although he treated the whole thing as a mere piece of childish folly on my part, he did not hint that it would be wrong for you. The difference of creed would have weighed nothing with him. He honoured me by asking me to befriend and protect you, and your dear and venerated mother."

"Ah! Mother, mother! If you were here now!"

"I will try to comfort you for that loss, Geneviève."

Then she murmured something inaudible about Mademoiselle.

He took up the word with a tone of decision.

"Mademoiselle cannot think for you now, Geneviève. She does not understand this thing, and she must not interfere."

"No," said Geneviève half dreamily. "No, that is true. It is I, I alone, who must do it. Oh, it is terrible—heart-breaking!" She bowed her head upon her clasped hands, and sat thus for some minutes in silence.

Edouard stood motionless before her chair, in the attitude he had taken up at first, one hand resting on the table beside him. No sound broke

[1] Nothing which is said above is meant to be taken in defence of what are commonly called "mixed marriages." They are a prolific source of misery and evil. But it must be remembered that Edouard knew Geneviève to be a true and devout disciple of Christ; and also that from his point of view she was already, though unconsciously, half a Protestant.

the stillness, except the calm and regular breathing of the sleeping child.

At last Geneviève looked up, with the white, drawn face of one who endures, and tries to conceal, intense physical pain.

"Edouard, we must part. Otherwise it would be mortal sin—for me."

"Now it is Mademoiselle de Roannez who speaks, and not Geneviève Montères. I will only listen to Geneviève."

She shook her head very mournfully.

"It is Geneviève who speaks, and you *must* listen. We believe in one God, as you say, but not in one Church, Edouard. How could we live together here and part at the gate of heaven? Better part here than there."

"Neither here, nor yet there, with God's good help and blessing," said Edouard impetuously.

She shuddered.

"Do not tempt me, Edouard. Nay, I will go further and say, do not *command* me. For I am so weak, and you so strong; I am so foolish, and you so wise; I know not what idle words might be wrung from these poor trembling lips. Lips that even now can scarcely speak to you." That indeed was true, for her voice was barely audible. "Still, I know what is right. Dear Edouard, I am your little sister, if you will. But no more—never any more—though my heart break in saying it."

"But, Geneviève, think——"

"If you love me, Edouard, spare me now. It is only useless anguish—anguish more than I can bear." She made an effort as if to rise from her seat, but sunk wearily back again.

He laid a gentle hand on her arm. By this time his own face was very sad and very pale. "It is I who ought to go," he said in a low hoarse voice, not at all like his own. It would be unjust and cruel to urge you farther."

"Yes; it is best for you to go," she acquiesced; though not sure that all her self-command would suffice to keep her from calling him back before he was out of hearing. It did give way partially as he prepared silently to obey her, stooping to take up his plumed hat from the ground where he had laid it. "Edouard—there is one hope."

He turned to her eagerly, with new light in his eyes. "Speak, my beloved."

"It has just come into my mind. You say we are both one in heart; if indeed you think so, what hinders our being one in faith?"

"Ah," sighed Edward, "that is just what is impossible."

"Impossible? Not on your side. Why could you not join us?"

"Is it better that I should commit a sin than that thou should do it, Geneviève?"

"But listen. It is not for you what it would be for me. Our cases are quite different. You believe that we can be saved—I have often heard you say it—that Mademoiselle, M. Singlin, M. Pascal, and the holy nuns of Port Royal will stand one day at Christ's right hand. While we, you know what we are bound to think, though it break our hearts. Can't you see that with us you would be safe still, even if your faith were the true one? While, if we have the true faith (and who can doubt it?) then your gain would be infinite. And who is there that would not risk nothing to gain all?"

A gleam of triumph flashed across the sadness of her face as she looked up at him, strong in the might of her unassailable logic and her unanswerable plea.

"Geneviève," he said very gravely, "It is now my turn to plead for mercy, and to say, 'Spare me.'"

She took out of the words a hope that was not in them.

"Oh, but you will think of it, will you not?" she pleaded.

"That look in your face makes me wish my dimmed eyes dimmer yet, for it is almost beyond the strength of man to resist it," he answered passionately. "My beloved, if only in that way I can win you, then must I forego the prize. There are many things in the world worth dying for—there is *one* for which I could die a thousand times—but there is nothing worth a lie."

"God would not let it be a lie for you. He would make you believe. And you would go to heaven."

He shook his head. "It is not heaven that I live and labour for," he said, "it is Christ." Then, after a pause, "Would you have me sin like Peter, because, like Peter, I have a loving and forgiving Lord, who would not let my sin banish me for ever from His presence? Perish the base unworthy thought!"

"I never meant to suggest a baseness—how could I do it to you, my brother? For I may call you brother still, may I not?"

"Yes, if you wish," he answered sadly. "And I will try to deserve the name by faithful friendship. But never again can I call you 'sister'! That day has gone by. All is changed between us; the greater love has swallowed up the less. Henceforth you are my star, my queen, my well-beloved, whether you give me the right to tell you so or not. And now, farewell. Best for both of us it should be farewell!"

Both preserved, with strong effort, a degree of outward self-command; for neither wished the other to see the pain that was being endured. "Do not say 'farewell,'" Geneviève whispered kindly. "Say rather, 'au revoir!'"

"Au revoir, then, let it be. I will not leave Paris without paying my respects to Mademoiselle and my homage to you. Do not be grieved for Mademoiselle, Geneviève; the watch beside her mother's couch may do more for her than you think. Meanwhile, what is to become of this little son of ebony? Let me try if I can help you there."

For the little negro page had just awakened from his sleep; and remembering all his sorrows, was beginning to sob and to utter cries with the unrestrained fervour of his race. In one breath he entreated to be taken at once to his dear Madame; in the next he averred that she was certainly dead, and that now Jacques, and Pierre, and Thomassin would kill him, as they had so often threatened to do!

"No one will dare to touch you with such a strong cavalier as I am to protect you," said Edouard. "Come with me, Zoro; and my valet Henri, who is waiting in the ante-chamber, will

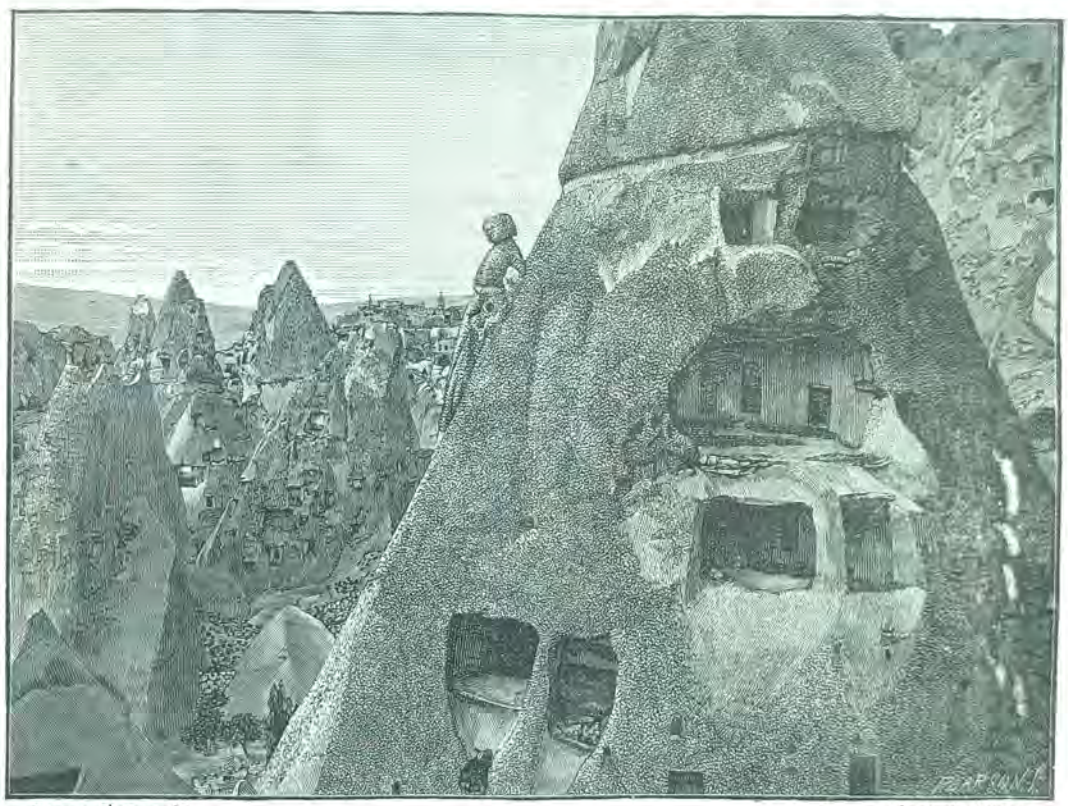
take care of you, and bring you to see Madame de Chèvres, who gave you bons-bons the other day." He took the little black hand in his, and gently led the weeping child away. He would have done much more than this to save Geneviève even the slight burden of a child's tears and complainings. But this very circumstance made a formal leave-taking impossible. He could only give Geneviève one look, saying, as he turned to go: "I kiss your hand, and commend you to God. Adieu."

But Geneviève knew that if she lived a hundred years she would never forget that look.

In another moment the door had closed behind him, and she stood alone. Alone very really, and as she felt then, very utterly. Could the words of an English poet, written long afterwards, have been known to her, she might have uttered, and partly relieved her sorrowful heart in the despairing murmur—

"And I shall be alone until I die."

A PEEP AT ASIA MINOR.[1]



From a Photograph] ROCK DWELLINGS IN ASIA MINOR. *[By J. H. Baynes.*

ON a lovely April evening just before sundown our steamer—one of the Messageries Line from Marseilles—dropped anchor in the Bay of Mersina. During the morning we had for some hours the distant mountains of Cyprus on our right, with the nearer ranges of the Taurus on our left. The town of Mersina (so called from the Turkish word for Myrtle), at one time Zephyrima, is rather difficult to make out from the offing, buried as it is in groves of oranges and lying upon the low plain extending from the sea-shore to the slopes of the Taurus.

Next day we drove to see the ruins of the ancient city of Pompeiopolis some eight miles along the coast from Mersina. These ruins are of vast extent, and even now the columns of marble standing in their midst bear evidence of the civilisation that once made Tarsus its centre. Up to a recent date these ruins have been made to serve as a quarry for the building of Mersina, and during this time many valuable antiquities have been found and spirited away to be sold in Smyrna or Constantinople. One of our party succeeded in purchasing for a few pence a curious relic in the shape of a leaden tube and case some three inches in diameter and three feet long, which, upon being cleaned, was found to bear a raised inscription in ancient Greek characters, the words, "epistole Paulou," being clearly dis-

[1] We are indebted for this paper to Sir Thomas Tancred, Bart., C.E., whose name is well known in connection with the Forth Bridge.

tinguishable. The Turkish government have lately, however, forbidden the removal of stone from these ruins—too late, unfortunately, to save the magnificent rows of marble pillars that a few years ago existed, but which, with some sixty exceptions, have been hacked down and hewn into lintels and window-sills. The ancient landing-place with its copings once clamped with iron is still to be seen.

The next few days we spent in preparing ourselves for the real object of our visit, viz., an examination of two of the passes through the Taurus, westwards, and of the country eastwards towards the valley of the Euphrates. We accordingly set to work to prepare a tent large enough to hold our party of four and an interpreter—and to arrange for our horses and transport. We also packed up some boxes of tinned meats, biscuits, and the inevitable sardine. We were further accompanied by the Imperial Commissaire of the Mersina Tarsus Adana Railway, and by a Zaptieh or Turkish policeman. Our commissaire, though a true Turk, was an enthusiastic fisherman, and generally managed to get us a dish of fish for our evening meal. We trusted in a great measure to what we or our Zaptieh could pick up during the day in the way of eggs, milk, fowls and meat. Our cookery was simple. Upon pitching the tent a fire was lit, a big pot suspended over it, into which a general selection was placed and gradually stewed down; the fish, however, were fried or broiled, according to the fuel available.

The scenery met with in the Taurus is both for grandeur and colouring unsurpassable, and the air delightfully fresh and bracing. We ascended from the Taurus through the defile of the Kulek Boghaz or Pylæ Ciliciæ—reaching Bosanti (the site of Podandus) on the second day. Here we had great sport amongst the fish. We then passed down to the mouth of the defile known as the Melimeryi Boghaz, and camped in the valley just before entering the cañon for two days.

On our way thither we had to cross the Bosanti river, which was very broad and rapid at the ford, and at the time full of snow water. A shepherd who knew the crossing stripped himself and got across. Then our caravan leader rode through on my horse and led one by one our baggage animals across. The greatest difficulty was with an unfortunate donkey, who reaching the centre of the river and finding the water deepening, absolutely refused to stir an inch, so had to be left until washed off his feet, when he managed eventually to scramble out on the right side of the river. A far more serious calamity happened to us, however, at this juncture, by the carrying away of the horse laden with the provisions, who, with his pack, was carried off down stream. Our feelings can be better imagined than described at seeing our boxes containing all our dainties gaily dancing down the rapids. About a mile down, after vigorous pursuit, they were recovered, but, alas! tea, coffee, and biscuits were completed soaked, salt and sugar melted away—had it not been for reserves we should have had to do without either for the rest of our trip.

Next day we passed out of the valley by a steep mountain path over the crest of Bilemedik, whence a splendid panorama presented itself. The same evening we reached a native village, Kala Keuy (or castle village), and next day again passed down into the valley of the Bosanti River and encamped at Yel-keupru (or Bridge of Earth), where the river for 300 yards passes directly underground. All night long we could hear the grinding noise of the timber carried round and round by the whirlpool at the entrance to this extraordinary natural syphon.

We then passed out on to the plain of Adana, and so to that city through a most rich and lovely district. The vineyards of Adana are most carefully cultivated and surround the city for many miles.

After laying in fresh stocks of eatables and making up deficiencies in the cellar we again started eastwards, and passing over the rich and well cultivated plains stretching from the River Saron to the Pyramus, and thence to the slopes of the Amanus Range (the Giaour Dagh), arrived late at night at the town of Osmania. Here we had a room in the Konak, or Government-house, as the Governor-General of Adana had replaced our commissaire by an officer of the Turkish army. This district at one time was very unsettled, and even now one occasionally hears of outrages, but, so far as we could ascertain, brigandage is a thing of the past, having been stamped out by the energy and courage of the present Governor of Aintab. There is a considerable leaven of the Circassian refugees here, splendid men, but great proficients in the art of horse-stealing. One had better not be too well mounted hereabouts.

Another most important civilising influence has been gradually making its way in these districts, namely, the dispersion through the towns and villages of the scholars of the great mission schools instituted by charitable Americans at Adana, Marash, and Aintab where the Central Turkey College is situated. At these schools a sound commercial education is afforded, and as another result of this teaching one constantly hears the Anglo-Saxon language where one would not expect to find it.

After leaving Osmania we ascended the valley of a river (the Hamis) leading eastwards, and on the second day passed over the Amanus by the pass known as the Kozan Ali or Bagtche Pass. This is said to be the route traversed by Darius on his march to attack Alexander on the plain of Issus. The slate hills fall abruptly into the valley between this range and the Kurt Dagh, and a splendid view presents itself. Descending the steep slope by a winding road we passed through Kozan Ali, and camped for the night at or near a place called Tejirli. On pulling up the stones lying on the site we selected for our tent, an adder was disclosed. This was the only place where we really suffered from mosquitoes; before morning the tent was full of them and we were all fearfully bitten. We found the camp was within a very short distance of the edge of a shallow lake, the Giaour Gioul.

Early in the morning there was a great firing of guns, and presently a marriage party passed by. Our guide had laid in a fine old flint gun and an

equally ancient pistol to protect himself. In honour of the event several charges were rammed into this pistol, but, after firing the first shot, only half the barrel was left, the remainder having disappeared; luckily no one was hurt, the guide himself escaping with a few scratches.

In the afternoon we crossed the Ak River, a tributary of the Pyramus, by a bridge. The ride along the face of the hills from Kozan Ali was very enjoyable and the views exceedingly fine.

The slopes of the Amanus are covered with an oak which bears the valuable acorn-cup known as Valonea. There are several varieties of this oak all with a beautiful foliage. In the great plain lying between the Amanus and the Kurt Dagh a good deal of rice is grown.

Upon nearing Marash, which is built upon the slope of the hills forming the northern boundary of this plain, we sent forward our Zaptieh to look for quarters. We gave him one or two letters we had to native merchants; these individuals, however, seemed difficult to find, so he betook himself to the American schools, and, upon our arrival in the outskirts of the town, we were met by some of the pupils who escorted us to headquarters.

Here we were most kindly received, and spent two most enjoyable days, learning a great deal about that part of Turkey. As for the schools themselves they are no doubt doing thoroughly good work in a most judicious and praiseworthy manner. By the kind assistance of the Rev. Henry Marden, one of the missionaries there, we were introduced to the Governor of Marash, a Turkish official who is very much interested in everything that affects the welfare of his province. We met with him a large number of the principal merchants, and conversed with them as to the desires and necessities of the people. The great complaint, as elsewhere in Asiatic Turkey, is the want of communication. It took the mission over four months, we understood, to bring up their harmonium from Alexandretta, only some 120 miles distant.

Leaving our hospitable friends at Marash, we set out for Aintab, with letters to Dr. Trowbridge, who is the Principal of the Central Turkey College at Aintab. From this gentleman and his friends we met with similar acts of courtesy and kindness. As regards the neighbouring country, we were astonished to find so many evidences of population, and of wealth, which, if given a fair chance, could be enormously developed.

Although these missions have not received any special rights under Imperial Firman, the Turkish Government recognize the general usefulness of the schools and institutions; and at all times the governing body have been assisted by H. E. Munif Pasha, the Minister of Education at Constantinople.

The work of the American Missionaries at Aintab was begun in 1846, mainly through the efforts of a medical missionary, the Rev. Azariah Smith, M.D. A short time before the arrival of Doctor Smith, another missionary had been driven from the city with much violence by a mob of native Armenians, aided by Turkish officials, but the arrival of a well-educated medical man led the people to give him at first a reluctant, but eventually a very hearty welcome. Gradually schools were established at Aintab, and in adjoining towns and villages congregations were gathered, books were distributed, newspapers were circulated. Other missionaries were placed at Marash, Oorfa, Aleppo, Antioch, and other places throughout the region; and the work has grown to its present wide dimensions. There are now thirty-two well-organised evangelical churches where there was not one in 1846.

Many of these churches are wholly self-supporting, having well-educated native pastors over them. They have, too, their own common and high schools, supported wholly or in part by themselves. There are thousands of women connected with them who have learned to read, and many of whom have been educated as teachers, in the girls' seminaries at Marash and Aintab.

A theological seminary for the training of young men for the ministry has been established at Marash, and a well-organised college at Aintab. This college was opened in 1876, and has recently issued its tenth annual report. From this report it appears that there were 120 students in the institution at the end of the last college year. These students come from distant places, and many of them from the western and eastern as well as from the southern and central parts of Asia Minor. In the hospital which is connected with the medical department, large numbers of patients, from all nationalities, are successfully treated.

Considering all the obstacles which have had to be surmounted, it may be concluded that the missionary work, and the work which has been more strictly educational, have alike been fairly successful.

BIBLE NOTES AND QUERIES.

A correspondent asks an explanation of Genesis iv. 23, 24: the address of Lamech to his wives.

THESE words of Lamech are a poem, the earliest in the literature of the world. We give it as in the R. V.

Adah and Zillah, hear my voice;
Ye wives of Lamech, hearken unto my speech,
For I have slain a man for wounding me,
A young man for bruising me:
If Cain shall be avenged sevenfold,
Truly Lamech seventy-and-sevenfold.

The difficulty of this poem arises evidently from its being a *fragment*. There is a history behind it; but the history is not given. All attempts to get at the facts must therefore be more or less conjectural. This difficulty, we

may add, is all the greater because it is possible to translate some of the words in another way, thus: instead of *I have slain, &c.*, the R. V. margin reads "*I will slay* a man *to my wounding.*" But taking the translation as given above, we gather that Lamech had killed some one in self-defence. (Observe, it was *one* man, not two, as the English reader might think. The mention of the person is repeated, after the manner of Hebrew poetry.) Then he makes out that his act of homicide was far less guilty than Cain's. If the life of the fratricide was protected by the vowing of sevenfold vengeance on his slayer (ch. iv. 15), much more would Lamech, who had been provoked to the deed, go free.

There is another explanation, which connects the words with the history of Tubal-cain the son of Lamech and "the forger of every cutting instrument of brass and iron." The father, proud of his son's invention, boasts that he has now the means of self-defence. "With these weapons I will slay the man that wounds me!" See *The Speaker's Commentary.* Then Lamech adds, that if he himself were slain, his family with the same weapons could avenge him seventy and sevenfold. To us, this explanation appears somewhat forced, but it has been adopted by many.

After our Iniquities (Psalm ciii. 10).—In this passage the word "after" evidently means *according to.* So in the prayer, "Lord, deal not with us after our sins: neither reward us after our iniquities." A correspondent, "A. M. A.," has fallen into the mistake of supposing that we ask God, in this petition, not to deal with us, *i.e.* to have nothing to do with us, *after we have sinned!* The desire expressed is, that we may not be dealt with *according to* our sins, *i.e.* not punished as our sins deserve.

"A. M. A." also asks: "Is the whole of the conversation between the woman of Samaria and our Saviour understood to be recorded in John iv. as she says (ver. 29) 'He told me all things that ever I did,' whereas only one thing in her life is mentioned, i.e., that concerning her husband?"

The conversation recorded may well have been the whole. Nor does the woman speak simply in unconscious exaggeration. The words of Christ turned such a light upon her soul that she saw her own character and history, as if illuminated by one sudden flash. "She seemed to feel that He had told her all, because He had, by the revelation which He had made, called up all before her eyes." (*Westcott.*)

"Ordained through Angels by the hand of a Mediator" (Galatians ii. 19. See p. 444. July.) A correspondent proposes another explanation of these words. The "angels" in his view were human messengers, Moses and Joshua, and the Mediator was Aaron. The twentieth verse he paraphrases thus: "A Mediator stands between the millions of covenant-breaking men, all of whom, Mediator and sinners, pass away in their generation; but God is one party, who liveth and keepeth His promise for ever." We cannot adopt our friend's explanation, but give it for what it is worth.

Preaching to the Spirits in Prison (1 Peter iii. 19. p. 511, August.)—The same correspondent suggests that Christ personally preached in a bodily form to the antediluvians; citing other passages in which He is said to have so visited the early world, "walking in Eden, appearing to Abraham and others, wrestling with Jacob, and (Judges ii. 1–3) *preaching to Israel.*" There is, we think, hardly sufficient warrant for thus interpreting St. Peter's words, and when our correspondent speaks of Christ as having assumed a body *before Creation*, in the image of which body Adam was made, we altogether fail to follow him.

The Hardening of Pharaoh's heart.—The same correspondent, in reference to our note (p. 510, August) remarks from Exodus vii. 13, that "God was the *first* to harden the heart of the king." This statement arises from the mistaken rendering of that verse in A.V., "He hardened Pharaoh's heart," the correct translation being, as in R.V. "Pharaoh's heart was hardened." We may refer again to Professor Rawlinson's explanation, which seems to give the true account of the matter.

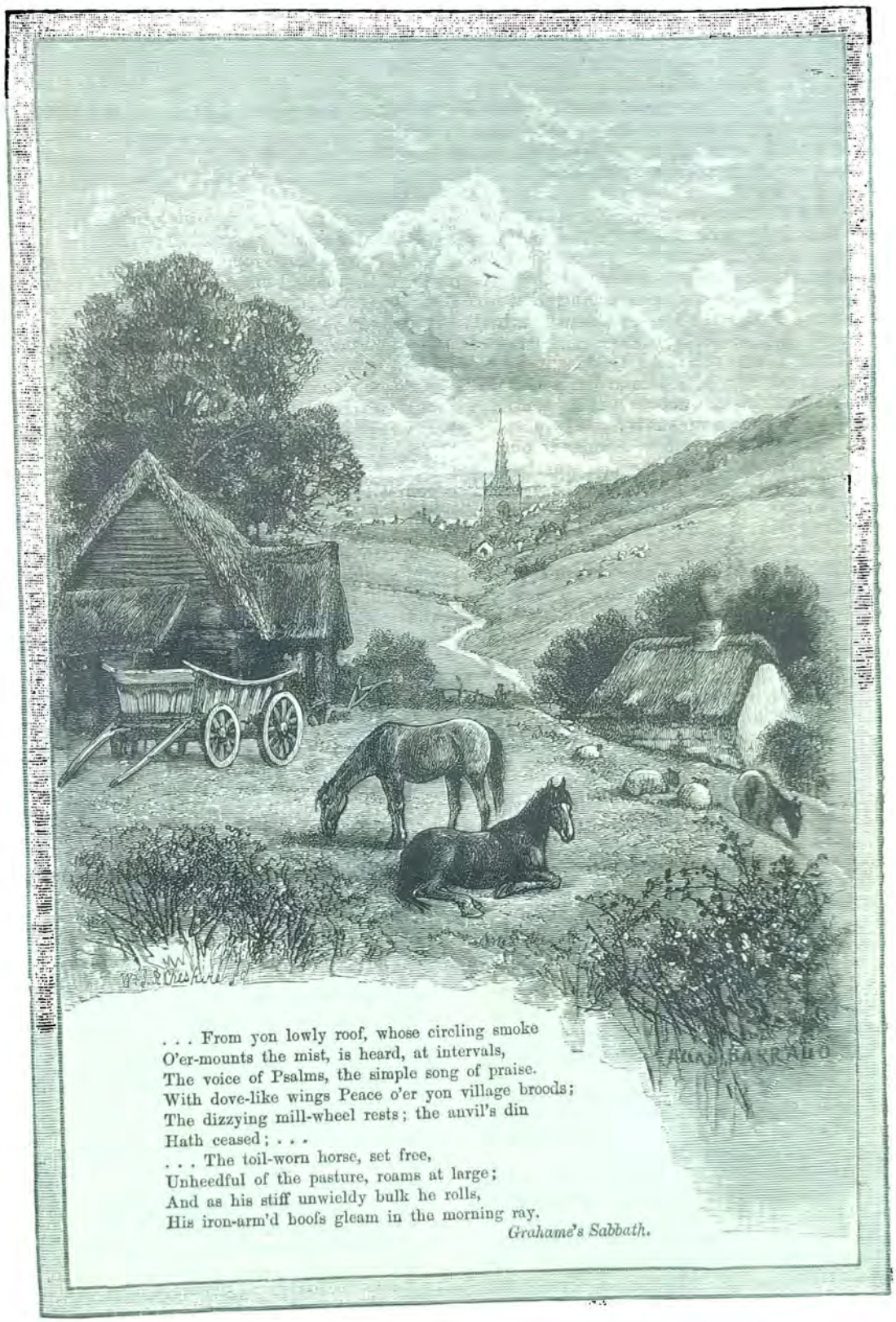
Dr. Robert Young, of Edinburgh, well known as the author of many valuable Biblical and theological works, proposes an explanation of Proverbs xvi. 4, very different from those given on p. 510 (August). He says: "With all due deference, I do not think these explanations at all correct, but that the true translation of the Hebrew text is 'The Lord hath wrought all [*things*] for Himself: and the wicked [*worketh*] for the day of evil.'

"In support of this rendering, I would remark that the word rendered 'made' means properly 'to work,' and implies continuous action; and that 'the wicked worketh for the day of evil,' means simply that he is ever seeking to benefit himself at the expense of others.

"I may mention that the above rendering was given by me in 1862 in my 'Literal translation of the Sacred Scriptures,' published in Edinburgh at that date."

[It will be observed that this explanation alters the word *wicked* from object (accusative) to subject (nominative); in this, we may observe, differing from the LXX and the Vulgate, both of which understand the connexion to be as in our A. V. and R. V. The Hebrew, however, will bear Dr. Young's interpretation, and his rendering is at least interesting and suggestive.]

Fasting.—A correspondent is perplexed by Acts xxvii. 33: "This is the fourteenth day that ye have continued fasting, having taken nothing." We must not of course take the language literally. What the apostle plainly meant, was, that "amid the confusion and danger, they had been neither able nor disposed to prepare regular meals, or to take adequate nourishment." —*Annotated Paragraph Bible.*



. . . From yon lowly roof, whose circling smoke
O'er-mounts the mist, is heard, at intervals,
The voice of Psalms, the simple song of praise.
With dove-like wings Peace o'er yon village broods;
The dizzying mill-wheel rests; the anvil's din
Hath ceased; . . .
. . . The toil-worn horse, set free,
Unheedful of the pasture, roams at large;
And as his stiff unwieldy bulk he rolls,
His iron-arm'd hoofs gleam in the morning ray.

Grahame's Sabbath.

"WALKING TOO BIG."

BY RUTH LAMB.

UNCLE Maurice and his little niece Minnie had gone through the whole book together; looked at the pictures, talked over the stories; and now there was nothing else to be done but to shut it up and put it aside. There had been many a laugh during the hour spent upon it, and, though it was a mere baby book, I doubt if the child had enjoyed the time more than her tall uncle had done.

Minnie gave a little sigh as she put down the volume, and looked around, as if asking what was to come next. She was a blue-eyed, curly-haired, five-year-old lassie; her uncle's special pet and darling, and I am afraid that, knowing how dearly he loved her, she was a little bit of a tyrant, and ordered him about as if he were the child, and she a grown up aunty.

Uncle Maurice obeyed her commands almost too well. We generally say and think that obedience is a lesson that should be learned whilst we are very young, but we are often no longer young when we conquer ourselves, which is really the same thing.

"What shall we do now, Uncle Maurice?" was the child's inquiry.

"Go for a walk," was the prompt answer, "the same as we did yesterday. We have been sitting a long time, and I want to stretch my legs. Besides, it is lovely out."

Minnie shook her head, and with a child's bluntness, retorted, "Your legs are too long already, Uncle Maurice."

"I am sorry for it, dearie, but I cannot help it. It would spoil them to cut pieces off. They are better for walking with, any way, so let us go."

"No. I don't want to walk with you, because you are too big."

There was something ludicrous in the child's way of measuring her tall uncle with her blue eyes, so wide open, as she let them travel from the tips of his toes to the top of a head as curly as her own, and then down again.

Uncle Maurice looked quite perplexed and troubled by his little niece's words and actions.

"But, Minnie, darling," he said, "you went with me to the park yesterday, and I thought you were very happy. If I am big you can always reach my hand."

"You walk too big," retorted Minnie, retreating before her uncle's outstretched arm, and taking refuge by her mother's side, as if she were afraid of being carried off against her will.

"What does the child mean?" he asked, addressing his sister, for the little one's manner grieved him.

Mrs. Payne understood her tiny daughter better than even Uncle Maurice did, for of course mothers can read their children's thoughts and know all about their wants, better than anybody else in the world.

"I think she means that you took too long strides," she answered. "Even if you walk slowly, her little feet would be kept on the trot all the while. It is not Uncle Maurice that Minnie objects to, as a whole, but to his long legs which walk too big. Is not that it, Minnie?" she asked of the child.

Minnie nodded approvingly and said "Yes." Mother, as usual, knew all about it.

"I remember," replied Uncle Maurice, "that the child seemed hot and flushed, and complained of being tired. I wanted to carry her, but she resented the proposal. *She* was too big for that, she told me, poor little woman. I am sorry. The walk seemed nothing to me."

"Nor would it have been to Minnie, if you had accommodated your long step to her short one. It was the 'walking too big,' that did the mischief. To-day, now, as you looked over the pictures, you were like two children together. You brought yourself down to her level, laughed at what pleased her, and looked sorrowful when her young heart was stirred to pity. There was true sympathy between you, hence the happy hour you spent together."

"And yesterday, I was always a little ahead, and Minnie toiling on behind, and never able to keep beside me, unless she had my hand, or kept at a steady trot."

"The sitting down in the park was nice, Uncle Maurice," interposed Minnie, who did not wish him to think that yesterday's struggle had no bright side to it. "I will go again, only you must walk little, because I am little."

Uncle Maurice promptly agreed, and once more the two started off together, to return equally happy, Minnie herself proposing numberless walks in the future.

When the child's curly head was peacefully resting on her pillow, Uncle Maurice and her mother sat talking together about the household pet and her winning ways and quaint talk.

"That was a queer expression of hers, 'You walk too big,' was it not?" said he, laughing again as he recalled it and her face to mind. "I should not have understood her meaning but for you. Since you threw light upon it, I have thought of the many ways in which we all 'walk big' without considering the effect of our so doing upon our neighbours."

"You are finding out far more in little Minnie's saying than I did, Maurice, and turning it to better account. What unconscious teachers are our little ones," responded Mrs. Payne.

"Yes; Minnie set me thinking, first of all how, as a boy at school, I often walked too big, when I might have accommodated my step to that of a weaker companion, and perhaps helped him on the road. I had great strength, and was proud to display it, and the height which was beyond that of other lads of my age. I liked to look down from it on some little lad whose growth had perhaps been stunted by illness, or the want

of the abundant nourishment which I had never lacked, and so I made him feel the difference all the more keenly.

"How often have I, and such as I, put out our God-given strength to mortify our weaker fellows, boasting, perhaps, 'I can hold you down with one hand, though you are my senior in years,' and so making the poor fellow writhe both in body and mind.

"How often have I boasted of God's good gifts which were mine, not because I deserved them better than the rest, but because He had graciously given me more! Or been proud of the place in class that I had attained without effort, when one who had worked ten times as hard, perhaps, was sighing over his failure. I can see that, as a school-boy, even when beside my fellows, I walked too big. I boasted where there was no real merit, and I discouraged others, when, by slackening my speed, and shortening my step a little, we might have walked side by side, cheering and being cheered on the path."

"There are so many ways of doing this walking too big," replied Mrs. Payne. "In entertaining our friends, for instance. From a children's party up to one at which we prepare to receive our most honoured guest, and those amongst our acquaintances who stand highest in the social scale, we all try to walk big, do we not? Quite lately our friend, Mrs. Longworth, gave a juvenile party. She is a large-hearted woman, and a loving mother. Every child interests her, and she would like, if she could, to add to its happiness. Moreover, she has a well-filled purse, and can afford to entertain her friends right-royally, old or young. And she does.

"I will venture to say that it was purely out of this large-heartedness of hers, and not with a thought of outshining her neighbours, that she gave her youthful guests a spread fit for a prince to sit down to.

"The rooms were beautifully decorated, and the supper-table was laden with all sorts of dainties, probably more than the children had ever seen together before, or dreamed of being permitted to partake of at will. Professional amusers were engaged, lest the little people should not be able to amuse themselves and each other. In short, all was done that kindness could suggest, and money provide.

"I am not in a position to say whether any of the guests suffered in body after such unwonted indulgence, but I do know that the moral effect of the entertainment was not altogether satisfactory.

"Some of the children were made envious, some discontented by this effort to give them pleasure.

"'Why cannot we have as nice things at our party as Mrs. Longworth gave us?' inquired one. 'Because,' said his mother, 'we are not so rich.' 'Then don't let us have a party,' was the next remark; 'I should hate for the boys to come here and say, "How different it is from Mrs. Longworth's!"'

"And yet, until then, there had been happy gatherings of bright children under the roof where the speaker lived, and the unwonted luxuries seen on the richer lady's table had neither been missed nor wanted.

"The mother of another young guest ventured to invite her children's friends to a simpler feast, in accordance with an annual custom, though she too rather dreaded an allusion to Mrs. Longworth's grand doings, and it came at last.

"'Are you enjoying the party?' said one of the youngsters who was looking as happy as possible, to another who was standing aloof, as if Blind Man's Buff were a degradation after conjurors and marionettes.

"'Fairly,' was the cool reply. 'But I don't call this a party, it is only going out to tea, you know.'"

Uncle Maurice laughed as his sister finished her account of the grand spread and its results.

Dear, kind Mrs. Longworth was, all unconsciously, walking too big, both for her child-guests and their parents. When she racked her brains to give them pleasure, and neither spared trouble nor purse, she little imagined that she could possibly do harm by the very lavish nature of her kindness.

I had a similar experience after a grown-up party where the entertainment was magnificent, not at all beyond the givers' means, but such as few of their guests could return in kind. A lady amongst these when saying farewell to her hostess, thanked her for the delightful evening she had spent. "But," she added frankly, "I shall never dare to ask you to my house again, because we live so plainly in comparison, and cannot entertain in similar style."

"Then I shall come without being asked," was the prompt reply. "I should be grieved indeed if the good gifts which God has bestowed upon us were to be the means of robbing us of others which we value far more highly still, the society of our old and true friends."

In this case again, the givers of the entertainment had not thought of displaying their own wealth and resources, but of honouring and giving pleasure to their guests. Nevertheless, they too had unthinkingly "walked too big," for most of them, and made them feel small by comparison.

"Ah, Maurice, we walk too big in so many ways. In dress, in social surroundings, even sometimes in our Christian profession and work. For instance, if I am going to pay calls, I am tempted to consider what dress is the handsomest and most becoming, instead of combining with this idea a thought for those I am about to visit; but two old friends of mine joined in teaching me a lesson.

"One of them is a dear old gentlewoman who has come down in the world, but who, in her prosperous days, was very fond of rich attire. She cannot now indulge her taste for it; but she likes to see pretty things as well as ever. So to her I go in all my bravery. She discusses the style of my gown, appraises my bonnet, perhaps asks for the loan of some garment as a pattern, and is sure to thank me with a hearty kiss, for having come in my newest and prettiest things to her little bit of a place which two people almost fill.

"'But there is room for me to turn you round in, my dear,' she says; 'and light enough to see you by, for, thank God, the window is large and the sun is sure to shine on me, if it shines anywhere.

"I come away feeling that all my garments are worth double the price they cost, and I feel glad for my old friend that poverty has not changed her bright nature, and that she is large-hearted enough to enjoy the mere sight of whatever is beautiful or pleasant to look upon, without envying the possessors. No fear of 'dressing too big' and thereby paining her.

"I have to deal differently with another old friend, who is similarly placed, owing to an unexpected reverse of fortune.

"I always walk either too big or too little to please her, and I invariably enter her presence in fear and trembling. I would not wilfully pain her for the world, and I have tried to make her understand this, but I am always wrong. If I go very plainly dressed, she will scan my garments, and, after the first greetings, remark: 'I suppose you are not on your way to call on Lady Hope?'

"'No,' I reply cheerfully; 'I set out early in order to have a long, pleasant chat with you, if I were fortunate enough to find you at home and at liberty;' hoping to please by showing that I did not look in merely on the way to a luxurious home. I fail utterly.

"'I need not have asked the question,' she answers. 'A glance at your dress might have told me that you would not call at Hopefield in that gown, Marian, but anything is good enough for my poor little hut of a place. It was different when you and I were at school together, for then, Sir John Hope's father was working for weekly wages, and mine was member for the county. As to my being at home and at liberty, there is little fear of my being out. People who have come down in the world are not overdone either with callers or engagements.'

"I listen in silence and not unsympathetically, for I know it must be hard for my old friend to compare the past with the present; but all the while she is speaking, I cannot help contrasting her with that other dear friend who has suffered similar reverses, but finds brightness in everything, and is ever looking out for causes of thankfulness. I try to tell her, perhaps, how well I remember those old days, and how gratefully I think of the hospitality I received under her father's roof. I even venture to reproach her for refusing my invitations, when she knows no guest would be more honoured here than herself. Then she tells me, with tears, that she cannot bear to meet people who are mere nobodies, but who would look down upon her on account of her poverty.'

"What an unpleasant old lady!" said Uncle Maurice. "Have you tried the effect of going in all your grandeur, or of a little wholesome neglect in the matter of invitations?"

"I have tried both and with equal success," replied Mrs. Payne. "When I went in my best bib and tucker, I heard remarks about the taste which induced people to flaunt their finery before the eyes of those whose birth and social position entitled them to similar luxuries, but whose purse would only provide bare necessaries. I was once so annoyed at her ungracious reception of my invitations, that I resolved to give no more, but the result was too terrible."

"Is it worth while to concern yourself about pleasing a person of such an unhappy temperament?" asked Uncle Maurice. "I feel with you that if by slackening our pace, or shortening our steps, we can strengthen the weak, encourage the timid, or stimulate the faint-hearted to renewed effort, we ought to make the attempt, but in cases like the former—"

"It is perhaps still more incumbent upon us, and that because they are so unhappy. I have no doubt that during her solitary hours, my discontented friend would be more miserable still but for my efforts to please her, and I am quite sure that I am the happier for having tried to do it, whether successful or not," said Mrs. Payne.

"True, Marian, and it seems to me that there is hardly any act in our social, even our religious life, about which we might not advantageously ask ourselves, 'Am I walking too big?' Sometimes, the timid Christian is afraid to offer his services, though he is longing to do something for God's glory and the souls of his fellow-creatures, because he thinks that others are dedicating five talents whilst he has only one. By comparison, his powers are so contemptible. Or, he does not like to give shillings where his neighbour give pounds. He sees him stride on boldly, both in his work and gifts, and he shrinks into himself and fears to step out at all, because he cannot keep pace with him. Ah! I have often thought that in addition to the magnificent generosity of the poor widow who gave her two mites, there was also magnificent courage in the mode of their bestowal.

"Surely if ever there was a place when people were striving to walk big and look big, it was when the rich were casting in their coins by handfuls and with an ostentatious clatter into the treasury of God's house in old Jerusalem! Yet she of her penury gave more than they all, though it was the least the law permitted, and was all her living.

"She dared to step beside them, and her Lord saw and valued her offering at true worth."

Uncle Maurice spoke from his heart, and his sister sympathised with his enthusiasm.

"Yes, dear Maurice," she said, "we have to be careful neither to walk too big, for the sake of our neighbours, nor too little, for our own sakes and for God's cause. But simply remembering that He judges and rewards every man according to His works, to walk, as the disciples of Him who left us an example that we should follow His steps, in a manner worthy of the vocation to which we are called."

NATURAL HISTORY NOTES

ON THE REVISED VERSION OF THE BIBLE.

NO. X.—BASILISK—COCKATRICE.

IT will very soon be plain why these two names are put together here. The second occurs five times in the Bibles we commonly use, and nearly always either in the text or in the margin you find the word *adder*. The first word also

FIG. I.—COCKATRICE.

occurs five times in the Revised Version, and always either in the text or in the margin we find by its side the word *adder*. From this it would seem that the translators of the Bible nearly 300 years ago, and those who have just finished revising it, were all of opinion that the word adder would do quite as well as either basilisk or cockatrice. And so perhaps it would in the Word of God written for English people. When you have found out all the passages you will see that a poisonous serpent is intended; and, as an adder is almost the only such serpent known in England, it would make very good sense. Whether it would do to translate the word used in the Hebrew Scriptures is another question; and people may well be pardoned for any curiosity they show in asking—What is, or was, a cockatrice? a basilisk? The answers to these questions, if given in full, would lead us over a long string of fanciful mistakes, descriptions of animals written down by those who had never seen them, but had taken the account from one and another, perhaps adding to it something of their own.

In the books about animals written not more than sixty years ago there was at the end a chapter entitled "Fabulous Animals," that is, animals that never lived except in fable. Among these was the cockatrice, and there was a picture of it, a cock with a long tail just like a serpent, and at the end of the tail a double barb, like that on a fish-hook. Such figures are not shown in books now, but Fig. I. is a copy of one from a book published.

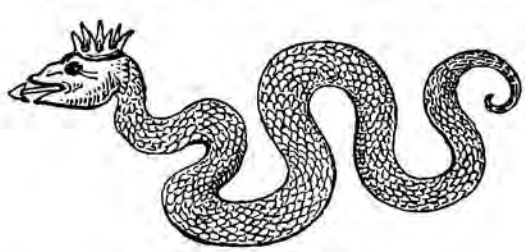
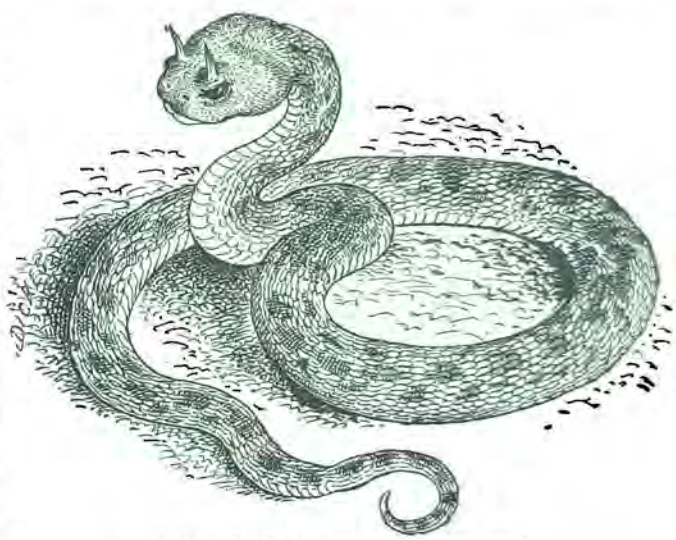


FIG. II.—BASILISK.

It was said above that, wherever the word cockatrice occurs in the Old Version, the Revisers have written basilisk. They have not gained much by it, as it is only putting one fabulous animal for another, though certainly a great many more writers speak of the basilisk than of the other. The name comes from the Greek *basilus*, meaning "a king," and they used to say that the serpent was the king of serpents, and that all others made way for him, even leaving a dainty banquet for him to feast upon. They did not do this willingly, for the basilisk could kill them by a look, or burn them up, or make the flesh drop from their bones. No wonder, then, that they left the king-snake to rule in a desert. There were only two ways by which he could be killed. One was by setting a weasel at him, for the weasel was the only animal that did not die for fear at the sight of him. The other—most wonderful!—was to carry a mirror that would throw back upon the beast his own deadly look, and so kill him outright. Those who did not say all these dreadful things nevertheless would have it that there was a snake—the king of snakes—that moved forward, carrying his head erect instead of flat on the ground:



HORNED SNAKE (CERASTES HASSELQUISTII).

moreover, that his head had upon it something like a crown, or at least a white patch over the eyes, as a sign of his kingship. Perhaps Fig. II., taken from the same old book as the other, will show what these people meant.

Now these stories were told not to amuse children. Grave and pious people believed them. Pliny, who lived about a hundred years after our Lord, gives us some of these accounts in his "Natural History." The saints are said to have overcome them by prayer. Among English writers they are mentioned by Richard Rolli, a holy man who lived five hundred years ago, and did a great deal of good in the north of England by his preaching.

When we come to inquire what foundation there was for all these tales, all that can be said is that the Jews were most likely acquainted with a kind of horned viper, and perhaps with the dreaded cobra or hooded snake well known in Hindostan and in Africa. His hood may have given the foundation for the story about the crown, and that is all we know.

The most curious thing is that in America a kind of lizard has been found, which resembles in its form the basilisk of fable, and has taken its name. Take care not to be misled by the name, and so think that after all the basilisk of Scripture was a real thing.

The serpents of Palestine are very numerous, the greater number harmless, some fatally venomous. Dr. Tristram in his journeys secured eighteen species, and he believes a much larger number of species remain to be described. The horned snake (*Cerastes hasselquistii*) figured above, is from twelve to eighteen inches long, and may be, from its habit, that referred to as "an adder in the path, that biteth the horses' heels." Dr. Tristram says: "So great is the terror which its sight inspires in horses, that I have known mine suddenly start and rear, trembling and perspiring in every limb, and no persuasion would induce him to proceed. I was quite unable to account for his terror, until I noticed a Cerastes coiled up in a depression two or three paces in front, with its basilisk eyes steadily fixed on us, and, no doubt, preparing for a spring as the horse passed."

1. What is said to sting like an adder, and where is the verse?
2. Who is to put his hand on the cockatrice's den, and what does the expression mean?
3. Where are cockatrice's eggs spoken of, and what is the meaning of hatching them?
4. Find two other texts where the cockatrice or basilisk is mentioned?

HOMELY LIGHT ON HALLOWED TEXTS.

NO. VIII.

"Ask what I shall give thee."—2 *Chron.* i. 7.

FEW Bible stories are more familiar to us than that of young king Solomon, to whom God appeared by night, and said "Ask what I shall give thee."

The splendour of his second coronation was over; the magnificent religious ceremonial had just been brought to a close by the sacrifice of a thousand burnt offerings, and putting off his royal robes, the newly-crowned king passed into his bedchamber, and lay down to rest. It was in that night that God appeared to him, and addressed to him the wonderful words of our text.

King though he was, Solomon felt in the presence of the "King of kings" that he was but a poor helpless child. Happy for him that he felt his own needs, for it is the poor in spirit that God promises to bless. "He hath put down the mighty from their seat, and hath exalted the humble and meek. He hath filled the hungry with good things, but the rich he hath sent empty away."

Solomon's prayer was a very beautiful one. It showed that he was accustomed to approach God in the spirit of true supplication, and it was at once reverent and trustful, as all our prayers should be. "Thou hast showed great mercy unto David my father, and hast made me to reign in his stead. Now, O Lord God, let Thy promise unto David my father be established; for Thou hast made me a king over a people like the dust of the earth in multitude. Give me now wisdom and knowledge that I may go out and come in before this people; for who can judge this Thy people that is so great?"

"Give me now wisdom and knowledge." Surely this was a petition worthy of a king. Solomon never showed himself so kingly, or so wise, as when he sent up this prayer to God. He chose the "best gifts," and in doing so, God added to them all that his heart could desire. Surely this was the spirit which our blessed Saviour told His disciples to cultivate:—"Seek ye first the kingdom of God and His righteousness, and all these things shall be added unto you."

But how slow we are to cultivate this spirit which desires the "best gifts." We are like a little girl whom I once knew, whose uncle wishing to make her a present on her birthday, sent her word that she was to choose whatever she wished, and that he would pay for it. He named no conditions, so that the little girl could choose whatever she liked best, no matter how expensive it might be.

This kind offer proved a difficulty for the little girl, who could not make up her mind as to what she most wanted. Her mother took her to town, and together they wandered through many large shops, seeking, but not finding, a suitable present. At length the little one stopped her mother, and said:—

"Mother, I know what I shall have."

"What, my child?"

"A penny doll, mother."

And a penny doll she had.

We are so slow to understand the greatness of God's gifts to us, that until He grants us "wisdom and knowledge," we cannot either choose the good, or enjoy it. May we learn a lesson from the wise king, who distrusting his own wisdom, and his own knowledge, asked for, and received that which God alone can supply.

"If any of you lack wisdom let him ask of God that giveth to all men liberally, and upbraideth not; and it shall be given him."

And the blessings which such wisdom supply are all ours if we seek them through our dear Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ, "in whom are hid all the treasures of wisdom and knowledge."

May the Holy Spirit, who alone can teach us our need of these things, make us wise unto salvation, showing us our own needs and taking of the things of Christ and showing them unto us.

SCRIPTURE ENIGMA.

NO. XXVIII.

What pleasant memories a garden brings!
Yet to *this* garden sorrow only clings.

A vice rebuked in Proverbs, giving praise
To tiny insects for their busy ways.

A state of mind from which our Lord, to save
A weak disciple, proofs especial gave.

Wonders he works; and wondrous, never dies!
But rides in fiery chariot through the skies!

A tree abounding in a holy spot
Where to a climax came a wicked plot.

Seven years this monarch was condemned to pass
In field and wilderness, and feed on grass.

A mighty warrior who, by weapons strange,
Worked on a mighty host a wondrous change,
Peaceful contrivances for drink and light,
Combined with music, put the foe to flight.

Queen of an alien race, she loves her people still,
A dangerous way appears to shelter them from ill,
Her faith and courage bear the trying test,
And, greatly daring, she is greatly blest.

First and last letters place in order duo,
And both enigmas yield themselves to you.

Monthly Religious Record.

THE various autumnal meetings this year have afforded evidence of healthy life in many directions. In the wide survey of the times many evils have been noted, and many occasions of anxiety, but on the other hand, signs of growing good are not few. One thing is apparent, that the day of ecclesiastical conventionalities is passing—that whatever is new if it can establish its claim as a means of Christian usefulness, has now consideration; and that while fresh workers are being called into the ranks, the range of subjects brought within the living sympathies of the Church is steadily increasing. The Evangelical Alliance met at Aberdeen, with the Earl of Aberdeen as president. Professor Charteris delivered the annual address on "Christian Union as distinct from Ecclesiastical Union." Dr. Sinclair Paterson, of London, and the Rev. W. L. Watkinson, of Harrogate, read papers on "The insidious growth of sacerdotalism and scepticism, the true antidote and the Christian responsibility of contending for the faith." The Rev. W. S. Swanson, of China, spoke of "Christian Union as essential to the evangelization of the world." He said that when he lived in Scotland, he thought a good deal about "The Revolution Settlement," having been brought up a Seceder, and trained in that line of thought, but when he got to China he felt but little concerning it. If the churches at home could only realise how really unimportant are many of the matters about which they were divided, they would, united as one host, come "to the help of the Lord against the mighty." The Rev. W. Wyatt Gill and others bore personal testimony to the value of this union. Another range of topic was treated by Dr. Cairns in an address on "Testimony in Doctrine, Life, and Work, the Best Defence of Christianity." Of still wider application was a devotional paper, full of wise suggestions, on "The True Qualifications of Service," which was read by the Rev. Hubert Brooke, on behalf of Mr. Handley Moule, of Cambridge.

THE Young Men's Christian Association has also visited Scotland, holding its annual conference at Dundee. It was a large and successful gathering. The secretaries reported 251 associations in Scotland, 53 in Ireland, and 364 in England. Dundee itself is strong in the provision made for young men, and the measure of their response may be inferred from the six or seven hundred gathered at the Bible class on a Sunday afternoon.

MANY interesting questions were brought under discussion at the Church Congress, which met at Wolverhampton, under the presidency of the Bishop of Lichfield. Beside such topics as might be supposed to have especial interest for such an assembly, there were others of historical, social, and national character. It was an indication of the growing disposition to meet the people on their own ground that Mr. Champion was invited to speak as the representative of the Socialists. He pointed his argument by appealing to the contrasts with which society abounds, but declared that if the spirit of the New Testament had been boldly and fearlessly preached to rich and poor in England, there would be no socialist movement to discuss. "There was among the poor," he said, "a strong belief in the simple doctrine of the Gospel, but a great disbelief in the sincerity of a church that many of them, rightly or wrongly, thought had turned that doctrine into 'a Christless creed that spits on Christ.'" Mr. Stanley Leighton, M.P., asked—"Who were working most to make things better? What had the Socialists done to help the poor to help themselves by practical means, by friendly societies, by trades unions, by building societies, by societies for improving the dwellings of the poor, by co-operative societies, and the varied forms of industrial association, by penny banks, by easy investments? It was not from them, but from a clergyman of the Church of England, that the idea of national insurance emanated. In all these ways the Christian minister was eminently active, and in many other ways also—in supporting hospitals, in establishing means of national amusement, in the cause of education. In what, then, did the ancient Socialism of Christianity agree, and in what did it disagree, with State Socialism? The Christian worked, through the regeneration of the individual, towards the improvement of society. The Socialist experimented on society in the hope of improving the individual." The whole subject was discussed with much freedom. Another feature was the meetings for working men. Referring to them, at an early stage of the proceedings, the Archbishop of Canterbury said, they had heard a great deal lately about bringing religion home to working men. What was needed was to make working men feel their responsibility to each other. That was to be done not by lectures, but by putting responsibility in their hands. He felt sure that these meetings would never have the great influence which all hoped for until the step was taken of making working men speak to each other. There was need for the multiplication a thousandfold of people who could speak to and influence the masses, but they could only come from the masses themselves. A novelty was the Ladies' Meetings, at which ladies were he speakers,—among them, wives of two of the bishops. One evening was given to the consideration of "Child Life in our Great Cities." The Bishop of Bedford, in a discriminating paper, noticed various features of improvement. The Rev. H. Wilson, as illustrating how independent a London child might become, mentioned the fact that a child, aged two and a half years, with a father in prison, and a mother always in public-houses, was, until rescued some three weeks since, living an independent life, often seeking the mother in public-houses, but living quite independently of her, and habitually drinking gin like a grown-up person.

EMIN PASHA has expressed his determination to remain at his post till his work is done. On hearing of the Relief Expedition, he wrote to Dr. Felhin:—"If the people in Great Britain think that as soon as Stanley or Thomson comes I shall return with them, they greatly err. I have passed twelve years of my life here, and would it be right of me to desert my post as soon as the opportunity for escape presented itself? I shall remain with my people until I see perfectly clearly that both their future and the future of our country is safe. The work that Gordon paid for with his blood I will strive to carry on, if not with his energy and genius, still according to his intentions and in his spirit. . . . Sooner or later a bright future must arise for these countries; sooner or later these people will be drawn into the circle of the ever-advancing civilised world. For twelve long years I have striven and toiled, and sown the seeds for future harvest—laid the foundation-stone for future buildings. Shall I now give up the work because a way may soon open to the coast? Never. If England wishes really to help us she must try, in the first place, to conclude some treaty with Uganda and Unyoro by which the condition of those countries may be improved both morally and politically. A safe road to the coast must be opened up, and one which shall not be at the mercy of the moods of childish kings or disreputable Arabs. This is all we want, and it is the only thing necessary to permit of the steady development of these countries."

MR. MACKAY, who is leaving Uganda for a time, in the belief that it will be for the advantage of the mission, is urgent in his pleas that Emin should have British protection and generous aid until he establishes himself firmly. "When once he is recognised as not *one of* the powers, but as *the power* in Central Africa, we shall have peace." It is the isolation of races which produces degeneration; and in his view, one of the most powerful factors in the elevation of Africa will be increased facilities of communication. Touching missionary work, he says, in a letter to Mr. Ashe: "I believe we shall gain a great point when Christianity ceases to be called the white man's religion. The foolish phrase, 'Ku soma Kizungu,' creates needless suspicion. I am ever battling with it among our own people, and trying to get them to use 'Soma Luganda' instead. When will they learn that Christianity is cosmopolitan and not Anglican? But there is so much in our ways and methods that strengthens

the idea of foreign rule—English *men*, English *church*, English *formularies*, English *Bishop!*" And here, in the same letter, is a voice out of the depths of his African solitude—an accidental testimony to the Everlasting Word: "What sadness and melancholy comes over me at times, and I find myself shedding tears like a child! Then those wonderfully consoling psalms of David and Asaph, which send a thrill of joy into my whole being. This all but omnipotent reign of evil weighs one down, and then the exultant hope of its eternal destruction, and the ultimate triumph of good, cheers me up to more endurance and perseverance to the end."

THE New Guinea mission, of the London Society, has again suffered from the strife of tribes. A Rarotongan teacher, Tauraki by name, stationed at Motumotu, where he has done good service, has fallen in a murderous attack made by an inland tribe with whom the Motumotuans were at enmity. "The peace of the last three years," writes the Rev. W. G. Lawes, "was broken in January by Motumotu treacherously killing nineteen Moviavians. Since then they have been lying in wait for each other after the New Guinea fashion. Three weeks ago the leading men from each village met, and made formal peace; but as it was not ratified by compensation for those who had been killed, it could not have been believed in by the natives. The teacher, however, seems to have trusted to it. The following week he went in a canoe with his wife, child, and some natives to an island about half-way to Moviavi. They went to make sago, and slept two nights on the island. They started to return, and were suddenly surrounded by a number of Moviavi canoes, full of armed men. Tauraki tried to reason with them, but they were too excited to listen. The answer was a flight of arrows. The five Motumotuans with the teacher were all killed, and he, his wife, and child were badly wounded and left for dead. From noon until dark they lay in the sun with no water to drink. Tauraki was able to draw out all the arrows from his wife and himself. He had seven and she six. He tried to paddle the canoe, but had not strength. After dark some Motumotu boys who had been with them, but who were away fishing at the time of the attack, came stealthily back and took the canoe home. Tauraki only survived two days. The child was dead when they arrived. The wife recovered." The Rev. W. Wyatt Gill, by whom Tauraki was first taken to New Guinea, thus writes to us of him: "He was the cleverest native minister I ever knew—brave as a lion, and of spotless character. He had his Rarotongan Bible at his fingers' end. To me the loss seems to be irreparable. Few white missionaries are half as valuable as this latest martyr of Polynesia." Meanwhile the work of exploration goes forward. An expedition from Sydney, under the leadership of Mr. Theodore Bevan, has tracked the line of coast for some distance westward, and penetrated for the first time several rivers, without disaster.

THE Rev. F. E. Wigram, who has returned from visiting the Church Missionary stations in Asia and North-west America, says there is scarcely a mission-field which is adequately manned. This fact he ascribes chiefly to the growth of the work itself. Next, there is, especially in India and China, a remarkable spirit of inquiry, a readiness to seek the missionary. Moreover, doors long closed are rapidly opening, and fields practically inaccessible, now call for attention. As an instance of inquiry amongst the educated classes in India, it is stated that in Calcutta, a well-known Brahmin recently called on Dr. Baumann, who in the course of conversation asked him whether he had ever read our Bible. The man looked at him and then slowly replied, "I have read the New Testament eighty-three times, and the Old Testament twenty-seven."

THE Church Missionary Society has arranged for a winter "mission" in India. Preparations have been made on an extensive scale. The stations in India and Ceylon will be visited in four groups, to each of which two missionaries have been allotted. Letters received from various native churches, in reply to inquiries, attest the need of some such visitation. General Haig, describing in the "Church Missionary Intelligencer," the inception and progress of this movement, makes the startling statement that "There are already Christians enough in India, were they but baptized with fire, and endued with that Power from on high which is the Saviour's own gift for this very work, to carry the Gospel to every part of every town, village, and hamlet from Comorin to Peshawur. . . . If the annual increase of numbers has continued the same as the average of the ten years from 1871 to 1881, there must now be 537,000 Christians and 149,000 communicants. If one out of every twenty-one communicants, or every seventy-eight Christians, devoted himself or herself to itinerant evangelistic work for eight months a year, every town and village in India might be visited twice a year, a whole day being devoted to each visit, and the Sundays given wholly to rest. As a matter of fact, at present *not five per cent.* of the towns and villages are *ever visited at all.* Of course it is not meant to say that so high a proportion of evangelists as here assumed could devote themselves to the work, or that the Native Church would be able to support them; nor again, that two visits a year to a village would be sufficient, though it is more than many now visited around mission stations can receive. But that such a calculation as the above should be possible at all is a remarkable fact, and shows in a striking manner what a considerable body the Native Church in India has now become. A similar calculation, however, for Southern India only, including along with the Madras Presidency the Feudatory States of Travancore, Cochin, and Mysore, would seem to show that in that part of India, at least, the Native Church ought to be able even now to take in hand and complete the work of evangelization with little European assistance."

THE reports of the China Inland Mission glow with the fervent piety which has prompted so many of its agents to go forth and labour. From Shan-si, Mr. Stanley P. Smith writes rejoicingly of "the news of over two hundred baptisms"; but adds, "You will not be surprised. God, who has in such an extraordinary way opened up China, will certainly work an extraordinary work." The same hope gives tone to other letters. There are, indeed, indications that the revivals which have sometimes been witnessed in Western lands may be presently seen in these distant fields. During the last few years there has been no lack of testimony from various sources as to the reality of the faith which has sustained converts under severe persecution. The Rev. T. Sadler, of Amoy, writing in the light of long and full experience, says: "You will naturally like to know the worth of the Christian characters being formed. Some of them are men connected with public offices; their change of life cannot be hid, and helps to an understanding of our mission. Some are connected with important business establishments, and have no small influence on business, gentry, and *literati*. Many are ordinary tradesmen or agriculturists, yet they are all marked men, for some strength of purpose and character, to dare to come out on God's side. I never found it more needful to help men in the strongest convictions and practice of duty. All right-minded friends would be moved not a little to see the stand taken by many. The persecutions of all kinds are not as tragic as those in other countries, but more taxing to all the powers of mind and soul."

THE Rev. James Gilmour has been travelling to and fro in Mongolia. One thing has amazed him—"the attractive power and kindly influence of medicine." "In Chao Yang itself," he writes, "one of the roads from our inn to the market-place lies through the great Lama temple. We have had open conflicts with the Lamas more than once; yet of a morning, when, with my bag of books on my arm, I take that route, one and another of them call to me to attract my attention, and give me pleasant salutations. If this is the case where I can do so little in medicine, what might not a fully qualified man accomplish? . . . The gambling, drinking, opium and tobacco smoking of the district amazes me. At one of the temples I counted upwards of forty tents and booths specially devoted to gambling. The enormous consumption of whisky is a subject of common remark among the natives themselves. Just now nearly all the best pieces of land blaze with poppies. You are in a great fix about the land question at home. I see it all fought out under my eyes here. But for opium, whisky, and tobacco, the land could carry, I should guess, thirty per cent. more of population, perhaps even a larger proportion. Yet I have seen women, with tender infants in their arms, starting in the dead of winter on a journey of weeks, leaving their native place because the land could not support them." The London Missionary Society recently bade farewell to a company of workers going abroad. We note with pleasure amongst them Dr. F. C. Roberts, who is to join Mr. Gilmour in his solitary outpost

THE SUNDAY AT HOME

O DAY MOST CALM, MOST BRIGHT! . . .
THE WEEK WERE DARK BUT FOR THY LIGHT.—*Herbert.*

GENEVIÈVE;

A STORY OF OLD FRANCE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE SPANISH BROTHERS," "THE KING'S SERVICE," ETC.

WORDS OF WARNING.

CHAPTER XXIV.—DOUBTFUL VICTORIES.

"Seigneur, je vous donne tout."—*Pascal.*

CONSCIENCE was making two martyrs, almost at the same time, in the Hotel de Roannez.

That monarch of the soul, like other monarchs, is often disobeyed, not seldom even defied. But where his sway is most unquestioned, it is not always most enlightened. He has been known to demand cruel sacrifices, and as useless as they were cruel: and he has been obeyed with a courage, thoroughness, and self-devotion worthy of a better cause.

When Geneviève brought her story of sorrow and sacrifice to her unfailing refuge in the little chamber of Mademoiselle, she found that her friend was there already, and saw the trace of

tears on her face. It was most unusual for Mademoiselle to weep; and the occasions were very few upon which Geneviève had seen her do it. But the friendship was now so close between them that she could venture to ask, in tender sympathy, "What has troubled my dear Mademoiselle?"

"Dear child, I had rather not speak of it just yet. Tell me first how it is with thee, Geneviève? Has not M. de Sercourt been here?"

Geneviève sank down on the tabouret at her feet, and hid her blushing, sorrowful face in the rough, dark serge of her dress. Then gradually, and in confused, half-broken words, largely helped out by all that Mademoiselle knew already, she contrived to tell her tale. "It was so hard," she said in conclusion.

"Yes, it was hard for thee, my child," Mademoiselle acquiesced, as she gently stroked the bowed head of her young favourite. "Renunciation is always hard."

"I do not mean for me," faltered Geneviève, "I mean for him. He is so good and generous and true, so infinitely beyond me in everything; he did not deserve that this should come upon him. No, he did not make it hard for me. All he said was kind and gentle, like himself." Here, at last, her voice failed utterly, and tears and sobs followed all the more unrestrainedly because of the reaction from the strain she had put upon herself during the interview with Edouard. For the second time in her young life she wept out her sorrows on the bosom of her loving and faithful friend—if not always at the same time her wise counsellor. Mademoiselle did not fail to accord her praise as warm as a pupil of Port Royal could allow herself to utter. "My Geneviève has done nobly," she said. "I am proud of her. I knew yesterday that this was coming, and I meant to have warned thee; but it was not to be. My mother's illness left me not a moment to speak with thee. All was for the best. The renunciation is more entirely thine own act now."

Presently she essayed to withdraw the thoughts of the young girl from her own trouble by an unexpected revelation. "Genevieve," she said, "would it surprise you greatly to be told that I am about to return to the world?"

Geneviève felt as if the solid earth was giving way beneath her feet. She answered with quick incredulity, "I should not believe it, Mademoiselle."

"Nevertheless, I think it is true," Mademoiselle said quietly, and in a low voice. "And I think—would to God I were sure!—that therein I shall be doing His will."

"But if Mademoiselle is not sure"—Geneviève began with a new anguish in her tone. The thought of losing her ideal, of seeing her adored Mademoiselle descend from her pedestal, and walk amongst beings of common clay was simply intolerable. Was she to surrender both in one day, her heroine and her brother?

"The not being sure is part of my pain, of my punishment, if you will," answered Mademoiselle with sad resignation. "We cannot always expect to be quite sure of God's will for us. But I think we shall not greatly err therein if we choose the path which is hardest to our weak, sinful, human nature."

To this misleading theory, which has enticed many a noble nature into terrible mistakes, Geneviève yielded a cordial assent. She had certainly chosen the hardest path for herself that day.

Mademoiselle began to explain her position. "All the great doctors and the high authorities of the church, are agreed in giving me a solemn release from the vow taken in happy days gone by at that blessed Port Royal. I cannot doubt their power to loose as well as to bind, since our Lord Himself affirms it. (Edouard not being present, there was no one to show that our Lord affirms nothing of the kind.) Being then free to choose, it may be a fall and a loss to choose the lower life, but that it is absolutely a sin, I do not think."

"Is it not always a sin to choose the lower when we might have the higher?" queried the bewildered Geneviève.

"It would be so, if we might have the higher without greater sin. Geneviève, my mother positively commands me to marry."

Words, which she had heard before from the lips of Mademoiselle, trembled now upon those of Geneviève. "The most perilous and lowest condition of Christian life." "As honourable in the sight of man as it is vile and prejudicial in that of God." "A kind of homicide, and almost a Deicide."[1] But she restrained the eager impulse to utter them, remembering *whose* words they were. She only murmured, "If God forbids what Madame commands?"

"He does not forbid; He only discourages. There are counsels of perfection, intended for those who aspire to the higher life. And why should *I* aspire to it? He knows I am not worthy. Perhaps it was only spiritual pride which made me try to climb the height, when all the time it was more fit for me to have walked humbly in the valley. 'Seekest thou great things for thyself? seek them not.' I think that is God's word to me, Geneviève. It may be He would have me content to serve Him in common ways, and hereafter—if He will show me so much grace—to steal humbly into the lowest place in His heaven. I shall be satisfied if only it is a place from which I can see the face of Christ."

"Then I am sure that when He sees you there, He will tell you to come up near Him," said Geneviève fondly.

"Ah, my child," sighed Mademoiselle, "there have been too many words like that whispered in my ear by kind and flattering voices. I did wrong to believe them. My heart has been proud and lifted up, until I fancied myself almost a saint. God forgive me! all the time I was less than the least of His true saints. Nay, more; I was even less than an honest high-minded heretic, like M. de Sercourt, and the rather because God had given me the grace of Unity, which He has hitherto withheld from him. What helped to

[1] Letters of Pascal.

open my eyes were the words of my mother. Yesterday she was so ill, that I could not but speak to her of her soul, and of things eternal; and, Geneviève, she told me then that but for me, she would have made her salvation long ago."

"Oh, Mademoiselle, how wrong—how cruel of her to say that! When you have prayed for her continually, and taken every means in your power to show her the truth, and to detach her from the world!"

"Child, her words were not wrong or cruel. They had truth in them, though it was bitter truth. She said to me, 'If you had shown religion to me in some way I could comprehend, I might have been induced to think sincerely about it. But when I see you making every one about you uncomfortable, and setting at least one of the Ten Commandments at defiance, all by way of ministering to your own edification, as you would say—to your own exaltation, as I put it—I come to the conclusion that religion is only good for a few people here and there; and that we may thank God there are no more of them, since a world made up of such oddities would be a very unpleasant place to live in.'"

"But, Mademoiselle, are not bitter, angry words like those only proofs of what our Lord foretold, 'Ye are not of the world, therefore the world hateth you?' Ought we to give heed to such?"

"To the truth that is in them, yes—to the bitterness, no. They made me think of another word of our Lord's, 'By this shall all men know that ye are My disciples,' that is, by love. And I have not loved. I have been wrong, I think, in many ways. And now, through the darkness, I seem to see just so far as this. It is better for me to take the very lowest place hereafter with my mother there beside me, than to enjoy the Beatific Vision with the saints around the Throne, while she is left outside for ever. So we have made a covenant together, she and I. I am to listen to M. de la Feuillade, and she, on her part, is to listen to M. l'Abbé de Chaumont—a devout and good priest, almost if not altogether, one of ours."

"Oh, Mademoiselle, but the price is too great!"

"For my own mother's soul, Geneviève? Moreover, I heard yesterday, what before I knew not, though I may have suspected it. She cannot be long with us; for she is stricken with a mortal malady. She says she will die happy, and at peace with all the world, if only I—— M. de la Feuillade has good principles, he will not hinder me in aught that I think right, God grant I may not hinder him!"

"Dear—dearest Mademoiselle, you will not hinder him, you will help him heavenwards, Only—God grant you may be happy!"

"Happy?" Mademoiselle repeated, with a mournful smile. "No, Geneviève, do not ask that for me. Happiness is not to be my portion, on earth. I was happy in the old days, while I was yet in the world, and knew, or dreamed—I was happy afterwards at Port Royal, blessed Port Royal! Since then, my life has been all pain, and all conflict and struggle. I could bear it while the light lasted, while I saw my way clearly, however difficult and thorny that way might be. But of late it has seemed to me as if my light went out, and I knew no longer what path to take. Lacking the inner guidance, I could only accept that which came to me through the voice of others, and especially of those who have authority from God to speak to me. My director himself now advises me to submit to the decision of the counsel of conscience relieving me from my vow. And the best and wisest man I have ever known, has left me this rule—'Question thy director, and submit thyself to him.'"[1]

"If I may not pray that you may be happy, at least I will pray day and night that you may be blessed, which is better," said Geneviève.

"Well, dear child, God has many blessings to give, and even those who 'follow Him afar off,' need not go without their share. She who touched but the hem of His garment, was yet made perfectly whole. So pray for me still, as thou has ever done. Perhaps some day thou wilt do yet more for me."

A slight shade passed over the sad face of Geneviève as, mistaking the drift of the last words, she made answer—"I will go with Mademoiselle whithersoever she will. I do not think that anything can ever part us now."

"Save only our own choice. If it seemed good both to thee and to me."

There was only one way in which it could possibly have seemed good to Geneviève, and that way was barred now; conscience standing at its entrance like an angel with a flaming sword. She was silent, therefore, and Mademoiselle presently returned.

"It seems as if all things were pointing in the same direction for thee, Geneviève. God may mean me to present to Him in thee—what He will not accept at my own hands as too unworthy—the offering of a consecrated life."

Geneviève looked up quickly, "Then you think I ought to take the veil?" In truth it is from amongst the young hearts that bleed and suffer, like Geneviève's, that convents gain their best and most willing recruits. "Willingly, most willingly. But not until Mademoiselle has need of me no longer."

"My need must yield to higher claims. And I own that it would be a joy to me to give back to God the best and dearest gift He has given me in these sad, later years. But we will do nothing rashly, or in haste. Meanwhile believe me, dear child, that I can feel for thy sorrow. Renunciation—however clearly we may see the duty of it—can never be aught but pain, bitter pain. Yet it is in such pain that Christ draws near to us, and gives us the foretaste of His joy."

"I knew it, Mademoiselle," whispered the pale lips of Geneviève.

"And now go and pray for thyself and for me. I also will pray for thee. Kiss me, dear child. So—once more—lip to lip, and heart to heart. God bless thee. God make thee in very truth the saint I dreamed of being, but am not, and shall never be."

[1] Pascal.

Geneviève needed no exhortation from Mademoiselle to pray for her. But she joined another name with her friend's and with her own. Perhaps, however, she scarcely breathed it audibly, but rather might have said with the poet—

"When I sue
God for myself, He hears that name of thine,
And sees within my eyes, the tears of two."

One word, however, she said aloud, as she knelt in her own little chamber before the crucifix of carved ivory, Mademoiselle's gift to her. It was that word of Pascal's, "Seigneur, je vous donne tout." She said it from the depths of a heart that was well-nigh breaking. Poor child! she was giving Him all the time what He had never asked of her. Her sacrifice, like the costly spices brought by the women of old to the empty sepulchre, was offered under a misapprehension. They indeed ought to have known better; whilst she, from the standpoint of her creed and her training, could not well have seen her duty otherwise than she did. But we cannot doubt that in both cases, the love was accepted and the mistake forgiven.

Meanwhile, in another of the "palace homes" of the great city, another tried soul was struggling through agony to peace. It was, perhaps—nay, it was surely the stronger nature that had the most to suffer. But only one Eye watched the conflict, and saw the victory. Very characteristic was it of both, that whilst, "Seigneur, je vous donne tout," was the cry of Geneviève's resolved though breaking heart, that of Edouard's inmost soul was this: "Lord, Thou knowest all things, Thou knowest that I love Thee." With both the motive was the same, yet Geneviève thought rather of the "giving," the "renunciation," the pain, Edouard of the love. Edouard, morever, had a fuller confidence in the heart of Him he loved, and a clearer apprehension of the truth that his own love to Christ was but the offspring and the reflection of Christ's love to him.

Afterwards, a ray of comfort stole into his sad heart, with the thought that he could still do something for Geneviève; or rather, indeed, that there was something which he was imperatively called upon to do for her. His whole nature recoiled from the idea of allowing her to continue a mere dependant upon the House of Roannez. What if Mademoiselle were to die, or to take the veil? (No other alternative occurred just then to his imagination). In that case she would be left without independent provision, to the charity of the great world, which he well knew was the coldest of all proverbially cold charity. And if she herself, as in his mournful musings he esteemed it only too probable, were hereafter to desire the shelter of a convent, still a "portion" would be indispensable; since Port Royal stood almost alone in the true charity of admitting indigent young ladies who possessed what was thought to be a genuine "vocation." That she should owe this portion to his liberality, would be, under present circumstances, simply intolerable. He could not insult her by the proposal. It was therefore a thing much to be desired that some provision should be made for her, independent alike of Mademoiselle and of himself. And might not this very provision lie entangled and concealed in the mass of papers with which Mademoiselle had entrusted him; and which, as yet, he had barely opened? At all events, their perusal would distract his mind from mournful reflections; and, what was far better, it would be doing something for Geneviève.

It was yet early when he returned to the Hotel de Graffont, sought the refuge of his private apartments, and gave orders to the faithful Henri that he was on no account to be disturbed. Hours, which seemed to him like years, passed away before he wanted the papers, or even thought of them. At last however he took them from the cabinet where he laid them, and carefully choosing his position so as to make the most of the sunlight streaming through his window, and at the same time to avoid its glare, he sat down to his task. But it occurred to him that another duty was first to be performed. He rang his little silver hand-bell, and Henri appeared in a moment, to be charged with a courteous and respectful message to M. le Duc, with whom he was in the habit of dining, excusing himself from attendance at the meal.

"Monsieur will then be served in his own apartments?" said Henri.

"No; I shall not dine to-day. Do not disturb me upon any account—unless indeed M. Claude were to come from Charenton to see me—until I ring for you again."

He did not ring again until the daylight was fast fading away. Then he ordered lights and coffee, a beverage which was at that time a novelty in the Parisian world, where the prophecy ran "qu'il n'irait pas loin,"—that it would never become popular. Nevertheless, for any one who had mental work to do, it was, as Edouard rightly felt, far better than the more heavy and luscious chocolate.

Henri brought coffee and biscuits; and even ventured, upon his own responsibility, to add a flask of St. Peray and a small venison pasty. He also carried a taper to light the *bougies*, which had already been placed upon the table.

Before doing so, however, he hesitated, and looked appealingly at his master. "Will Monsieur be so good as to pardon me? Will Monsieur permit me to offer an observation?"

"Certainly, Henri. But be quick; for I am very busy."

"It is just that—if Monsieur will forgive me. I have the honour to observe that monsieur is looking much fatigued."

"Not with this work, my boy. It is rather doing me good."

Henri bowed. "But, Monsieur will perhaps kindly allow me to continue?"

"Well, then?" with a slight suppressed gesture of impatience.

"Monsieur probably forgets that the physicians have expressly forbidden him either to read or to write by candle-light. Expressly and absolutely."

"Then the physicians must be disobeyed. That is all."

Henri grew desperate in his great love for his

master. "Monsieur," he said gravely, "the physicians may be avenged."

"No fear of that," returned Edouard, carelessly. "Now, my good boy, light up the *bougies* and leave me. I am in haste to finish."

Henri was obliged to obey him, and to withdraw in silence, as soon as his work was done. Before he left the room, the eyes of Edouard had returned to the papers, which his thoughts had not quitted for an instant. At first they had seemed to him fragmentary, confused, and meaningless, like the contents of a lawyer's waste paper basket, thrown together without method or purpose. But by-and-by, as he read patiently on, he began to notice the frequent recurrence of certain names, in letters and documents of different dates and in various handwritings. Slowly and gradually he began to trace the wavering outlines of a story; and as he read on, these dim, indistinct outlines seemed to arrange themselves and to grow clear before his mental vision. Could it be that the Abbé de Gars himself was only a pretender; that the title to the property, so impudently claimed by him, belonged in reality not to him at all, but to his cousin of the same name, a lieutenant in the naval service, dead long ago in the Isle of France? Here indeed there was a prettily tangled web to unravel; but if once he could succeed in unravelling it, great and signal would be the prize. The whole suit against M. Montères being thus proved to be without foundation, it would be easy, especially with the great influence of the two houses of Graffont and Roannez, to get the decision of the Parliament of Paris reversed. Geneviève would then be not merely independent, she would be a great heiress.

The task, which at first he had found utterly distasteful, now became absorbing in its interest. With something like the keen passion of a sportsman, he tracked his game through a wilderness of letters, statements, apostilles, contracts filed, bills presented, petitions drawn up. Some hours ago, he would gladly have stopped if he might, now he could not have stopped, if he would. His pulses quickened; his breath came and went, his brain throbbed with excitement. The thought that his labour was all for Geneviève fired him with tenfold energy. The stars had faded, and the beams of the rising sun had paled the ineffectual light of his candles, before he looked up again from the pile of MS. before him.

OUR ENGLISH HYMNS.

EIGHTH PAPER.

CHILDREN'S HYMNS.

IT is an interesting fact that the earliest Christian hymn which has come to us from patristic times is a hymn for children. Clement of Alexandria, about 200 A.D., closed his *Pædagogus*, or 'Instructor,' with an invocation to Christ the Saviour for the use of the young. There is, it must be admitted, more of rhetoric than of poetry in the composition, and its redundance of metaphor is scarcely accordant with the spirit of devotion. The hymn begins—

> Bridle of untamed colts, Wing of unwandering birds, Rudder of infants, Shepherd of royal lambs, assemble Thy simple children to praise holily, to hymn guilelessly, with innocent mouths, Christ the guide of children.

The curious may find the rest of the hymn, rendered into both prose and rhyme, in the *Ante-Nicene Library*. An American paraphrase, also, is given in many school hymn-books, beginning: "Shepherd of tender youth."

For the most part, however, in ancient hymnody, the children seem either to have been overlooked, or to have been included with other worshippers. Down to comparatively modern times there is little in the hymns of the Church to express the emotions or to win the heart of childhood.

Catechisms, rather than songs, were the special provision made for the young. Occasional cradle hymns or nursery rhymes, it is true, impressed upon infant minds, in a way which we now call grotesque, the teachings of Scripture. Thus the *New England Primer* for generations conveyed the doctrines and histories of revelation in rhymes like the following. First is the doctrine of original sin:

> In Adam's fall,
> We sinnèd all.

Here again is the enforcement of early piety by example:

> Young Obadias,
> David, Josias—
> All were pious.

Once more; a compendious rendering, at least, is given to one of the most affecting of Scripture narratives:

> Peter deny'd
> His Lord, and cry'd.

The series, however, of which we have given only specimens, closes with the really pretty monosyllabic stanza, which perhaps our readers have offered as a prayer in their infant days.

> Now I lay me down to sleep,
> I pray the Lord my soul to keep;
> If I should die before I wake,
> I pray the Lord my soul to take.

With ditties like these, the young people of

two centuries ago were fain to be content. But at length Dr. Watts arose to point out a more excellent way. His *Divine and Moral Songs for Children*, first published in 1720, were ushered in by an elaborate argument on the propriety of the work undertaken. A few lines of this preface, now seldom reprinted with the *Songs*, are worth quoting:

"There is a great delight in the very learning of truths and duties this way. There is something so amusing and entertaining in rhymes and metre, that will incline children to make this part of their business a diversion. And you may turn their very duty into a reward, by giving them the privilege of learning one of these *Songs* every week, if they fulfil the business of the week well; and promising them the book itself, when they have learned ten or twenty songs out of it.

"This will be a constant furniture for the minds of children, that they may have something to think upon when alone, and sing over to themselves. This may sometimes give their thoughts a divine turn, and raise a young meditation. Thus they will not be forced to seek relief for an emptiness of mind out of the loose and dangerous sonnets of the age."

The twenty-eight hymns that follow are too well-known to need comment. The first two are sufficient to give the author a place among the best of all hymn-writers for children: "How glorious is our heavenly King," and "I sing the almighty power of God." There had been nothing like these hymns in Christian literature. Men of the most diverse modes of thought unite in expressing their admiration. "For children," writes Dr. Johnson, "Watts condescended to lay aside the scholar, the philosopher, and the wit, to write little poems of devotion." More justly—and without any suggestion that Watts *condescended* to a task like this—Richard Cecil observes: "I am surprised at nothing which Dr. Watts did, but his hymns for children. Other men could have written as well as he in his other works, but how he wrote these hymns I know not." The eight *Moral Songs* (including the *Cradle Hymn*) which complete the Doctor's little book, are equally marvellous in their adaptation to childhood. Watts quaintly heads this part of his work: *A slight specimen of Moral Songs, such as I wish some happy and condescending genius would undertake for the use of children, and perform much better.*

The challenge has been often accepted since his time; and the variety and beauty of children's lyrics have become wonderfully great; but for true simplicity and poetic beauty we question if Watts's song *For a Summer Evening* has been surpassed: "How fine has the day been, how bright was the sun."

Some of Charles Wesley's hymns for the young are very charming, and it is to him that the nurseries of English-speaking Christendom owe the lovely simplicity of "Gentle Jesus, meek and mild." But it is to the sisters Jane and Ann Taylor (Mrs. Gilbert) that the debt of parents, teachers, and children is greatest. The charm of their hymns is in the ingenuousness, so to speak, with which they enter into a child's mind, and present evangelical truth in an unforced, natural way, so as to awaken interest and sympathy without false or overstrained emotion. Their forms of expression are almost Wordsworthian, and sometimes in truth come perilously near to prose. Take for instance a stanza in a hymn on the Life of Jesus, "for a very little child"—a hymn on which a recent critic has scornfully commented:

> He went about, He was so kind,
> To cure poor people who were blind,
> And many that were sick and lame,
> He pitied them, and did the same.

This may not be artistic, but it tells the tale directly and, to the heart of childhood, movingly; for we think that the experience of those who have to do with little ones will attest that there are few hymns which more strongly attract, or take a surer hold upon a child's memory. That Jane Taylor at least can rise to true poetry is evident from that noble and pathetic children's hymn, "Lo at noon 'tis sudden night."

Writers of our own day, and of the generation preceding, have given us many admirable hymns for children. Some, like Mrs. C. F. Alexander and Bishop Walsham How, have abundantly provided for "the children's portion"; many another has given to school and home just one imperishable hymn. Such is Mrs. Luke's: "I think when I read that sweet story of old," Mrs. Duncan's "Jesus, tender Shepherd, hear me," Mr. Midlane's "There's a Friend for little children," with some others that will be found in a following paper. The more modern hymns, as may be expected, are free from some characteristics, which in an earlier day might have been natural enough, but which jar upon our taste, and prevent the full enjoyment of the strain. We sometimes are compelled to think that the children of bygone periods must have been oddly sedate little people, without much imagination or sense of humour! At least, a child would now think it strange to be called to thank God, with Dr. Watts, that he was "not a heathen or a *Jew*," or, with Miss Taylor that he was not born "a gipsy baby, taught to roam and steal his daily bread." No doubt the little Hartopp children for whom Watts wrote his *Songs*, in contrasting their lot with that of the poor whom they saw "whene'er they took their walks abroad," may have properly and devoutly exclaimed, without Pharisaism or pride:

> What shall I render to my God
> For all His gifts to me!

The lessons, indeed, from the "dogs that delight to bark and bite," and from "the little busy bee," are admirable; it is only from association that, to the less reverent young people of our day, they have become a little ludicrous:[1] at any rate, we scarcely now expect to find these hymns

[1] Only let us protest against a misquotation almost weekly made in speech or print: "'It is their nature *to*,' as Dr. Watts says." Dr. Watts never said anything so absurdly ungrammatical! The stanza actually reads:—

> Let dogs delight to bark and bite,
> For God has made them so;
> Let bears and lions growl and fight,
> For 'tis *their* nature, too.

in the most comprehensive juvenile collections. But what can be better than this?

> In books, or work, or healthful play,
> Let my first years be passed;
> That I may give for every day
> A good account at last.

There is also in our day a less frequent employment of the motive of terror to influence young minds and hearts. No poet of our time would rebuke children for "calling names" by the terrible example of the "children" who "served old Elisha so," with the sequel of the "raging bears." Nor, to pass to a yet more awful theme, do we often teach the child of our love to-day to sing of the "dreadful hell" where

> Sinners must with devils dwell
> In darkness, fire, and chains.

Such motives have their places, but we use them more sparingly now;[1] and with greater power urge the young to do right because it is right, and beseech them by the "gentleness of Christ."

By speaking of children's hymns, we would by no means deny to young people a place in the *general worship of the congregation.* In this they can hardly be trained too early to take an intelligent part, and the hymn book of their parents is theirs also. Many of our best hymns are adapted alike for old and young. Such as "Let us with a gladsome mind," "Hark, the herald angels sing," "From Greenland's icy mountains," are among the first to make their strong, bright impression upon the youthful mind. Hymns, also, expressing deeper thoughts and more personal experiences, will often come home to the hearts of the young, giving utterance to their tenderest yearnings and most solemn vows. "Just as I am," and "Rock of Ages," have a fitting place in every hymn-book for school and home.

But there are hymns specifically for children, expressive of the thoughts and emotions which belong to the morning of life, and introductory to those strains of higher mood which only manhood and womanhood can appreciate. Perhaps we need hardly have said "of higher mood." For sometimes the wisest and most experienced Christian is fain to return to the simplicities of earliest life. Dr. Guthrie, when dying, asked for "a bairn's hymn"; and to become "as a little child" is one of the highest attainments of the life of faith. There are some congregations that have the happy custom of introducing a children's hymn into every Lord's day morning service, and we have often noticed the rapt interest and the glistening eyes of the elders also when the choir strikes up, "I think when I read that sweet story of old," or, "There's a Friend for little children."

Above all things, our children's hymns must be simple and truthful. Self-evident as are these principles, there is continual danger of violating them. The mind of childhood is at once so susceptible and so imitative that it is easy to cast it for the moment into the mould of an alien or unnatural experience; and the habit of unreality in religion, once formed, vitiates the entire life. Much of the superficial, unhealthy, merely sentimental religion which we deplore is directly traceable to hymns. Or even if the hymn itself be good for its own purpose, it is out of place when put into the mouths of those who, from the very nature of the case, cannot glow with its ecstacy, or agonize with its holy longings.

We have known of cases in which the *Songs and Solos* of Mr. Sankey have been employed in the ordinary services of the Sunday school. The easy swing of the rhyme, and the cheerfulness of the tunes and choruses, have made the hymns great favourites with the children. Yet the utterances of heartbroken penitence and of rapturous faith, which might accord with the hallowed excitement of a revival meeting, are quite out of place in an ordinary assembly of children. Their only effect will be to render the soul less susceptible hereafter to holy emotions by employing the language of them prematurely.

We have referred in a previous paper to the unreality which characterises many children's hymns about heaven. Not indeed that we would be understood as discountenancing any reference in such hymns to "the better land." The hope is one even for the infants, and the babe's hymn is sweet to elder listeners, "O that will be joyful, Joyful, joyful, joyful: When we meet to part no more!" Child-piety is full of thoughts of heaven —of the loving Father and the eternal home. Yet here lies a subtle danger. That home is the children's rest after conflict and service; and to encourage our young people to express a longing to enter at once upon its enjoyment, is to give them false views of the Divine will concerning them. That will is, in general, that they should live and serve God on earth. If He should otherwise decree, the thought of the blessedness of young spirits taken to their home on high will be inexpressibly consoling, and must have a place also in our praise. It is good to be spared life's battle; but it is better to win the victory. This thought should pervade our children's hymns on heaven, and its recognition would, we think, rightfully exclude even some favourites from our books. Nothing is easier than to weave brilliant fancies about "beautiful streams" and white robes and golden crowns; and the reiteration of images like these ministers in too many cases to a weak and sensuous religion, with no power or inspiration for daily life.

We recently met with an anecdote which is at least *ben trovato.* "A lady, noticing a little village child walking beside her, inquired if she went to school. 'Oh, yes,' the child replied, pointing to a little school-house close by. 'What do you learn?' the lady said. 'To sing,' answered the child. 'Well, but what do you sing?' '"There is a happy land," and "There is a land far away."' 'But,' said the lady, 'don't you sometimes sing of the things quite near—home, and the pretty birds and flowers?' 'Oh, no!' the child said; and then, looking earnestly, '*that would be nice!*'"

[1] *Nine* or *ten* of Dr. Watts's twenty-eight *Divine Songs* employ the terrors of perdition as an argument with the young.

This fair world, indeed, is full of topics for children's praise, as many of our more recent hymn-writers, like Mrs. C. F. Alexander, have shown. For even the youngest also there is an enthralling interest in the simple rendering of those grand and solemn themes that belong to our redemption. Hymns to CHRIST THE SAVIOUR will ever be appropriate and dear to children, from the carols which celebrate His birth to those which sing of His atoning sorrows, of His victory over death, and of His great salvation. Only here, also, let simplicity be combined with reverence. A recent newspaper-writer has called attention to the frequent sensuousness of hymns on the Passion, and has quoted several verses, not one of which, however, we have ever found in any hymn-book for the young, although our acquaintance with these books is somewhat large. If, in any case, such hymns are introduced into children's worship,[1] our protest could not be too strong; but happily of this there is little danger.

On the whole, we would seek in our children's hymns correctness and simplicity of language, sincerity and earnestness of feeling, with as much imagination and beauty as the poet, in subordination to these supreme qualities, can throw into his song. Their themes should be as manifold as the essentials of the Christian revelation, for in every sacred doctrine there is a message for the young. The works of God in creation should be celebrated in every variety of strain, with the course of Providence, the seasons of the year—of the natural year, and if so inclined, the ecclesiastical year also—that every time may have its own associations of joy and thankfulness. The life of Christ on earth should be especially commemorated—by Christmas carols, by loving record of His wondrous works, by Passion, Easter, and Ascension hymns. The Bible in general, its preciousness and its varied contents, with the youthful characters delineated, may well form the subject of many a hymn, more poetical than those of the *New England Primer*. Christian doctrine also should have a place in hymnody, in such forms as children can understand. In fact this is very important, owing to the general disuse of catechisms and forms of doctrinal teaching—a characteristic of our time which we deplore and would fain amend. As it is, almost the only task laid on the memories of many of our scholars is to learn the hymn, and this fact makes it all the more important that the utterance of truth in song should be explicit and solemn, as well as attractive. Then also there should be hymns of penitence and faith and holy resolve, such as children may feel; and especially hymns of duty, expressing what is noblest and best in character, as love, reverence, humility, courage, sincerity, and earnestness. Such strains arouse pure ambitions in the heart of childhood, and often lead to resolves that shape the course of life. Then there will be hymns of joy and hope, the outpouring of gladness in the thought of Christ the Savour and of the heavenly home. The field is ample, and we cannot turn over the best modern hymn-books for children without feeling how admirably it is already occupied. The number of children's hymnals of a high class is so great that no one need turn to what is inferior or unworthy; and as all now largely extract from the hymn books of the general congregation, the transition from the worship of the family or the school to that of the church is rendered natural and easy.

In accordance with the suggestion of several correspondents, we give in a subsequent number a list of ONE HUNDRED CHILDREN'S HYMNS, which to a great extent embody the above principles, and which, we trust, will be found helpful by parents and teachers in directing the young people of their charge to what is at once wholesome and beautiful in this department of juvenile literature.

[1] The paper in question, after referring to the mischievous effects of the use of the crucifix by young girls of emotional temperament, goes on to say: "Nine tenths of those who would be horrified to find a crucifix in the home, and who would condemn it as an instrument of idolatry, if not of moral degradation, see no idolatry, no morbid sentiment, in a hymn which enjoins those who sing it to fall down and worship a sensational and sensual (*sic*) image of the incarnate Saviour." Some "samples" then are given of "the sentiment which is to be found on *almost every page* (the italics are ours) of our hymn books, new and old, Anglican and Evangelical."—The criticism is grossly exaggerated: and as a rule hymn books for children are remarkably healthy in their tone.

ORDEALS.

THE use of ordeals, as a test of innocence or guilt, is of ancient date, and has been confined to no particular race, or locality, or creed. It was known to the Greeks and Romans; to the northern nations; to the various Asiatic tribes; and was more customary still all over the African continent.

Our readers will at once recall the ordeal instituted by Moses, and described in the Book of Numbers (ch. v. ver. 11ff.) If a man suspected his wife of infidelity, he was to bring her to the priest, and having made what was called the offering of jealousy, left him to deal with her. The priest then took a vessel of holy water, and sprinkled it with the dust from the floor of the tabernacle. He then charged the woman with an "oath of cursing," as it is called; whereby, if she was innocent, she would escape all evil consequences from the water; but, if guilty, the penalties of her sin came visibly upon her, and she was thenceforth a byword among her people. The Jews add that the

THE OMEN—A TRIAL BY ORDEAL.

woman was led to the priest with a number of ignominious and degrading circumstances; but they add the administration of this rite was a thing rarely resorted to. There is indeed no recorded instance of its use; and this is the less to be wondered at because we find that they made two additions to it which very greatly altered its character. The first was, that if the woman was guilty, and confessed her crime, when the waters of jealousy were offered her, she escaped the capital sentence she would otherwise have undergone: the other, that if the husband was guilty of the same crime as herself, the water would have no effect. This form of trial is said to have continued very nearly to our Lord's time. It is, however, still in existence in other countries, or something very closely resembling it. Mungo Park relates that at Baniserile, a slave merchant, on returning home, obliged a young woman, to whom he was betrothed, to wash his hands in a calibash, and then drink the water off. This was regarded as evidence of her having remained faithful to him. Again, at Koolkoro, a man entreated him to write a saphoe, a sort of charm that is, to protect him from wicked men. Park having complied, he washed the tablet on which it was written, until the ink was quite absorbed, and then drank the water off.

Whether the "waters of jealousy," first gave the notion of ordeal or not, we have no means of knowing; but it is certain that that practice has existed from very ancient times. In early Greek history some persons suspected by Creon, profess themselves ready to clear their innocence by taking red hot irons in their hands, at least they are so represented in the Antigone of Sophocles. Grotius has produced instances of ordeals by water, in Bithynia, Sardinia, and other countries. The Hindoos have no less than nine different descriptions of ordeal. The first of these is the very singular one of weighing the accused person twice, with an interval of time between the two weighings. If he is found to be heavier the second time than he was at the first, he is accounted guilty; if lighter, innocent. If his weight is precisely the same in both instances, the experiment has to be repeated.[1] The second mode of ordeal is by swimming unhurt over a river infested by crocodiles; the third, by swallowing certain grains of poison; the fourth, by dipping the hand into an earthen vessel filled with sand, in which a ring and a hooded snake have been placed. If the accused gets out the ring unhurt, he is held to be innocent; if the snake bites him, he is guilty. In the fifth, water is drunk, in which the images of the gods have been washed—this nearly resembling the waters of jealousy, and the African practices. The sixth and seventh consist in dipping the hand into burning oil, or handling a red hot iron; the eighth is by chewing rice—these three being near akin to the customs of the western nations. Lastly the trial is made by throwing two figures, one representing the genius of justice and the other of wrong, into a vessel; when the accused, being blindfolded draws one or the other.

In Siam, both parties, the accuser and the accused, were turned into an enclosed place, and a tiger loosed upon them. If the tiger killed one of them, and spared the other, that showed which was guilty, and which innocent. If he killed them both, that proved the guilt of both. If he spared both, both were innocent.

Among the western races, and in our own island for a great many hundred years, ordeal was allowed by the law, indeed ordered by it, in cases of doubtful evidence. The meaning of the word ordeal (it should be remarked) is somewhat disputed. Some authorities declare it to mean "The Great Judgment," others "without difference," signifying the impartiality of the judgment. Ordeal was common among all European nations. In particular, Tacitus tells us that the ancient Germans were greatly given to practices of this description. The duel, one of the most outrageous forms that ordeal has ever taken, seems to have originated with them. In this country the ordeals by water and iron are first mentioned in the laws of Ina, king of the West Saxons towards the end of the seventh century. They are also recognised by the laws of Athelstane, Edward the Confessor, and William the Conqueror. The principal forms under which ordeal was administered, were those of fire, water, and bread. The first of these three was the one by which persons of noble blood were usually tested. After the performance of certain religious rites—for it should be observed that ordeal was always administered, not only in the presence of the clergy, but by their direct agency—a mass of red hot iron was brought into the church, and laid on the altar. The accused person then took it up in his bare hand, and carried it to a certain distance. As soon as he had laid it down, the officiating priest covered up his hand (which no one was then permitted to see), wrapping it in cloth, and securing it from being meddled with for a certain number of days. At the end of that time, the accused was again brought forth, and the hand uncovered in the presence of the whole congregation. If he was found to be uninjured by the trial, he was declared to be innocent. If it exhibited marks of burning, then the guilt of the party was inferred. This was one form of the trial by fire. Sometimes red hot bars of iron were laid down at unequal intervals, and the suspected person was required to walk blindfold over them. If the trial was accomplished without touching any of the bars in passing, a verdict of acquittal was pronounced. Emma, the mother of Edward the Confessor, is said to have proved her blamelessness by walking in this manner over nine red hot ploughshares.

The water trials were generally somewhat similar, boiling water being resorted to instead of red hot iron. The suspected person was required to plunge his hand up to the elbow in the water, and as in the instance of the trial before mentioned, the arm was kept hidden from sight for the appointed number of days, and the guilt or innocence inferred from its condition, when it was uncovered. There was another

[1] This puts us in mind of one of the ordeals in the instance of witchcraft, where the witch was weighed against the Church Bible; where, however, lightness is held is held to be a proof of *guilt*; as here, of innocence.

form of the water ordeal, the same as that usually employed in the detection of witches, but not often resorted to, except in the instance of persons of meaner rank. These, when charged with any offence, and neither their guilt nor their innocence could be proved, were wont to be thrown into a deep pond, with their hands and feet tied. If they sank—that showed their innocence. But seeing they would in all likelihood be drowned before they would be got out, that afforded them small comfort; while, if they floated, that was clear evidence of their guilt.

The remaining description of ordeal, that of bread, was usually confined to the clergy, though it was sometimes employed in the instance of persons of high rank.[1] It consisted simply in swallowing a piece of bread (or sometimes cheese) without choking. As in the other instances, so here, this piece of bread had been set apart by some religious ceremony. Some, indeed, have contended that it was simply the bread of the Holy Eucharist; but this does not appear to have been the case. It has been sometimes said that Earl Godwin, in proof of his innocence, challenged this form of ordeal, when sitting at the king's table, and that the bread stuck in his throat, and choked him. But it does not appear in the narrative of any historian that the clergy were called in, or any of the usual forms of ordeal gone through. So far as any credit can be attached to the story at all, the earl seems to have spoken on the spur of the moment, and to have immediately followed up his words by endeavouring to swallow the bread.

The reader will hardly require to be told that all kinds of persons who were accused of crimes, and who surmounted safely the ordeal by fire or water, did not in every, if they did in any, instance, escape by special miracle being worked in their favour. Frequently, it is to be feared, innocent persons were sacrificed through them to the hate, the envy, or the avarice of persons in power: often, it is beyond dispute persons notoriously guilty were by the same processes declared innocent. In the instance of Queen Emma, it is not very easy to see what were the means employed to secure her acquittal. The bandages might have been so ingeniously arranged, that although she appeared to be completely blindfolded, she was able nevertheless to see the ploughshares. It is possible again that she was instructed as to the exact distance left between each ploughshare, and the perilous journey rehearsed beforehand. In the instance of lifting the iron masses, the process is much more easy of conception. No one was allowed to approach close to the heated iron but the clergy. The seeming hot mass may really have been wood ingeniously coloured. It is possible, again, to render the hand so hard by chemical applications, that the iron would not blister it; and it is certain that the knowledge of chemistry possessed by the monks was considerable. Still easier would this be in the case of the boiling water. Nobody but the priest who brought it in knew that it *was* boiling. The people were obliged to take their word for that. A story is told by Du Cange, which proves what the result of these trials was, when the clergy did not interfere to screen the suspected person. He tells us of a case, where a vineyard had been left to a convent, but the heir-at-law disputed the legality of the gift. The matter appearing very doubtful, it was ordered that ordeal by water should be resorted to. The heir-at-law plunged his arm into a caldron of boiling water, and drew it out again after the prescribed fashion, when it was wrapt up in linen by the priests, and sealed with the signet of the church. On the appointed day the bandages were publicly taken off, when the arm was found to be one frightful mass of ulcers and excoriations; and the unfortunate man not only lost his vineyard, but the use of his arm also for a long time to come.

Besides these more common forms of ordeal, there were one or two others. Sometimes two packets of wool or some similar substance were made up of exactly the same size and appearance, in one of which a small cross was enclosed. They were then laid on the altar, and one of the priests, or sometimes a lad of tender years, going up to the altar, took up one of the packets at hap-hazard. If it contained the cross, the person arraigned was pronounced blameless; but if the other, guilty. This it is to be observed nearly resembles the ninth mode of ordeal practised among the Hindoos. This mode of obtaining the Divine judgment, it may also be remarked in passing, was frequently employed in other matters also. The precedents in Holy Scripture, such as that of Saul and Jonathan (1 Sam. xvii.), or of the eleven apostles when they elected a successor to Judas, probably suggested the notion. The practice has lasted even to our own times. At Dulwich College, till within the last thirty years, the election to the wardenship always took place in that manner. Two candidates, each of the name of Allen, having been selected, a solemn service was held in the chapel, at which both were present. Then two rolls of parchment were brought in, exactly resembling each other, and laid on the altar. One of these strips was blank; on the other the words "By the Grace or Gift of God" were written. They were then taken up at random, placed on the heads of the two candidates, who stood in front of the altar, and afterwards unrolled. The competitor whose roll contained the inscription, was declared elected.

It is of course impossible to doubt that in nineteen cases out of twenty—to state it in the most modest way—the issue of the ordeals must have been pre-determined. For a long time, indeed, the mass of the people may have believed that the finger of Almighty justice was really visible in what took place. But the greater personages, and more particularly the clergy themselves, must have been fully conscious of the impostures practised. It is therefore shocking to read the solemn religious services by which these pretended trials were preceded. Sir Walter Scott

[1] Thus Sir Walter Scott in the novel of the "Talisman," represents Richard as anticipating that the Duke of Austria, if subjected to ordeal, would clear himself by red-hot iron or by bread; "How shall I laugh to see his huge mouth riven and his gullet swelling to suffocation, as he endeavours to swallow the consecrated Bread."

has preserved one of these rituals, discovered in the charter chest of an old Thuringian monastery.[1] From it, it appears that after a fire had been kindled in the church, and the iron had been brought in, one of the ministering priests advanced, and standing in front of the fire, invoked the God of purity and justice to bless the proceedings. Then the iron was carried and laid in the fire, and another prayer was made, that both the iron and the fire might be endued with the Divine blessing. Mass was celebrated while the iron was heating, and at its conclusion, the priest addressed the accused, inviting him to partake of the Blessed Sacrament, if he was innocent, but warning him to abstain if he was guilty. The accused then came forward and communicated, the priest saying, "This day may the Body and Blood of Jesus Christ, which were given and shed for thee, be thy protection and succour, even in the midst of the flame."

More prayers then followed to the same effect, after which the iron was lifted and carried for the prescribed distance, and the arm duly covered up.

To think that all this could have been habitually gone through by persons, who, if they were not positively assured of the guilt of the person under trial, at least knew that the trial was a cheat and a mockery, is most revolting. Perhaps no evidence of the corruption of the clergy in what are commonly called the "dark ages," could be produced more unanswerable than this.

Another, and very frightful form of ordeal, in the case of suspected murder, was that of requiring the individual charged with the crime to lay his hand upon the corpse of the murdered man; when it was believed that, if he was guilty, the blood would flow again from his stiffened wounds. The corpse was wrapped in a winding sheet of white, and laid before the altar. The supposed criminal was then brought up in the face of the congregation, and required to lay his hand on the body. If, thereupon, the winding sheet exhibited any stain of blood, the judgment went against him. This superstition lingered long in men's fancies, and is perhaps hardly extinct even now.

But the most extravagant form which ordeal ever took, was that of the judicial combat; though this might perhaps have been said to have arisen out of the practice of ordeal, rather than to be a form of ordeal itself. In the ninth and tenth centuries it was a favourite practice in Italy and Germany, as well as in France subsequently to the time of Charlemagne. But it did not prevail in this country, until after the Norman Conquest, when it was introduced by William the Conqueror; the Normans, we are told despising the fiery ordeal of the Saxons. William endeavoured to satisfy both parties, it being, by his laws, left optional for an accused person to clear himself by wager of battle, or by ordeal, as seemed good to him.

It was not, however, left open to the defendant in any suit, either criminal or civil, to accept or decline the trial. In all doubtful cases, and especially where a crime had been committed, and the evidence was defective, the court ordered the combat. If two persons of noble blood were concerned in the matter, they fought on horseback with the knightly arms of attack and defence: if they belonged to the commonalty, with square targets of leather, and wooden staves one ell in length. Lists were marked out, and strictly guarded, to prevent either party from receiving assistance from any one. The combat usually took place in the presence of the judges, in their robes. If the person challenged was unwilling to fight, or if, in the course of the day, he was unable to continue the combat, he thereby stood condemned. His property was confiscated, himself hanged and dismembered. On the other hand, if he slew his adversary, or forced him to cry craven, or could protract the duel until nightfall, he was acquitted. In that case the prosecutor did not escape punishment. He was fined sixty shillings, was declared infamous, and stripped of the privileges of a freeman. If one of the parties to the suit was a woman, an ecclesiastic, a child of tender years, or a man past sixty, he was allowed to fight by proxy; but if the proxy was vanquished, he was liable to have his hand struck off. The strangest feature in these extraordinary proceedings was that the accused was not only at liberty, if condemned, to appeal against the decision, but to challenge to personal combat the judges who had condemned him. But in this instance he was obliged to vanquish successively every member of the court that had pronounced the adverse decision, or their sentence held good; if, however, he did succeed in overcoming after this fashion, the whole of his judges, they were declared incapable of holding office, and were even liable to be put to death! The person arraigned might also, at his pleasure, challenge any witness that appeared against him to meet him in the field, and the same consequences would ensue!

It is needless to say that the folly and wickedness of these procedures became more and more evident to men with the advance of knowledge and civilisation, but they were not forbidden until the time of Henry the Eighth; nor, even then, was the right of Wager of Battle removed from the statute book. So late as the year 1818, the matter was brought before the court of King's Bench. A man named Thornton had been tried for the murder of Mary Ashford, and acquitted. But the verdict gave great dissatisfaction, being apparently against the weight of evidence. The nearest relative of the dead woman made his appeal against the decision of the jury, according to the ancient custom, and the legal advisers of Thornton claimed on his behalf the right of Wager of Battle, which the old custom also conceded.

The validity of this claim was tried by the court, which decided that, as the law then stood, Thornton's claim was a legal one. The judicial duel would have taken place, but that young Ashford, who was no match for Thornton in the field, withdrew from the prosecution. In the next year an Act was passed abolishing "Trial by Battle," in all cases, whether civil or criminal.

[1] See Appendix to chap. vii. of the second volume of the "Fair Maid of Perth."

Ordeals no doubt originated in an honest belief that they who desired nothing but strict justice, and could not see how by man's law they were to obtain it, were justified in directly appealing to Almighty God Himself "to show the right." But they forgot that neither Scripture nor reason gave them any warrant for this procedure. If the Supreme Being could be called on, in this fashion, to determine, by special intervention, every difficulty that arose in men's lives, the whole order of things subsisting in the world, which is of His devising, and constitutes the probation of man, would be overthrown. He might be similarly invoked to determine every doubt, and remove every impediment to men's free action, thereby rendering discipline and faith alike impossible. He would in fact be required to work a continual series of miracles, entirely superseding and annulling the ordinary round of His daily providence. Founded on a false principle as the custom was, it is no wonder that human corruption made it worse and worse; until, like many another moral evil in this world, it gradually perished of its own inherent folly.

BIBLE NOTES AND QUERIES.

"E. S." enquires: "Is the expression 'Sons of God' used in Genesis vi. 2 and Job i. 6 and xxxviii. 7, the same in all passages? and has it the same meaning as the words in the New Testament (John i. 12; Rom. viii. 14; Phil. ii. 15; 1 John iii. 1)? Also, has the expression 'Son of man' (used I believe in Ezekiel only) the same meaning when used by Christ of Himself?"

"SON of God" is an appellation of which the sense is determined, not by any variation in the original expression, but by the context. On earth, the sons of God are the godly; in heaven, the holy angels: while THE SON OF GOD is He who bears that title supremely and alone, as the effulgence of His glory, and the very image of His substance.

In general, this remark will be a guide to the passages where the phrase is found. Thus, in Genesis vi. 4, we read how the worshippers of the true God went forth from their happy religious associations, and contracted marriages with the worldly and impious: in particular, perhaps, how the descendants of Seth intermarried with the daughters of the Cainite race. In Job, the sons of God are angelic beings who rejoiced over His creative work, and who go forth as His messengers, returning from their various errands to present themselves before Him. Satan, the Adversary, came *among* them, but he was not *of* them, save that he was subject, as they were, to Divine control. In the New Testament, believers are called the sons of God, Romans viii. 14, 19, etc.; but more generally the "children of God," John i. 12; Philippians ii. 15; 1 John iii. 1, 2 (in which texts we should read *children* for *sons* as in R.V.) etc. "Son of God" is found once in the Old Testament, in Dan. iii. 25, in the message brought to Nebuchadnezzar from before the fiery furnace: "The form of the fourth is like the Son of God," where we should no doubt understand the heathen speaker to mean "a son of the gods" (as R.V.) or a supernatural being.

The constant use of the appellation "Son of God" in the New Testament to denote Christ the Saviour needs no elucidation here.[1] (In Acts iii. 13, 26; iv. 27, 30 "son," or "child," should rather be "servant," as in R. V.)

"Son of man" is, in the Old Testament, as our correspondent observes, almost a peculiarity of the prophet Ezekiel. See also Daniel viii. 17. The phrases "son of man," sons of men," are occasionally found, poetically used, for members of the human family, Job xxv. 6; Psalm iv. 2; cxliv. 3; Ecclesiastes (often); Isaiah lii. 14; Jeremiah xlix. 18, 33; li. 43. This general term is used in Ezekiel as an appellative to mark the prophet's special distinction.

But the title "Son of man," reserved in the New Testament for Christ Himself, denotes the special character of His humanity;—*the* Son of man—the Man of men—Head and Representative of the human race. One fact is very remarkable. Our Lord applies this title continually to Himself; never, in His earthly days, did His disciples employ it of Him. "*I am* the Son of man. *Thou art* the Son of God." Only Stephen, when he "saw Jesus standing on the right hand of God," designated Him as the Son of man; and in the Apocalypse His glorified humanity is occasionally thus indicated. Rev. i. 13; xiv. 14.

A correspondent enquires: "How is Exodus iv. 24 to be explained?"—"And it came to pass by the way in the inn, that the LORD met him, and sought to kill him."

The most probable explanation seems to be that Moses, on his way from Midian to Egypt with his wife and child, was seized at the "inn" (or "lodging-place," R.V.), with some sudden illness which threatened to prove fatal. In this he and Zipporah rightly recognised a Divine infliction, designed to remind Moses of his disobedience in neglecting (perhaps in deference to the scruples of his Midianitish wife) to circumcise his child. This rite therefore was angrily performed by Zipporah, Moses being too enfeebled for the task; and then "Jehovah let him go"; *i.e.* he recovered. It must be remembered that Moses himself narrates the incident, and, as an inspired autobiographer, attributes his malady to the displeasure of Jehovah on account of his sin.

[1] Students of the original Greek may note the variations in the use of the article. See *Handbook to Grammar of New Testament*, § 217, *o*.

OUT OF THE HEART.

CHAPTER I.

"YOU are a regular little tell-tale. I will never let you know another secret, never." And Harry Brett as he spoke, dexterously wrenched himself free from the soft clinging hands of his little sister Mabel, a child of nine years of age. Harry was thirteen, handsome and tall for his years. It was not his wont to speak thus roughly to Mabel; in reality he loved her deeply, but with Harry an affectionate nature was often marred by fierce, unruly, resentful passions. He had good cause, he imagined, for anger just then. He had confided to Mabel a secret of school life, and she, in a careless moment, had spoken inadvertently, and the thing had become known. The secret concerned others more than himself, and Harry felt he would be looked upon as having betrayed trust, and quick wrath was aroused against Mabel. She tried to explain, she had forgotten she must not speak; but Harry would not listen, hastily he broke away from her with quick, angry words. He had passed through the hall out into the garden, was half-way down the garden path, when he heard a soft voice calling him, and looking round—he could not help just looking back—he saw the child standing in the open hall door, holding out to him beseechingly her small hands, tears and trouble in her blue eyes. For a moment he looked at her as she stood there, the bright afternoon sunlight glinting on her white dress and making a perfect glory of her golden hair, and for that passing moment he thought he would go back and forgive her; but his heart was yet too hard with anger to quite relent, and just at that instant he caught sight of a figure coming along the road, and when again Mabel's voice said softly, "Harry, Harry, come back, I want to speak to you," he answered hastily:

"No; I can't come now; I'm going to spend the afternoon with Tom Lane, I can see him coming," and turning, he walked quickly away; unconscious that as he did so he lost one of earth's sweetest privileges, the power of forgiveness. Alas! when we might forgive and will not! He did the bitter wrong of wounding a heart that loved and trusted him. For Mabel's affection for her brother was of no common order; he was her ideal of all that was wise and right, and not unfrequently she saw her own little world through Harry's eyes. And now he had left her alone, unforgiven; if only Harry could have known half the woe of the childish soul he left heedlessly behind him!

The figure Harry had seen coming down the road was some distance off; near approach showed him he had been mistaken, it was not Tom Lane; after all, there had been no need for his hurry in leaving Mabel. But he had no thought of relenting, he would wait, and seating himself on a stile, he sat whistling softly to himself, and shading his eyes from the rays of the September sun, as he strained their sight to catch a first glance of Tom's expected figure.

Tom Lane was three years older than Harry; but nearness of home and other circumstances had led to a friendship between them. The two went daily together to the same school in the adjacent town, Harry was manly for his age; and the two had more in common than some boys with that disparity of years would have found. But that afternoon Tom was slow in keeping his appointment. Harry was thinking of giving the thing up and returning homewards, when some one turned the corner of the road—it was Tom at last. Harry called to him, "I thought you were never coming," he said. Then, as Tom came nearer, Harry's resentment changed to sudden admiration. Tom was carrying a gun. Harry had heard him boast of receiving one as a present that September, but he had not yet seen the envied possession.

"I couldn't come before," said Tom, as he came up. "I was hindered, and when I found how late it was, I don't think I should have come at all, but I've something to square up with you a little bit. You've been telling tales, Master Harry."

Harry's face flushed hotly, he knew what Tom meant—it was the unhappy secret Mabel had carelessly divulged.

"I didn't tell," he said quietly.

Tom shook his head—"Come, now, that won't do. Johnson and Bruce heard it last half-holiday, when they were at your house, so it must have been you who told."

Harry stood hesitating. He could easily have thrown all the blame on to Mabel, but a latent sense of honour deterred him; he would not have been wanting in many noble points, save for that vindictive spirit of his, which even now, though he kept silence as to Mabel's misdoing, was yet crying loudly to be avenged. "No," he said, "I didn't tell; I know how it got out, but that isn't any good talking about."

"You will find you will have to bear the blame of it," said Tom coolly; "when I let you know, I never thought of you splitting upon us."

There was a tone of superior reproach in Tom's voice that smote keenly upon Harry. He had a certain degree of respect for Tom's opinion. "I'll take the blame then," he said half sullenly, half repentantly, for he remembered it had been his indiscretion in telling Mabel anything about it at all.

"You'll have to," answered Tom dryly; "but there—I came partly to show you this as well," and he held the gun for Harry's closer inspection as he spoke. He said the words carelessly, but Harry's admiration evidently was not a thing to be despised. Then the two strolled off together.

The afternoon had drawn to a close, and their ramble having brought them round again to Mr. Brett's house they were about to separate, when Tom said suddenly, "I don't quite envy you your task to-morrow morning; you'll have to clear yourself somehow."

It was the revealed secret again, the thing had almost escaped Harry's thoughts, now it came back with renewed force. "I can take care of myself," he said angrily.

Tom did not reply, something else had just then attracted his attention. They were on the outskirts of the gardens and grounds leading up to Mr. Brett's house. The house itself stood near the road, and the main entrance was approached by a short carriage drive; but the gardens and grounds on one hand stretched a long way down the road, and through these was a longer drive to the house. It was at the very entrance to this the boys were now standing, and Tom, making a sudden halt, was pointing over the hedge to a stump of a tree artistically covered with ivy and creeping plants. "Look," he said, "there is a bird on that stump; I am going to have a hit at it."

Harry stood by silently admiring, when, at that moment, he caught a glimpse of something white round the other side of the stump, and instantly recognised it to be a white

Persian kitten belonging to Mabel, her especial pet and favourite. He saw the danger: a word would have stopped Tom—only a word. The temptation to be avenged, the thought that Tom was aiming at the bird not at the kitten, all with the quickness of mental power passed through his brain in that critical moment. The next, there was a quick report. The bird flew safely away; but something white had sprung forward just at the moment of danger, and now lay struggling its last death struggle on the grass.

"I didn't kill the bird, but I've killed something else," said Tom, stretching out his head; he could not see so plainly where he stood as Harry.

"Yes," said Harry; "it is Mabel's white kitten."

"I say, though, will she mind? If she does, I will get her another the very first chance."

Harry did not reply, he was turning away his eyes from the little writhing form which gave one more struggle and then lay quite still. At that moment too he realized what had been been done. The kitten itself was of a rare and beautiful kind. It had been sent from a distance as an especial present to Mabel, and Mabel being in some respects rather a solitary little child, having no brother or sister her own age as playfellows, had found in this little creature unceasing pleasure and delight. He was thinking how best he could tell her what had happened; but the next instant a little figure came running down the drive which led to the spot, a little child in white dress, her nurse quietly following her.

"There's Mabel herself," said Tom, laying his hand on Harry's arm, and Harry, moved by some silent fascination, looked and felt impelled to look at what followed.

"Fluff, Fluff!" said the child, running swiftly towards the spot; but she stopped suddenly, and the next instant a scream, a cry that had in it all the bitterness of a heart's first anguish, rang through the air. She stooped and took up her dead favourite, holding it close to her, its still warm life drops falling on her white dress. Then, as the truth came fully upon her mind, she stood motionless with terror—blanched face, dumb sorrow in her eyes. Harry saw that look, he would see it again and again for many days to come, the look on a child's face of its first actual grief.

Nurse came up, "Oh, Miss Mabel, Miss Mabel, your white dress," but the child did not heed her. "Why, it's poor little Fluff," she added; "oh, Miss Mabel dear, it is dead, it is quite dead; and don't look so, my dear, and do think of your dress."

Nurse laid a hand on Mabel's dead treasure as though to gently take it from her, but with a sudden quick movement the child flung herself down upon the grass, the dead kitten still tightly clasped in her arms. She lay there a little motionless white thing, broken down with the weight of her first childish woe. Nurse's efforts seemed in vain to arouse her, but at that moment Mr. Brett appeared returning from an afternoon stroll, and nurse called him to her assistance. Gently Mr. Brett lifted his little daughter in his arms; at first he thought she had fainted, but her blue eyes opened and looked at him with their sorrowful light, then, with one quick sob, she hid her face on his shoulder.

Tom and Harry had now made their way from the road to the spot. Harry was in time to see that look in Mabel's eyes, and to catch the sound of the sob with which she hid her face from sight. Tom stepped forward and briefly explained with sincere regret that the accident had arisen through his faulty aim. Mr. Brett looked at him quietly. The Lanes allowed their sons more license than he thought good for Harry.

"Till you can aim more truly, I advise you to be more careful with that gun of yours," he said gravely.

"I will," said Tom penitently, "but if I had caught a glimpse of the kitten I would not have fired, I would not indeed."

The words smote sharply upon Harry; he had seen and had not spoken; he could not speak now. What would Tom—what would they all think of him? to hear him say he saw it and let Tom fire. Guilt like a heavy hand seemed to close his lips. He hardly noticed what followed. He knew Tom, as he took somewhat hasty departure, said in his ear, that he would get Mabel another pet, and that after all it was only a kitten; but that was no longer the point, it was that guilty thought that oppressed him, as almost mechanically he followed Mr. Brett as he carried Mabel to the house. Then at the doorway, in answer to a few words from the father, the child sorrowfully resigned her dead favourite to nurse's hands; and Harry with still that dumb weight at his heart, followed his father into the house.

Only that afternoon, and Harry had refused to forgive his sister; now the tables were turned, it was he who needed forgiveness. Mabel lay upon the couch all the evening. Her father and mother did their best to divert and console her, and the child with the natural strength of a loving heart smiled back at them and tried, for their sakes, to be comforted. But she lay very still. Harry half wondered why she did not get up and run about a little; her face had a tired look on it, and she raised her head wearily as though it cost her an effort. He was too honest to attempt himself to offer comfort, still he lingered near her. He wanted to speak to her, and could not. Oh! if he could forgive her now, but that had gone past, it was he now was the culprit, and he could not even confess his guilt. But once when Mr. and Mrs. Brett were both from the room, he thought he would try and say something, something kind, something that should bridge over a little the gulf between them. He went softly to her side. "Mabel," he said, but she did not heed him, she seemed to have fallen into a light sleep. He took one of her hands in his: how hot the small hand was, its touch seemed to burn him, but she did not quite arouse herself, she only looked at him from under heavy eyelids as though she hardly understood his presence, and wearily turned her head aside. Then the door opened and Mrs. Brett entered, and Harry's chance of speaking was gone. Soon after Mabel went off to bed, not running round to them all as was her wont for their good-night kiss; she let her father carry her upstairs in his arms. Mr. and Mrs. Brett looked gravely at one another, and Harry wondered in his heart if Mabel was ill, or angry, too angry perhaps to notice him—ah, but she did not know really what she had to forgive.

There was no shaking off that oppressive feeling of wrong-doing, no silencing that inwardly accusing voice; for the first time in his life, Harry went to his bed with a guilty pain and trouble that for a time kept sleep away. He had been trained with scrupulous care, lessons of truth had been especially instilled. He knew that a truth guiltily suppressed is a lie; he had never lied in the open sense of the word; he had high ideas of right and honour; but this thing which he could not tell, this subtle temptation that had come upon him so suddenly, lay upon his soul like a dead weight.

The blind was drawn down a little aside, so that a part of the night sky was visible. The night was calm and fair, stars shining brightly through the transparent blue. A feeling of awe crept over him, and that sense of individual accountability, which more or less comes to even young and thoughtless minds. Harry was not wanting in reflective powers, only he had never thought much before about right or wrong; his faults had been such as had been confessed, pardoned, and then passed by. But now there seemed a difference. This was not a careless error or shortcoming, it had in it the weight of actual individual sin. He had thought perhaps Tom would kill his sister's favourite,

had thought so, and had let him fire. It was mean, contemptible sin. Harry did not fully analyse his feelings, but he felt as though he could not bear the burden much longer, and then, in the still silence, he made a half compromise. He would make it all up with Mabel—would that do? No, he must tell her, Mabel, the whole truth, if he would have peace. Could he? It would be humiliation to have to tell it to any one but to Mabel. And then he thought he would see how she bore herself on the morrow. If she still sorrowed too much, he would: yes, he would. He clasped his hands with the resolution, and shut his eyes tightly, turning his face on the pillow away from the light.

Sleep came softly down, and he lay blissfully unconscious that a morrow might be coming, and many morrows, when for this tardy repentance and confession neither place nor possibility would be given him.

NATURAL HISTORY NOTES

ON THE REVISED VERSION OF THE BIBLE.

NO. XI.—THE OSTRICH AND THE OWL.

THE first of the above-named birds furnishes a remarkable example of the truthfulness to nature that pervades Holy Scripture. No one who had not observed the habits of the ostrich could have written the description in Job xxxix. 13–18. Repeated observation has verified the fact stated in

OSTRICH (STRUTHIO CAMELUS).

verse 18. Her wings are powerless to sustain her weight in a flight above the level of the ground, but lend a ready help to a race along its surface, which scarcely allows of putting the foot down. A Greek writer, who tells us that the wild ass could only be caught by several horsemen taking up the chase, adds most significantly, "an ostrich no one caught." Not even the Arabian steed, though far beyond our horses in a long chase, can overtake her flight. His rider has recourse to artifice to check the speed of his prey, by cleverly throwing a stick between its legs. He has some reason to fear for his own safety, as the loose stones of the desert come flying upon him, spurred back by the ostrich's horny feet. It is also perfectly true that this bird appears to neglect her eggs, though a reason has been assigned for her doing so. In the hotter countries inhabited by these birds there is no need for the mother bird to sit upon the nest—at any rate, in the daytime, for the heat of the sun is sufficient to hatch them. Further, it is believed that the eggs which lie about outside the nest are placed there as food for the young birds issuing from the nest-eggs. Her seeming carelessness, therefore, is an example of the unerring wisdom that runs through all the works of God.

It is implied in these remarks, and doubtless well known to our readers, that the ostrich is an inhabitant of the desert. This is strongly marked in the name given to it by the Greeks, for they called it by a name which we may translate the *camel bird*. It resembles the camel, both in the length of its limbs, fitting it to traverse long distances, and by its capacity for passing a long period without water. In the Revised Version the name will be found associated with another desert animal that has been described before, viz. the jackal. There are three such passages in Isaiah, one in Job, and one in Lamentations. But in the Authorised Version it is not *ostrich*, but *owl*. The habits of the ostrich were perhaps not so well known two hundred years ago, and the translators fixed upon the owl as the best known bird of darkness and solitude—at any rate, in England. There is a passage in the prophet Micah that might easily mislead an Englishman, where the owl is spoken of as mourning. The poet Gray says, "The moping owl doth to the moon complain," and its hoot is well known; but only those familiar with the ostrich would be aware that it too utters a plaintive cry.

The name of the owl has thus almost disappeared from the Revised Version. It remains in Psalm cii. 6, and there probably indicates a bird very much like the horned owl of our own country, a bird with large round eyes in the centre of a saucer-shaped arrangement of feathers, adapted to gather up the scanty gleams of light which are sufficient for a nocturnal bird. The appearance of horns in either case is produced by a tuft of feathers rising above the head on either side. The word remains also in Lev. xi. 17, and Deut. xi. 16, where we find both little owl and great owl. The latter is at least doubtful. It may be some sort of crane, or any bird that dwells in marshes—perhaps the ibis, a bird common in Egypt, and worshipped by the people as a sacred animal.

Thus there are three passages in Isaiah, and one each in Job, Lamentations, and Micah, which we will give next time; and meanwhile our young readers can search for them.

ANSWERS TO SCRIPTURE ENIGMAS.

NO. XXII.—p. 656.—PEACE.—John xiv. 27; xx. 19.

P-eninnah	1 Sam. i. 4–7.
E-phesians	Eph. ii. 1, 14; i. 22.
A-bigail	1 Sam. xxv. 3, 10-13, 32, 33.
C-orinth	2 Cor. xiii. 11.
E-sau	Gen. xxxiii. 1, 4; xxvii. 19, 35, 36.

NO. XXIII.—p. 656.—SAMARIA.—Acts viii. 5-24.

S-hemer	1 Kings xvi. 23-25.
A-hab	1 Kings xvi. 29-33.
M-icaiah	1 Kings xxii. 10, 15-17, 28.
A-haziah	2 Chron. xxii. 9.
R-amoth-gilead	1 Kings xxii. 4, 29.
I-ahab	1 Kings xxii. 26, 27.
A-maziah	2 Chron. xxv. 23, 24.

THE SUNDAY AT HOME

O DAY MOST CALM, MOST BRIGHT! . . .
THE WEEK WERE DARK BUT FOR THY LIGHT.—*Herbert.*

THE CHILD'S GARDEN.

No. 1764.—DECEMBER 10, 1887.

The Child's Garden.

THE sunlight flushes the eastern skies,
And floods the world with light;
Come, little child, awake, arise,
Fair as the morn and bright.

Oh, little child, what is life to thee,
What are its hopes, its fears?
Wake, with thine innocent laughter free,
And thy lids unstained by tears.

Life to thee is a garden fair
Filled with supreme delight;
All flowers of light and joy are there
Unfolding to thy sight;

And gentle paths and easy ways
Fit for thy dainty feet,
And shining birds whose joyous lays
Thy happy moments greet;

And sweet little brooks that tinkling run
Through many a flowery glade;
And soft green lawns where shines the sun,
And bowers of sylvan shade.

Then go, little child, to thy garden fair,
In thy pure white garments dressed;
Gather the flowers blooming there,
The fairest, brightest and best.

And if by chance a thorn should run
Into thy fingers small,
Thy tears are dewdrops kissed by the sun,
Kissed away as they fall.

Do you ask, little child, what lies outside,
Just outside thy garden fair?
Oh, the world is a wilderness dark and wide
Ask not what lieth there.

In thy bright domain sweet breezes blow
Over the flowering dale;
Outside, the thorns and briars grow,
And fierce winds loudly wail.

Then stand not at the closed gate,
And knock with thy small hand,
But take the joys that on thee wait
In thine enchanted land.

For when once those gates wide open fly,
And the boundary line is crossed,
Thy sweet young life will behind thee lie,
A vision fair, but lost.

For as from Eden long ago
Went forth a weeping pair,
They who from childhood's Eden go
Cannot re-enter there.

Then cull its blossoms while you may,
And wear them near thy heart,
That when for thee shall come the day
That says, "Arise, depart"—

A fragrance may around thee dwell,
A joy thy footsteps tend,
Which, if thou guard'st thy treasures well,
Shall last thee to the end.

For though so fast the shadows creep,
And youth fades back from view,
Heaven's own favourites sometimes keep
Its freshness all life through.

Then wake, little child, with the opening day,
Thy day untouched by care;
Go, play, little child, while yet you may,
Go, play in your garden fair.

P. A. BLYTH.

A PHILANTHROPIST IN HUMBLE LIFE.

THE Metropolitan Tabernacle, in which Mr. Spurgeon preaches the Gospel weekly to assembled thousands, has been compared to a hive of busy workers; and not only are many societies which exist for the good of the people at large efficiently maintained, every person united with the congregation in Christian fellowship is expected to do something to promote the common cause. The Orphanage maintains and educates five hundred fatherless children; the Almshouses provide a home for a number of aged Christian pilgrims; the colporteurs circulate Bibles and pure literature to the value of about 9000*l.* every year; nearly 100,000 volumes have gone forth to replenish the scantily furnished book-shelves of needy pastors of all denominations; evangelists preach the Gospel throughout the land; the College has over eighty men in training for pastors and missionaries; and other agencies, too numerous to mention, are carried on. When we think of these things and of the individual workers we get an excellent idea of a working church.

The philanthropist in humble life of whom we will now say something, William Bilborough by name, belonged to Mr. Spurgeon's congregation; he died on September 2nd, 1887, and his place of business was in a street adjoining Newington Butts. What he was able to do in his Master's service will be better understood if we give an outline of his life history.

He was born on August 2nd, 1820, at Tad-

caster, Yorkshire, an ancient Roman site, and the scene of several conflicts during the civil wars of the seventeenth century. William Bilborough lost his father early in life, and being the eldest of a large family, found it necessary to work extremely hard to provide for the wants of his mother and her younger children. What was required of him, however, he accomplished with a manly bearing and generosity, which promised well for the future. Indeed his general kindness and enlarged sympathy for all who were in sorrow or distress were at this time very apparent, and were generally recognised by all who came in contact with him. On one occasion, while passing the town lock-up, Mr. Bilborough heard a man crying bitterly in one of the cells—a deserter from the army; and finding his sympathy aroused for one who possibly had some grievance on his side, young Bilborough at once burst open the door and set the captive at liberty. The man was never recaptured, nor was his deliverer ever discovered. At this time Bilborough was well qualified to perform a feat of this kind; he was a working bricklayer, and his physical strength was that of a giant we sometimes read of in fable. One friend assures us that in his early days William Bilborough had no superior, and only few equals as a British workman, and that he was one of the strongest men in England. At times these Samson-like endowments were utilized with advantage; as, for example, when he was waylaid by certain thieves who had set their hearts on some money which the honest bricklayer was known to have in his possession. As a Christian man whose sympathy went out even to the degraded, Mr. Bilborough tried persuasion, hoping thereby to convince the men of their sinful folly; but when gentle argument proved of no avail, some well-aimed blows by his powerful fist had the immediate effect of deciding the matter against the thieves. Some things were not quite so easily dispatched. For example, when a certain over-dressed gentleman on a steam-boat, offended at having a tract offered to him, demanded an explanation of the mystery attending the doctrine of the Trinity, Mr. Bilborough was unable to answer immediately. But he, after a little thought, gave a satisfactory reply, and by so doing greatly delighted the elderly lady from whom he had received the supply of tracts.

He became a Christian early in youth, and was identified with the Wesleyan body; and thus, as regards general business transactions, he was from the first a pattern of straightforward honesty in all his dealings, while uniform kindness of heart for relatives and friends continued to be one of his marked characteristics. He was also sufficiently self-reliant to marry and settle in life before he came of age. At this time he had a share in constructing many important works, such as some of the wharves near London Bridge and Millwall Docks, besides other extensive undertakings in France. Unlimited confidence was placed in him by successive employers, because his work was thoroughly well done. While thus working conscientiously, his good-nature or kindness of heart would occasionally involve the honest workman in trouble. To give away his dinner to some one who needed a meal more than himself was only a small affair; but it was a more serious matter when a large sum of money was lent and never repaid. That was probably a commonplace experience, such as is often matched in everyday life, but it was by no means according to the usual course that it did not lead to the destruction of friendship.

Mr. Bilborough settled in London in 1853, and in due course became connected with the congregation at the Metropolitan Tabernacle. Some time after his settlement in the metropolis he partially lost his sight, and this necessitated his giving up the useful calling of bricklaying for some other business. He now became a licensed broker, and as that is considered to be an unpleasant business, and one that requires a man to work with a heart that is callous to the feelings of others, it was thought to be all the more striking that one should be able to take his religion into it. This, however, was what this Christian man was enabled to do, and he was able besides to do an amount of Christ-like work in a comparatively short time which will cause his memory to be a fragrant one for many years to come.

About ten years ago Mr. Bilborough became associated in Christian work with a lady who had interested herself in the reclamation of fallen women; and into this department of labour he entered with earnestness. His second-hand furniture shop was situated in a back street very near to the Tabernacle, a quarter in which many of the unhappy class, who were specially sought after, resided. In the window of his modest establishment, this "plain and humble man," as Mr. Spurgeon calls him, exhibited a paper with these words: "NOTICE.—*Any poor and unfortunate sister that requires a good home, will she kindly enquire within?*" Mr. Spurgeon says: "He was the means of rescuing many, and preserved a record of 148 who have stood fast, and are now honest women. He was a hero in private life. As his pastor, it was a great joy to be remembered in his constant intercession, and to have fellowship in his holy service by rendering help when it was required."

Many might be disposed to think that a mission of this kind was a sufficiently thankless one, and one ill-suited to the capacity or opportunity of a tradesman in a small way of business, whose time required to be fully occupied in other things. Others might have objected that it was properly a woman's mission to women, an enterprise that needed to be carried on after the example of the late Mrs. Murray Vicars, of Brighton, whose striking success in the work of reclamation attracted the notice, and excited the interest, of the philanthropic-minded Princess Alice a few weeks before her lamented death. As regards Mr. Bilborough, he thought that he had a call from God for this particular service, and he worked accordingly; and if we judge of the work by its results, we shall not be wrong in saying that it was stamped with the Divine approval. It was the habit of this devoted man to keep a

register of those whom he sought to befriend, and from this it appears that nine out of ten of those who were taken in hand turned out well, and are now in situations honourably earning their livelihood. But of course Mr. Bilborough did not stop at the mere earthly salvation of his poor constituents; it was his custom, like Daniel, to retire three times a day for earnest intercession with God; and answers to these constant prayers were recognised when a main proportion of the girls he rescued not only forsook a sinful life but gave their hearts to God. It is a fact that the majority of those he sought actually became converted, and to William Bilborough this was the highest possible reward which could be given him for his services.

A word may be added concerning Mr. Bilborough's general conduct in business. There are certain businesses in London which have a certain amount of ill-odour attached to them, and one of these is the trade of the licensed broker. One can hardly think of anything less genial to a Christian man, with a heart beating in sympathy for the poor, than many of the commissions which the licensed broker is required to undertake. By the poor generally the broker is regarded as an undisguised, uncompromising enemy; by the more uncivilized he is often assailed with coarse epithets; he will sometimes be buffeted, while to such kind of insult the threat of murder will not seldom be added. Mr. Bilborough encountered all this kind of treatment in the course of his business, but such was his bearing that not seldom the people that he had to face as enemies were transformed into friends.

Thus, a friend who knew him well testifies that when acting in the capacity of a broker, he has known Mr. Bilborough go to distrain for rent on the goods of a needy widow, and on his discovering that the arrears were consequent upon poverty which had come through sickness or bereavement, he has gone down upon his knees to invoke God's blessing upon the poor woman. His charity did not end there, however; for on rising he has freely paid the whole of the widow's debt, leaving her in a home intact and with a heart swelling with gratitude and joy. In time, if a broker was obliged to be sent at all, numbers of people thought themselves privileged if the messenger was Mr. Bilborough. He was nevertheless a stern representative of the law if the debt had accumulated through drunkenness, indolence, or vice of any kind. He was the very man to tell persons of this kind that their sins had at last found them out, and that justice must have satisfaction.

But, as we have briefly shown, this humble tradesman's work as a philanthropist lay among that most unhappy class who, unless they are reclaimed, have parted with hope as regards both worlds. He continued these efforts until the very last working day of his life—the day before he died. On the last day of August he sent a destitute girl into a home; and the last thing he did on the following day before going upstairs to take to his bed, was to give another girl sixpence for a breakfast. On the day following, or on September the 2nd, he passed away. For two hours before his death he was blind; but he still continued witnessing for Christ, and just before he died, and before he called upon the Saviour to receive his spirit, this rejoicing Christian spoke of a bright light, as of the shining of the sun, which surrounded his bed. Many similar things have happened at the deathbeds of the saints, making it seem as though before actually leaving earth they caught a distant view of the eternal glory of heaven.

This simple-minded tradesman and philanthropist represents a class to whom London owes more than can well be expressed; and could their number be multiplied, it would amount to a national gain. The work that has to be done cannot all be done by those who have ten talents; our hope for the future must rather depend on numbers working who have only one. To this latter class, Mr. Bilborough probably belonged; but by working at his best, and by making the most of his capital, he did more good than many others have done who had more splendid abilities and greater opportunities. The successful in the Lord's service are not always those who have much committed to them, but those who make the most of little, and exemplify the faith that conquers difficulties and overcomes obstacles.

Indeed, Mr. Billborough was one of those earnest Christians, who in the first place discover what they can do, and who then are content with nothing short of doing their very best. What the world owes to such men at the present time, and what has been the accumulated debt in the past, the last day alone will declare. Though they may have laboured in obscurity, their service has often amounted to hardly less than a national benefaction. In many instances they have unknowingly laid the foundations of a superstructure, at which others have laboured after the original founders have passed away—the work thus expanding to dimensions which at first were never thought of. The pioneers in Sunday and ragged school work, the founders of many of the most useful and far-reaching agencies in our great towns, have been men in humble life. Such were Raikes of Gloucester, Pounds of Portsmouth, and Cranfield of London, whose labours carry us back to a day when philanthropy was more of a novelty and an experiment than it is at present. In regard to Mr. Bilborough he is worthy of being ranked with those we have mentioned, because he aimed high in a difficult branch of Christian service; and while achieving no common kind of success, he has left an example of what can be achieved by earnest effort when the hands of the worker are sustained by simple faith and believing prayer. G. H. P.

GENEVIÈVE;

A STORY OF OLD FRANCE.

CHAPTER XXV.—THE WRITING OF GENEVIÈVE AGAIN.

It is not in the shipwreck or the strife,
We feel benumbed and wish to be no more;
But in the after silence on the shore,
When all is lost except a little life.

Hotel de Roannez.
(No date.)

ONCE again, after nearly four years, I have taken out this poor little book, and I am going to write in its pages. It is because I have so little else to do; partly also because I am so lonely and so sad. The days are so long and dreary, no one ever comes here now. Stay, that is not quite what I mean. We ought to be careful always to speak and to write the exact truth. I suppose that what I really mean is this—that there is *one* who never comes now. I may write what I like in this little book, for no one shall ever see it, not even Mademoiselle.

We have just heard that the queen-mother is dead.[1] She was ill a long time, and she suffered much. Mademoiselle Amand tells me that the physicians say the disease of Madame is the same of which she died—a terrible disease called cancer. I know indeed, that at first Madame could not bear to speak of the queen-mother's illness, or to hear any details of it; but that of late she has listened to them eagerly, and questions every one about her on the subject, with the sort of curiosity which M. le Duc calls "morbid."

Indeed, in every way Madame is wonderfully altered. I am often in her room now, for she seems to remember her old fancy for me, and to like to have me with her, either to read to her, or to perform little offices of the toilet. She still rises every day and is dressed; she even occasionally takes a short drive with M. le Duc, or Mademoiselle, in her beautiful new glass coach, which is hung upon springs of steel, and so easy that its motion would almost soothe an invalid to sleep.

She is so much more kind and gentle than she used to be; I even observe that sometimes when she grows angry or impatient about some little thing, she tries to restrain herself, which is very strange for her, and must come hard upon a great lady, who all her life has done what she pleased, and has been bowed down to, and obeyed by every one about her.

But the greatest change of all is in her bearing towards Mademoiselle. It was ever a proverb in the household that Madame must be always in extremes; and that she springs readily from one extreme to its opposite. Yet the household can scarcely conceal its astonishment at seeing Mademoiselle not only high in favour, but caressed, clung to, and even leant upon, far more than M. le Duc had ever been, though he was supposed to be his mother's idol and treasure.

[1] Anne of Austria, mother of Louis XIV.

Every one is talking of the caprice of Madame, and of her sudden changes; but for my part, I do not greatly believe either in the caprice or the suddenness. I am inclined to think there was always—hidden somewhere in her heart, and covered over with a thick crust of worldliness—a very real love and even admiration for her noble-minded daughter. When people are very angry with those they love, they often grow hard and cruel, the love itself seeming to turn into bitterness. Madame could not forgive Mademoiselle for disappointing all the great hopes she built upon her, and making a complete wreck (as she thought it) of her own life. But now that Mademoiselle has given way, and surrendered the great point of contention wholly to her mother, there is not only peace between them, but affection and tenderness.

Mademoiselle is not indifferent to the change; I can see that. Throughout all these sad years she has borne her mother's reproaches and persecutions with wonderful patience, never murmuring, never answering again, never even admitting to any one (save, of course, to her spiritual director) what she had to suffer. But it is much pleasanter to be loved than to be hated; even a saint must feel that. It is well she has this comfort; for otherwise her life is very sad, and I can see that a heavy weight is pressing on her heart. We have seldom time now for any talk together. She is constantly with Madame, to whom she not only reads and talks, but ministers in every way, however lowly or distressing, that her malady requires. She would do it, she says, for the sick poor, and why not for her own mother? I often fear she will exhaust her strength, and I sometimes fancy she herself would not be sorry if—— But I was going to write something which perhaps I had better not entrust even to the keeping of my safe and silent confidant, this little book.

The good Abbé de Chaumont now visits Madame constantly, and she, who used to be absolutely rude to him (no, *insolent*, that is the word; great people are never rude, but they are often intolerably insolent), is now courteous and deferential, even submissive. All her people say she is going to "make her salvation." Edouard would never allow any one to use that expression in his hearing. He used to say that our salvation is "made" already; a finished work, wrought out and completed for us by our blessed Lord Himself. That seems to me quite true. It has nothing at all to do with heresy, or Protestantism. For surely we cannot think too little of ourselves, or too much of our Lord Jesus Christ, and

of what He has done for us. He is all in all, "the centre of all things," as M. Pascal says.

Ah, those happy days, when we used to work together over the MSS. of M. Pascal! M. le Duc still gives me a little copying to do for him now and then; but I believe the work of deciphering and transcribing the original writings has now been finished, and the grander task of arrangement and selection does not require the mechanical help of the copyist. I think that, about the matter of selection, M. le Duc and Mademoiselle are not quite agreed. M. le Duc, and the great authorities of Port Royal, desire, in the first place, "that which is good for the use of edifying," as the Holy Scripture hath it. They wish so to curtail, arrange, classify, and correct these confused but precious fragments, as to make out of them a good book of meditation and devotion, for the use of faithful souls. Mademoiselle, on the other hand, thinks every word which has fallen from that pen a sacred and peerless trust, which we have no right to withhold from the Church of God. But of late she has withdrawn almost entirely from the affair. "I am not worthy," this is what she says. Once, when her brother asked her opinion on some point, she answered that she had none, and I heard her murmur afterwards, "None but the consecrated might touch the Ark." I believe that some of the holy nuns of Port Royal have written to her, reproaching her with much severity for her return to the world, which they call her "fall." I wonder is it wrong to think that they may perhaps be mistaken, not knowing all the circumstances? There is another thought that *will* come to me, and which I believe is seldom absent from her. Would the hand that traced those immortal lines have written words of condemnation? If he knows about it now, in his high place in heaven, does he blame her for falling from the lofty sphere to which he sought to guide her footsteps? I do not know. Still, it seems to me that she is trying to do the will of God; and that neither glorified saint, nor archangel standing before the throne, can do any more.

With regard to M. de la Feuillade, I am sure she feels as she ought to feel, and that she will do her duty towards him to the uttermost. He is a brave and honourable gentleman, and his constancy and perseverance are deserving of all praise. If he is not worthy of Mademoiselle, that is not his fault. And it is only when one compares him with—with *others*, that one begins to find him just a little commonplace. Mademoiselle will make no comparisons; and even if she did, her standard would be so different, that it would be like comparing a comedy of M. Molière's with the office of the Mass.

Why has Edouard never come to us since that miserable day? Just two weeks have passed since then, two weeks yesterday, and we have neither visit, nor any sign nor token from him? This is very strange. Not strange, indeed, that he should not visit poor me, with whom I fear he must be much displeased, but strange that he should not call, or even send, to enquire after Madame, since he must know that she is ill. His courtesy is so perfect, so unfailing, that this neglect is the more surprising. I would think he had left Paris, but that he promised not to do so without seeing us once more.

Some of the people of Madame de Chèvres brought Zoro back to us; and it was well they did, for Madame had been asking for him. He had been petted and made much of by the ladies, but he could tell nothing about M. de Sercourt, whom he had not seen since the hour he brought him to the Hotel de Graffont. Silence—silence—nothing but silence. It is so strange, so sad. Sometimes I think I can bear it no longer. But I must bear it, I suppose, and for all my life long—God help me!

Mademoiselle—dear, dearest Mademoiselle—what must you not have suffered in those long, silent, weary years? Will my pain at last pass from me, as yours has done: or rather, will it change to something else, which is not altogether pain? I do not think it—perhaps I do not even wish it so to pass.

It is two days since I wrote the above, and to-day something has happened, something which is very strange, and which I do not at all understand. But at least it is a token that M. de Sercourt has not wholly forgotten us. M. le Duc sent a message, requesting me to come to him in his cabinet. Having first, with his usual courtesy, placed a seat for me, he told me he had just received a visit, which nearly concerned me, from the celebrated advocate M. Pelisson. I was greatly surprised, as indeed I well might be. Every one knows that M. Pelisson is not only at the head of his profession, but that his able defence of M. Fouquet, though it cost him four years in the Bastille, has given him a world-wide reputation, so that now he is released, and taken into favour by the king, no one can tell to what he may aspire. M. le Duc thought it quite a wonderful condescension on his part to say that at the earnest solicitation of M. de Sercourt, whom he held in great esteem, he was willing to undertake the case of Mademoiselle Montères. When M. le Duc told me this, I answered that I did not know I had any case at all for him to take up; and I suppose the astonishment I felt must have showed itself in my face, for he smiled as he replied to me: "I thought my sister might have told you before this that you have some chance of being a great heiress, but since she has failed to impart the pleasing inheritance, I must do it for her." Then he explained to me, very simply and kindly, how that unhappy M. Pliant, on his death-bed, gave Mademoiselle certain documents, which in his opinion, might help to undo the wrong done to my dear father in that lawsuit which cost us all so much pain. Mademoiselle, it seems, kept the documents by her unused till quite lately, when she thought fit to consult M. de Sercourt, who in his turn put them into the hands of M. Pelisson, Mademoiselle having given him permission to do with them whatever he thought best. M. Pelisson gave his note about them to M. le Duc, who showed it to me.

M. Pelisson said he thought the case a promising one, and would himself undertake to see it to a successful issue. He hinted something

about "a word from a very exalted quarter, which would set everything upon wheels." M. le Duc says he has great influence, at present, with the king, although he is a Huguenot, which last is perhaps the reason that he is so willing to oblige M. de Sercourt. If however he is a favourite at Court, the chances are that he will not long continue a Protestant. I know how Edouard dreads the atmosphere of the Court, and the seductions the king knows how to offer to those of his religion. I shall be very glad if M. Pelisson succeeds; for then all the world will know that my dear father was in the right. But I do not care much about the money; nor indeed do I think that there can be much money left to care about when all is settled. However rich may have been the estate of my grandfather, the Farmer-general, about which all this trouble has been made, it will go hard with the lawyers if they leave any of it behind, after fighting over it all these years. But if they do, and if in the end it comes to me, I shall only care about it to spend it in works of charity.

What I care about much more is that little note of Edouard's, in which he prays M. Pelisson to lend the case "the sanction of his great reputation, having first, as a matter of course, obtained the necessary authorisation from the friends of the young lady, and especially from M. le Duc de Roannez."

I cannot comprehend—I cannot guess even—why Edouard did not ask for this himself. If he did not wish to see me, he could still have spoken with M. le Duc. It is treating him, and all of us, just as if we were strangers. There is another circumstance which greatly perplexes and troubles me. I know Edouard's writing well (for he has made translations from English books for Mademoiselle and for me), and that note was not written by his hand. I did not say this to M. le Duc. Where was the use? But I know that something is wrong—oh, what can it be? As day after day passes on, and this strange silence continues, my heart fails within me. I cannot write what I think, feel, apprehend. I am not strong, like Mademoiselle; I am weak—oh, so weak! God have pity on me, for I sorely need it. Do I repent the sacrifice I have made? Would I, if I could, take it back again? That would be an abomination; it would be offering the sacrifice of fools, who vow and pay not, sinning the sin of Ananias and Sapphira, who lied unto the Lord and kept back part of the price.

No, I do not think these last words are quite true; and one must be just and true, even to oneself. I have made no vow; contracted no bond for the future. I am only walking in the light of duty, which God gives afresh day by day—"new every morning." If only Edouard were to—— But that is something I must not write, must not even think of. God distributes His grace as He will. Still there is one comfort—I can pray.

Without that comfort what would become of me? As it is, God knows my heart is heavy enough. Life is long; a bare bleak road, seeming to stretch out interminably before the weary eyes, and the yet more weary feet. Already I feel old, though I shall not complete my twentieth year for quite two months from this day.

It is time now to put this foolish writing away, and to go and read for Madame. At least I am a comfort to her, as well as to my beloved Mademoiselle. And while this is so, it is wrong for me to think my life quite desolate and empty.

A MEMORABLE NIGHT AT THE FOOT OF MOUNT HOREB.

BY JOHN STOUGHTON, D.D.

PART I.

TWENTY-ONE years ago we were travelling in the desert of Sinai. We had spent a night in the Wady Feiran—a lovely oasis in the barren wildness—and had made the ascent of the Nubk Hâwy, "windy pass," which resembles one of the romantic footways up a mountain-side, familiar to many an English tourist. To the left was an immense gorge, with an almost perpendicular rock wall on the opposite side; no forests or broad uplands, or even scattered pines in craggy rocks, could anywhere be found in that secluded region. All was bare, save that a few stunted shrubs and rushes on the edge of a tiny stream of water, showed that vegetable life was not an utter stranger to the sun-scorched soil.

About five o'clock we reached the summit, when we remounted our camels, which had slowly followed us on our wearisome climb; and now we found ourselves on the edge of a descent, opening up a view which, once seen, can never be forgotten. There lay an open plain or vale, almost as broad as it was long, leading down to the monastery of St. Catherine, where we intended to spend the night. In front of us, at the distance of two or three hours' camel walk, stood the group of Jebel Mousa, the mountain of the law. On either side rose lofty lines of granite, veined by formations of various rich colours, which embroidered, as it were, the massive surface; and as the sun began to set, the camels' shadows grew longer and longer on the old track-way; the sky

showed more and more hues of crimson, opal, violet, green, and blue. The granite masses gradually melted into uncoloured shadows; a mysterious dimness filled the before transparent atmosphere, which had been so clear and pure that far-distant objects could be discerned, as if close at hand; gentle evening zephyrs wafted to us the fragrance of aromatic plants scattered over the plain; the dead stillness was scarcely broken by the soft tramp of our tall beasts of burden; the sun sank behind the hills; the stars came out, one by one; and the moon was seen walking in her brightness.

THE CONVENT, SINAI.

When we reached the convent gates, we could not gain admittance. Our dragoman knocked and knocked at the grim portal, without getting any answer for a while, when a figure appeared in the upper part of the building, with whom we had a long parley.

"The gates are closed at sunset, and no one can be admitted afterwards."

"But we are travellers, overtaken, before we expected, by nightfall; and we have left our tents far behind, hoping to find a lodging in the monastery for a few days."

We were unfortunate, but the monk was obdurate. Argument availed not. The law could not be broken.

At length we were favoured so far as to be admitted to the outer court. Moreover, bedding and blankets were thrown down from a window. Discontent and clamour gradually subsided on our part—we learned to make the best of our circumstances. To spend a night in the open air—under glittering stars, which hung overhead like silver lamps, burning in a liquid firmament of blue, and with the moon for our friend—became less and less a misfortune; and finding our dragoman had lighted a blazing fire, and prepared for us a plentiful repast, we gathered round the extemporised hearth, and began to think that, after all, to spend a few sleepless hours in such a place, with memories of Moses and Elijah, and of the manifestations of their God and ours, amidst those very rocks, was a special privilege not enjoyed by many. Some of our companions, wrapped in warm coverings, fell asleep. We, for our part, kept awake, and after a short rest, rose and walked about, indulging in thoughts awakened by the scenery, which now, after the lapse of years, vividly come back to us, enlarged by subsequent and oft-repeated meditations. These we now transfer to paper; but, before we do so, let us describe some of the localities, round which our reflections may be conveniently grouped.

The morning after our arrival was Sunday, and at sunrise the monks welcomed us within the building, and allotted to us chambers for accommodation during our short stay. We have no space to describe the interior, beyond a notice of the church, where the first course of our sacred musings centred.

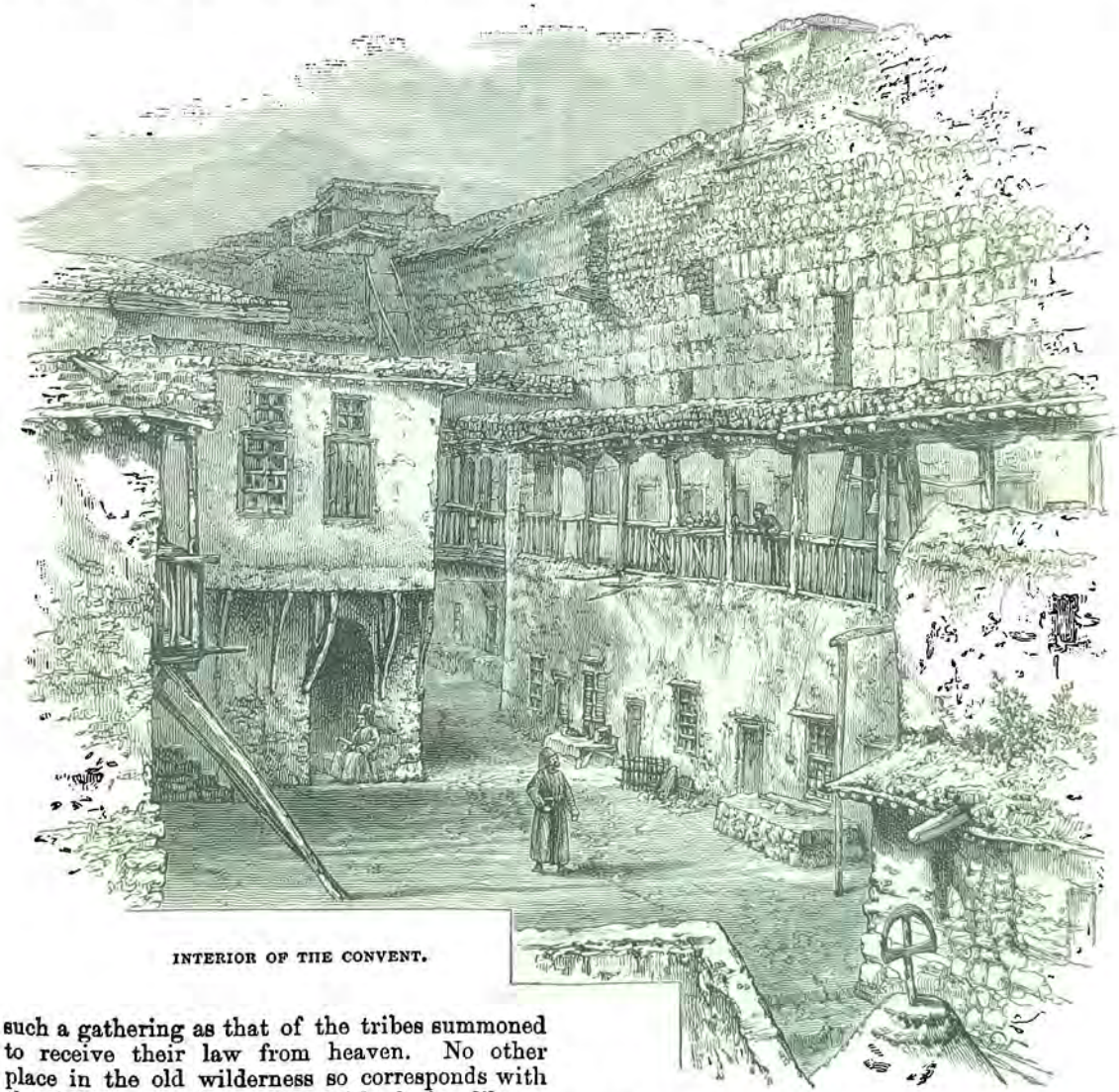
Whilst the mosaic vault of the chancel represents the Transfiguration, with Moses on the right and Elijah on the left, within the chancel is a chapel, erected over the traditional site of the burning bush, when God revealed himself to Moses; and so sacred is the spot that visitors are required, like the great shepherd who fed his flock there, "to put their shoes from off their feet, because the place on which they stand is holy ground." Of course it is impossible now to determine the exact locality where the angel of the Lord spake to Moses; but we have no doubt that the Horeb where grew the bush is also the Sinai where the law was given. The "backside of the desert" points to the vicinity of the convent.

On the Monday morning we made the ascent of the mountain-range, and walked from near the summit to the cloven end of the ridge, where, through an opening between two pieces of rock, one catches a clear view of the whole reach of the plain, or vale, which we had crossed on

Saturday evening. The opening is on that part of the mountain-range which bears the name of Sussâ-feh; the plain is called the Plain of Rahah. It has been satisfactorily proved by Dr. Robinson and others, that Jebel Mousa is the Sinai on which God delivered the law, and that Sussâ-feh is the point where the lawgiver stood and looked down on the people gathered together at the foot of the "mount which might be touched," *i.e.* the mountain which, though the people were forbidden to touch it, yet, as to form was quite approachable, and sunk down such a steep declivity that, but for the bounds set by the Almighty, it might have been easily reached by the tribes. Our impression was, from the moment Rahah opened before us, to the moment we left the region, which we studied again and again, that the open space was just fitted and meant for such a gathering as that of the tribes summoned to receive their law from heaven. No other place in the old wilderness so corresponds with the Bible narrative. Sussâ-feh looks like a pulpit of rock, built for that grand and unique occasion.

During our memorable walk along the length of the range—where rocks seemed like the billows of a tempestuous sea petrified at a moment when the storm raged highest—we came to a hollow, surrounded by summits of differently elevated masses, amidst which grows a tall cypress, and near it stands a low-roofed building, called the chapel of Elijah. There, the monks tell you, was the cave where the Lord spake to the prophet, when he had fled to Horeb from the face of Jezebel. The monks' report goes for little; but there, or somewhere not far off, probably was the scene of that beautiful story respecting the man who ascended from the Jordan banks to his home in heaven.

Divine manifestations to Moses and Elijah at Horeb could not but occupy one's thoughts on such a memorable night as that we spent under the open sky. Let us record what occurs to us in the remembrance of that strange passage in our life story.



INTERIOR OF THE CONVENT.

I. *The Burning Bush.*

Ex. iii. 1–8: "Now Moses was keeping the flock of Jethro his father-in-law, the priest of Midian: and he led the flock to the back of the wilderness, and came to the mountain of God, unto Horeb. And the angel of the Lord

appeared unto him in a flame of fire out of the midst of a bush: and he looked, and behold, the bush burned with fire, and the bush was not consumed. And Moses said, I will turn aside now, and see this great sight, why the bush is not burnt. And when the Lord saw that he turned aside to see, God called unto him out of the midst of the bush, and said, Moses, Moses. And he said, Here am I. And He said, Draw not nigh hither: put off thy shoes from off thy feet, for the place whereon thou standest is holy ground. Moreover He said, I am the God of thy father, the God of Abraham, the God of Isaac, and the God of Jacob. And Moses hid his face; for he was afraid to look upon God. And the Lord said, I have surely seen the affliction of my people which are in Egypt, and have heard their cry by reason of their task-masters; for I know their sorrows; and I am come down to deliver them out of the hand of the Egyptians, and to bring them up out of that land unto a good land, and a large, unto a land flowing with milk and honey; unto the place of the Canaanite, and the Hittite, and the Amorite, and the Perizzite, and the Hivite, and the Jebusite."

There is a record in these verses of a Divine vision and a Divine voice.

The bush is identified as an acacia, not such as we are familiar with, but a gnarled and thorny tree or shrub, somewhat resembling one of our solitary hawthorns, growing in a wild, open place. On this occasion the shrub seemed all ablaze, and yet remained unburnt. What did it mean? There was something miraculous in it. Many suppose that the appearance of fire was a symbol of the fierce persecution Israel suffered, but which, through God's protection, did not effect the intended destruction. So regarded, a burning bush was the chosen emblem of the Scotch Church, when, oppressed by its enemies in the seventeenth century, it survived the flames kindled round it; and as the Methodists, in John Wesley's time, were attacked by mobs, they quelled their fears by singing—

> "Though in affliction's furnace tried,
> Unhurt on snares and death I'll tread
> Though sin assail, and Hell thrown wide,
> Pour all its flames upon my head
> Like Moses' bush I'll mount the higher,
> And flourish unconsumed in fire."

But when we reflect on the narrative more carefully, we recognise in it a different meaning. The flame-vision betokened God's presence. In the bush He appeared. From the midst of the bush the angel of His presence spake to the Hebrew shepherd. In short, it was the inauguration of the shekinah—the same Divine glory as descended like a sunny cloud in the midst of the camp, and every man worshipped at his tent-door; the same as moved silently, or rested calmly night by night, before the multitude which, ranged in distinct companies, under their appropriate standards, marched as no other army ever did, under the supreme Captainship of the Lord of hosts; the same as appeared at the dedication of the Temple, filling it with such a mysterious and overwhelming brilliancy that the priests were dazzled and awestruck; the same as shone for ages in the Holy of Holies over the ark and the cherubim.

The Voice explained the vision. The angel which expressed "the good will of Him that dwelt in the bush," was the same as He who wrestled with Jacob on the banks of the Jabbok brook—the same as He who appeared to Joshua—the same as He who talked with Manoah and his wife; and now He revealed Himself as the God of the patriarchs Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob—not the God of the dead, but of the living, speaking of them not as sleeping in the cave at Hebron, but awake in the Divine presence, conscious of celestial life and light and joy. He assured Moses of sympathy with slaves suffering under Egyptian task-masters. He promised to come down and deliver them, and then to give them a land flowing with milk and honey. He declared He would be with His servant, in the new shepherd task now allotted; not the feeding of a few sheep on the scanty herbage of the desert, but the leading of thousands and thousands of men, who were to be fed with bread from heaven. He calls himself Jehovah, the great "I am," the uncreated One, who liveth and abideth for ever.

This is the first train of thought awakened by the recollection of a night at the foot of Sinai.

II. *The cleft of the rock.*

Ex. xix. 2, 16, 20–25; xxxiii. 18-23: "And when they were departed from Rephidim, and were come to the wilderness of Sinai, they pitched in the wilderness; and there Israel camped before the mount. And it came to pass on the third day, when it was morning, that there were thunders and lightnings, and a thick cloud upon the mount, and the voice of a trumpet exceeding loud; and all the people that were in the camp trembled. And the Lord came down upon mount Sinai, to the top of the mount: and the Lord called Moses to the top of the mount; and Moses went up. And the Lord said unto Moses, Go down, charge the people, lest they break through unto the Lord to gaze, and many of them perish. And let the priests also, which come near to the Lord, sanctify themselves, lest the Lord break forth upon them. And Moses said unto the Lord, The people cannot come up to mount Sinai: for thou didst charge us, saying, Set bounds about the mount, and sanctify it. And the Lord said unto him, Go, get thee down; and thou shalt come up, thou, and Aaron with thee: but let not the priests and the people break through to come up unto the Lord, lest He break forth upon them. So Moses went down unto the people, and told them.

"And he (Moses) said, Shew me, I pray Thee, Thy glory. And He said, I will make all My goodness pass before thee, and will proclaim the name of the Lord before thee; and I will be gracious to whom I will be gracious, and will shew mercy on whom I will shew mercy. And He said, Thou canst not see My face: for man shall not see Me and live. And the Lord said, Behold there is a place by Me, and thou shalt stand upon the rock: and it shall come to pass, while My glory passeth by, that I will put thee in a cleft of the rock, and will cover thee with My hand until I have passed by: and I will take away Mine hand, and thou shalt see My back: but My face shall not be seen."

Here we have three distinct events connected with this unrivalled locality.

First, the storm at Horeb. As we walked on a bright spring morning from rock to rock, all calm and beautiful, the "bridal of the earth and sky," we thought what a contrast to the smoke of the furnace, the trembling of the ground, the thunder and lightning, and the voice of a trumpet

exceeding loud. All that was watched by the people at a distance, as they crowded on the Rahah plain. Second, the repetition by Moses, before all the people gathered close to the Sussâfeh pulpit, where his voice could be distinctly heard, as proved by experiments in speaking made there by recent travellers. Third, the manifestation of the Divine glory, in the cleft of the rock afterwards, when the heart of Moses had been broken by the idolatry of the people, and he had dashed upon the ground the slabs on which God had written His own law.

That manifestation is very touching. There was a glory which no man hath seen or can see. It would be too much for mortal senses and mortal souls. "No man can see My face and live." But there is a glory, which can be, and which is seen by the children of men. The "pure in heart shall see God:" "I will make all My goodness pass before thee." The grace and mercy of God was of old revealed. His readiness to forgive was shadowed forth by sacrifices—was plainly illustrated and enforced by the sermons of prophets, and at last more clearly and impressively than ever by the life and death of God's beloved Son. The thunderings of a broken law alarm, as well they may, the conscience of an awakened sinner like Christian, described by John Bunyan. Christian was afraid that Sinai would fall on his head. His burden was heavier than ever, as flashes of fire came out of the hill, and Christian was afraid he should be burnt. How he pondered the words, "If they escaped not who refused Him that spoke on earth, much more shall not we escape if we turn away from Him that speaketh from heaven?" But when we turn from the plain where Sinai looked all on fire to the cleft of the rock where the Lord hid Moses, and then said, "I will make all My goodness pass before thee"—when we listen to the assurance of mercy and forgiveness, we pass from death to life, from darkness to light, from a fear which makes us quake, to "joy unspeakable and full of glory."

"LOST BY A POOR CLERK!"

BY E. A. CAMPBELL.

CHAPTER I.

"WHAT a different new year this is to the last, John!"

"Different, indeed, dear; different to very many new years for some time past. That season has always been one of anxiety before; things are indeed changed for us. I hope I shall be able to make life a brighter thing for you in future. You have had a weary, dreary time for many years, but the future shall be full of comfort for you; your rich relations will not be able to look down on you any more."

"I am afraid our modest income, even now, would seem very small to them; but never mind that, it is much to us; and John, you must not think that, because we have been poor for all these years, that I have been unhappy; life has not been all gloom, in spite of poverty."

"But I want you to hold up your head now, dear; you have been a good wife and shared my misfortunes and tried to lighten my load uncomplainingly, and your relatives have forgotten you, or, worse still, patronised you; but now you are the wife of a landed proprietor, and have a good house of your own to invite them to, they will not insult you by offering you any of their old clothes."

"Mrs. Gratton meant it kindly, John," answered his wife, with a little sigh, as she remembered the unpleasant scene when the parcel arrived containing sundry handsome dresses, no longer sufficiently in the first fashion for the wear of the wealthy merchant's wife, but which the clever needle of the poor cousin would have transformed into suitable garments to last her for a year. She was obliged to send them back, however, and make the old serge dress which had served so many winters do duty once more.

"I don't understand such kindness, I must confess, Patty," answered John Parsons, as he rose from the breakfast-table, "but we will soon show Mrs. Gratton, and all the rest of them, that their cousin did not do so badly after all when she married the poor tutor; we will set the house in order, and ask them down in the summer time, and they shall see that I can give my bird a warm nest, ay and a pretty one too; we will re-furnish the old house. Think what a pleasure it will be to you to go up to London with a full purse to buy all the pretty things you want for your drawing-room, and how nice it will be to have a good piano. Oh, we will have everything very nice for your cousins in the summer. I suppose you will not care to go out this morning, as it is snowing, but I will walk over to Fairlea and plan out what I want changed. We will get into our new home as soon as we can, and then we can spend our money on it at our leisure."

Patty Parsons turned to the fire, when she had started her husband on his snowy walk, and fell into a reverie. But though her mind was busy, her hands were not idle; years of necessary industry had so induced the habit, that she was never at ease without work in her hands, and now the quick movement of the knitting needles kept time to her thoughts, and John's new socks grew under her fingers as she reviewed the past and planned for the future. Smiles and sighs chased one another in rapid succession—smiles for the

rays of sunlight which had gleamed across the path of her life: sighs for the long dark shadows which had come between those brief sunglints.

More than once a tear rose to her eye, and the face for a short space would take a look of fixed sadness, for her thought had wandered to the two babies whose advent had been so eagerly looked for and so warmly welcomed. But the fair blossoms had faded almost as soon as born, and the mother's arms were left empty and her heart desolate. But only for a time: a naturally cheerful, buoyant disposition enabled her to regain her customary brightness, while the chastened spirit which could truly say "The Lord gave, the Lord hath taken away, blessed be the name of the Lord," furnished her with inward courage and strength. Her prospects had never been brilliant; the daughter of a poor clergyman, she had married a poor tutor, a man of talents, but of a moody, downcast disposition and captious temper, which magnified mole hills into mountains and caused him to see an intentional slight or insult in many an innocent expression and act. Such a temper was not likely to make friends, and one engagement after another was given up on account of some fancied slight. But there was under this unpleasing surface, a wealth of tenderness in John Parson's nature; it was not expansive, it could not take in and embrace the whole of the human kind, but concentrated itself in an intensity of devotion upon a few objects. Had his children lived he would have idolised them; as it was, his grief at their death was intense, but not having the opportunity for parental love, he bestowed all that his heart contained upon his wife; and each buffet of fortune was resented by him as a cause of suffering to her, unheeding the fact that his resentment added to her cares. One friend had indeed shared with Patty a part of his devotion, a friend upon whom he had looked as a well-nigh perfect man, whose attainments he blindly admired, and whose graceful, easy, fascinating manner held him enslaved and possessed him with a kind of hero worship. When, therefore, he was asked to back a bill, "merely as a matter of form," for 300*l.*, he assented cheerfully. It would save his friend from some temporary embarrassment, and he was proud that his name should be of service to him, and half inclined to be vexed with Patty when she expressed her disapprobation of the proceeding.

"It will be right enough," he said, "Greylot is well off, and has a score of relations who could give him the amount and be none the worse for it."

"I wish he had applied to one of them to help him, then, instead of to you, John."

"You can't think that he would take me in, Patty. I would as soon distrust myself or you as Greylot."

"No," answered his wife, with some hesitation, "I do not think Mr. Greylot would intentionally defraud us, but one never knows what may happen in such cases; if by some accident he could not pay, what would become of us? Where could we find 300*l.*? I do not like such transactions; bills are treacherous friends."

"Well, little woman, I will promise you to have no more to do with them, but this one is safe enough.

But John Parson's confident tone was altered when, in less than a month, ugly rumours began to spread abroad, and soon the truth was known that Mr. Greylot had left England, and, in such a manner as made it impossible that he could return. Although his idol was shattered John would not believe that his old friend could contemplate letting the burden of the bill fall upon him. "He has made some arrangement you you may depend, Patty," he would say, re-assuringly, "he will never bring such suffering upon us; for the sake of our old friendship, he will think of us." But the months went by and Greylot made no sign of remembering the old friendship, or of attempting to communicate with the man he had injured. He had succeeded in hiding himself effectually from all his friends and no one knew where he was living. Patty tried to hide her heavy heart from her husband and to cheer him under his misfortune; but when the bill fell due, and no effort on their part would induce the holder to forego his claim, even for a short time, her brave spirit gave way. They were driven from the little home in which she had taken so much pride. Everything was seized. The furniture which had cost them so much self-denial to buy, even the pieces of work, and the paintings she had done to adorn the house, were all scattered by the auctioneer's hammer. Even then but part of the sum was paid, and the crowning misery fell upon the unhappy couple when they were informed that, unless the rest of the debt were immediately discharged, John would be taken to a debtor's prison. But when the trouble was at its heaviest, help came. A stranger called upon them in the humble lodgings in which they had taken refuge, and, announcing himself as an uncle of Greylot's, informed them that he would take up the rest of the bill, and that the payment of the debt might be made to him from time to time as they could afford it.

"You were a fool, sir," he said, addressing John, "to have anything to do with a bill at all, and a still greater fool to trust my nephew; but, as you have done so, I cannot let you be imprisoned for his fault. I shall expect payment, remember; I am not a rich man, and cannot afford to lose my money, but I shall not press you or hurry you for it; here is my address, send me the money whenever you can.

"God bless you, sir," cried Patty, "you have lifted a load of care from us," and she impulsively seized his hand.

"Tut, tut, tut, madam, don't think too much of it. I tell your husband he was a fool for trusting my scapegrace of a nephew, but it shall never be said that George Greylot let another man suffer for the follies of his brother's son. Never trust any one, madam, or you will repent of it. I dare say I shall repent of what I have done to-day. Most likely; most likely!"

But George Greylot was never allowed to repent his kind action.

"Now that I have no house to look after," said Patty cheerfully, "I can do something towards

making a little money, and I shall look out for a daily engagement as governess. Her husband at first opposed the plan, it seemed to him that it would be the crowning misery to see his wife go forth in search of daily bread, but her entreaties and sensible reasoning at length in some measure overcame his prejudice, and Patty was allowed to accept an engagement as morning governess. As time went on, she obtained other pupils for music during the afternoon, and her earnings helped considerably to pay off the heavy debt to Mr. Greylot. The old gentleman seemed conscious of her efforts, for, after a while, presents of fruit and flowers would come to her from the Fairlea garden, accompanied by a note expressing approval of her conduct.

But though their efforts were so far crowned with success, the constant work and constant self-denial, told both upon husband and wife. Patty's step lost its lightness: faint lines began to show about the forehead and mouth, and more than one silvery streak appeared in the soft brown hair. She tried to keep up her old cheerful spirit, but the monotony of constant work with no change had dulled and deadened her faculties. On John the change was still more marked: his moodiness increased, his reserve deepened, while he now held all mankind in distrust; he had not his wife's secret spring of happiness within him. She knew full well that "all things work together for good to them that fear God," and she knew that good must come out of the present evil. Her faith, though tried in the onset, now shone more brightly and steadfastly; she clung to the promise, "I will never leave thee nor forsake thee," and she obeyed the precept to be content with such things as she had! She would at times indulge in day-dreams of the time when, the whole of the debt being paid off, they would again be able to have a little house of their own. For, like every true woman, the goods and chattels were a source of keen delight to her, and to have once more a home to themselves, however small, however humble, was her only ambition for the future.

But good fortune, such as in the wildest flights of imagination she had never dreamed of, was in store for them. A letter from a lawyer in the town near to which Fairlea was situated, informed them of the death of Mr. Greylot, and intimated that it would be advisable for Mr. and Mrs. Parsons to attend the funeral and the subsequent reading of the will.

"That will be to give us an acquittance from the rest of the debt," said Patty joyfully.

"Don't be too sure, my dear, it may be to pass us on as creditors to the next heir."

"No, I will not believe that, there is but little over 50*l.* to pay now, and I feel sure Mr. Greylot will give us a discharge of that in his will; he was a kind old man."

"Perhaps he has left you a legacy," said her husband somewhat sarcastically, "he used to express some admiration for you in his notes when he sent the fruit."

"I do not expect that," replied his wife, "but I believe Mr. Greylot was an upright and just man, and as we have tried to do our duty to him, he will be just to us. We have great cause to be grateful to him, John."

"Ah! indeed, we have," said John, "the shame would have killed me, had not Mr. Greylot come to the rescue."

On the day mentioned by the lawyer, John and Patty went over to Compton for the funeral; many others were present, and all around were indications of the respect in which Mr. Greylot had been held. As they left the grave, a gentleman accosted them: "Mr. and Mrs. Parsons, I believe. I shall hope to see you at my office, where, at Mr. Greylot's desire, the will is to be read. As I intimated to you in my letter, you have an interest in it; but, as that part of the business will not commence until three o'clock, I shall be delighted if you will return and take lunch with me; my wife will be pleased to see you."

Though somewhat bewildered by these overtures of hospitality, and by the lawyer's impressive manner, the invitation was declined by John.

"I am inclined to think there is a legacy for you, Patty," he said, as they made an economical meal from a bun and a glass of milk at the confectioner's, "why should the fellow have been so civil if he did not expect to get something out of us?"

"Don't you think, John, a man may be kindly and hospitably disposed without having any ulterior object? he knew we were strangers here, and had nobody to invite us to take lunch with them."

"Yes, I dare say we look shabby and poor enough," was the grim response, "he thought it would be a charity to give us a decent meal."

When they reached Mr. Kesterton's office, they found a few of those who had been present at the funeral awaiting the reading of the will.

"I don't know whether I ought in any way to prepare you for a surprise," said the lawyer as he adjusted his eyeglass and opened the parchment: "Mr. Greylot had no near relatives, with the exception of the nephew, who would have inherited all his uncle's property, had he not by his own act cut himself off."

Legacies were left to old servants and retainers, a comfortable annuity to the old housekeeper who had faithfully served her master for many years: remembrances, in the shape of small sums of money, to all those present, and then, after these minor details, "the whole of the property known as Fairlea, the house, gardens, and meadows, the mill and the farm, were given to John and Martha Parsons, as a proof of the respect felt for them by the testator, and a reward for their honesty and integrity of conduct. In addition to this was bequeathed an additional sum of 1000*l.* to be used in defraying the expenses which must follow their removal to Fairlea, their residence in the house being the only condition attached to the bequest.

A slight murmur of surprise ensued when Mr. Kesterton ceased speaking. John sat as one struck dumb and motionless, his eyes still fixed on the will, but Patty broke down with an almost hysterical outburst of sobs.

"You cannot imagine what it is to us," she said apologetically to Mr. Kesterton, "life has been so hard for us lately, and the idea of rest and comfort seems too much."

"I know, madam, I know," responded the lawyer, "I have been in Mr. Greylot's confidence, and know the hardships you have endured, owing to the misconduct of his nephew; but it was not until a month ago that I knew in what way my client intended to act towards you. I must offer my congratulations to you both."

"But is there nobody who has a claim upon Mr. Greylot, nobody who should stand before us?"

"Nobody who has any right to be offended, madam. I think I speak for those present when I say that none of you had any expectation of inheriting Fairlea from Mr. Greylot?"

"None of us, I believe," said an elderly man, who had stood in the place of chief mourner at the funeral. "I was Greylot's nearest relative after that scapegrace nephew of his, and my kinship was too distant to constitute any claim. I am surprised to receive anything at all from him, I expected that the nephew would fall in for the landed property, and I am glad to find it has come into better hands."

So Patty's fears were set at rest, and before she had well realised that she was the possessor of a comfortable income, and had no further need to toil for her daily bread, they had quitted their humble lodgings and were installed in pleasant apartments at Compton, there to await until at their leisure they could comfortably move into the house at Fairlea.

Necessary business arrangements had hindered them so far, and it was on the eve of the New Year, that John and Patty have discussed the contrast between this and past anniversaries; and that her husband having started for his walk, Patty is left to her knitting and her quiet reflections.

Her thoughts had travelled through the past years with all their hopes and disappointments, their sunshine and shadow, and had now come round to the present time. Even here she found subject for sighs as well as smiles, happy indeed she was to think that the time of hard work and sordid care was at an end; but she gave a sigh when the scarcely expressed thought that prosperity was not having the effect she would have wished to see on her husband's mind. True, the downcast moroseness had vanished, but in its place had come a self-complacent purse-proud manner, which pained her exceedingly. He seemed to receive the new property more as a fit and proper reward for his own meritorious conduct, than as a gift from a merciful Providence. She had, in the first outburst of gratitude, suggested that now they were well off a certain portion of their income should be regularly set aside for charitable purposes, but the suggestion had been put on one side. "By-and-by, my dear, we will consider it," said her husband, "just now we must think of other things."

"But, John, I should like to give something now for a thank-offering."

"Your term, something, my dear, is vague; in a few weeks, when we are established at Fairlea, I do not doubt but we shall have plenty of opportunities afforded as of subscribing to the local charities.

This answer pained Patty in more ways than one; she could not but feel that her husband was not sufficiently sensible of the goodness of God in relieving them of a heavy burden; and, again, in the days of their poverty she was always allowed to manage the money matters, and to dispense her small charities as she saw best. So now when this income, which would amount to about 800*l.* a year, had far outsoared her wildest dreams, it seemed hard to be refused the money which, in the overflowing gratitude of her heart, she would have bestowed upon the poor and distressed.

When John returned from his walk, and dinner had been despatched, Patty found courage to return to the subject.

"John, I want you to let me have some money."

"How much, my dear? I must get it through Kesterton, he will be banker for a short time, till all the business is arranged."

"I cannot say exactly what amount. I want to talk it over with you. I want to celebrate our own happiness by making others happy. Let us set aside a sum to be given as a thank-offering, say a hundred pounds. We can arrange for other claims and charities later, but this is to be something special."

"My dear, a hundred pounds is a great deal of money."

"And think how much good we could do with it, John."

"Yes, but we have other things to consider just now; the necessary alterations in the house will absorb a great deal."

"But why make alterations, dear? is not the place far more comfortable than any we have ever known; to me it seems a palace."

"Oh, we are not going to live to ourselves, as we have done for so many years. I shall like to think that, after so many hardships, my wife is at last able to take her proper place. You have not lost all your youth yet, my dear; you will be able to enjoy society now; the place must be thoroughly renovated, and partly re-furnished. I tell you I mean to have your cousins at Fairlea this summer, and I shall show then as comfortable a home as they leave behind them in London."

"John!" exclaimed Patty, earnestly, "don't look upon the money as only given to minister to our own pleasure; we do not hold it for ourselves, we are but stewards to use it in a good cause. Oh, John! don't let us lay up our treasure here on the earth, or the money will bring a curse rather than a blessing. 'He that hath pity upon the poor, lendeth to the Lord, and that which he hath given will He pay him again.'"

John looked uncomfortable. "My dear," he said, "I do not say you shall not have some money, but we must wait a little, you want such a large sum. I met the Vicar this morning, and I told him to put our names down for 10*l.* for the cottage hospital, so you see I am not averse to giving."

"But that would come under the heading of our yearly and usual contributions. I wanted to give this money for a special purpose."

"And what is the purpose?"

"I have not decided; indeed, I have not thought of anything yet. I thought we could talk it over and decide upon the object."

"Well, you have no poor relations you want to help. I fancy none of your cousins would feel especially grateful for the gift of a five pound note."

"No, they are all above need, but you, John, have you no relation or connections whom you might help?"

"No. I have lost sight for years of the only relative of whom I know anything. Margaret Joyce, you have heard me speak of her; she was a far away cousin; poor Maggie, I wonder what has become of her. We were little sweethearts in our very early days but time and circumstances drifted us apart. I heard that she married some man whose name I have forgotten, and went to live in London, that was a little before we were married; I have heard nothing of her since. So you see there are no family claims on either side."

"No, but I should like to know what became of your cousin; she may be in needy circumstances."

"It is scarcely posssible to find her now."

"I think it might be done, but"—and here Patty took up the daily paper which was lying on the table. "Listen to this: 'Lost, by a poor clerk, two five-pound notes. The finder is earnestly requested to communicate with the owner, No. 56, Upper Thornbury Street, N.' I should like to make enquiries respecting those notes, and, if they are not found, replace them—'Lost by a poor clerk'—there is something pathetic in the appeal."

"My dear wife! You are becoming Quixotic. If the notes are not found, and doubtless the numbers are known and stopped at the banks, you would simply lay yourself open to imposition, were you to make enquiries. You must wait a little, my dear, and in a month or two we shall see what we have to spare, and then you can be as foolishly generous as you please; but, for the present, you must rest content."

Patty sighed; it was not her custom to dispute her husband's will, and it was characteristic of her disposition that she looked upon him always as the head and ruler. For though the property at Fairlea had been left to her equally with him, and all buisness matters had to be transacted in their joint names, yet she never asserted her right, but humbly asked as a favour for what was in reality her own. But her husband's obduracy in the matter troubled her; she feared that "the cares and riches and pleasures of this life" were already showing in a plentiful crop of thorns which would choke and destroy the seed of life.

OUT OF THE HEART.

CHAPTER II.

THE next morning at breakfast Mabel did not appear. Mrs. Brett came to the table only for a few minutes; she looked very anxious and answered Harry's question guardedly. After breakfast Mr. Brett laid his hand on Harry's arm. "Harry," he said, "you had better not start for school at present. Mabel is ill; has been very ill all night; we have sent for the doctor to her."

Shortly after the doctor arrived. Harry heard him pass up the stairs. Sitting in the dining-room window, he waited. How long it seemed till his return. At length he came. Mr. and Mrs. Brett followed him into the room. They did not notice Harry's presence half shaded by the window curtains. The doctor's words were few, but at the meaning of them Harry's heart stood still. A fever had been prevalent in the neighbourhood lately. Mabel was developing the first symptoms of that disease. He thought her ill, very ill; he hardly understood her prostrate condition. A great fear came upon the heart of the boy listening in the window seat. Never in long after years would Harry quite forget that panic of dread. Was it possible, could it be the shock of yesterday was making Mabel worse, might be killing her? The thought was too much for him—the curtains opened and Harry suddenly appeared. For a moment his lips would not speak. He went to his father's side, and then at length his faltering tongue framed the question, "Could what happened yesterday be making Mabel ill? If they said yes, there and then he would pour out his confession. But his father laid his hand kindly on his son's head, he was impressed by Harry's evident concern. In few words he told the doctor of the childish but real trouble that had befallen Mabel. Then the doctor looking at Harry with a half smile on his grave face said slowly, "It could not produce the fever, certainly not."

They misunderstood him. Harry's lips essayed again, but this time failed him. His mother too was asking some question relating to immediate proceedings in the sick-room. The next moment Mr. Brett led Harry into the hall. "I think you had better come out," he said, "we are all just fresh from Mabel's room; we must keep you safe, if possible. I am going to send you at once to your aunt and uncle Dalton. I sent a note to them early this morning and have just heard from them that they are willing to receive you. I shall drive you there at once."

To Mr. Brett's surprise, Harry flung himself passionately from his father's hand. He would not leave the house; he would stay there, he did not fear the fever, he could not go to his aunt Dalton, he would remain with Mabel. Mr.

Brett looked for a moment surprised, but the next moment he was speaking quietly, and his words had in them distinct command. Half an hour later, without one look at Mabel's face, or chance of saying one word in her ear, Harry was sent hurriedly away from the house, to his aunt and uncle Dalton.

Mr. and Mrs. Dalton lived about a mile distant; they had no children of their own, and were somewhat rigorous in their notions respecting the young. Some people carry a breath of spring with them all through life's changing seasons, even on into the wintry gray, but Mr. and Mrs. Dalton were not of this order. They had passed through life as on a journey, from stage to stage, but of that first most wondrous stage, when life lies folded in a rosy glow, and each fresh day brings new thoughts and joys—if they had retained any memories of that charmed period, they kept them deep down in their own hearts. So between Harry and his aunt and uncle Dalton, there seemed always an impassable chasm. But they meant kindly by him, and that morning, on his arrival, did their best to welcome and to cheer. Harry could have well contented himself for a while with his lot, could have been hopeful and brave, but for that guilty knowledge that oppressed him more and more.

But Mr. Brett left him, and the days went by. His uncle thinking it unwise for Harry to have the whole day aimlessly on his hands, and as under the present circumstances school-life could not be resumed for a time, he planned out for his nephew a course of morning study, of which he himself took supervision. Harry was docile and submissive, glad rather than not of the duties which thus in a measure diverted his thoughts from himself, shut out for a time the memory of a little grief-stricken face that haunted him. They did not say much to him actually concerning Mabel, but morning and night he heard her life prayed for; and every day Mr. Brett came over and spoke to Harry through the window, Harry's face pressed close against the pane inside to catch every word. But there was not much to tell, no real betterness: there could not be till the crisis arrived. So day by day Harry's face grew more weary with prolonged suspense; and his aunt and uncle looked at him with grave eyes, and in their quiet precise way tried to comfort him, but they could not reach that hidden misery of his. Some times he used to look at them with wistful, hungry gaze: the longing came upon him so to tell some one, but a chill feeling restrained him; they would not understand him, Perhaps in this he a little misjudged them, but he did not make the experiment; he carried his burden alone, and in those days of remorse and anxiety, young though he was, he suffered as only strong passionate natures can suffer.

But there came a day when Mr. Brett walked very slowly towards the window where his son was awaiting him, and his face gave no hopeful sign. He did not say quite in so many words that all hope was gone, but Harry understood how little now remained, and when Mr. Brett was gone, his aunt drew him towards her and with sudden tears kissed him, and they tried to show him sympathy, and looked at him with compassionate eyes. From all which Harry felt the little life was as good as given over, he would see Mabel's face no more. He would see Mabel's face no more—he gave a sudden start at the thought, for a moment his heart beat loudly, then he grew suddenly calm, and into the boyish face came a look of quick resolve, that strong, impetuous will of his was roused into sudden determination. Not see her again—ah, but he would! He never stopped a moment to consider the right or the wrong of it; he was scarcely at that moment a mere child to be ruled or governed, he had leaped suddenly forward, it was the decision of the man rather than the boy actuated him. He took upon himself the whole responsibility of the thing: but he must see her, must see Mabel again. As he left the house, Mr. and Mrs. Dalton did not question him: he was allowed to go in and out as he chose. Once free from the house, he sped hastily on, never pausing to think, never deviating for a moment from the fixed impulse goading him on. He reached his home, he entered the grounds by the side entrance. That way led him straight past the spot where Mabel had found Fluff lying dead. Harry was forced to look at the exact spot as he passed, then he went on to the house. All was very quiet, the large entrance hall was silent and still, but in a room on one side of the hall, as he passed along he heard voices. He did not know, but they were the doctor and his parents taking earnest counsel together. He did not stop to listen. If he recognised the voices he dared not pause. He was but a child yet; to be seen was to be arrested in his undertaking. He went quietly and swiftly up the broad staircase; he looked eagerly forward; yes—Mabel's door was open, the next instant he stood in the doorway. The nurse in attendance, a woman from the parish and well known to Harry, was just then at the other side of the room, carefully measuring something out of a small medicine bottle into a glass. She had her back to Harry. With the same hushed swift footstep he advanced to the bed, his presence still unperceived by the nurse; he reached the bedside, and looked down upon the little face lying there. He had never seen much illness, never real serious sickness in his life, he was not prepared for what met his gaze. It was Mabel, and yet it was not Mabel. It was a face utterly changed; suffering, pain, close wrestling for life had altered all the childish countenance: there was scarcely a trace of the former Mabel with soft round cheeks aglow with life and health, her shining curls too had all gone. Harry gave one quick shocked sob; then, as he had done that evening before, he stooped and took one of the small hands lying outside the coverlet in his, and at his touch the blue eyes opened, but even these were not the same: fever had quenched their light. She looked at him strangely, as a face might look from beyond the grave, her head turned slightly. He bent lower for her lips parted—no not his name, her thoughts seemed dwelling again upon that fatal afternoon, it was the name of the lost favourite escaped her lips. Was that still weighing on her mind? But at that instant the nurse turned, she gave a sudden exclamation and violent start that sent the contents of the glass spilling over on to the dressing-table. She set the glass down and came hurriedly towards Harry. "Oh, Master Harry," she said, "how ever did you come here?" She laid a hand upon his shoulder. He shook her hastily off.

"Oh, you must go out," she said entreatingly.

"Wait a minute, is she—does she often talk about that?"

"Talk about what?"

"About Fluff, the pet kitten that was killed."

"Yes, yes, often; her mind runs on that you know, but there, now do go out of the room, or I shall ring for your father to come."

"Wait," said Harry quickly, and there was something imperative in the boy's tone, in his eyes the kindling of a new idea.

"Tell me one thing, then I will go: do you think if another kitten could be brought just like the one she lost; would it do her good, would it ease her mind?"

"Yes, yes, I think so, perhaps. I have thought it myself, but these little creatures are not easy to get."

"You think so, tell me, and I will go?" for nurse was looking ominously at the bell.

"Yes, I think so, now go, you said you would."

Harry moved quickly aside; before nurse could stay him, he had stooped over the little changed face, had given her one kiss—the next moment he was gone.

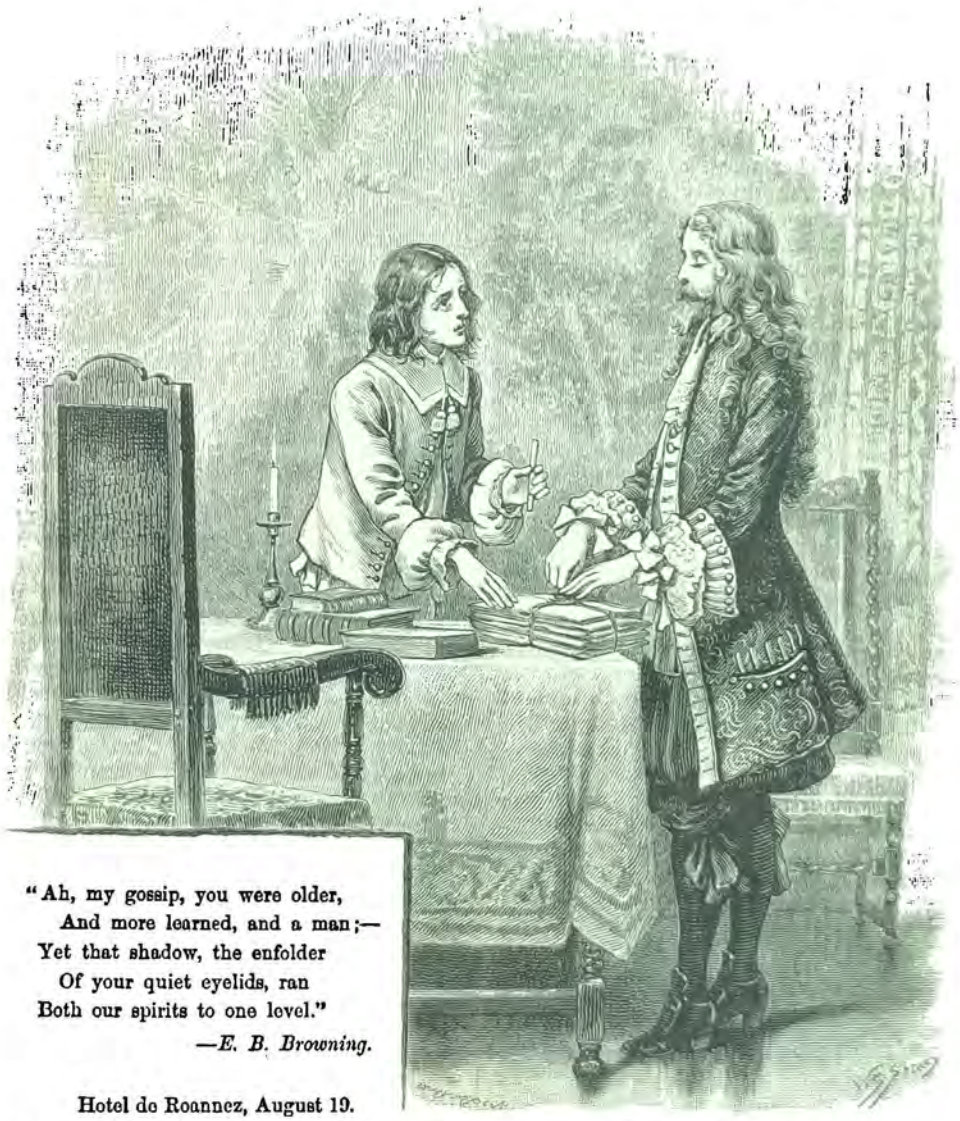
THE SUNDAY AT HOME

O DAY MOST CALM, MOST BRIGHT! . . .
THE WEEK WERE DARK BUT FOR THY LIGHT.—*Herbert.*

GENEVIÈVE;

A STORY OF OLD FRANCE.

CHAPTER XXVI.—THE WRITING OF GENEVIÈVE CONTINUED, AND INTERRUPTED.



"Ah, my gossip, you were older,
And more learned, and a man;—
Yet that shadow, the enfolder
Of your quiet eyelids, ran
Both our spirits to one level."
—*E. B. Browning.*

Hotel de Roannez, August 19.

SEALED WITH THE SIGNET RING.

AGAIN it is my birthday. To-day I have lived in the world for twenty years—years very full, I fear, of sin and vanity. I pray with all my heart that the sin may be forgiven, and grace vouchsafed to me to devote the rest of my days, be they few or many, to the service of my Creator. I had rather not think they would be many. It seems terrible to me that people often live until they are sixty, seventy, even eighty years of age—that is to say, four times as long as I have lived now! I feel as if the very thought would kill me. But

it is not wise to write thus, or to trouble myself about the days to come, since I have not to live them all at once, only one by one. And as God sends each to me, I trust He will send me the grace to bear, and to use it, as I ought to do.

There have been great changes here, since I wrote last in this book. Madame la Duchesse is no more. As I write it, the tears fall quickly, for we all loved her, and I especially, to whom she showed so much kindness. Both M. le Duc and Mademoiselle mourn her very sorely, yet not as those that have no hope. She has made what everyone calls "a very edifying end;" and M. l'Abbé de Chaumont, who attended her assiduously, was well satisfied with her penitence and her faith. Of course *I* am not any judge, but I know that she loved to hear the words of our blessed Lord, and that she placed her sole reliance upon His mercy, and especially upon His sufferings and His death for her.

Her end was very unexpected, and came much more quickly than the physicians anticipated. After one of her usual attacks of acute suffering, she just sank quietly away. There was, however, time enough for her to receive the Viaticum at the hands of M. l'Abbé, whom we summoned, as soon as we realised her danger.

So we can scarcely regret that she has been spared much pain, which, especially with her temperament, she would have found it hard to bear. It is well with her, as we humbly trust. Still, death is ever a great mystery, strange and solemn, and full of awe. Such strange thoughts come to me, as I sit here dreaming and pondering! I find it so hard to think of Madame la Duchesse in that solemn spirit world, where all is real, amongst the "things not seen, which are eternal," in the very presence of God Himself. There are some for whom it seems only right and fitting, and quite natural, that they should go in there—my noble father, my dear sainted mother, and he whose hand once touched mine at the door of St. Sulpice. But Madame, with her worldly tastes, her little vanities and failings! It is not well, however, to think of these things now; and, moreover, she had repented of them sincerely before the end came.

Still, she exacted a solemn promise from Mademoiselle that she would marry M. le Duc de la Feuillade, as soon as the period of mourning should be over. Mademoiselle gave it, and without any visible reluctance; when she submits her own will, the submission is sure to be complete and absolute.

The funeral, with all its stately pageantry, is over now, but the sign of mourning still hangs over the gateway, and of course we are living in the strictest seclusion, save for the visits of condolence certain near relatives are permitted to pay to M. le Duc and to Mademoiselle. Little news reaches us from the outer world. Still, I must own to the surprise I felt, when I heard that not even at the funeral——

So far had Geneviève written in the pages of her "cahier," when a light knock at the door of her chamber caused her to look up and say, "Come in!"

Zoro entered, looking less ugly, but also less picturesque, in his deep mourning than in his usual gay trappings of scarlet and gold. He came to her side gravely, and without any of his wonted tricks and antics; and she was not surprised to see him, since her kindness to him at the beginning of Madame's illness had caused him to adopt her as his chosen friend and protector.

"Well, my child, what is it?" she asked kindly.

"Nothing, Mademoiselle," answered the little negro, with a solemn roll of his eyes, "nothing, that is to say, of any importance. Only that the Monsieur who belongs to Monsieur is downstairs in the ante-chamber, and desires to speak with you."

"I don't understand you. And you know very well, Zoro, that we do not receive at present. You had better request the gentleman, whoever he may be, to favour me with a message."

"Mademoiselle will have to see him herself. He is the Monsieur who belongs to Monsieur."

"Belongs to *what* Monsieur?"

"Ma'amoiselle knows very well. The Monsieur that took Zoro's hand in his and brought him away with him, that day that Ma'amoiselle no doubt remembers perfectly," said the imp, with a look of mischievous intelligence in his keen black eyes.

"Henri Alfort!" exclaimed Geneviève, changing colour.

The boy nodded; then, coming closer to her, "Ma'amoiselle is going to be ill. The face of Ma'amoiselle is white. Shall I fetch a cup of wine?"

"No—no, my child. But stay; request M. Alfort to come to me in the second small parlour."

"*Bien*," responded Zoro, with a grin that showed all his white teeth, as he ran off to do her errand. She betook herself more leisurely to the place of rendezvous, for the too rapid beating of her heart somewhat retarded her footsteps. Still she was the first to reach the little parlour; as Zoro took the precaution of withdrawing Henri from amongst the group of lacquais in the antechamber before delivering his message to him.

When he entered the room, he saw a very beautiful girl, pale as marble, and dressed in deep mourning, with her luxuriant golden hair gathered up and concealed beneath a simple white cornette, while Geneviève saw a tall youth in the gay livery of a nobleman's valet, who stood before her, bowing to the ground.

She murmured a word of greeting; then both were silent—Geneviève from many mingled feelings; Henri partly from respect, that his superior in rank might be the first to speak, partly from the sudden wave of reverential homage that swept over him, and seemed to annihilate him in his own eyes. At last he stammered out, "Mademoiselle will please to pardon me?"

Then she found voice to answer, "I am glad to see you Alfort. Do you bring a message?"

"No, Mademoiselle, no message," returned

Henri, gaining courage. "M. de Sercourt, far from sending me, does not know that I have come. He would not have permitted it."

"Then," said Geneviève, with a little flush of pride, "then you should not be here."

"Mademoiselle will not say that when she knows all."

There was a pause, which she broke with an effort, by asking, "Is M. de Sercourt still in town? We could not have supposed it, since he never called to enquire for Madame, nor was he amongst those who attended the funeral."

"Yes, Mademoiselle, M. de Sercourt is still in town. It is true that he spent some time with M. Claude, at Charenton, but he has now returned to the Hotel de Graffont."

Something in his tone and manner, and in the evident reserve with which he spoke, made Geneviève forebode disaster. There was a flush on her cheek and a quick catch in her breath as she asked: "Has he been ill?"

Henri hesitated, and looked on the ground.

"Tell me," she added gently with an undertone of suppressed emotion.

Henri hesitated still. "Were Monsieur here himself," he said, at last, "he would bid me choose my words, so that this should come to Mademoiselle by degrees and gently. But I cannot—Mademoiselle, I have no words to say to you but these—M. de Sercourt is blind."

A long, low, pitiful cry broke from the white lips of Geneviêve. Henri heard in it the inmost secret of her heart, and knew from that moment that she loved him. Hitherto he had blamed her bitterly, now he grew tender towards her.

Presently she contrived to murmur, "Not utterly?"

"Yes, utterly; and I fear hopelessly."

"I cannot believe it! When we saw him last, he was much better."

"True, Mademoiselle; he was then, to all appearance, recovering. The physicians say he would certainly have recovered, but for that one fatal night."

"What night?"

"The night after his last visit to this house. He came straight home that day, and shut himself up in his own apartments. When at last, after many hours, he rang for me, I found him busy over a great heap of papers, law papers they seemed. He gave orders that I was to let no one disturb him. Again, when darkness came on, he rang for lights, but though I ventured to remonstrate, and even to warn him of his danger, he would not lay aside his work. Far too anxious to go to bed, I spent the night in the antechamber; and I could see the light still burning under his door, and even hear the occasional rustling of paper. Still, towards morning I dropped asleep; but I was awaked by some strange sound, like a kind of stifled cry. I sprang up and ran into the room. I had drawn the curtains the night before, but under and between them the morning sun was streaming in. My master was standing at the window—he turned towards me when he heard my step. There was a look on on his face such as I had never seen before. 'Is that Henri?' he said. 'Henri, is it night or morning?'

"My heart died within me as I answered, 'It is full morning, Monsieur, between five and six of the clock.'"

"'Then,' said he, 'God help me—I am blind!'

"I can scarcely tell you what happened after that. I believe I led him to a seat, and stood beside him, both of us nearly silent. When it grew later, I sent a messenger for the physician who attends him, and of whose skill he has the highest opinion. He allowed me to send word also to Monsieur and Madame de Chèvres, but gave the strictest directions that M. le Duc was not to be alarmed. He holds M. le Duc in much affection, and he, for his part, treats him like a favourite son. At last M. Lenton came, bringing with him another physician, the great M. Vignet. Mademoiselle, they gave him not a single ray of hope."

Geneviève's lips parted, and she tried to speak, but no words would come. She seemed oppressed by a nightmare; conscious of some terrible pain, but unable to utter it by sound or sign.

Henri went on: "He seemed at first to take it so calmly that I wondered at him, and thought he did not believe it. He asked Madame de Chévres, who is a great friend of his, to break the tidings as carefully as she could to M. le Duc. 'Best to do so before he rises,' he said, for M. le Duc being an invalid does not rise until about midday. But he gently put aside her efforts to console him, saying, 'Not yet, ma Cousine; we will talk of it another time.' When she was gone, he said to me: 'Henri, there is a business letter must be written, and you must do it for me.' Then he dictated a few lines to the great lawyer, M. Pelisson——"

"Ah!" said Geneviève quickly.

Henri looked at her white face with growing satisfaction, even with something approaching to triumph. It cannot be denied that he wished to see her suffer, or at least he wished her to know to the uttermost what she had done. He resumed presently: "He made me fold the papers up in a large parcel, and fasten the note on the outside, sealing all with his own signet ring. Then he told me to bring them myself, without the loss of a moment, to the house of M. Pelisson, as he believed he was about to leave Paris, and delay might be fatal. It was on my lips to say that haste had been fatal already, but I refrained myself and obeyed him, then as ever.

"When I returned, I knocked softly at the door, but he did not hear me. Then I took courage and went in. He was seated at the table, his head resting on his hands, and he—he, my strong, brave master, whom I have seen face death without a quiver of an eyelid—he was sobbing like a child." Henri's own voice failed him, and there were tears in his eyes. But as if angry with himself for having said so much, he hastened to add "That once was the only time. And not even once did I hear him murmur. Only he sat apart in his own room, silent, caring as it seemed for nothing, and scarcely eating or sleeping at

all. He would listen patiently to the condolences that were offered him, and give just as much answer as the courtesy that never failed him seemed to require. But I who watched him day and night, saw that such well-intended efforts only pained him; ruffling so to speak, the surface of his mind, without touching the depths of sorrow beneath. Even M. de Condom[1] came to see him, I think at the request of Madame de Chévres; and spoke to him with great kindness, and with much sympathy. But it seemed to me that they only paid compliments to each other; and that the Bishop did him no more good than the rest. Once, Mademoiselle, I heard him speak of you; he observed to Madame de Chèvres that he hoped that on account of the serious illness of Madame la Duchesse de Roannez, you need not know of this at present, and that soon he would leave Paris, and then all might be forgotten."

"*Forgotten!*" echoed Geneviève, in tones of intense, almost of despairing pain. "Could he think it?"

Henri went on, without seeming to heed the interruption:—"I was relieved to hear him speak of leaving Paris; for indeed by this time I was utterly miserable. I began to fear that he would waste away and die, having no vent for his great sorrow and no distraction from it. I was still more glad, therefore, when a day or two later he said to me, 'Henri, put up what I shall need for a week or thereabouts. I am going to visit M. Claude at Charenton.'

"'The best thing you can do, Monsieur,' I ventured to say. And he added, with a touch of his old pleasant way that made my heart leap, 'The best thing you can do, Henri, is to come with me and be made a good, honest Huguenot.'

"'Were I to be made a Calmuck,' said I, 'where Monsieur goes, there I go too.'

"So we went; and I am fain to acknowledge that it was good for my dear master to be for a while amongst his own people. They are very honest, well-meaning people, too, so far as I can see; only they are *bourgeois*, decidedly bourgeois. They lack the tone—the *cachet*—Mademoiselle understands?—to which one is accustomed who has served the house of Graffont all his life. And the *cuisine* was simply execrable: I suppose, since they do not fast, they try to make up for it by spoiling their food. Still, for all that, M. Claude knew how to make my master eat and drink; for which I shall bless that heretic preacher all my life, and pray for his conversion. He was a man of sense, and understood what to do. I once heard him say, 'M. de Sercourt, you are willing to *bear* the will of God, but that is not enough. You must also *do* the will of God.' And now, Mademoiselle, to conclude—my master is back again at the Hotel de Graffont—quiet, brave, and patient. He talks often with M. le Duc about his affairs; and indeed he is ready to listen to every one, and to take such part as he can in the things going on around him; but, Mademoiselle, may guess whether it be not with a broken heart and a shattered life."

For the last few minutes Geneviève had scarcely listened. Her imagination refused to pass beyond the vision of Edouard—Edouard de Sercourt—sobbing like a child. Never, even when truly a child in years, and with his full share of childhood's pains and sorrows, had she seen him thus. All her soul went forth in one passionate impulse to comfort him. But was that impulse a sin? No, that she did not fear. In the knowledge of all that he had suffered—and suffered too on her account—she felt herself justified before God and man. When at last the voice of Henri ceased, she looked up at him, and said simply, almost beseechingly, "What can I do?"

"If Mademoiselle would send a word, a token," Henri began eagerly.

At first Geneviève shook her head doubtfully. Then her sad face brightened.

"Yes," she murmured, "there is something I may send. Something too which he should have had ere this, since it is his own."

She took a ring from her finger, and with a trembling hand extended it to Henri.

"He will remember it," she said.

"Even by the sense of touch?" questioned Henri as he took it.

"If you remind him of the words he said when, as a boy, he gave it to my mother on her fête-day, 'I wish it were a star to shine for you in the darkness.' Say to him there are stars that shine still in the darkness."

"Yes, Mademoiselle, I will say that to him."

"Tell him my mother had it with her when she died. I thought it lost then, but it came back to me. So lost things come back again."

"I will tell him that too."

"We will pray. He who gave back the priceless gift of sight, by the touch of the Holy Thorn, to the little pupil of Port Royal, Marguerite Perier,[1] may yet work another wonder for one who loves Him, and whom He loves."

"I shall do the bidding of Mademoiselle," said Henri with a wonderfully brightened face. "The words and the gift will comfort him."

"Not my gift—only his own given back."

"As Mademoiselle pleases. And now, if Mademoiselle has no further commands for me, I pray of her to dismiss me, lest my master should require my services."

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[1] The celebrated Bossuet, then Bishop of Condom, afterwards Bishop of Meaux.

[1] An allusion to the so-called miraculous cure of Marguerite Perier, niece of Pascal, who was suffering from a virulent disease of the eye. The child a boarder at Port Royal was directed by one of the nuns to touch her eye with the relic, and the cure was said to be instantaneous. Whatever explanation we may find for the circumstances, which were certainly remarkable, it must be remembered that the characters of the Nuns of Port Royal place them above all suspicion of fraud.

WHEN dark December closes,
And loud the storm-winds call,
They come, the last born roses,
And bravest of them all.

Unshamed their spotless faces
Against the snow-drifts lie,
Unharmed their fragile graces
The coldest blasts defy.

So, pure in heart and fearless,
May we, in stormy hours,
When life grows dark and cheerless,
Be like the Christmas flowers:

With them give smiles in payment
For sorrow's wintry breath,
And wrapped in love's white raiment,
Live through the frosts of death.

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THE BEATITUDES.

BY THE REV. RICHARD GLOVER, BRISTOL.

VIII.

Blessed are the persecuted.

"BLESSED are they which are persecuted for Righteousness' sake: for theirs is the Kingdom of Heaven.

"Blessed are ye when men shall revile you and persecute you, and shall say all manner of evil against you, falsely, for My sake.

"Rejoice and be exceeding glad: for great is your reward in Heaven; for so persecuted they the Prophets which were before you." Matt. v. 10, 11, 12.

The last crowns the series of The Beatitudes. From Poverty to Crucifixion, the Saviour's Life unfolded; exhibiting all the graces, activities and experiences here commended. He expects that the new life which begins in the hearts of the disciples in Poverty of spirit—will grow till it reaches that Vigour of Holiness, Mercy and Usefulness which finds a cross and has power to bear it.

It seems strange to us that the Saviour does not close with the seventh Beatitude, as this eighth names apparently not another grace nor even another activity of the saint, but only a casual experience due to unfortunate surroundings.

If there was something only occasional in persecution it would be strange that it should receive the importance of a special and indeed the crowning benediction. And if there was nothing peculiar in the character of those persecuted, that strangeness would be increased.

But the Temper that attracts persecution for Righteousness sake is one of pre-eminent vigour and consecration; and in the judgment of Jesus—some suffering for Righteousness is a constant and inevitable necessity of the conflict between good and evil.

To us at ease in Zion, this beatitude may seem strange. But remember, looking forward a few months, the Saviour beheld martyrdom awaiting the Baptist: Beyond the martyrdom of John, stood Calvary: Beyond that, the stoning of Stephen and the death of James the brother of John by the sword. A little further along the vista, He beheld Paul consummating a constant living martyrdom in a bloody death; and the cruel death, in which Peter glorified God. He saw James the son of Alpheus hurled from a pinnacle of the Temple, and Andrew crucified; the remaining apostles all suffering persecution; prisoners for the testimony of Jesus, like John, or rejoicing they were counted worthy to suffer for Christ's name. While, for centuries, the mark of the cross stamped the church's life.

Was it strange in such circumstances that He should have something to say of persecution? Or that, remembering how the first thing in Scripture history after the fall, was the persecution of Abel; and the last thing in Scripture prophecy before the final glory, the persecution of those who refuse to receive the mark of the beast, He should feel that in all ages of her history, the church would need the consolation which He gives.

This Beatitude has therefore a necessary and crowning place in the series. Let us consider it:

I. Those Blessed: BLESSED ARE THEY WHICH ARE PERSECUTED FOR RIGHTEOUSNESS SAKE.

II. Their Blessing: THEIR'S IS THE KINGDOM OF HEAVEN: GREAT IS YOUR REWARD IN HEAVEN.

I. THOSE BLESSED. THE PERSECUTED FOR RIGHTEOUSNESS SAKE. It seems strange there should be any such. Impatient, one-sided, prejudiced as we admit men to be, yet that they should persecute some because of their goodness, seems all but incredible. We know good people have suffered and do suffer. But we are always inclined to assume that it is rather for faults, mingling with their goodness, than for the goodness itself; for imprudence, not faithfulness; for intolerance, not affection; for over-freedom in assailing others—not for goodness and likeness to the Lord.

And indeed, it might well seem impossible that by deliberate animosity, the world should persecute the best and most useful of its inhabitants.

But here the Saviour assumes that persecution will assail what He calls righteousness; will attack the lowly goodness; the gentle meekness; the merciful compassion; the pure faultlessness; the brotherly peacemaking, which He enjoins. There will be degrees of suffering—from evil speaking to martyrdom; but He expects none who are pure to be free from pain.

Generations will of course differ in degrees of animosity, and society will soften in the degree in which it is imbued with Christian feeling; but where the heart is carnal it will hate God, and where it hates God, its hatred will extend and embrace all who are like Him.

A little thought will show how constant must be the antagonism of the world to Sanctity, for observe:—

(1.) *Every Saint of God is a "disturber of Israel."* He is an embodied conscience. His character is a law of God brought nigh to men. His purity reproves; his honour shames men. The gravity of his purpose and his aims seems to light up the solemnities of the unseen world. All levity, all vileness, all selfishness, are exposed and put to shame by the silent contrast of a Better Life; so that however meek and merciful and peaceful a holy life is, it tells of duty, of responsibility, of the claims of God, of the wrong of sin, of a judgment to come.

We do not like to be disturbed: and we hate those that awake the apprehensions of the soul.

THE BEATITUDES.

BY THE REV. RICHARD GLOVER, BRISTOL.

VIII.

Blessed are the persecuted.

"BLESSED are they which are persecuted for Righteousness' sake: for theirs is the Kingdom of Heaven.

"Blessed are ye when men shall revile you and persecute you, and shall say all manner of evil against you, falsely, for My sake.

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We do not like to be disturbed: and we hate those that awake the apprehensions of the soul.

(2.) *Every Saint of God offends the Pride, as well as disturbs the Peace of men.*

There is a fairness of beauty, an eminence of dignity in all true goodness, that overshadows and annoys our envious hearts. Aristides is disliked and proscribed merely because men call him "The Just."

We want on cheaper terms, that homage and regard of men which the beauty of holiness, the glory of love attract to themselves. And we dislike the competing and rival graces.

Moreover, goodness attracts some measure of power and influence: "inherits the earth" in the ample sense, in which it is promised to the meek; and those who wish to have eminence and rule, and power amongst men, resent the intrusion of this competitor.

"Wrath is cruel, and anger is outrageous; but who is able to stand before envy?" It is no small hatred that envious evil feels to goodness. It cried "Away with Him, crucify Him." Pilate knew that "for envy they had delivered Him." The mere wilfulness that wished to escape the reproof of Christ's goodness, and the envy that grudged His superiority, committed the infinite crime of Calvary. Where our lives have a purity and eminence like those of Christ the world will show some of the same hatred to us, which it cherished for Him.

Then further: the Saviour expects:—

(3.) *True saintliness will always be an aggressive thing. Where it is such its activities rouse enmity.* We have different views from the Saviour on this subject of aggressive goodness. We think saintliness is at liberty to be an unobtrusive, silent, selfsaving thing: carefully restricting its service to the quiet influence of its example, content to develope its own life sweetly. But the Saviour calls for something more vigorous than passive piety. Prince of Peace as He was, He proclaims: "I came not to send peace on earth, but a sword:—To set a man at variance" with those around him. He defines His object to be to "send fire on the earth," and tarries only until it is kindled. He assumes that evil must be assailed, that falsehood will be contradicted and sin denounced. He intends a true peace to be reached by the disturbance of the false. He expects sanctity ever to have something of the soldierly quality and that the life will be a fight of faith. He did not contemplate sanctity adopting a *Live and let live* policy in the presence of falsehood and evil. Silence is the earth in which the talent of truth is buried. He expects us to be His witnesses; bids us say "Repent," not merely to men in general, but to sinners in particular; expects us to reprove all evil, as well as to point to Him who is the source and pattern of all good. He expects us to carry the offer of mercy to those who will resent our faithfulness; He expects our testimony to be a fire, burning up refuges of lies; a hammer breaking in pieces the rocks. Wherever love is thus aggressive, truth thus bold, mercy thus active—hatred of the intensest kind must rise. For who can bear to have his ways denounced as evil; his views as false; his destiny perdition; his duty repentance?

Moreover, the Christian has to be the reformer in a world of vested interests. And there is no evil under heaven, from idolatry to drunkenness, from gambling to gaiety, from heresy to vice, but some have a pecuniary interest in maintaining it. You will not achieve any usefulness of any sort without the cry; "This our craft is in danger," rising to the lips of those profiting by others' ignorance or servitude or evil. In these circumstances, however meek and peacemaking the Saint of God may be, if he is faithful to his Saviour and to the interests of men, he will suffer from the bitter speech, or the deed of hatred of those who resent his whole spirit and activity. Not till all evil is dispersed: and all souls inhabited by Christ, can the true saint of God expect to avoid persecution. And to-day, as in all past ages, while only the foolish desire persecution, and the wicked deserve it, the godly have to suffer for it.

I know there is but little persecution experienced by the church of God to-day. But why?

Partly, no doubt because the Saviour's authority pervades society and the evils which we oppose are feebler, more apologetic and less dominant than in other days. But is that the whole reason? Not all the seven churches in Asia suffered persecution. But the two conspicuous for their faithfulness—Smyrna and Philadelphia—against which the Faithful and True Witness had to record no fault, were conspicuous for their trials. Two, however, seem to have altogether escaped them. Laodicean lukewarmness attracted no assault: and Sardis, with the name to live, but dead, aroused no enmity. Has our lukewarmness not something to do with our comfort? Is the absence of the idea of aggressive godliness from most Christian minds not a secret of our peace? If every saint was a reformer; every Christian soul a prophet of repentance; if in discipleship we took up our cross—our gallows—expecting to suffer much for Christ; if daily self were "denied," that is dethroned, and Jesus reigned within us; if to save men was the business of our life, and a high calling of God in Christ Jesus allured us onward, I doubt whether we should live many months without having to endure what would make us ponder with more solemn interest this great Beatitude.

In the past there have been many such. And there are no human histories so sublime and so soul-quickening as those which tell of the innocence, the endurance, the faith of the noble army of martyrs. And to-day, though the church is lukewarm, there are still some, who are persecuted for righteousness sake.

The rack and the stake are over, but zeal and faithfulness, however gentle, have to endure some shame, and some anguish.

Those who for conscience sake strike out on a course which dearest friends oppose, are included in this benediction. The Pillar of Cloud leads not always in the ways in which parents and friends are moving. And when men and women follow it, there are those that will treat faithfulness to Christ as pride and wilfulness, or as indifference to those who claim their love.

Blessed are ye if for Christ's sake, men say these things against you falsely.

There are some saints of God solitary in the society in which they move, whose goodness is the butt of ridicule, whose faith is the jest of the worldliness around them; but who yet abate no warmth of consecration and no boldness of confession. They are covered by this benediction.

There are some faithful to minor truths of the Gospel who suffer for their faithfulness at the hands of those who resent differences of opinion and of action. These are embraced in this word of Christ. Then I note further—

(4.) *There are those faithful souls who in matters of philanthropy, or social or civil good, plead for causes with which they deem the well-being of men are bound up—but for causes which are unpopular.*

It will often be one of the most important of religious duties to plead some cause of common righteousness. Whoever does so at cost of repute, of feelings, of property, is one who is persecuted for righteousness sake.

And then there are all those who cannot rest in the solitary enjoyment of salvation, who plead with friends, though their pleadings are resented; who carry the Gospel to the crowded courts of large cities, where treatment ruder than jest will ofttimes meet them; who love their fellows with too deep a love to leave their evil unreproved. Amongst the Salvation Army there are some who know what persecution for Righteousness' sake is. And some who have gone forth to heathen lands have—like Coleridge Patteson or Bishop Hannington—sealed their witness with their blood.

We ought to note these things. Expect not all plain sailing; desire not to escape hardships, for persecution has its place in the plan of God. It has great purifying and strengthening power; promotes humility and prayer; under it, the finest qualities of our nature are developed. Remember, we "count them happy that endure.' Remember, "they that will live godly in Christ must suffer persecution." Remember the friendship of the world is enmity with God. Let us fear that shrinking from reproach which is a snare to so many souls. And let us be solicitous to take our share in the reproach of Christ, and in the cross which rests on those that love their Lord.

For there is a great reward to such as suffer with their Lord. Let us next consider:—

II. Their Blessedness: THEIRS IS THE KINGDOM OF HEAVEN. GREAT IS YOUR REWARD IN HEAVEN.

One verse sufficed to declare the blessedness of previous classes named: The Saviour takes three for these.

There seems perhaps something strange in the fact that the Blessing attached to the first class named is precisely the same as that attached to the last. Of "The poor in spirit" and "The persecuted for righteousness," the Saviour says alike, "theirs is the Kingdom of Heaven." But the strangeness is easily explained. Partly it is due to the fact that our progress upward is by a spiral ascent, on which, circle after circle, brings us round to the same relative positions, though each time on a higher level. Go the round of the Beatitudes—and when you reach Persecution for Righteousness' sake—you find a new, deeper, vaster, Poverty of spirit, needing more than ever the Kingdom of God, with its supports and consolations. And from new Poverty to move onward afresh to new Mourning and new service.

And the strangeness is fully explained when you mark that those who have Righteousness for which to be persecuted have the Kingdom in a different sense from that in which the Poor in Spirit had it. The Poor have it in Provision, in offer, in opportunity. The Persecuted have it in enjoyment, possession and triumphant experience of its blessings.

They have the Kingdom . . . They are associated with the prophets . . . They have a great reward in Heaven! Thus are they blessed. Ponder each of these points.

(1.) *Theirs is the Kingdom, in actual blessed participation of its grace and comforts.* By their persecution all powers of the soul are strengthened and faith makes sure of its ground. Solitude strengthens them to stand alone. Nothing compels men to prove all things so much as the contradiction of those around them. The more man shuns, the more the Saviour has consorted with them. They have been cast into no furnace without finding one like unto the Son of man there, to cheer them; nor into any prison, without angels loosing the bonds of the soul. Every Patmos has been a vestibule of Heaven—a Pisgah from which in a vision, clear as that in which Moses beheld the earthly—they have beheld the Heavenly Canaan.

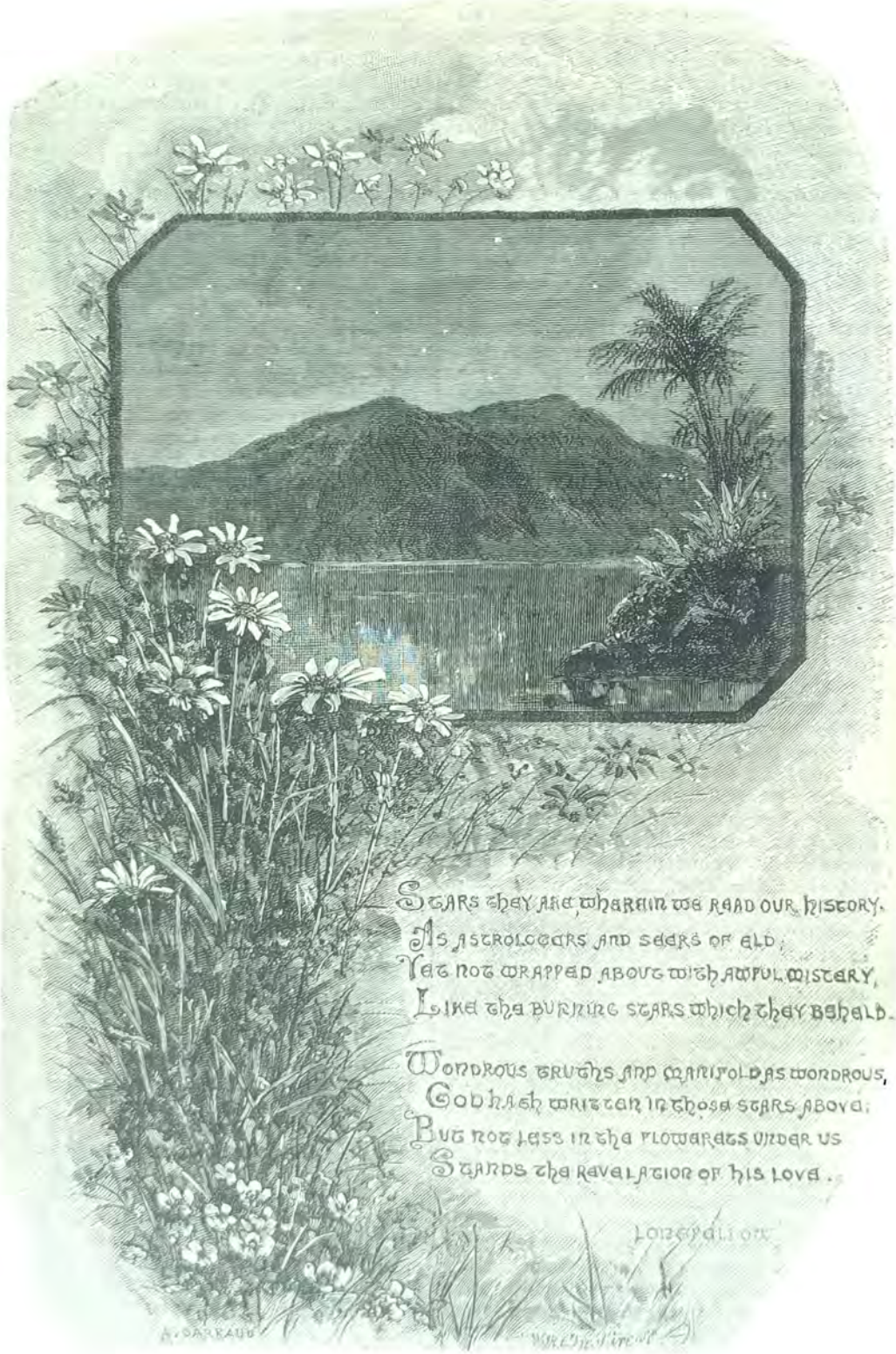
How marvellous is the grace martyrs reached! Children, maidens, those naturally timid, common people in their simplicity, have dared and died with a heroism that turned their anguish into joy. "I was glad when they said unto me let us go up unto the House of the Lord," said one martyr as he was condemned to die.

> "This prison very sweet to me
> Hath been since I came here,
> And so would also hanging be,
> If Thou didst then appear,"

sang Bunyan, in Bedford Gaol, his heart overflowing with the enjoyment of God's Love.

"Methinks they strew roses at my feet," said one James Bainam, as the faggots were lighted beneath him. As Argyle laid his head upon the block, his physician found his pulse full and calm as in his usual health. In the first Scottish persecutions, after the Reformation had commenced, a Robert Lamb of Perth and his wife were condemned to die. She had besides other children—a little babe but recently born. He was condemned to be burnt alive—she to be tied in a sack and drowned. She asked that she might die with her husband, but the request was refused. She cheered him on his way—saw him die the awful death of fire: was led to the pond in which she was to suffer. She took her babe from her bosom, and committed it to the charge of a nurse she had secured; and, only beseeching her friends and neighbours to look kindly to her orphan children, she too, calmly, bravely, triumphantly died.

If those were rare instances they would have less weight. But they were characteristic of the martyrs. And they show that exemption from


Stars they are, wherein we read our history.
As astrologers and seers of eld;
Yet not wrapped about with awful mistery,
Like the burning stars which they beheld.
Wondrous truths and manifold as wondrous,
God hath written in those stars above;
But not less in the flowerets under us
Stands the revelation of his love.

suffering is not all gain: that the Persecuted for Righteousness have habitually reached a consolation—a strength—a rapture, which showed that theirs was in very deed the Kingdom of Heaven.

(2) *And this bliss is enhanced by the blessed influence they exert; they rank with the prophets when they share their fate.*

The glory of the prophets was their usefulness; their "kindling souls;" the way in which they quickened faith and piety in human hearts.

The persecuted for Righteousness share in the prophets' sufferings and in their usefulness.

Who will reckon what we owe to our Martyrs! What Manhood was created by their memory! What Faith was quickened by their testimony! What sturdiness of resolve crept from them into the communities in which they lived and died! What fitness for freedom and power to achieve it came from the example of these heroes! Every stake was a throne from which the sufferer swayed the hearts of men; an illumination in which men read the Creed of Hope. We forget too much our debt to these illustrious Saints.

Look back to our Protestant forefathers: to the Covenanters of Scotland: to the great host of Puritan martyrs: to the Quakers, eight hundred of whom died in prison in the reign of Charles the second, and who, between the years 1660 and 1833, when all civil disabilities were removed, were called to pay over a million of money as fines for refusing to do what conscience condemned; and realise how much our gospel light, our national strength, our civil liberty is due to them. These were our line of prophets, and all that is noblest in our modern life draws its origin from them.

But if they have the Kingdom of Heaven, and take rank with the goodly fellowship of the prophets, there is still another promise made them.

(3.) *Great is their Reward in Heaven.*

We are children of Immortality, and the main question of our life is what that Immortality *is going to prove.* For all goodness there is reward, reaching down to the cup of cold water given in the name of a disciple. But for the persecuted there is a "great reward in Heaven." "Because thou hast kept the word of My testimony I also will keep thee." They who confess Him will be confessed by Him, and that Crown of Righteousness, which is the special award of Grace, will be given them on that day.

Their large souls expand above, and for highest rulership and divinest joys find ample fitness within them.

Ponder these things. Soon all will be retrospect with us; and of all we have and do, nought will remain but the memory, the result and the reward.

There is a denial of Christ where no words are used: a "hiding of our faces" from Him. Let repentance discover every reproach we have avoided that we should have shared and every sacrifice we have spared that we should have made.

Let us aspire to a more virile Godliness.

Let us be witnesses to the world, not conformists to it. Let us endeavour to embody in our lives an epitome of the graces which the Saviour has greeted with His blessing in these eight great Benedictions.

Happy is he who tastes the bliss of any of them: but happiest he, who in some measure tastes them all.

May reader and writer alike know them in vital and rich experience.

"LOST BY A POOR CLERK!"

CHAPTER II.

"THE matter, as far as the money goes, is easily put to rights; ten pounds, exactly the amount due to you on the first of January. We will consider your salary is paid, and you can give Mr. Carter the usual receipt. As to the carelessness which has brought about the loss, that is another matter; you cannot expect such conduct will advance your interests in my office."

The speaker, Mr. Gratton, was a well-to-do city man, perhaps not exactly to be classed among the merchant princes, but one who was at the head of a firm and substantial business, whose dinner invitations were considered worth accepting, whose house at Blackheath was replete with every comfort and convenience, and whose portly presence was the very incarnation of monied respectability. In striking contrast was the appearance of the man addressed; though of much the same age as his employer, who had barely passed forty years. His shoulders were bowed and his head bent. Father Time, who was fast denuding him off his forelock, had also plentifully besprinkled the rest of his hair with silver. The face, though naturally of a cheerful and contented character, was lined and careworn, showing evident marks of a long and weary struggle—the struggle of a poor man with a large family; the struggle of shabby gentility: the care of the many mouths to feed, the many bodies to clothe and the many busy little feet to be soundly shod: and, harder still, the struggle to give a fair education to his children so that they, in their turn, might go out and fight for daily bread. But in spite of all these cares, Mark Churchill had generally a cheerful face and showed a bold front to his worries. At the present moment, his spirits seemed to have sunk below zero, and no amount of courage could make

him look the occasion in the face with any degree of cheerfulness.

"But, sir," he gasped, "ten pounds is the whole of my month's salary. I will pay it off by degrees; a pound or two at a time, but to take the whole at once will mean ruin."

"You can take your choice; leave your month's salary or leave the office. I believe we could do perfectly well without your services. I must make an example of this affair. I am determined I will have no money lost in my office; it will sharpen your wits over looking for it, money was lost once before, you must remember. I can have no repetition of that sort of thing."

The colour rose into Mark Churchill's pale face, rose in a hot tide which showed that only some deep feeling could give rise to such motion.

"I suppose there is no chance of Mr. James finding the number of the notes, sir?"

"You heard what he said yesterday; he did not know from whom he had taken them and had never noticed the numbers. It is what one might expect of a parson, never any idea of business, never any commonsense. Of course, if you find the money it will be so much the better for you. But my mind is made up, either you forfeit your month's salary, or you leave my employ. I cannot see that it would help you to get another situation if I told why you left."

With a deep sigh Mark turned to leave, there was truth in what his employer had said: he had been guilty of great carelessness in not noticing the number of the notes when they were handed to him, still more careless to lay them on his desk while he went into Mr. Carter's room to speak to him. When he returned the business in hand had for a time driven them from his mind, and it was only the sight of Mr. Gratton, which recalled the fact that the Rev. James Gratton had been in, and, finding his brother was out, had handed over two five-pound notes to Mark, asking him to give them to Mr. Gratton on his return. But the search for the notes was in vain; no trace of them could be found. Mark felt certain that no one had entered the office during the few moments he was with Mr. Carter. The two younger clerks had gone to their dinner and had not returned till some time after he had been again at his desk; no suspicion could rest on them, but where were the notes? Poor Mark took his homeward walk that night with a heavy heart: the brightly lighted streets and shops seemed to mock him, although from them he had often culled little bits of amusement to cheer the hard-worked wife at home. Poor Margaret Churchill was chained to her house as tightly as ever galley-slave to his oar. But while her busy fingers darned socks and stockings, and patched and mended the children's clothes, her husband would tell her of what pretty things he had seen in the shop windows, describe the cartoon in "Punch," or tell the last joke in the comic papers, all gathered from the same source, and Margaret would laugh and enjoy the joke as well as though she were able to have her breakfast table laden with the daily papers and periodicals.

"How was he to tell her?" that was the question which haunted him; those were the words that rang through his brain. How can I tell her? What a blow it would be to all their little plans, even with the monthly ten pounds coming in regularly, they had to study ways and means in order to make it sufficient for all their necessities, and now, with Christmas only four days off, and the children looking for the little family festivity in which they always indulged. Then it seemed doubly hard to know that, through his own lack of care, not only must they be debarred from their little luxuries, but would be stinted in their very necessities. No toys for the little ones, he thought dismally, no book for poor Phil; and here the gloom on his face became deeper, for poor Phil was weakly, and the book which he found by his bed every Christmas morning was a thing of beauty and of joy to him throughout all the following year. And Dorothy, no new dress this winter, and how was he to pay even the moderate sum to keep her at school. It was with a failing spirit and heavy foot that Mark Churchill entered the house, which was so truly home in the best sense of the word to himself his wife and his children.

Opening the front door with his latch-key he slowly descended the stairs to the basement and entered what in most houses would have been called the kitchen, but to whatever use it was put to during the day, there was no trace of kitchen work when the master of the house returned home. The furniture was decidedly shabby but still comfortable, a well-filled book-case took the place of a dresser, pictures adorned the walls, of no great money value certainly, but all chosen with good taste; curtains to the window, a roomy old sofa on one side of the room, and an arm-chair on either side of the fire. Nothing of the kitchen indeed was left but the cooking-range with its oven and boiler, upon which, during the day, Mrs. Churchill cooked her lodger's dinner. By tea time when "father" returned, all traces of its menial employment had vanished, its black face and steel adornments shone with a brightness which would have been a credit to either dining-room or drawing-room, while the copper kettle glittered like gold and puffed and bubbled cheerily. All the dirty work of the house was relegated to the scullery, for though for economic reasons one fire was made to do duty for two, yet Mrs. Churchill, a woman of superior birth and refinement, would never tolerate the idea of her husband and children sitting in a room surrounded by only the sordid side of life.

"Let us make our one room as cheerful and nice as we can," she would say to her husband. "We must do so for the children's sake: they must not grow up ignorant and careless of the decencies of life." And so the room was made as pleasant as possible, and the mother, let her be never so tired, never omitted the practice of dressing herself before her husband returned. No matter if the working dress was exchanged for another just as worn and shabby, the children knew the difference, and the example of mother's well-brushed and neatly arranged hair, and clean hands was not thrown away. They grew up to habits of tidiness and self-respect, and to think it worth taking the trouble to look nice in the eyes

of parents or brothers and sisters. Margaret Churchill, though now six and thirty, still retained a youthful appearance. There was something almost girlish in her slim erect figure, and the soft brown hair that curled and rippled back from the open brow. True, the eyes had an anxious pathetic look about them when the face was in repose, which told its tale of trials and worries patiently borne, but the mouth, with its ready sweet smile, seemed alway anxious to contradict the story told by those two above. Left alone in the world to struggle for her own living, Margaret had married young, and, in spite of the trials which married life had brought in its train, she had never repented of placing her hand in that of Mark Churchill, and promising to follow his fortunes through the world. Troubles had but strengthened their attachment, trials had bound them closer together, and from the moment when the young mother had held her little Dorothy, the gift of God, as she insisted it should be called, every succeeding child had been welcomed into that poor household as though it had been dowered with gold.

We have kept Mark lingering for some time at the door of his room, but not so long as his failing heart prompted him to remain. To him the cruellest part of his misfortune was telling it to the wife who had struggled so patiently and worked so hard in the battle of life, and who, whatever befel, was always ready to give him a bright hopeful word to help him on his way. But he felt it was of no use to linger, the miserable truth must be told, and the telling would be made no easier by putting it off. At the first glance at his wife it seemed as though some rumour of the misfortune must already have reached her so dejected did she look.

"I did not hear you come in Mark," she said; "it must be later than I imagined, I was thinking, and had not noticed the flight of time," then noticing his weary troubled look she exclaimed: "What is the matter, dear; are you not well, or have you heard?"

"Heard what?" asked Mark, his heart sinking even lower than before, for he felt that some new trouble was in store.

"Mr. Massey has given me notice to leave his rooms: he will go at once at the end of next week, and, of course his carpet will go with him, and, we can take no other lodger till we can get a new one. I have been thinking and thinking, but I can see no way out of the difficulty. I do not know how we could afford another just now," as she spoke a bright tear gathered in her eye and fell on her hand.

"My poor wife," said Mark, "why did I marry you to bring you to so much trouble," and he drew her tenderly towards him and kissed her.

"You must not say that, dear," she replied, "this is but a passing worry; we shall see our way out of it by-and-by. I ought to be ashamed of myself to be so cast down now, none can say more truly than I—'Hitherto hath the Lord helped us.' Don't you remember when we had such a struggle to take this house and furnish the rooms, and I felt it such a blow when one after another came to look at them and went away without taking them; and then Mr. Massey came and looked and said he liked them but he could not take them unless he had a better carpet? I knew we could not afford to spend any more, and he went away, and then a week after he came back and said he would take them, and bring his own carpet, and so that difficulty was at an end, and think how much good it has been all these years to have him here to give Dorothy such good music lessons, we must not despair."

"There is worse in store for you to hear, dear,' said her husband, and then he told her the history of the loss of the notes, and of Mr. Gratton's decision respecting the re-payment.

For a moment poor Margaret felt stunned by the news of this second calamity, but the fact that silence on her part might be construed into blame to her husband roused her, like a true woman. Her instinct prompted her to console him rather than to lament herself, so, after a pause to collect her scattered thoughts, she said. "It is a great blow, dear, and Mr. Gratton's decision seems harsh now, but, perhaps, in the end, it is the best thing, we shall know that the money is paid. Besides we can look forward to receiving the whole of your salary for the next month without having to save anything from it, the constant pinching for many months would perhaps have been worse than losing all at once. We will fancy that you lost your purse on your way from the office after receiving your salary."

"Margaret! you are indeed a pearl among women," exclaimed her husband, "I deserve reproach and blame for my carelessness and you give me neither."

"You have enough to bear already" was the reply, "do not trouble too much, Mark; the money may be found yet, and then it will come back to us like a present. God is over all, and heaven above us still, dear, don't forget that."

"Could I ever forget it, when I have such a wife?" he exclaimed passionately. "I could bear the trouble for myself, but to bring it on you and the children breaks my heart."

"Then that is very wrong of you," responded his wife, "for if it were not for the children and me, you would have no one to comfort you in your troubles."

"But what are we to do, Margaret; how are we to manage?"

"We must consider every thing that can be done without, must be. We must make the little money we have in hand last until your next salary is due; we must not get into debt, or we shall only lay up a stock of trouble for the future. Dorothy," and here the voice which had been steady before faltered. "Dorothy must come home for a term. If Miss Daniels will let her go back at Easter, it will be well; if not, we must try to place her elsewhere. We cannot let her remain there, unless we can pay punctually, as it is we are under great obligation to them for taking her at so low a rate."

"Poor child, what a home-coming for her to morrow, all her holidays will be spoiled."

"Not necessarily," replied Margaret. "Dorothy is sensible beyond her years; she will see the reason for this; she must work at home as she did

before, and then she need not lose what she has gained during the last term."

Dorothy, the eldest of the family, was now nearly sixteen. A girl of good abilities, she had early learnt all she could under the mistress at the school which had been selected for her, but which was more in conformity with her father's means than with her mother's ideas of education. Her aptitude for music had been fostered and cultivated by Mr. Massey who not only gave her instruction, but allowed her to practise on his piano during his absence: he prophesied great things for her, and told her parents they should allow her to give up her whole time to the study of music, but this they knew was impossible. Dorothy must qualify herself as soon as possible to get her own living, and must then take up her own burden and so help the rest of the family.

An old friend of Mrs. Churchill's was now, with her sister, keeping a flourishing school at the West End, and, for the sake of the old friendship, Miss Daniels had undertaken to receive Dorothy as governess-student at the rate of 15*l.* per annum, exactly half the sum which was generally taken, and for this Dorothy was to have every advantage which the school afforded, giving her services in teaching the younger children in return.

It had been a struggle to get together the very modest outfit which it was necessary that Dorothy should have before she could go, but Madame Peronet, the old French lady who lodged in the back parlour, came to the rescue, and offered to assist in making the dresses, and, as she said, "give them the air of fashion necessary for a young lady." It was very certain that madame's good taste and clever ideas made Dorothy's wardrobe look much better than it could otherwise have done. The old lady loved the bright girl, who had always been ready to help her. Madame Peronet was a poor woman, making a scanty living by teaching her own language, and she lived entirely in the little back parlour, using it for bed-room, dining-room, and kitchen, and she had at times been very thankful to the active girl with the useful hands who would sweep and clean her room, and make it look as bright and cheerful as possible for her when she returned weary and tired from her day's teaching. Now, though she rejoiced with Dorothy, in her excitement and happiness, the kind old lady grieved little less than the girl's mother at losing her from the house. The loss had fallen very heavily upon Mrs. Churchill, for the care of her six children kept her constantly busy, and Dorothy had always attended to Mr. Massey's room and laid his breakfast, and then had helped wash and dress the two little ones, and got through a multitude of other small duties before she ran off to school.

But since she had left home the whole of the household work had fallen upon the mother, and though she did it all uncomplainingly, she had found the task a heavy one; but she was willing to make any sacrifices to ensure her children's welfare. Phil, the next in age to Dorothy, a boy of fourteen, had been delicate from his birth. "Weak spine," said the doctor, "will require great care; he ought to live in the country, or by the sea." How hard these medical opinions are for the poor parents who cannot afford the luxury of yearly visits to moor or sea. But though Phil must endure the smoky air of London, he had a world of love and care bestowed upon him. Never having been able to engage in the games and sports of boys of his age, he had grown quiet and studious beyond his years. School with its hard chairs or backless forms was prohibited; but he found teachers at home, Madame Peronet taught him French, his father instructed him in arithmetic and mathematics in the evening, while his mother was always at hand to direct his reading. Dorothy and he worked through her lessons together, so that Phil was in many things far better instructed than the boys of his age who enjoyed the advantages of school.

Dorothy and he were great friends, and it was to his sympathetic ear that she made her moan when the news of her father's unfortunate loss was communicated to her.

"We must do all our share in bearing the trouble," her mother had said to her, "it will ease the burden for your father."

"What must my share be, mother?" asked the girl bravely, though her sinking heart told her what form her part of the burden must be.

"I am more sorry for you than for any one else, my child," said her mother, drawing her tenderly to her arms, but it must be done, and I know you will not complain."

"I must leave school?" faltered Dorothy.

"Yes, but we hope only for the one term. If Miss Daniels will receive you again, you shall go back there, but if not you shall go elsewhere."

"Don't look like that, father!" cried Dorothy, catching sight of her father's distressed face. I will work at home, perhaps it will not make so much difference after all.

"Good girl," said her mother, kissing her, and that kiss seemed to make amends for the effort she had made to smile and choke back her tears.

"What can I do?" asked Phil.

"No book for you this Christmas, my boy."

"That is but a very small loss."

"I meant to have given you 'Milton' this time."

"Well, dad, he will be all the better for waiting for, and"—giving a bulky volume under his arm an affectionate hug, "I have my Shakespeare; you can't get through him in a year, there is always something fresh and new here, however often I read him."

"Oh, Phil, it's dreadful!" said Dorothy, when she was alone with her brother. "I feel as if my heart would break; if you only knew how hard I have worked. I have been up early when nobody but the servants were stirring in the house, and I have sat over my lessons at night until Miss Daniels would come and take my books from me. I had so much to make up to put myself on the level with the other elder girls who have always had advantages. I didn't know what teaching meant till I went to Dursley House, but I don't think now there is a girl there who could beat me in most things, I meant to have passed the Cambridge examination at Midsummer; and then after that I think Miss Daniels would have given me a little salary, but

now all that hope is over; she will not take even the youngest governess unless she has her certificate."

And here Dorothy's grief got the better of her and she broke into tears. The girl was passionately attached to her mother, and it had been her secret desire to qualify herself as soon as possible for a teacher, so that she might only not relieve her parents of her own maintenance, but also do something towards helping forward the education of the others. She was a practical clear-headed little body who could look the problem of life fairly in the face, and do her best to solve it. But, in spite of her common sense and practicality, she had her day-dreams, and these would take the form of school for the children, a little servant maid to help her mother and relieve her of the dirtiest part of the work; and then, in the distant future, they took a still more roseate hue. The little house in London, with its lodgers and sordid cares had been abandoned, and they were living in an airy roomy abode near a good town, a house wtih such an infinite number of rooms and conveniences, such a charming garden and wide orchard, inhabited by a model cow and calf, and a busy clucking, cackling brood of hens, that it could have existed only in a day-dream, and over this happy spot Dorothy should reign, for it would be the result of her labours. She was to be the head of a flourishing school and all the family would live with her. Father could give lessons in mathematics, and the rest of the time he could give an eye to the boy who tended the garden, the cow, and the cocks and hens, and mother should be housekeeper, with enough good servants under her to make her work simply a matter of pleasant supervision. Phil must go to college and the other boys to some good school. But all these happy visions were now obscured by the black cloud of present trouble, a cloud which it seemed to Dorothy would never pass away.

Phil was distressed at the burst of tears, he took his sister's hands and patted them gently: to see brave Dorothy break down was so unusual a sight, that the boy was unprepared with any word of comfort. At length, he whispered: "When Fortune means to men most good, she oft looks on them with a threatening eye."

"I don't see how any good is to come out of this worry," sobbed Dorothy.

"No, nor do I," answered Phil; "but 'Yield not thy neck to Fortune's yoke, but let thy dauntless mind still ride in triumph over all mischance.' I think that is good advice, Dorothy."

"'Patch grief with proverbs,'" quoted Dorothy, "you are a dear, good boy, Phil, and always try to comfort me with some words of wisdom; I know they are very apt to the occasion, but somehow they don't really comfort me like one of mother's texts. She always has one ready just to fit every occasion. I don't know how it is, but I never apply them when I read my Bible as I do when mother speaks them, the words seem to take a deeper meaning from her mouth."

"I expect that is because they come from her heart first," answered Phil. "Let us go and ask her for one now."

"What is it you ask me for?" said Mrs. Churchill, who at that moment entered the room.

"A text, mother," answered Phil. "Poor Dorothy is a little down-hearted, and she says you always find a text to comfort her."

"There is one which is a never ending comfort to me, whether in small worries or big troubles," said their mother, "I wish you would both impress it upon your hearts and memories,—'Be content with such things as ye have; for He hath said, I will never leave thee nor forsake thee.' Surely, dears, such a promise as that should make us content under any passing cares, and then remember what is said of the righteous man, 'He shall not be afraid of evil tidings; his heart is fixed, trusting in the Lord.' Not only is he content for the present, but he has no dread of the future, his heart is fixed, it cannot be blown about by the wind of doubt. Strive for that, dears, and this trouble will be blessed to you both."

Things New and Old.

A Remarkable Sunday-School Scholar.—In the unpublished correspondence of the Rev. John Campbell, of Kingsland, better known as one of the earliest missionaries in South Africa, is the following letter, addressed to Miss Bennett, Masboro', and forwarded to us by Sir James Risdon Bennett, M.D., F.R.S. Here is the extract:

"At the last tea-meeting in connection with the schools of Tottenham-court chapel we were interested by the presence of an ancient mariner who is, doubtless, one of the oldest Sunday scholars in England. He produced a Bible on the occasion, the fly-leaf of which contained a narrative, of which the following is a copy:—

"'This Bible was presented to me by Mr. Raikes, at the town of Hertford, January 1st, 1781, as a reward for my punctual attendance at the Sunday-school, and good behaviour when there. And after being my companion fifty-three years, forty-one of which I spent in the sea service, during which time I was in forty-five engagements, received thirteen wounds, was three times shipwrecked, once burnt out, twice capsized in a boat, and had fevers of different sorts fifteen times,—this Bible was my consolation, and was newly bound for me by James Bishop, of Edinburgh, on the 26th day of October, 1834, the day I completed the 60th year of my age. As witness my hand,

"'James B. North.'

"Mr. North was a Master in the Navy. He is a very enlightened and devout man, in the judgment of

"Your brother and friend,

"J. Campbell."

Cannibalism on Rarotonga.—I once asked Taraaere, the last priest of Tangaroa, whether cannibalism had been practised on Rarotonga from time immemorial. The following statement was made by that venerable man:—"Originally cannibalism was unknown on Rarotonga.[1] But in the reign of Rongoi, the son of Runanga and Rangiupoko, murders and cruelties were rife. People walking peaceably

[1] Excepting in cases of special revenge. It is said that the body of Tutapu, the elder brother and relentless pursuer of Tangiia, was eaten by the victors. But the provocations of Tutapu were unparalleled and he was an invader from a distant island.

along the narrow ancient road (which goes right round the island) were slain. In a fight between the Tangiia tribe and the Avarua people, which took place at a spot called Taurupau, Teiro and Maremo were slain and offered in sacrifice to the gods. Then it was that cannibalism was for the first time practised. People were slain when fishing or planting, or even when asleep; and their bodies cooked and eaten, and thus it continued down to the reign of Makea Pori, who embraced Christianity. From that time to the present the three tribes of Rarotonga have dwelt in peace. Thanks to the word of God!"—*W. Wyatt Gill.*

PRAYER.—What discord should we bring into the universe if our prayers were all answered! Then *we* should govern the world, and not God. And do you think we should govern it better? It gives me only pain when I hear the long, wearisome petitions of men asking for they know not what. As frightened women clutch at the reins when there is danger, so do we grasp at God's government with our prayers.—*Longfellow.*

THE SECRET OF SUCCESSFUL WORK.—"Work is not food for the spirit any more than for the body. Amidst a multitude of works the worker's soul may wither, and the works will feel the difference in due time. . . . We must live, so to speak, behind our service; we must live, in a blessed sense, independent of it. We must live upon Jesus Christ, not upon energy, not upon success, not upon notice, not upon praise; God forbid! And to live upon Him in service, we must, in the rule and habit of our lives, watch over times of solemn, sacred, blessed intercourse with Him in secret. We must, despite all the influences of our day, make time for thoughtful prayer, time for reverent search into His Word, time for recollection of our treasures in Him, time to exercise the more deliberate acts of a living faith in His great promises, and in the unseen realities of the things eternal. So shall we come forth evermore to serve, and to serve indeed."—*Handley Moule.*

TRAFALGAR SQUARE AT NIGHT.—The streets of London as seen by night have been often described, with the efforts made to rescue the outcast and perishing. Recent disturbances have attracted universal attention to the state of Trafalgar Square, but here is a glimpse of what used to be called "the finest site in Europe," as seen by a stranger this last summer: "To stand on Trafalgar Square in the daytime is an inspiration. What splendid triumphs of art and arms, of commerce and religion, gird one on every side. But at night the shadow falls, and the scene is changed. Such a picture of squalid poverty and degradation I never before looked on. In the square surrounding the base of Nelson's monument we counted *three hundred and twelve* human beings huddled together like dogs, taking Nature's sweet restorer, balmy sleep. I am not wholly a stranger to 'Buffalo Bill's Wild West' land. I have seen the Ojibway Indians of Dakota in their wigwams; have visited the Sioux in his tepee, where a dozen men, women, and children lay around, *almost* as nude as many of the pictures that adorn the art galleries. Strange how Nature in her coarseness and Art in her refinement meet and overlap! I know by actual observation how filthy and degraded the Indians live; but the Indians over our prairies are clean and comfortable compared with the mass of humanity heaped together on this square in the centre of Christian London."

"SHOULD CHRISTIANS FIGHT?"—On the occasion of the visit of H.M.S. "Turquoise" to Rarotonga, Captain Medlycott inquired of Makea whether there had been any fighting of late years between the three different tribes in Rarotonga. The Queen was surprised, and asked for an explanation. Captain Medlycott reiterated, Have you had any fighting, say within the last ten years? Turning to me, her uncle and spokesman said, "Tell the captain that when our fathers embraced Christianity fifty-seven years ago, we gave up fighting altogether. Should Christians fight?"—*W. Wyatt Gill.*

PRAYER DEFERRED.—Prayer is delayed from the sense of guilt. No wonder there should be an indisposition *then*. But will mere time wear the guilt away? And what will be the best security against renewed sin? Do not defer praying till more guilt comes between.—*John Foster.*

OUT OF THE HEART.

CHAPTER III.

SILENTLY, swiftly as he had come, he went back down the stairs. On one side of the hall an object attracted his attention, it was a basket, the thing belonged to him: he had used it for nutting, blackberrying and other such occasions. He took it hastily in his hand, and without meeting another person went quickly from the house. A project was in his mind; he set about carrying it out immediately. The dead Fluff must be replaced, if he spent the whole rest of the day upon the quest: the thing must be done.

He was not altogether without method and plan. He remembered several weeks back going a long drive with his father and Mabel, through the town and out into the country beyond; they had passed by a cottage, and just outside a little girl was sitting at work, and a white kitten playing with one end of the girl's work that had slipped from her lap, and Mabel had clapped her hands and laughed and declared it was Fluff, it was exactly like Fluff. The whole thing had passed from Harry's mind, now all came back again with vivid distinctness. He remembered the very house: there was a straight gravel path down to it from the road, and a wooden bench outside the house upon which the little girl had sat at work. He would know that house again he felt sure, the difficulty was to get there. The town was a mile distant, but the house had been quite through the town and away beyond, Harry could not say how far. He had no means of calculating the distance, but worse difficulties than these would not have deterred him now his mind was settled and resolved. So he set off, the basket hanging on his arm. To the town, the way was familiar; at the entrance was the school he and Tom attended. It was school time and none of the scholars were visible. Harry went hastily by, through the main street he went, his basket hanging on his arm; many people met and passed him, perhaps some were familiar faces, but he did not heed them; his object lay beyond the town and its scenes for once did not interest him. At one corner of the street was a Punch and Judy show, but Harry never paused a moment, though, judging by Punch's loud shrill voice, Toby's quick little bark, and the people's applause, the scene was one of unusually striking character, but without one look backward Harry pursued his way. At length he left the town behind him, but here real perplexities arose. No knowledge had he of the way any further, and there seemed no one at hand to advise. It was not possible to ask directions to a cottage with a straight gravel path to it, a wooden bench outside, and a

white kitten. For a moment blank dismay came over him; he might wander all day and never find that identical house. But he was a lad of resources, and a fresh idea arose.

That afternoon Mr. Brett had been driving to a gentleman's house on a business matter. Harry just remembered the name of that gentleman's residence; if he asked his way there, he might pass along the same road. Thus resolved he went bravely forward. At length he gained the desired information; but it was a long way, much longer than he had thought, but if he walked till nightfall, he would persevere. On, on, the road grew more dusty: the rays of the September sun seemed to have singled him out for their especial mark, even the light basket on his arm seemed a burden, but inquiries told him he was still upon the road. Still at present no house exactly like the one he remembered came in sight. There were cottages, plenty of them, some standing back behind strips of garden, some with children playing outside, and in more than one instance a kitten basking in the sunshine, but no house that quite reminded him of the one where the little girl had sat at work: no kitten the exact counterpart of Fluff. But he kept on, tired, sometimes afraid of his memory after all playing him false: still he must reach the end of his destination, the gentleman's house he had driven to before he gave up the quest. Even then he would inquire. So with freshly mustered courage he continued his way. Then he came to a turn in the road, there were two ways there, which should he take? He glanced down one of them, and his heart gave a quick bound of joy; for a moment he forgot his weariness, forgot the long way he had come, forgot all in the one assured hope—there was the house only a few paces before him. He went on hastily; the little girl was not outside at work to-day, but the cottage door stood open, and, unfastening the little wooden garden gate, he went straight to the house, and knocked with his knuckles on the open door. A woman came instantly forward: she had a kind, pleasant face, but Harry hardly heeded her at all, for, on the other side of the room, on a low chair, sat the little girl he had seen before, and there asleep lay the white kitten in her lap.

Without further prelude, Harry entered the room, and looking at the pleasant-faced woman: "If you please, ma'am, I have come to buy that white kitten," he said. The little girl stared at him, and the woman smiled, she looked kindly down at the tired dusty boy before her, "But we don't want to part with it, my dear."

"Oh, if you please," urged Harry.

By the fireplace knitting sat an old woman with sharp eyes, that shone keenly through her spectacles. She looked round quickly and beckoned to the younger woman. "What does he want?" she asked.

"He wants the kitten, mother."

"Oh; then he wants what he won't get," and the old woman gave Harry a sharp glance over her spectacles and went back to her knitting.

"No, we cannot part with the kitten," said the pleasant-faced woman. "You see it's not a common sort."

Harry clenched his hands. "Oh, that is just why I want it; I must—I really must have it!"

The old woman gave another of her keen glances; she looked from Harry to her daughter. "He don't want it for no good," she said.

"Oh, I do; I will tell you what I want it for," said Harry, suddenly braving himself to speak to these strangers of the great trouble of which they could know nothing, but of which he must speak, if he would succeed. He explained he wanted it for a little sister who was very ill. In conclusion, he added, "I will pay you for it, if only you will let me have it." He drew out his purse as he spoke, in it lay a half-crown,—this, excepting a threepenny piece for which he had a purpose also, was all the wealth he possessed. He would have no more for another fortnight, and the half-crown had been saved up towards a new cricket bat and ball, but he held it out eagerly, "I will give you this for it," he said.

There was much entreaty in his eyes and voice, the kind face looking at him softened. "But where do you live. Have you come far?" she asked.

"I live a mile away, on the other side of the town."

"And you've walked all that way. But how came you to know anything about us?"

With ingenuous eyes and speech, Harry explained how he had passed that way before, and how now he had been moved to come that way a second time. Tears came into the eyes of his listener. She glanced towards the little girl, her little daughter evidently, then back again to Harry.

"You must have it," she said.

She went over to the girl, and drew her into an adjoining room; in a few minutes she returned carrying the kitten in her arms, the girl followed, standing just on the threshold of the inner room, looking half inclined to cry, half to resent. Harry stepped up to the child, and put the half-crown in her hand. The mother tried to stop him.

"We don't want your money, young sir," she said. "I would do more than this to help a sick child, any day."

But Harry drew back. "She has given me her kitten, and I have given her that; it is a present to her, it is quite fair and right."

The mother did not further oppose, but the old woman by the fireplace was eyeing the transaction keenly. Her daughter crossed over to her, and speaking in her ear, briefly told Harry's story through. At mention of the half-crown, she shot one penetrative glance at him, then nodding her head, apparently satisfied, returned to her knitting.

"If you please," said Harry, opening his basket, "I will take it at once."

"Yes, so you shall," and the woman returning to Harry put the little creature carefully in the basket, securing the lid. Then noting the boy's tired face, "Couldn't I offer you a bit or sup of something?" she said.

Harry shook his head, but when the next moment she brought him a tumbler of refreshing milk, Harry drank it gratefully; he had not felt till then how really faint and weary he had become.

Then he set out to retrace his steps. It had been morning when he had started, but the afternoon was far advanced by the time he reached the town again. In passing through this time, he had one more thing yet to detain him, the expending of the one solitary threepenny piece. Fluff had always worn a blue ribbon round its neck, this must be similarly adorned. He entered a large draper's-shop, and stood feeling half-ashamed and irresolute, he had never had a shopping experience alone in that line before. A young lady came forward to serve him. "Blue ribbon," he wanted—in a moment a large box of the desired article was before him: ribbons of all breadths, and texture, and shades. "Did he want it dark or light, edged, or plain, or corded?" Harry set his basket down on the counter in dismay, utterly perplexed how to choose, and only that threepence to spend. The young lady noticed his perplexity.

"If you will tell me what you want it for, I can help you choose," she said.

As though to speak for itself the occupant of the basket set up a pitiful mew.

"Dear me," said the girl, "why there's a kitten in that basket, a live white kitten, I declare."

Harry's face grew crimson, he felt inclined to dash out of the shop, such a feeling of false shame came over him. He, Harry Brett, buying a blue ribbon for a kitten. Surely this was the hardest thing of all he had done that day for Mabel's sake. But it was only for a moment: instantly, he recalled how really important, not trivial to him, was the matter; and at that instant he caught sight of a ribbon exactly suitable, and Fortune favouring him as to price, he paid for it and hastily quitted the shop. Outside the town, cautiously opening the basket, he arranged the ribbon in satisfactory fashion round the kitten's neck.

The last mile was traversed at length, and his home reached once more. It was quiet and still as it had been in the morning, but he went on bravely, as before, meeting no one. Passing through the hall, he ascended the stairs. Mabel's door was slightly ajar; he pushed it open and entered. She lay as if sleeping. Her face did not quite so startle him now, or, it might be fancy, but she seemed to him to have lost something of her former unnatural look. He lifted the kitten gently from the basket; then, as he stooped over her, her blue eyes opened, and looked straight at him, and something of the light of reason and of former days shone in their depths. She stretched one arm towards him, but it fell helplessly on the counterpane. Harry did not speak, but laid the kitten just inside the outstretched arm. The child's hand clasped round it. She looked at Harry, and then at the little white creature which timid and strange cowered down beside her, and a smile, an actual smile, crept over the pale lips; she turned her head aside, and with that happy look, sank again into sleep. But at that moment a hand was laid on Harry's shoulder; the next instant he found himself led by Mr. Brett outside the room; and then, as he read the consternation and concern on his father's face, he realised something of what his impetuosity of plan and action had cost, something, not all. Mr. Brett had heard with sore dismay the nurse's account of Harry's former visit; but had believed him safe back at Mr. Dalton's, till that afternoon a messenger had arrived telling of Harry's prolonged absence, and to his anxiety for his sick child had been added alarm on Harry's account. He had been keeping watch with Mabel, and had only just left her to fetch something from an adjoining room when Harry had entered.

"You have caused us great anxiety," said Mr. Brett gravely, "and have run a most unnecessary risk and danger."

Harry looked up, that last feeling had been almost lost sight of. "I was forced to do it," he said, "I thought I was," he added seeing his father's still grave look at him. Then overcome by weakness and bodily fatigue, with a quick sob, he added, "Oh, you would not blame me, if you knew all, but it has been my fault all along."

"Your fault, I don't understand you."

Nurse was then appearing to resume her place in the sick room. Mr. Brett opened the door of his own bedroom and drew Harry in. "Your fault, my poor child," he said, laying his hand on the head of the now sobbing boy, "what do you mean?" With that soft touch upon his head, and that kind voice full of love and pity speaking to him, Harry poured out a full and free confession. Mr. Brett heard him through.

He did not say much then, for Harry was physically exhausted and overdone, and also when a few days after speaking with Harry upon the subject, Mr. Brett's words still were few; he felt events had taught Harry more powerful lessons than words could convey.

But the real talk came when they met together once again a united family. Mabel with the old look of life and health coming back to her face more and more, day by day. Then they had the real talk about it all, only Mabel would not hear about being asked for forgiveness; her little heart was full of love, she would not let Harry blame himself so much; and he had gone all that long way to get her another Fluff—its advent had really seemed to do much in cheering the child's convalescence. So perfect but deeper love prevailed once more between brother and sister. But to Mr. Brett Harry said gently:—

"Father, if Tom hadn't killed Fluff, but the bird instead, I should have been just as guilty, shouldn't I? only I should not have found it out, perhaps."

Mr. Brett laid his hand on his son's head, "Yes, Harry, we often judge ourselves and others by the amount of actual wrong committed, but the record of the little evil thoughts, which sometimes are not either checked or noticed, of these too there is a record-keeping by One who looks, not alone on our actual doings, good or bad, but at the motives—the things that come out of the heart."

ANSWERS TO NATURAL HISTORY NOTES.

NO. VIII.—p. 639.—THE LAPWING AND HOOPOE.

1. In speaking of the beasts the distinction rests upon some features in the formation of the body, as parting the hoof, and chewing the cud, in speaking of birds no such line is drawn.

2. They are almost all birds of prey, or birds that take smaller animals or insects for their food.

NO. IX.—p. 752.—GAZELLE.

1. Isaiah xiii. 14.
2. Prov. vi. 5.
3. 2 Sam. ii. 18.
4. Song of Sol. ii. 16.

ANSWERS TO SCRIPTURE ENIGMAS.

NO. XXIV.—p. 672.—"ABIDE IN ME."—John xv. 4.

A-hab	1 Kings xviii. 17.
B-oaz	Ruth ii. 5.
I-saac	Gen. xxvii. 18.
D-avid	1 Sam. xvii. 29.
E-lkanah	1 Sam. i. 8.
I-srael	Gen. xlviii. 8.
N-aomi	Ruth ii. 19.
M-oses	Exodus viii. 26.
E-li	1 Sam. iv. 14.

NO. XXV.—p. 702.—HAZAEL.—2 Kings viii. 13-15.

H-ushai	2 Sam. xvi. 19; xvii. 14-16.
A-hab	1 Kings xxi. 20; xvi. 31.
Z-echariah	Zech. v. 10.
A-bishai	2 Sam. xvi. 9; xxi. 16, 17.
E-lijah	1 Kings xvii. 20, 10.
L-ot	Gen. xix. 20, 23, 24

NO. XXVI.—p. 718.

Elijah, Ahab and Obadiah, 1 Kings xviii. Ahab and Obadiah sought for grass. Elijah was in search of Ahab. The ten commands will be found in verses 1, 5, 8, 19, 23, 33, 40, 41, 43, 44. Jezreel was the home of Ahab.

NO. XXVII.—p. 736.—MARY.

1. M-elita	Mark xvi. 18; Acts xxviii. 1-6.
2 A-doni-bezek . . .	Judges i. 5-7.
3. R-avens	1 Kings xvii. 4-6.
4. Y-arn.	1 Kings x. 28.

THE SUNDAY AT HOME

O DAY MOST CALM, MOST BRIGHT! . . .
THE WEEK WERE DARK BUT FOR THY LIGHT.—*Herbert.*

Christmas Charity.

O THOU, who gavest Thine all by reason
Of a lost world's sore anguish and unrest,
And by that Gift didst make this hallowed season
For evermore the dearest and the best;

Thou who dost heed with quick and tender yearning
The poor and needy when on Thee they call,
And still dost give Thine angels charge concerning
The least disciple, lest he faint and fall;

No. 1756.—DECEMBER 24, 1887.

Teach us, Thine almoners, the bliss of sharing
With bounteous hand the treasures lent by Thee,
The sacred joy of mutual burden-bearing,
The self-indulgence of true charity!

Show us, O Christ, by Thy humiliation—
Thou King of glory as a servant known—
How every soul in lowliest guise and station
May be of Thy dear kindred and our own.

Teach us to give, that those who long have waited
Dulled with endurance, well may understand
The gracious thought in graceful deed translated,
The loving heart behind the helping hand.

Then, while the tidings of great joy are ringing,
And earth awakes to Christmas hope again,
While over all Thine angels still are singing
Their old, sweet message of goodwill to men,

The workers who have shared in Thy removal
Of cares that crush, and sorrows that appal,
Shall know the blessedness of Thine approval
And hear the "Inasmuch" that pays for all!

MARY ROWLES.

"LOST BY A POOR CLERK!"

HAPTER III.

SPRING had come; the grass at Fairlea was green in the orchard and meadow, the trees were donning their April livery of tenderest green. In the borders of the old-fashioned walled garden, the daffodils and Lenten lilies were showing in huge golden patches, and setting off the gorgeous beauty of the scarlet anemone. From the beds and the lawn all these homely old-fashioned flowers had been banished, but some were thick with purple, white, and yellow crocus, while in others the many-hued and sweetly scented hyacinth was beginning to show its fair colours. The birds sang lustily, and the pretty brook which turned the mill babbled through the meadows, singing cheerfully that beautiful spring was with us again.

Patty and John Parsons had been for some time settled in the comfortable old house, long enough for all feeling of strangeness to have worn off. Long enough too to feel quite at home in its wide rooms, but not long enough to cease feeling thankful for the new order of things. Patty, at least, never laid her head upon her pillow without a song of thanksgiving to God for His mercies. and she never rose without the thanks which she felt for the happy change in their lives, and never forgot that "prayer and thanksgiving" should go hand in hand.

She would smile to herself as she thought of the lines

> "I slept and dreamed that life was beauty,
> I woke and found that life was duty."

To her the two terms, beauty and duty, seemed one and the same thing. She possessed the means to make those around her happy, to relieve their distress, to minister personally to their wants. Fairlea was about two miles from Compton, and she found that though the few children in the neighbouring cottages went there during the week to school, they never attended the Sunday schools, and so when on the Sunday afternoon she gathered a class of these little ones about her, she felt as though the spirits of her own dead children hovered around, blessing her and her efforts.

She had been duly congratulated upon her good fortune by her wealthy relatives, and at her husband's desire had visited the Gratton's. The spirit of undue elation, which had affected him upon their first accession to fortune, had, much to his wife's happiness, died away, and there had been no manifestation of it until the approach of Easter, when Mr. and Mrs. Gratton and their three children were to pay them a visit. Then a spirit of fussiness seemed to possess him. As a rule, he was perfectly content with his wife's good management, but now he was full of suggestions for alterations or improvements in their style of housekeeping. The cook's viands, the parlour-maid's waiting, were subjected to severe criticism, while the lives of the gardener and the gardener's boy were made a burden to them by reason of weeds which the master's eye discovered in the gravel paths, and stray twigs in the box edging, which had outgrown their companions and required reducing to the proper standard. He was determined that nothing should be lacking to impress the Grattons with a due sense of his wife's social position and surroundings.

Mr. Gratton had walked round the lawn, the garden, and orchard, had inspected the stable and coach-house, glanced into the cowstall and poultry yard, and expressed himself as well-pleased with everything.

"Upon my word, Parsons, you are to be congratulated," he said, "upon having such a snug box, and the way in which the place is kept up is a credit to you, emphatically a credit. I wouldn't mind retiring to such a place as this myself, only I expect my wife would miss her social pleasures."

"Oh, we are not without our pleasant society, I assure you," replied John, and a pleased smile crossed his face as he thought of the guests to whom he should introduce his London relatives at a dinner party which they would give next week.

"Yes, yes, no doubt, plenty of pleasant people about, but country people are apt to be a trifle slow and narrow; you want the friction of big cities to polish you up and put some go into you."

If John had felt depressed by this contempt of country society, Mrs. Gratton's praise of the house amply atoned for it.

"Oh, Mr. Parsons," she exclaimed, as he entered, "what a charming nest you have for dear Patty. I can't tell you how happy it makes me to see her placed as she now is. I often thought of her in the days of your hard struggles, and pitied you both, but this makes amends for anything you may have endured before. What a lovely old drawing-room, and how beautifully you have blended the modern with the antique! But Patty always had perfect taste, she only wanted scope for her abilities."

"There is no difficulty in blending modern and antique at the present time," answered Patty, "the modern furniture and decorations are so beautiful they harmonise at once with surroundings such as these. But it wants good taste, dear, to see what will harmonise. My friends, the Hampdens, have just refurnished in the modern-antique style, and I assure you, in spite of the furniture, their drawing-room looks like an upholsterer's shop."

Neither were the young Grattons without their tribute of admiration to the merits of Fairlea. "How jolly it is down here," cried Charlie, the elder boy, as he came into breakfast the next morning rosy and hungry from his early walk; "this is something like country, not half-and-half, like it is near London. We have been down to the farm, and seen the pigs and cows and had some new milk; and, oh, Sybil, there is such a pretty little white calf, you must come down with me after breakfast to see it."

"Has the little white calf got pink eyes like my white wabbit?" queried Sybil, a young damsel of six, whose articulation in the matter of the letter R was anything but perfect.

"I don't think calves ever have pink eyes," answered Charlie.

"Then I don't think I will go to see him; he can't be so nice as my wabbit if he hasn't pink eyes."

"But you'll come with me, ducky, down to the stream and watch the fishes," said Arthur, and I saw a jolly old rat swim across just now, perhaps he'll come again, if we wait for him."

"Yes, yes, I'll go with you; I should like to see a jolly old wat swim," cried the child eagerly, amidst the laughter of the rest of the party.

"Jolly, isn't exactly the term I should apply to a rat, Arthur," said his mother.

"No," remarked Patty, "I always picture a rat as a morose and sinister character, and then they are such thieves. We were infested with them, when we first came. I bore with them as long as I could. But when, in addition to stealing the eggs from the hen-house, they took the young chicken which my pet hen had just hatched, I lost all compassion for them, and have had them poisoned."

"Thieves, indeed," remarked Mr. Gratton, though you don't often hear of a rat who would steal bank notes. That happened in my office just before Christmas, and we never knew who the delinquent was until yesterday. I forgot to tell you about it before, my dear," addressing his wife, "you will be glad to know the mystery is solved."

"Indeed, I am," replied Mrs. Gratton warmly, "it is so unpleasant to have money lost, without knowing in the least where it is gone. And I felt so sorry for the clerk too who lost it, the suspicion must have been hard to bear. But how did you discover that rats took the notes?"

"There was a faulty board in the floor of the clerk's office, and when the men were repairing it yesterday, they found a rat's run underneath, and a comfortable nest lined with scraps of torn paper, and amongst them fragments of two five-pound notes. That is the simple fact. Churchill remembers now that a biscuit which he was eating for lunch disappeared at the same time with the money. He thought then it was odd, but, as the idea of four-legged depredators never occurred to him, he forgot all about it again."

"I expect he is very poor," said Arthur. "The other clerks say he never has any dinner. Won't you give him the money again, father?"

"Yes, yes, of course I shall make it right for him now," said Mr. Gratton in an annoyed tone of voice. He did not wish it to be hinted that any one in his employ could be poor.

"I like Mr. Churchill," said Sybil, "he's got a little girl just as old as me; her birfday comes the day before mine, and her name is Margawet. I asked him whether he was going to give his little girl a pony for her birfday, but he said she must wun about on her own little feet. I should like little Margawet to come and have a wide on my pony; may she, papa? And you won't let Mr. Churchill be poor any more, and then he can buy Margawet a pony too, and I can go and have a wide on her's."

"Who is this Churchill?" asked John.

"Only one of my clerks; it was he who lost the notes. My brother James had borrowed ten pounds of me the day before, and he came to the office to return them. As I was not in, he handed the money to Churchill, who left the notes lying on his desk while he went in to speak to Carter. When he returned they were gone. The tale sounded improbable then, but I suppose it was true enough; you don't know the man, I suppose, Parsons?"

"No, but I had a cousin Margaret who married a man of that name, and Sybil's remark about the little child's name struck me that it might be the same man, but I suppose it is only a common enough coincidence. It was seventeen years or more since they married. I have never seen my cousin since, and I believe her husband's father was a man in business for himself, a ship-broker, I fancy."

"Then this must be your cousin's husband. His father failed about three months after the son's marriage, not a very creditable failure either. I wonder you never heard of it. The city was up in arms about it at the time, but the old man and my father had been friends for years, and when he came to him and begged for assistance to keep him from starvation, father took him into the office and made him our managing man. The young fellow was made a clerk, with a hint that if he did well, he should, in course of time, step into

his father's shoes. I was always opposed to the arrangement. Sentiment and charity are all very well in their way, but you mustn't let them interfere with business, and, in a year's time, it was proved that I was right. Money was missing, and it was found accounts had been falsified. However, the old fellow escaped the punishment he deserved, for he was taken ill and died, but you may imagine that the son's advance in the office was at an end. I should have been glad if he would have left; but I think he was afraid of the affair being mentioned if he sent anybody to me for a reference."

"A strange coincidence," said John musingly. "I thought I had entirely lost sight of Margaret. It is strange that I should hear of her existence again through a chance allusion to a rat."

"It is more than a coincidence, John; there is no chance in it; it is the hand of Providence pointing out the way for you to help your cousin," cried Patty excitedly.

"I must confess now," she went on, "I ought never to have kept the matter from you, and then you might have made this discovery earlier. You remember I called your attention to an advertisement in the daily paper just after Christmas last year. 'Lost, by a poor clerk, two five-pound notes. The finder is requested to communicate with the owner at No. 56, Upper Thornbury Street, N.' I wanted to enquire into the matter, and you laughed and said I was Quixotic."

"As I should have said, my dear Mrs. Parsons," interrupted Mr. Gratton. "Your husband is too good a man of business to be worked upon by such an appeal. I didn't know that Churchill had been foolish enough to throw good money after bad about the matter before."

"Well," continued Patty, "I could not get the advertisement out of my mind; the words were continually running in my head, and when I was staying at Blackheath with you. One day when shopping in London I made my way to Upper Thornbury Street and made inquiries. I saw Mrs. Churchill. Such a noble woman, John; she told me all about the loss, though she did not mention the name of her husband's employer, and said the notes had never been found, and then I begged her to accept ten pounds to make up for the loss, for I could see from the surroundings that their circumstances were very straitened, and she told me they had six children. But she declined to receive them, declined gratefully but firmly, and said, though the matter was then involved in mystery, she was sure it must ultimately be cleared up, and then no doubt the money would be refunded."

"Of course, of course," said Mr. Gratton; "I intend to give Churchill back the ten pounds, and another five-pound note with it, just to make up for the annoyance of the whole thing."

"If she had taken the money, I should have told you of it, John," said Patty, "but as she declined, I said nothing about it. I was afraid you would laugh at me, or perhaps be annoyed; you will not be angry with me now?"

And then Parsons did a thing which many people would have laughed at. He rose from his seat, walked round the table and kissed his wife.

"Angry, my dear!" he exclaimed. "You have made me ashamed of myself."

It was not until night that Patty had an opportunity of telling her husband the story of her visit to the Churchills. "The house looked so poor," she said, "but was beautifully clean and comfortable, and your cousin is a sweet woman; very pretty still, in spite of care and anxiety, which have left their traces on her face, and she has a family of children too, four boys, and the eldest and youngest are girls. I saw them all, and, notwithstanding the trouble it must be to bring up a family in such narrow circumstances, I envied her. They were not in the least rough, but she is so refined herself, such a true lady, in spite of her mean surroundings, that the children could not be otherwise than refined too. You will go and see her, John, and try to help them, won't you?"

"We will go together as soon as our friends have left us," answered John, deeply moved by his wife's account of the visit, "and we will do just whatever you wish and think right in trying to help them. You have taught me a lesson, Patty, and one I shall not soon forget. I think easy circumstances, and too much comfort around me, had been making me selfish. I was not sufficiently regardful of your wishes, nor desirous enough of helping others from the abundance which had been bestowed upon us. My dear little wife, you are my guardian angel, given to me indeed as a helper and guide."

Patty's tears flowed fast, but they were tears of very joy, the intangible something that had come between her husband and herself—the cloud which had obscured the full glory of sunshine—had vanished, and again there was perfect trust and happiness.

Easter Day was a Sunday of more than usual joy to her this year. From her heart she sang songs of praise to the God who had answered her prayers, and had raised her husband out of the temptation which had been assailing him, and out of the snares which the new-born love of riches had been casting about him, the glamour of gold which had blinded him to better things.

And when the Epistle for the day was read, John felt a consciousness that it was a special message to him. "Set your affections on things above, not on things on the earth." Nobody, not even his wife, knew how much his affections had been centred on things of the earth since their accession to the Fairlea property, and only himself knew how his whole character had deteriorated under the sordid and base influence of the love of money.

HOSPITALS AND HOSPITAL WORK.

BY MRS. BREWER.

CHAPTER X.—NATIONAL HOSPITAL FOR THE PARALYSED AND EPILEPTIC.

THE National Hospital for the Paralysed and Epileptic has become an authority on the treatment of nervous diseases, not only in the United Kingdom but in every land where English is read or spoken. Men skilled in the medical profession come to it from all parts, in order to see the treatment employed for the amelioration and cure of those mysterious maladies with which it deals. As many as two thousand such visits were paid last year. "If we look at the work done here," Sir Risdon Bennett has said, "no one will doubt that great good has accrued to the profession as well as a very large amount of benefit to humanity."

That a world of suffering lies hidden away under the term *Nervous diseases* all know who have had any experience, and yet it is only within the last quarter of a century that any effectual medical organisation has been formed to combat them.

The help, however, has come to us in our greatest need, for the age in which we live is one of such high pressure, straining the brain power to its utmost, that nervous diseases have both multiplied and intensified. Into the families of the poor they bring suffering and ruin beyond anything that can be conceived; and equally sad is it when, as is often the case, they pass by the feeble and useless among us, and lay prostrate men of high intellectual attainment and culture.

But we shall come to a better understanding of the sorrows inflicted by these diseases, and the wonderfully beneficent work of this hospital, if we go there and see with our own eyes and hear with our ears something of its daily work.

A most interesting story attaches to the origin of this institution.

Two sisters, Johanna and Louisa Chandler, were brought up by their grandmother, to whom they were tenderly attached, and one day, after a brief absence from home, she was brought back to the two girls hopelessly paralysed.

They nursed her with unremitting attention till she died; and seeing how greatly she suffered, notwithstanding the many comforts with which she was surrounded, they were led to think very much of the sad condition of the poor, who, when visited by this affliction, were without the means of procuring any alleviation. Their wish to help this class of sufferers was very great, and the idea of founding a hospital for the paralysed presented itself with such force, that it became the one object of their lives.

Neither of these sisters had any private fortune to carry out such a plan of benevolence; but nothing daunted them.

They had one accomplishment, that of making ornaments with Indian rice, shells, and silver wire, and they made up their minds to work at this with the purpose of obtaining money for the object which filled their hearts and thoughts.

The little brooches and baskets thus made, found ready sale among personal friends, who in their turn made them known to their acquaintances, thus circulating the ornaments and creating an interest and enthusiasm in the sisters' work. Among those who took such interest, were the Duchess of Cambridge and Princess Mary, who were large purchasers.

The sisters worked hard and patiently until their savings amounted to two hundred pounds, and with this small sum they began to put into practice their long-cherished scheme.

It came to the sisters' knowledge that Alderman Wire—at that time Lord Mayor of London—was interested in nervous diseases, having himself been a sufferer; they therefore applied to him for permission to hold a meeting in the Mansion House in aid of their scheme.

This he readily granted, and in November, 1859, the first meeting was held, the result of which was the foundation of the National Hospital for the Paralysed and Epileptic.

Louisa Chandler, always consumptive, had been rapidly passing away, and only lived long enough to know that the hospital was an accomplished fact and to rejoice over it.

After Louisa's death, the remaining sister devoted herself entirely to the newly-founded hospital, and used laughingly to say that the hospital was her husband. In this devotion she was ably seconded by her brother.

A board of management was now formed, with Alderman Wire as chairman, and at the first annual meeting, held on the 19th of March, 1860, in the newly-acquired premises—a private house in Queen Square—the board appointed a ladies' committee for out-door work. By means of fancy sales, concerts and collections, these ladies were able to hand over to the board of management some thousands of pounds.

From its commencement, the hospital was most fortunate in obtaining first-rate men on its medical staff, which accounts for the high value set upon it by all Europe.

The hospital at the time of its establishment consisted of one house—rented. This was afterwards purchased, and in 1866 a second house was added. The purchase-money of these two houses—which went by the name of the "Little Hospital"—was raised by Johanna Chandler and her brother. They also raised money for carrying out the necessary work of incorporation.

From 1866 to 1873, when Johanna Chandler died, the aid rendered by the Chandlers and their helpers was invariably for some special purpose, such as the purchase of a house for a

country convalescent branch, a chaplain's fund, or to found pensions.

The Chandlers have passed to their rest, but their work remains. All honour to their memory!

The rebuilding and enlarging the hospital was a great undertaking. For the first time in the history of charitable enterprise, a hospital of considerable magnitude was erected chiefly by means of specially collected contributions, without any expenditure of capital, and without incurring a debt; and there it stands to-day, a handsome, cheerful building of red brick, stained glass, and Mosaic pavement, large enough to receive a hundred and eighty in-patients. Its beauty is increased by the fine trees in front of it, at least so we thought as we approached the building.

The hall is large, light, and cheerful, and seems to remove any gloomy foreboding with which one enters.

We were shown into the board room, where Mr. Burford Rawlings received us courteously. He gave us every opportunity of looking into the working of the hospital, and was good enough to place before us many cases of great interest.

A pleasant feature of this hospital is that to each ward or dormitory is attached a light and handsome apartment called a day room, where those able to leave their beds spend the day. The rooms are well supplied with books and flowers, and each contains a piano and a musical box.

As we visited these rooms, we saw some of the women patients at needlework, others reading, others resting. The authorities would gladly have a workshop in the men's portion of the building to occupy convalescents, but the patients are so irritable, owing to the nature of their disease, that the use of sharp tools would be dangerous; indeed, if two epileptics are sent into the basement to work, they usually get to fighting.

It will be readily understood that nursing here is quite another thing to that we have seen in other hospitals, and requires peculiar and special training. This hospital, therefore, trains its own nurses, and next year it hopes to be in a position to take probationers. The women nurses look quaint and pretty in their goffered Normandy caps, dark stuff dresses, and serviceable aprons. Male nurses are employed for the men, which forms an extra expense not required in other hospitals.

In going from ward to ward we are reminded that 120,000 persons perish annually in England and Wales alone from paralysis and epilepsy, and yet there are but 180 beds for the whole of the United Kingdom! and two-thirds of these only are free.

We remarked that the wards were large, light, and bright, with bath room on one side and closet on the other, and a partitioned-off space for a very bad case. The stove was railed in to prevent accident.

In the centre of each ward were flowers, and on the walls some good pictures; the bed-quilts were of dark red or green figured stuff, with fringe, and completely covered the bed, giving an air of neatness as well as prettiness to the ward.

Each ward has its little scullery or kitchen, with its own set of crockery and bright pans.

The Chandler Ward is what is called a contributing ward, the patients paying a guinea a week. For this they have greater privacy; their beds are divided one from the other by gray curtains on rods. I think as a paying ward it would be better appreciated if the sum charged were doubled.

The Lady Harriet Bentinck Ward is a large one, containing eighteen beds. It is named in memory of a very liberal supporter. This lady, late in life, came into possession of a large fortune. Shortly after, the secretary received from her banker a cheque for a thousand pounds towards the hospital, and almost immediately a cheque was received by him from the lady herself of £2000. Mr. Rawlings, thinking there must be some mistake, called upon the lady at Claridge's Hotel, and, on explaining it, Lady Harriet said, "Yes, it is a mistake, but as you have the two cheques, pray keep them—they could not be applied to better use."

There are some small wards; among others, the Henry E. Muriel Ward, for two special cases.

In all the hospitals we have visited we have seen nothing like the bathing apartments here.

There is a Russian bath, and another large room with tiled floor and walls, containing four long baths, and in a recess there is what is called the needle bath. One stands in a sort of framework, which is full of minute holes through which the water is pressed in tiny innumerable jets, the effect of which is, I am told, exceedingly pleasant. Our own experience of it was that looking at it too narrowly, our clothes became thoroughly wet.

In all my travels I have never seen anything more admirable than these baths; the simplicity with which they are worked struck us as marvellous.

The basement-floor of the hospital is also very good, with the same characteristics as upstairs, viz. large, light, and airy.

The chapel is small, but beautiful, with domed roof. It has a pretty little organ, which the chaplain's daughter plays. The patients who cannot walk, and yet desire to attend the service, are carried thither in chairs. They are often attacked by fits in church, and when this happens they are quietly removed.

The service is very short both on Sundays and on Wednesday evenings, at half-past five.

In no hospital is there greater need of a chapel, the patients remaining often some months within its walls.

We looked into the Electrical Room, full of curious instruments, where a child was being operated upon. Our attention was called to the many portable batteries and static machines in use, as well as to the Otto gas-engine, which gives out large currents of the electric fluid. This last instrument, good as it is, is soon to be replaced by a steam-engine worked on the basement. The electrical room has always been an

important feature; that in the old building was the forerunner of all hospital electrical rooms.

Having said thus much of the building, let us turn to the patients.

The diseases from which the inmates suffer are placed under two heads only, but they cover a multitude of maladies. There are epilepsies ranging from weird seizures up to convulsive explosions, sudden and terrible as if the brain were made of dynamite; and there is a paralysis ranging from weakness in a finger up to death in life of the whole body.

Of the sorrow and ruin brought upon poor people by epilepsy one has only to see the out-patients of the hospital and listen to some of the heart-rending tales told by them.

Many attacked by it are not only unable to do any profitable work, but they require constant supervision and care to ensure their safety—for if left to themselves they fall on the road, or in the fire, or downstairs.

Nor is this all—the very intensity of their suffering operates to their disadvantage, for it terrifies the beholder who can often do nothing but shudder and hurry away. Again, one cannot by care and good habits prevent the development of these diseases, and for their cure, or even for their alleviation, a treatment is required far beyond the power of any weekly wage-earning class to obtain.

Mr. Burford Rawlings has given me permission to mention the following, which was taken literally from the lips of a poor woman who brought her epileptic boy to the hospital. She came looking worn and haggard, with knit brows at the vexed problem as to what she should do. Grasping the boy at her side, she said, "Oh! what am I to do with him? If you can't take him in, sir, can you tell me of anywheres they will? If I take a house, the lodgers won't stop because of him, and if we go into lodgings, we get turned away directly they find out what is the matter; and when he's at home I don't know whether he's coming head or feet first down the stairs, or whether he aint fallen into the fire; and if I take him out he falls about terrible, and the people look at me and say, Why don't you take him to the hospital in Queen Square? And once when he tumbled down on the pavement, a gentleman came up and said, 'Why, my good woman, you ought never to let go his hand.' 'Well, sir,' I says, 'I was only a-blowing my nose.' 'Ah!' he says, 'you have two hands, why don't you hold him with one of 'em?' I'm that hurt in my feelings at 'em all a-calling out at me that I sometimes think—oh! if the Lord would take him!"

It would scarcely be credited if I were to mention the fatigue and suffering the poor undergo, in order to get the benefit of the treatment at this hospital. Here is one: a paralytic man with the help of his wife was found to have come on foot from Hendon; it took them eleven hours to perform the journey, which they commenced at three in the morning. A poor old woman of eighty years walked several times from a distant suburb to fetch the medicine of a neighbour more helpless than herself. The daily experiences afforded by this hospital of the courage of the poor, their patience under suffering, their kindly sympathy one to another, would touch the hearts of many of the better-off classes, could they but see.

The very fact of there being only this one hospital to deal effectually with all those thousands who are suffering from chronic nervous diseases should be sufficient to rouse us to help to extend its accommodation. Every county benefits by it, why should not each county supply a special fund for it? If only some of those who read this would set to work as the Chandler sisters did—how much good might be effected—how many a poor sufferer might be taken from his home, and his misery lessened by being received here! We who cannot do the nursing or the doctoring might help with means.

The poor are most grateful, and it is no unusual thing for patients discharged as cured or much better, to bring their first earnings as a thank-offering.

Perhaps of all the wonderful achievements of science for the relief of human suffering that of Brain surgery stands in the foreground. The most distressing cases of epilepsy have been relieved and cured by removing tumours from the brain. One man, who was quite insensible and considered dead by those who brought him in hurriedly, was operated upon, and a tumour on the brain having been removed, was restored to health and intelligence. I am only giving one example, but brain surgery is producing the most brilliant results, and of all who have been operated upon only one has been lost.

It is thought sometimes by people that paralysis is not a painful disease, but go to the hospital and you will see there men, women, and little children, to whom an hour's cessation of pain would be like a glimpse of paradise.

It has been said that the world would be happier if the one half knew how the other half suffered and endured, but to ensure this, active sympathy and self-denial would be needed.

To show the wide area over which the operations of the hospital are spread, I would just mention that, while I was waiting only a few minutes in the hall of the hospital, two patients were admitted, the one a child from Yeovil, and the other a young woman from Caiston in Lincolnshire. In a single ward of eighteen beds there were representatives of nine different counties.

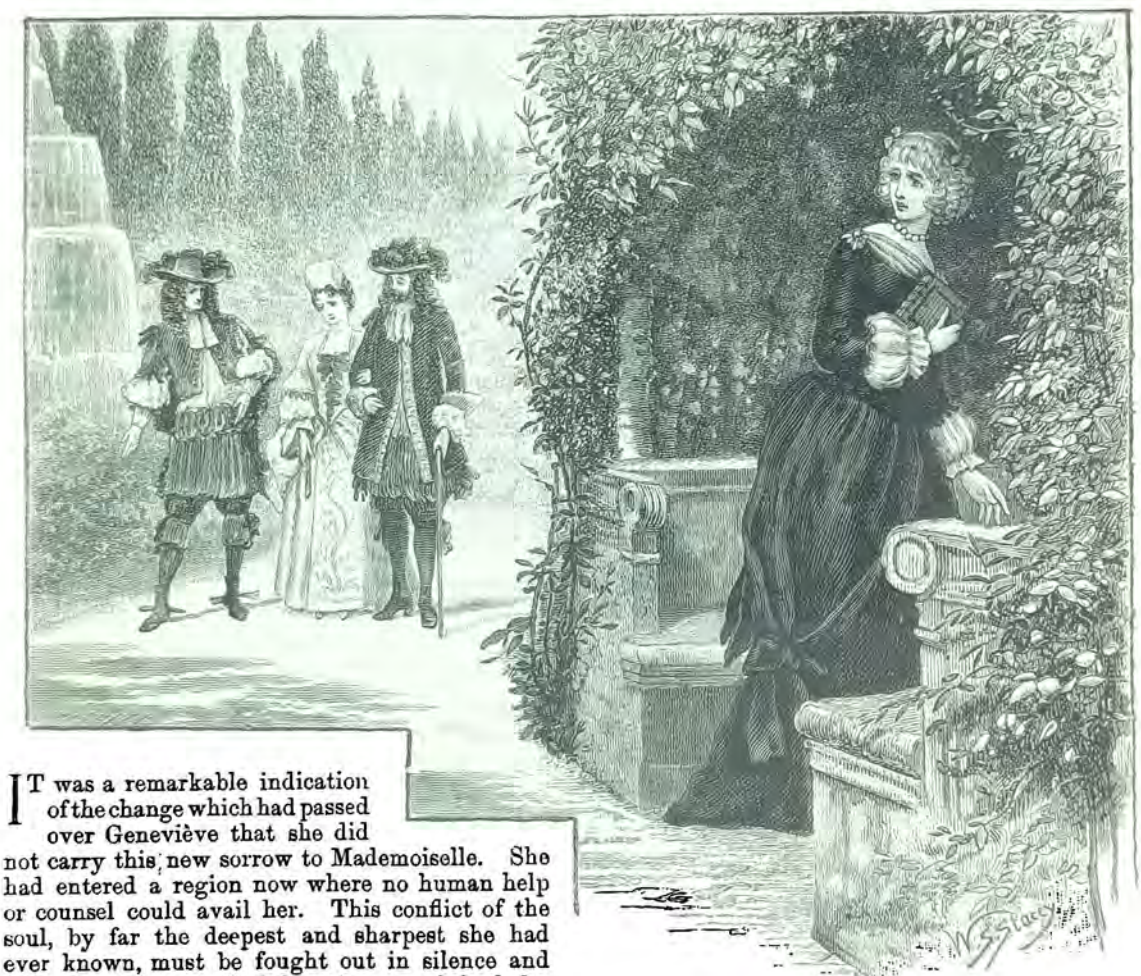
*** Here we must bring these papers to a close. We have taken representative institutions only. Enough has been said to show the claim Hospitals everywhere have on the public sympathy. In many directions the cry is raised of enlarged needs and of failing funds. We trust that the large-hearted charity of the English people will be found equal to these new demands.

GENEVIÈVE;

A STORY OF OLD FRANCE.

CHAPTER XXVII—DARKNESS AND LIGHT.

Now, Christ bless you with the one light
Which goes shining night and day!
May the flowers which grow in sunlight
Shed their fragrance in your way!"



A SURPRISE.

IT was a remarkable indication of the change which had passed over Geneviève that she did not carry this new sorrow to Mademoiselle. She had entered a region now where no human help or counsel could avail her. This conflict of the soul, by far the deepest and sharpest she had ever known, must be fought out in silence and solitude, with only God for witness and for help. In darkness too; for already the ground was obscured by dim, confused issues. What ought she to do? Clearly nothing but to pray; that was always right and always safe. But then, what had she done already? Perhaps more than she ever dreamed or intended. What might that ring say for her? Thoughts came unbidden that sent the hot blood tingling through her veins, and flushed her cheek and brow with unwonted crimson. In her impassioned longing to comfort Edouard at any cost to herself, had she told him too much?

But her thoughts soon quitted herself and her own perplexities. How indeed could a subject so insignificant occupy the mind, already filled to overflowing with one great sad thought, a noble, heroic life blighted ere it reached its prime? Were courage, faith and generosity—were high and rare gifts of intellect, all to be rendered useless, except for the one purpose of endurance? Was every career of honour and ambition to be closed to feet so well adapted to scale the proudest heights, every hope shattered in a soul so keenly sensitive and so richly dowered? Gradually and slowly, however, through all the bitter pain of regret and longing, one thing grew clear to the mind of Geneviève Montères. The man who could bear such a sorrow, as Edouard de Sercourt was bearing it now, was certainly "in the grace of God," whatever priests or doctors, Jansenists or Jesuits, or even Port Royal itself, might say to the contrary. At last her

heart revolted against the conclusions of a hard and pitiless logic; and by reason of this revolt, she was, though she knew it not, already on the road to Protestantism.

On the following day, M. le Duc and Mademoiselle de Roannez received such of their intimate friends as came to make their first ceremonious visits of condolence. One of the four large "salons," on the ground floor of the hotel had been hung for the occasion with black; and Mademoiselle, in her deep mourning, reclined on a sofa, since she disdained the practice usual to great ladies in similar circumstances, of receiving her visitors in bed. To lie in bed when you were not ill, was not a custom favoured by the traditions of Port Royal.

She had at first kept Geneviève at her side, to perform for her such little services as were necessary or customary. But, noticing her unusual paleness, and the look of fatigue consequent on a sleepless night, she told her to go for a while into the garden to rest and to breathe the air. Geneviève, obedient as ever, did as she was told, and with slow and listless footsteps paced the narrow box-trimmed walks, until, half unawares, she found herself close to the arbour, where she and Edouard sat together on that bright winter day when her brave and splendid brother came back to her first. She went in and sat down, for her limbs were weary, and it was pleasant to rest in the cool and leafy shade. It was late in August now; and she said to herself as she looked at the drooping flowers, fading, some because their little day was over, others for lack of careful watering—"Summer will soon be past now. What a good thing it is for the flowers that their day is so short!" Suppressing a sigh of weariness, she drew a little volume from her pocket and began to read. It contained devotional extracts from the writings of M. Arnauld, and breathed in every page not only submission to the will of God, but that love which alone makes true submission reasonable and possible. She read a little; but although her eye passed over the words she scarcely took in their meaning. In fact, she was growing too weary to think, or to struggle, or even perhaps to suffer much more..

Presently she became conscious of voices, and of footsteps approaching. Looking up, she saw beside the fountain, and already only a few yards from her, M. le Duc stopping to point out some newly imported plant to Madame de Chèvres, who was leaning on the arm of Edouard.

She shrank into the farthest corner of the arbour, hoping that its abundant foliage might conceal her. There was no possible way of escape for her; if they followed the broad walk they must pass close to the arbour, supposing even they did not enter it. She wished at that moment that she could shrink into nothing, or make herself invisible. She did not fear M. le Duc, who would desire to shield her, if he could, whilst Edouard—poor Edouard—would remain unconscious of her presence. But she greatly feared the quick eyes of Madame de Chèvres: her frank, active good nature, perhaps her intelligence.

The event justified her fears. Either Madame de Chèvres caught sight of Geneviève; or, more probably, she had been given the hint where to look for her. The former sister of St. Vincent de Paul had now exchanged her grey serge for a fashionable robe adorned lavishly with lace and ribbons (though on this occasion all were black in compliment to the mourning of her friends), but the same kind heart beat beneath both disguises. "Ah, M. le Due, excuse me a moment," Geneviève heard her say, "I see yonder my charming little friend Geneviève. I must go and salute her. This way M. de Sercourt, if you please, just a few steps farther."

It was absolutely necessary that Geneviève should rise and advance respectfully towards the great lady, who, whether as Soeur Marguerite, or as Madame la Marquise de Chèvres, had always shown her marked kindness. Before she had time to think, she found herself kissed on both cheeks and folded in a warm, almost motherly embrace, which gave the opportunity for a hurried whisper in her ear, "Ma petite, I know all, God has given thee a noble work to do for Him." Then aloud, "I want a long talk with thee, my child. I must supplicate my dear Mademoiselle to lend thee to me for a little while. But another time. I am keeping M. le Duc waiting, who has so kindly promised to show me his orange trees. A thousand pardons M. le Duc. I am now altogether at you disposal. M. de Sercourt will perhaps wish to take this opportunity to give Mademoiselle Montères an important message he received for her this morning from M. Pelisson? I thought so. We will return in the twinkling of an eye." Before either cavalier had the time, even if he had had the wish to remonstrate, she exchanged the arm of M. de Sercourt for that of M. de Roannez, and was moving with him in the direction of the orangery.

For a moment, the two stood face to face; Edouard keenly conscious that an unfair advantage had been taken of Geneviève by his lively cousin, and chiefly anxious to save her pain; Geneviève, on the other hand, conscious of nothing but the change in him, his look of suffering, and his pale, wasted features. She could think of nothing better to do than to lay her hand on his, and to say, in a voice half choked with tears, "I am so sorry, Edouard."

He started, and his face brightened visibly at the sound of her voice. "Are you?" he said simply. "It makes it easier, to hear you say so."

"And it was my fault."

"Your fault, Geneviève?"

"Yes, my fault. Those wretched papers! I wish they had never been heard of."

"Who told you that? But, of course, it was Henri. Henri is a mischievous boy, and must be punished. Still, I owe him thanks," he continued more gravely, "since he brought me your message, and your ring, Geneviève. You, I cannot thank. It was just like you. The best thing you could have done, and the best words you could have said. But I cannot trust myself just now to say more. Only this one thing. You will be glad to know that your brother is not

discontented, or unhappy. Not now. At first indeed it seemed hard to lose all together. Those were bitter days; but they are past—past long enough to be thankful for, not long enough yet to talk about. But I think that the word has come true for me, "The Lord shall be thy light."

He paused for a moment or two, and then, as Geneviève was too much moved to speak, he resumed, "It seems strange that I should talk to you of myself; especially when this opportunity was given me on purpose to talk of your affairs. But I knew my little sister would care to hear thus much. And I must add yet one word more. It was altogether my own fault about these papers. Thy father knew well this failing of mine, even in my boyhood, and he often warned me against it. When I had once determined to do a thing, nothing could ever induce me to give it up, or to leave off until I had finished it. Do you remember the day I nearly got a sun-stroke rowing in the heat on the river, because I had vowed that I would beat Marc-Antoine, the swiftest oarsman of the district? But I lost the profit of thy father's lecture, thy mother cared for me so tenderly. And thou, too, Geneviève, my little fair-haired sister of ten years old. I still feel thy soft hand touching mine—"

"Like this, Edouard?" Geneviève could not help saying, though she said it very timidly, "See, I want you to sit down. You will be tired."

He obeyed her with a brightening face, and she took a seat beside him. "But you must not treat me as an invalid, and think of me as such," he said, "I am now in good health, thank God. And I think there are still many things which I can do for Him in His world. I can 'look upon the afflictions of my people,' at least with the mental eye—and I can give them sympathy and succour."

"Your people?"

"My brethren in the Faith, over whom I fear the storms are gathering now. Already every insidious art of seduction or flattery is brought to bear upon those in high places. To come within the atmosphere of the court and under the personal influence of the king is almost in itself an abjuration. Turenne has forsaken us—Pelisson, your advocate, is about to follow his example; and, alas! that I must say it, our 'preux chevalier,' the splendid and stainless Montausier, is ours no longer now. I seem to hear, as of old, the mournful challenge, "Will you also go away?"

"I think it would be base to give up one's faith, even though it were a mistaken one—for worldly honour or advantage," said Geneviève impulsively.

"It was not for worldly honour or advantage that Montausier surrendered his, but for something far more precious. Did he do basely, Geneviève?"

Geneviève, instead of answering, plucked a rose and pulled it to pieces.

"For those twelve years that he held out steadfastly, content to forego his dearest earthly hopes, and to worship Mademoiselle d'Angennes only at a distance, as his star—did he do well, Geneviève? Had it been well for him if he had continued steadfast, even to the end?"[1]

"Yes—oh, yes. Well for him!"

"Now I thank God for that word of thine, Geneviève. It makes some things easier for me to bear. And since I am going to leave Paris, and to live far away, and it is possible—nay, probable—that we may never meet again, pardon me, if this once only I speak of the past. After all, what is, is best. Stricken as I am now, it goes without saying that I could not—had there been no other obstacle, this trouble in itself must have ended all."

"Edouard!—Edouard!" the words were a sharp unconscious cry of pain—"Can you think that of me? On the contrary—just *that*—ever since—is breaking my heart."

No one could mistake the ring of genuine anguish in her voice, anguish that had broken at last through all the barriers of reserve. He turned towards her with the light of a new joy beaming in his darkened face.

"Then I may take with me the comfort of knowing that it is only my lack of spiritual light (as you deem it) that keeps us apart?"

"I think," said Geneviève, quite unconscious of the tremendous admission she was making, "I think that he who loves God, and does and suffers His will, is already walking in the light."

Meanwhile Madame de Chèvres engaged M. de Roannez in a very interesting conversation, as they walked up and down amongst the orange trees in the conservatory—an expensive whim of Madame's, gratified rather against the inclination of her son and daughter, who were lavish only in their charities. Roannez was by nature an absent-minded man, and his life of study and contemplation had not tended to remedy this defect. So he forgot, for the time being, the needs and the claims of Edouard; and thought he had abundantly discharged his duties to society when he conducted Madame de Chèvres back again to the salon, and found for her a fauteuil near the couch of his sister. Mademoiselle was occupied just then in receiving the condolences of some of those relations of her mother, who in former days had so bitterly opposed her religious aspirations. There was, on both sides punctilious, if not over-strained, politeness; but there could be no real cordiality, and she was not sorry when her visitors rose to depart. The tedious ceremony of leave-taking over at last, she found herself, for a moment, alone with her old friend Madame de Chèvres.

"Dear Soeur Marguerite," she said, using the old familiar name, "you will stay and sup with us, will you not? M. le Marquis must, I think, have intended you to do us this favour; since he left us some time ago, with M. le Duc, who was fatigued. We are very sensible of the goodness of M. le Duc in coming to visit us, since he is so much of an invalid."

[1] The story of the Duc de Montausier is historical, though his apostacy was rather earlier in date than is supposed above. Mademoiselle Julie d'Angennes was the daughter of the famous lady whose soirées conferred such celebrity on the Hotel Rambouillet.

"I should gladly remain with you, my dear friend," said Madame de Chèvres, "were it not for M. de Sercourt. He might find it embarassing, on account of his infirmity."

"But he has gone home in the coach, with M. le Duc and M. de Chèvres."

"Oh no, ma chère, he is in the garden. I left him there."

"Then I fear he has been forgotten," said Mademoiselle, looking much distressed. "He will be placed in a very uncomfortable position. My brother came in with you, and has been ever since engaged with our visitors. How could he be so thoughtless? He will be terribly concerned at the *contretemps*. I shall send him to him at once. Or, better still, let us go to him ourselves."

Madame de Chèvres laid a detaining hand on the arm of her friend, and a smile played round her lips as she answered, "I think you need not be uneasy. I have no doubt M. de Sercourt is very well entertained. My pretty little friend Geneviève is with him in the arbour."

"Geneviève!" Mademoiselle exclaimed, a flush of vexation mantling her face, "I would have lost my right hand rather than this had happened."

Madame de Chèvres, at once more practical, and more sentimental, returned promptly: "I would almost have given mine to bring it about. But I found it could be accomplished at a much less cost than that."

"Ah, my dear friend, you knew not what you have been doing! Geneviève is a sweet and gracious child, and brave withal and true; still it will go hard with her to resist a second time such pleadings as those of M. de Sercourt; backed, as they now would be, by the eloquent appeal of his infirmity to her tender and generous heart."

"My dear Mademoiselle, why in Heaven's name should she resist them?"

Mademoiselle gazed at her less scrupulous friend in genuine surprise, almost in horror.

"He is a Protestant," was all she said.

"Very well, and this sweet child, as you truly call her, is ordained by Providence to the noble task of converting him."

"If he were converted, all indeed would be very well."

"It shall be very well, only in the right time. Have patience, dear friend. And for once, may I venture to entreat of you to look at the facts of the world we live in, apart from the edifying, but unpracticable sublimities you learned at Port Royal?"

"At least we were taught at Port Royal not to do evil that good might come. We left that to the Jesuits and their apologists," said Mademoiselle a little bitterly.

"M. de Condom, I am sure, would not sanction anything that had an evil tendency," Madame de Chèvres answered apologetically. Since her return to the world, she had been fascinated by the eloquence of Bossuet; and was coming gradually more and more under his influence. But she knew him to be an object of distrust and dislike to her friend; who missed in his vaunted orations just that "touch of the living hand" her own renewed nature understood so well, and was disgusted moreover at his hostility to the Jansenists, and his subservience to a licentious court and monarch. Aware, however, that a feminine wrangle on this topic would only damage her cause, Madame de Chèvres hastened to resume.

"Consider, my dear Mademoiselle, the importance of the occasion. Such a noble, heroic soul to be won back to the true fold! Even you can scarcely know him as I do. I will not speak now of what he has done for dear Léon and for me; although there was not one man in a thousand who would not, in his place, have rejoiced at the double estrangement, and sought to perpetuate it. And after all that, Geneviève Montères must needs refuse him! I must not say what I think of the wisdom of that proceeding, since I presume the girl acted under your advice and direction. But, just consider a moment! How could you—or could she—ever imagine that a man of the most stainless honour —*un parfait honnête homme*—like Edouard de Sercourt, would accept a bribe to change his religion, even such a bribe as the hand of Geneviève? No, you went to work entirely the wrong way. You ought to have known that, with such a man, self-interest would do nothing, while gratitude and affection might accomplish all. Lastly, there came upon him this terrible affliction, for which, I think, the way he has been treated among you may partly be thanked. Since then I have watched him day by day, and hour by hour, and all I can say is this—if ever yet a man endured a bitter, crushing sorrow with grand, silent, and heroic patience, most edifying to witness, that man is Edouard de Sercourt."

"I know that," said Mademoiselle, "it only makes things harder."

"Not at all, my friend; it makes things much easier. It shows that God is already vouchsafing His grace to him. Now the question is, shall we help the good work, or shall we do all in our power to destroy it? Shall we drive him into seeking consolation amongst the teachers of heresy—such as that M. Claude, whom he vaunts to me as a greater preacher that M. de Condom, the only senseless thing I have ever heard him say? Or, shall we place by his side a teacher of the true faith, loving, wise, and earnest, who will never rest until they kneel together at the same holy shrine? To put the matter in a nutshell—refuse him Geneviève, and in all probability he will live and die a Protestant—give him Geneviève, and I pledge you my word we shall see him at Mass in a year."

The last words might almost have been heard by the two who came in just then through the glass-door; Geneviève leaning upon Edouard, and at the same time half unconsciously guiding his steps—a prefiguring perhaps of what life would be for both of them. They went up straight to the couch upon which Mademoiselle was seated; Edouard having probably misinterpreted some sigh from Geneviève so far as to suppose she was alone. He said, with the lowest and courtliest of bows, "Mademoiselle, I have the honour to

present to you my fiancée. Most heartily do she and I unite in craving the forgiveness of the dearest best and truest friend she has ever had, because we have been betrayed by circumstances into an understanding with each other, without first assuring ourselves of the approbation and the blessing which we now earnestly implore, and shall value beyond all price."

Mademoiselle rose from her seat, and her pale and noble face flushed with a mingling of many feelings, as she answered, "Who am I, to approve or to condemn, to bless, or to withhold blessing? I have not seen my own way so clearly that I can pretend to guide the steps of others. As far as my dim sight can reach, I account *you*, M. de Sercourt, free from blame; but I think that Geneviève—my child Geneviève—has scarce been true to her convictions. Still, I blame no one. Let Him who knows all, judge all. We, who know so little, ought to pray for, rather than to condemn, each other."

There was a pause, broken by the entrance of the Duc de Roannez to whom she said, "Have the goodness, my brother, to excuse me to any guests who may arrive after this. I shall receive no more to-day. Will you also forgive me, dear Marguerite, if I say farewell—or rather 'au revoir?' M. de Sercourt, au revoir." She turned to go; and Geneviève, after a brief word of farewell, followed her to her private room.

A MEMORABLE NIGHT AT THE FOOT OF MOUNT HOREB.

BY JOHN STOUGHTON, D.D.

PART II.

The Cave of Elijah.

1 Kings xix. 8–18: "And he arose, and did eat and drink, and went in the strength of that meat forty days and forty nights unto Horeb the mount of God. And he came thither unto a cave and lodged there: and behold, the word of the Lord came to him, and he said unto him, What doest thou here, Elijah? And he said, I have been very jealous for the Lord, the God of hosts: for the children of Israel have forsaken Thy covenant, thrown down Thine altars, and slain Thy prophets with the sword: and I, even I only, am left; and they seek my life, to take it away. And he said, Go forth, and stand upon the mount before the Lord. And behold, the Lord passed by, and a great and strong wind rent the mountains, and brake in pieces the rocks before the Lord; but the Lord was not in the wind: and after the wind an earthquake; but the Lord was not in the earthquake: and after the earthquake a fire; but the Lord was not in the fire: and after the fire a still small voice. And it was so, when Elijah heard it, that he wrapped his face in his mantle, and went out and stood in the entering in of the cave. And, behold, there came a voice unto him, and said, What doest thou here, Elijah? And he said, I have been very jealous for the Lord, the God of hosts: for the children of Israel have forsaken Thy covenant, thrown down Thine altars, and slain Thy prophets with the sword; and I, even I only, am left; and they seek my life, to take it away. And the Lord said unto him, Go, return on thy way to the wilderness of Damascus: and when thou comest, thou shalt anoint Hazael to be king over Syria: and Jehu the son of Nimshi shalt thou anoint to be king over Israel: and Elisha the son of Shaphat of Abel-meholah shalt thou anoint to be prophet in thy room. And it shall come to pass, that him that escapeth from the sword of Hazael shall Jehu slay: and him that escapeth from the sword of Jehu shall Elisha slay. Yet will I leave Me seven thousand in Israel, all the knees which have not bowed unto Baal, and every mouth which hath not kissed him."

No incident, perhaps, has fastened itself more strongly on the memory and imagination of Christians than that recorded in this wonderful history; and we, through light thrown upon it by the Gospel of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ, can see further into its spiritual meaning than Elijah could.

The narrative, read by the help of the New Testament, tells us more than sensible impressions of mind, earthquake, and fire could, even when followed by "a still small voice"—"a sound of soft stillness," as the original signifies. Elijah was a prophet of truth, but of sternness and terror. He lived in a tempestuous atmosphere. Lightning seems to play around his temples, and his voice was as thunder. Fire consumed his very soul, as the fire brought down from heaven did his sacrifice on the altar, and the dust and water of the trench; and also the fifty threatening messengers of Samaria's king, as the prophet "sat on the top of the hill."

The preceding manifestations indicated wrath and punishment; but the inspired penman of the story had authority to say that the Lord was *not* in that wind, that earthquake, that fire; that He did not come to Elijah in a spirit, like that which He had shown before, but as "a sound of soft stillness"—a whisper, like an evening breeze—like an Eolian harp. "The acted parable," it has been said, "is in fact an anticipation of the evangelical rule—a condemnation of that 'zeal' which Elijah had gloried in, a zeal exhibiting itself in fierce and terrible vengeances, and an exaltation and recommendation of that mild and gospel temper which beareth all things, believeth all things, hopeth all things, endureth all things."

Yet it must be remembered that what is inappropriate at one time or place is needed at another. The church wants Elijahs as well as Elishas, Boanerges as well as Barnabas, Luther as well as Melancthon. Nor should it be forgotten that, even after "the still small voice"

suited to soothe a troubled soul, to quench the disappointment and murmuring of the disappointed servant of God, he had a message given of mingled tones. He was to anoint Elisha in his own room—a man of gentle mien after a son of thunder; but his own mission includes the anointing of an Hazael and a Jehu, both out of harmony with "a still small voice;" and room is left for a sweep of the sword of Hazael, and the sword of a Jehu.

We must take the Bible as we find it, and study the progress and development of revelation. God, who at sundry times and in divers manners, spake in times past unto the fathers, by the prophets, hath in these last days spoken unto us by His Son. "Hear ye Him," said the voice on the

NEAR JEBEL MUSA.

Mount of Transfiguration, when Moses and Elijah had vanished, and the disciples saw Jesus only. "Hear ye Him," not Moses and Elijah, whose revelations had prepared for, but had been swallowed up in, His. The great and strong wind which rent the mountains, and brake in pieces the rocks before the Lord, "the earthquake and the fire," were typical of much which Elijah had to do; but "the still small voice" is typical of the dispensation under which we live. And so, as it quells our fears and kindles our hopes, and sheds down upon us the calmest joys, like fine rain on the mown grass, it should also breathe on us its own loving spirit, and move us to the cultivation of a charity, such as Paul so exquisitely describes in his first letter to the Corinthians.

One other association with Sinai has been conjectured, and with much plausibility, we have long been accustomed to think. Paul says, in connection with his conversion, "I went into Arabia." A recent thoughtful commentator has said ("New Testament Commentary," edited by Bishop Ellicot, Gal. i. 17):—

"The question, what part of Arabia St. Paul retired into can only be one of speculation. There is nothing in the context to show at all decisively. The boundary of Arabia at this period was not exactly defined. By some writers it was made to include Damascus itself. It is therefore possible that by "Arabia" may have been meant the desert in the neighbourhood of the city. This would be the most obvious supposition. But, on the other hand, there would be a certain appropriateness if we could imagine, as we are certainly permitted to do, that the scene of his sojourn may have been the region of Mount Sinai itself. The place where the Law was first given may have seen its renewal in his mind—not destroyed, but fulfilled in the new law of love. Like Moses, and like Elijah, the great minister of the new dispensation may have here received strength for his work. And if this was the case, we can the more readily understand the typical allusion to Mount Sinai later in the Epistle. Such arguments may have some slight weight, but the real locality must remain uncertain."

In reviewing what we have written, the reader may well be struck with the triad of Divine manifestations which cluster about Mount Horeb, to say nothing of the Divine education which Paul received, as we are inclined to think, in that wonderful school of the prophets, where Moses and Elijah were inspired with wisdom for their future work. Nowhere else in Old Testa-

ment times could a spot on earth be found so irradiated by a series of Divine glories. And most significant were all three of these openings into the invisible world in this respect, that they revealed the sublime, through the medium of what, in an earthly point of view, was extremely humble. Egyptians and Assyrians conceived of the Invisible, the Self-existent, and the Eternal under colossal forms, the most imposing which could be imagined. Go into the British Museum and see the gods worshipped on the banks of the Nile, the Tigris, and the Euphrates. Their awful shape, and imperturbable expression, and utter seclusion from beings like the people who adored them—what a contrast did such conceptions of the celestial and Divine afford to the idea of the God of heaven and earth, speaking from the midst of a stunted acacia, or by the cleft of a rude rock, or at the entrance of a mountain cave. Here was Majesty in humiliation—the stooping down of the Infinite to commune with the insignificant, whose breath is in his nostrils, and who is crushed before the moth. Typically near, it came to what appeared in the fulness of time, when He who was in the form of God, He who was the brightness of the Father's glory, and the express image of His person, made Himself of no reputation, and humbled Himself unto death, even the death of the cross. Divine prophecies were the manifestations on Horeb of Him who was "without form or comeliness," who was "as a root out of the dry ground," but in whom dwelt all the fulness of the Godhead bodily.

We conclude our reminiscences of old thoughts by directing the reader to Him who expressed more of the tender sympathy, and the watchful care, and the redeeming love of God, than did the angel to Moses, when revealing "the good will of Him that dwelt in the bush." Christ made all God's goodness to pass before us in the Cave of Bethlehem, and the rock of Calvary, and throughout His whole life. He spoke in a "still small voice," more touching than Elijah heard in his mountain solitude, when the storm had passed away. And probably the Gospel, "not from man, neither through man, but through Jesus Christ, and God the Father," was in that same solitude revealed to Paul; and to his writings we commend our readers, that from them they may learn the mysteries of "the glorious Gospel of the blessed God."

To a Young Physician.

HE stood of old, the Holy Christ,
  Amidst the suffering throng;
With whom His lightest touch sufficed
  To make the weakest strong.

That healing gift He lends to them
  Who use it in His name;
The power that filled His garment's hem
  Is evermore the same.

For lo, in human hearts unseen
  The Healer dwelléth still,
And they who make His temples clean
  The best subserve His will.

The holiest task, by Heaven decreed,
  An errand all Divine,
The burden of our common need
  To render less, is thine.

The paths of pain are thine. Go forth
  With patience, trust, and hope;
The sufferings of a sin-sick earth
  Shall give thee ample scope.

Beside the unveiled mysteries
  Of life and death, go, stand,
With guarded lips and reverend eyes,
  And pure of heart and hand.

So shalt thou be with power endued,
  From Him who went about
The Syrian hillsides doing good,
  And casting demons out.

That Good Physician liveth yet,
  Thy Friend and Guide to be;
The Healer of Gennesaret
  Shall walk the rounds with thee.

J. G. WHITTIER.

Resignation.

The following lines were sent by the late Rev. W. JAY BOLTON, a grandson of the well-known William Jay, and himself vicar of St. James's, Bath, to a member of his congregation, whose son had just died abroad, to console her in bereavement.

JUST WHAT Thou wilt, dear Lord,
  Whatever it may be:
Nothing can come amiss
That comes direct from Thee:
Or want, or wealth, pleasure or pain,
It is all one, if Love ordain.

Just AS Thou wilt, dear Lord:
The smallest circumstance
Is part of Thy design
And happeneth not by chance;
How could an erring mortal dare
To change one element of care!

Just WHEN Thou wilt, dear Lord,
Thy time must be the best—
Living, we live to Thee,
Dying, we do but rest;
The moment opportune is Thine,
To wait and apprehend is mine!

Thus would I have it ALL
Thy will and Thine alone,
Until I reach Heaven's heights,
And stand before the Throne;
Not only then to SAY, but SEE
That ALL was untold Love to me.

Things New and Old.

SUNDAY.—It is not enough considered by students of progress how great a gift to the labouring classes and to the whole world, is the Christian Sunday. It has become so great a necessity to the civilised world, that the wonder is how the non-Christian races or classic peoples were able to do without such a day.

Plato says somewhere that leisure is necessary to the acquisition of virtue, and that therefore no working man can acquire it. Plutarch calls it one of the most beautiful and happy inventions of Lycurgus, that he obtained for the citizens the greatest leisure by forbidding them to occupy themselves with any mercenary work.

Christianity early obtained for the working classes of the Roman Empire this great blessing, and not through the Greek method of creating a class of helpless helots, but by the institution of the Lord's Day.

Under the prodigious impulse of the leading races of modern times towards production and the acquiring of material wealth, there would have come—without some such day—an absolute breaking down of the physical power, a wearing out of the brain, and a corresponding moral degeneracy. In fact the Christian Sabbath may be said to have saved the modern European and Anglo-American races. Had the greed for money never known an enforced rest; had the wheels of the factory, the hum of the market, and din of business sounded through the streets seven days as now through six, and no customary day called away thoughts to things not bought or sold, and to principles unseen and eternal, the modern people might have run down to the lowest point of materialism.

The Lord's Day is the greatest external gift of the Christian religion to the working classes. The labourer is insured his rest. His production is apparently cut short one-seventh; but, as in the limiting the hours of a day's labour, he is found to effect more in the year, owing to the refreshment and rest given, so his moral value is increased where the Sunday is made a social and religious day (as in New England) without excessive strictness, the working man or woman returns to the task revived, and morally as well as physically strengthened.

A religious Sunday is the best safeguard against the vice of the labouring class—intemperance.

What a step in humanity was the enforced rest of the Sunday to Roman slaves, after the empire became universally Christian. The Anglo-Saxon law under Christian influences, was equally regardful of the Sunday to the British slave and serf. In all countries under the nominal teachings of Jesus that day has relaxed the muscles of toil, wiped away the sweat of incessant labour, and restored the worker to his family, reminding him that he is something beside an instrument of gain, and that he has other wants than those of earth.

The business and professional man of modern days owes fully as much to this blessed day. It is a festival of humanity; it reminds the fortunate of their duties to the unfortunate; it calls away the mind from things material to the truths which belong to all times. It compels the scheming brain to rest. It is the day above all to remember Him who has brought such unmingled blessings to humanity.

If the world by any madness of degeneracy should ever renounce its faith in the supernatural, it would be compelled to renew the Sabbath under some other name, so indispensable is it for human progress.—*Gesta Christi.*

SECRET OF POWER IN CHRISTIAN PERSUASION.—It is love to Christ and love to men that is the secret of power in Christian persuasion. We shall never have great success otherwise. There is a story told of a young man who had fallen through the ice, and was holding on to the edge in the agony of a death-struggle. They pushed a plank towards him, but the end of it was covered with ice, and again and again his fingers slipped. "For mercy's sake," he cried, "don't give me the frozen side." So it must be with us. We must not give men the frozen side. God does not give the frozen side to us when He so loved the world as to send His Son. Christ does not give the frozen side when He is not ashamed to call us brethren. The Holy Spirit does not give the frozen side when He strives and suffers long. And we must go to men as those who have felt all this, and who wish them to feel it also. There is a sympathetic bond in this stronger than the touch of nature which makes the whole world kin.

ANSWERS TO NATURAL HISTORY NOTES

NO. X.—p. 765.—BASILISK—COCKATRICE.

1. It is wine that stingeth like an adder, when too much has been drunk.—Prov. xxiii. 32.

2. The weaned child. It means that when the kingdom of God comes, when Jesus reigns everywhere, there shall be nothing to poison little children's souls.—Isa. xi. 8.

3. Isa. li. 5; It means that some people plan evil, and that others are wicked enough to take delight in carrying out their schemes.

4. Isa. xiv. 29; Jer. viii. 17.

NO. XI. p. 784.—THE OSTRICH AND THE OWL.

1. Job xxx. 29.
2. Isaiah xiii. 21; xxxiv. 13; xliii. 20.
3. Lam. iv. 3.
4. Micah i. 8.

NO. XII.—p. 832.—THE JACKAL.

1. Judges xv. 6.
2. 2 Sam. xiv. 30.
3. 1 Cor. iv. 13.
4. Luke ix. 58.
5. Nehem. iv. 3.

ANSWER TO SCRIPTURE ENIGMA.

NO. XXVIII.—p. 766.—GIDEON—ESTHER.

G-ethseman-*e*.
I-dlenes-*s*.
D-oub-*t*.
E-lija-*h*.
O-liv-*e*.
N-ebuchadnezza-*r*.

ANSWERS TO SCRIPTURE CHARACTERS.

NO. XI.—p. 592.—OBADIAH.

2, 3, 4, 5, 6. Compare the Book of Obadiah with the eighteenth chapter of 1st Kings.

NO. XII.—p. 672.—AQUILA AND PRISCILLA.

2 and 3. Acts xviii. 2.
4. Acts xviii. 3.
5. Acts xviii. 26.
6. Romans xvi. 4.

NATURAL HISTORY NOTES

ON THE REVISED VERSION OF THE BIBLE.

NO. XII.—THE JACKAL.

THE word jackal does not occur in the Bible as we are familiar with it, but it has been long known that it would be a more suitable term than fox in many passages. The authors of the Revised Version have not however incorporated it in their text, but only added it in the margin. This is done throughout the Old Testament, except in one passage; in the New Testament the word fox remains.

JACKAL (CANIS AUREUS).

The leading idea that we attach to the name "fox" is that of a cunning, audacious animal, hunting as we say "for his own hand," and keeping all he gets to himself. The jackal on the other hand in some respects is more like a wolf. He hunts in company, is a noisy obtrusive beast, that inspires nobody with a feeling, half pity, half admiration, as the fox does when he is run down by the hunters. Bearing these leading points in mind, let us examine the several passages of Scripture.

The first concerns Samson. He got his friends to collect him three hundred of these animals, and tying them tail to tail with a firebrand between, turned them loose into the standing corn of the Philistines. In the midst of the dry harvest-time, in a country like a rolling American prairie, as is the south-west of Palestine, unbroken by hedges, you may imagine the mischief that would be done by animals scared and driven now here and now there, rendered frantic themselves by the flames of destruction they carried with them. Their number shows them to have been jackals, for they are always seen in packs; it would have been hard to collect so many genuine foxes within a comparatively small tract of country at a given time.

In some other passages the animal is spoken of with much contempt. When the Jews were rebuilding the wall of their city, their enemies said in scorn that if a fox (or jackal) went up he would break it down. Then we have a curse pronounced upon certain people "They shall fall by the sword, they shall be a portion for foxes." These few words bring before our eyes the hideous sight of a battle-field. The slain lie there, and in the deepening twilight we see the jackals prowling over the plain, uttering their low cries, which presently break into a piercing yell, interrupted only by the diligence with which they pursue their disgusting feast. In Palestine to this day they may be seen and heard everywhere, breaking in upon the stillness of night and forbidding sleep by their unearthly cries.

When Jeremiah in his Book of Lamentations wishes to set forth the desolation of Jerusalem he says, "The foxes (jackals) walk upon it." They would not approach an inhabited city except at night, but when men have forsaken it, it becomes a fair field for them. There is another passage with a reference to deserts (Ezekiel xiii. 4). Here the prophets of Israel are compared to the foxes in the desert; that is, they are outcasts from men, left to prowl in search of food, despised and shunned by all men. This figure of speech reminds us of a passage in the New Testament, "We are made the filth of the world, the offscouring of all things."

There is no need to dwell upon the passage in the Song of Solomon ii. 15, where the little foxes are said to spoil the vineyards, nor on the sad loneliness expressed in Matthew viii. 20, where the Saviour describes Himself as more homeless than a fox. But when Jesus speaks of Herod as a fox, we may well ask whether the character of the jackal does not suit him better. There is nothing recorded of him which savours of astuteness and cunning, but it is thrust before our very eyes that he was only too ready like the other animal to prey upon any victim that came within his reach. Witness the treatment of John the Baptist, and his mockery of our Lord.

We may put the following questions:

1. Why did Samson turn the jackals into the Philistine's corn?
2. What other instance is given in the Bible of burning corn out of spite?
3. Who said, We are the offscouring of all things, and where is the passage?
4. In what other passage do the words occur, "The foxes have holes"?
5. Who said, "A fox will break down their stone wall"?

THE SUNDAY AT HOME

O DAY MOST CALM, MOST BRIGHT! . . .
THE WEEK WERE DARK BUT FOR THY LIGHT.—*Herbert.*

GENEVIÈVE;

A STORY OF OLD FRANCE.

CHAPTER XXVIII.—THE EPILOGUE.

HIS FEARLESS STEP GAVE NO HINT OF BLINDNESS.

THE old château of Cloudon, on the Seine, was destined to a bright renewal of its best and happiest days. The quaint stone staircase leading down to the river was repaired and cleansed, the pasture glowed once more with carefully tended flowers, which were only less sweet and lovely than the youthful châtelaine who moved amongst them with light and happy footsteps, gathering their choicest blooms to decorate the halls, under her careful superin-

tendence no longer bare and gloomy, but the very ideal of a country home.

Every part of the château, with all its stables, outhouses, and other dependencies, had now an air of use and occupation. Servants moved busily to and fro; country people brought their produce to sell; or, quite as often, came for help in need or counsel in perplexity. Visitors from far and near, for business or for friendship, filled the hospitable halls; for Cleudon was now the residence of the great Huguenot chief, M. de Sercourt, who, his physical infirmity notwithstanding, was a power for good in the neighbourhood and the Province, and even throughout the country.

Between two and three years had passed away since the events last recorded. Early in the year 1667 Mademoiselle de Roannez rewarded at last the long constancy of the Duc de la Feuillade. A more auspicious wedding was delayed for this one; since Geneviève entreated Edouard to allow her to assist her beloved Mademoiselle in the necessary preparations, and to attend her to the altar. During this interval, the Duc de Graffont made suitable provision for the future of his nephew and adopted son. It was a sore disappointment to the kind-hearted old man that Edouard's blindness must exclude him from a public career; but he did all in his power to compensate him for the loss. He settled upon him the customary portion of a younger son of the House of Graffont; and offered moreover, since he preferred a country life, to buy him an estate in any part of the country he might choose. As the old château where he spent his childhood happened to be then in the market, the present occupiers wishing to reside in Paris, he made choice of it, knowing how greatly it would delight Geneviève to return there.

By this time, the influence Pélisson was able to exercise in high quarters (even more, it must be said, than the intrinsic justice of the cause), had produced a reversal of the verdict against M. Montères which had terminated, or seemed to terminate, the famous law-suit. Geneviève, when all was settled, could scarcely be called a great heiress, so much of the old Farmer-general's wealth had melted away in the crucible of law. Still a handsome portion remained to her; and she also acquired a degree of distinction and notoriety which had the effect of making M. de Sercourt's marriage appear, in the eyes of society, not at all a mésalliance, but, on the contrary, "quite a romantic affair, and so interesting."

Not that either cared greatly for the verdict of society. Supremely happy in each other; they were happy also in the life that lay before them. As weeks and months passed by, that life grew full and rich, and powerful for good, beyond even their most sanguine anticipations. A wise and benevolent châtelaine, Geneviève ruled her miniature kingdom like a little queen; but especially did she love to serve her Lord in His poor, and to minister to them as a mother trained in the best traditions of Port Royal had taught her to do. Between Edouard and Geneviève the bond was perfect. They were now one in every sense; the prophecy of Mademoiselle de Chèvres that they would soon come to worship together having been fulfilled in a sense different from what she intended. They were now accustomed to kneel side by side in the modest little chapel which Edouard had obtained (with much difficulty) special permission to erect in his own grounds.

Hitherto the "apostasy" of Geneviève had not brought upon them any persecution. Both were well aware, however, that she ran serious risks; she might even be consigned by *lettre de cachet*, to arbitrary imprisonment. But both were courageous and hopeful, willing to go forward in the path of duty, and to trust God with the result.

In spite of his infirmity, life to Edouard was full of keen interest, and of that noble kind of enjoyment which springs from the full exercise of all the faculties. He had to watch over the concerns of the Faithful throughout the country, to save them, when he could, from oppression, and to strengthen them in the truth. His hand and his home were ever open towards his own people; through his liberality temples were supported, indigent pastors were succoured, widows and orphans provided for, schools maintained for Protestant children. He was in constant correspondence with the Marquis de Ruvigny, the accredited agent of the Protestants at the Court, and was in fact engaged with him in a brave and constant struggle against those forces of injustice and oppression which were already being marshalled, and were to be let loose against them with such terrible ferocity less than twenty years afterwards, at the Revocation of the Edict of Nantes.

But as yet there were only distant mutterings of the coming storm; in and around the château of Cleudon all was calm and peaceful. New joy was there too; for Geneviève was the happy mother of a beautiful little girl. When the June roses of 1669 began to bloom, little Charlotte could already lisp her father's name, and run to his arms across the floor of polished oak.

Early one morning Geneviève came in, happy and smiling, to the light, airy little room which was called the cabinet of Monsieur. It deserved its name, for a large writing table, crowded with papers, occupied the centre, whilst around the wall were spacious presses, one or two containing books, the others filled with pamphlets and legal documents, or with correspondence, carefully arranged and ticketed. Geneviève wore a fresh white flowing robe, with one rosebud fastened at the throat; and her simple cornette allowed the luxuriant golden hair to escape beneath it. Seeing no one in the room, she put in order one or two small matters, placed a chair for Edouard at the table, and rang the bell. A servant quickly appeared to whom she gave the message: "If M. Alfort is ready, request him to come here." M. Alfort, now no longer the confidential valet, but the trusted private secretary, entered the room with scarce a moment's delay. He wore a perruque and a decorous suit of black; and bowing low to his mistress, advanced, and laid upon the table a great armful of letters and small parcels.

Geneviève greeted him with much kindness, and inquired about the details of his journey from Paris, whence he had returned the preceding night after all the household had retired to rest. She then asked eagerly for news of their friends in the city; and was told that M. le Duc de Graffont, and M. and Madame de Chèvres were in good health, and all delighted with the little son and heir, who was becoming every day more handsome and more charming. The birth of their child had not given the less satisfaction to Edouard and Geneviève, because it barred their own chance of succession to the inheritance of the House of Graffont.

"M. le Duc has sent Madame a few lines in his own hand, and a packet," said Henri, producing a letter and a small parcel. "He bade me be careful of it, since it contained jewellery, and also portraits by M. Petitot." [1]

Geneviève, with feminine curiosity, began to break the seals, but paused as she was doing so to ask "How is Madame la Duchesse de la Feuillade?"

"Indeed, Madame, I cannot say aught but that she looks worn and ill. She has never recovered the sudden death of the poor little one. Ah, Madame, it was so sad! The poor babe seemed quite well one moment, and was gone the next. True, he did not suffer; but, then, Madame, he never received Holy Baptism. That was the terrible thing." [2]

"For all that, the Good Shepherd gathers the lambs in His arms," said Geneviève, looking up with wet eyelashes.

"Ah, would that Madame had but been there to comfort the poor lady! That was what her Demoiselle was saying to me. She says that Madame la Duchesse never complains, and she has scarcely ever seen her weep. She is kind and good to every one, and they all love her well; but she is too still—too calm. But here is her letter, and a book which she has sent to Madame. I believe it is the same which Monsieur charged me to purchase for him, if it was published yet; still I did not like to take the responsibility of neglecting the commission of Monsieur."

"You did quite right, M. Alfort. We shall have no difficulty in finding a use for two copies of the 'Pensées de Pascal,'" said Geneviève, who easily guessed the contents of the parcel.

"I have the honour also to bring letters to Madame from Monsieur and Madame de Viremont," resumed Henri. "They were overjoyed at Madame's kind remembrance of them, and her present for the Bride. She is a beautiful young lady, Madame, and M. de Viremont was very fortunate to get her. He still remains, however, attached to the household of M. de Roannez, from whom also I have letters for Monsieur. He has written, I believe, about the affairs of Port Royal, which have taken a very favourable turn, as Madame is already aware."

"Yes; but we are both longing to hear all the particulars. Have you any more letters for me?"

"Yes, Madame; one from the nurse, Mademoiselle Euphémie Perdreux, whom I found out through the good offices of Madame de Chèvres. The kind soul has nearly worn herself out with her hard work, for she never spared herself, and she has had more than one serious illness. I could see that the goodness of Madame in asking her to come here and rest touched her deeply."

"If we can persuade her to it, she shall remain here for the rest of her days," said Geneviève. "When she has rested enough, we can find occupation for her here, especially in attending upon the sick poor of her own Faith."

"And also, that reminds me, Madame," resumed Henri, "that I met in Paris, the widow of poor M. le Pasteur Vidon, who seemed to be in great distress. I ventured to give her a few crowns on the account of Monsieur, knowing that such would be his pleasure; and I told her Monsieur would consider her case. Being one of *our own*, I knew I might go so far."

"You were quite right, M. Alfort," said Geneviève, unable to repress a smile at Henri's unconscious use of the expression "our own," though he was still nominally a Catholic. "But here comes Monsieur, to speak for himself."

Edouard entered the room with a free and fearless step which gave no hint of his blindness. His little girl, who idolised "papa," as little girls are wont to do, was perched on his shoulder, her tiny fingers playing with his thick chestnut hair, for since coming to the country he had discarded the perruque, saying he preferred to follow the fashions set by the great Condé. His handsome sunburnt face glowed with health and cheerfulness as he advanced into the room, every inch of which he of course knew well,

"Est-ce toi, Geneviève?" he asked, raising his voice, as its sound alone would tell him if any one were there.

"I am here, mon ami," said Geneviève. "In fact, Monsieur, your two secretaries have been for some time awaiting your pleasure. You are late this morning."

"It is the fault of this imperious young lady, who is learning betimes to use the privileges of her sex," said Edouard, as he seated the child on the table, and took the chair Geneviève had placed for him. "Mademoiselle heard my step as I was passing the nursery, and called for me, and then I must needs take her a walk, or, to speak more accurately, a ride. Henri, my boy, I salute thee heartily. Welcome back. What news hast thou brought?"

"At the service of Monsieur. I think the best news I have brought is that which concerns Port Royal. Shall I tell Monsieur about that?"

"There is only one thing I would rather hear of, the welfare of my uncle and cousins."

[1] A famous enamel painter of the day, a Huguenot.

[2] The Duchess de la Feuillade became the mother of four children, of whom the first died unbaptized, the second was deformed, the third, a girl, was a dwarf, and died at the age of nineteen, the fourth died in 1725, leaving no issue. She herself died of cancer in 1683. M. Cousin says, perhaps somewhat too harshly, that "divided within herself by this terrible combat," between the counsels of her instructors and the claims of nature and society, "she died miserably, charged with the anathemas of Port Royal, and unhappy and despairing because she had been a submissive daughter and a blameless wife." But whatever clouds may have darkened her last days, we may be sure there was light beyond them, even the everlasting Light.

Henri assured him on this point, and then resumed, "Monsieur has heard of the Papal Brief?"

"Yes, that news has reached us here. The pacification of Pope Clement IX. will do more honour to the Papal chair than many a more pretentious work."

"The Duchesse de Longueville was the instrument in the good work," resumed Henri. "She never intermitted her efforts in the cause of peace; and at last a compromise was agreed upon by the chiefs of the Jansenist party, which she forwarded to the Pope with a letter of her own. I am no theologian, as you are aware, Monsieur, but I believe the basis of the compromise was full submission to his Holiness in matters of faith, and respectful silence about matters of fact."

"That is to say, where they cannot prove the Pope to be wrong they will swear he is right; where they can, and do, prove him to be wrong, they will hold their peace—good!" said Edouard laughing.

"Now, Edouard, you are hard on them," Geneviève interposed.

"God forbid! I honour them sincerely as His saints and the excellent of the earth. But since they will not outrage their consciences, being good men and women, they are constrained by their system to outrage their common sense.—Well, Henri?"

"There is great joy everywhere; Monsieur would be touched to the heart to see it. M. de Saci and M. Fontaine have been released from the Bastille; M. Arnauld has come forth from his hiding place, and has actually been presented to the King. The holy nuns who have been imprisoned in various convents throughout the country have been allowed to return in joy and peace to their beloved Port Royal des Champs. The recluses are returning too, and are already beginning to rebuild their cottages, which were falling into decay. The common people everywhere, and the poor, to whom they ministered with such true devotion, crowd around them with tears and blessings, thanking God, who has turned the captivity of His saints, and filled their mouths with laughter and their tongues with singing."

"In their joy we have part also, with all true followers of our common Lord," said Edouard heartily.

"How glad Madame de la Feuillade must be of all this!" Geneviève remarked.

"*Glad*, Madame? Well, no doubt she is thankful for it. But I may say so much of a great lady, and one moreover as good as she is great, I think there is but little gladness in the life of Madame de la Feuillade. Those whom she loves best and honours most—I mean, those of Port Royal—cannot pardon what they style her 'fall,' and look upon her as an apostate, who has returned to the world. Nevertheless, she is not of the world, and she will never be."

There was a pause, after which Henri resumed. "Some there are, and those amongst the best and holiest, who have not lived to share this joy and triumph. M. Singlin, for so many years the spiritual director of Port Royal, is one of these. It is well with him, and with the others who have gone before.

"And," said Geneviève, "we may surely believe that in their place within the veil they share the joy of their brethren and sisters here. I like to think that my dear mother shares it also. Port Royal was her Zion, the joy of the whole earth to her, the sanctuary of her God. I think its oppression and desolation helped to break her heart.—No, no, my little one; these pictures are not meant for thee to play with. These keys of mamma's will do quite as well, will they not?"

But little Charlotte was of another opinion. She was loth to surrender the exquisite miniatures of M. and Madame de Chèvres and their little boy, which, painted in enamel and set with pearls, were the Duc de Graffont's gift to Geneviève. And she expressed her sentiments in a decided, unmistakable wail.

"Let me take la petite demoiselle to her nurse," volunteered Henri, stretching out his arms to the child. He knew that he stood high in the favour of the rather capricious and exacting young lady, and he was very proud of the fact. She was easily induced to let him take her in his arms, and he carried her off in triumph. Meanwhile, Geneviève cast a hasty glance over one or two of her letters. "Just listen to this, Edouard," she said half laughing. "Madame de Chèvres supposes we have turned by this time into Pècores-Provincials—that is to say, rustics buried in the country and lost to society, and to all the movements of the age, its thought and its progress."

"Is that true, Geneviève?"

"Far otherwise," she returned proudly. "I know of no one so thoroughly abreast of all that is really good in the age, of all that is noble in the present, or hopeful for the future, as thou art, my husband."

"That is our right, as Protestants," said Edouard, "the future is with us."

"Madame de Chèvres scolds me soundly for my perversion to Protestantism, my apostasy, as she calls it," resumed Geneviève. "But she is always generous, and writes no word that could really give pain. Still she says with a little *malice*" (the French word, not the English, be it observed), "Ma chère, you ought at least to have considered the feelings of that poor Madame de la Feuillade, who is so cruelly attacked by both sides at once. Do you know what these Jansenists are saying? 'Ah, this sad fall! See the result of paltering with conscience, and retracting a solemn vow. She herself has returned to the world, and her favourite demoiselle has actually—will you believe it?—become a Protestant!' While, as for the other side, the enemies of Port Royal, it is only too easy for them to point a moral. Have they not always been telling us that Jansenism is Protestantism in disguise, and Port Royal a station on the road to Geneva?"

"Not so far wrong there, perhaps," said Edouard. "We, at all events, glory in acknowledging the saints of Port Royal as our brethren in the faith. And we can afford to forgive them their refusal

to grasp the extended hand of fellowship, for we know they will take it gladly by-and-by, when we and they meet together at the marriage supper of the Lamb."

"And then," said Geneviève softly, "He will wipe away the tears from all faces, even from that of my loved and honoured friend, who trained me for thee, Edouard. I fear the cloud will never pass altogether from her life here. When I thank God for the abundant joys of my own happy lot, I cannot keep the tears from starting at the thought that her home will never be like ours—never on earth."

"Nay, why say that, my Geneviève? She is a blameless wife, she may yet be a happy mother. She is trying to do her duty, and peace comes to us in the path of duty."

"That I doubt not. But may we not, for those we love, be permitted to desire joy as well as peace; happiness as well as blessedness?"

"Certainly, dear. But for those we love, as for ourselves, we must learn to wait. I think thou hast learned it now for me, learn it also for the friend of thy girlhood. She, too, will see one day much that is hidden from her now; and perhaps, in the radiance of that light, His own voice will say to her, 'Said I not unto thee that if thou wouldst believe, thou shouldst see the glory of God?'—But has she not sent thee a gift?"

"Yes, 'Les Pensées de Pascal,'—but no, really, after all, it is thy name, not mine, which she has written in the dainty little volume, so exquisite in type and binding: 'To M. de Sercourt, in token of the sincere and lively friendship of Charlotte Gouffier de la Feuillade.' She used to say to me that you entered into the spirit of M. Pascal's great work as deeply as any one she knew, Edouard."[1]

"Because I could never look upon it as a work, but only as the priceless, though formless, material gathered for a work which he was not to finish. I think still, as I thought then, that these fragments, these gems of thought, pure and lustrous, cut and polished by the master's hand, are for the Church of God a treasure more precious than would have been the completed work. M. Pascal knew the heart of God, and he knew the soul of man. Strong in the might of holiness, his eagle eye pierced the heights; winged with the energy of genius, his piercing glance explored the depths. But though he knew God and man, he knew little of the world, of literature, of history. Supreme in the province of internal evidence, with the external evidences of our faith he would not, I think, have been competent to deal. Moreover, he was tied and bound by a system which, upon certain points, fatally confused his perceptions of truth and falsehood. In that mind, otherwise so profound and so clear, the miracle of the Holy Thorn took a place beside the miracles of our Lord and of His Apostles. For those who with hearts unopened to the higher and deeper testimonies for Christ, still require to be led to believe on Him 'for the very works' sake,' I do not think your great Pascal the best of teachers, Geneviève. But he is priceless and peerless, for those whose eyes are anointed to see the best proofs of Christianity in Christ Himself, and the greatest of all miracles in that unending one which is renewed from age to age in the hearts of all who love Him—His power to fulfil their deepest needs and to satisfy their inmost longings."

"And for those whose needs are fulfilled, whose longings are satisfied, there are also precious lessons. Listen to this, Edouard. I have just opened at it, near the end of the book: 'Do little things as if they were great, because of the majesty of our Lord Jesus Christ, who dwells and lives in thee; and do great things as if they were little and easy, because of His omnipotence.' I cannot help thinking, Edouard, that he whose hand penned those words did a little thing as if it were a great one, when he stooped to save a poor forsaken child at the door of St. Sulpice."

"But I think that was a great thing; at least, it was great for me. Those are grand words, Geneviève. Shall we agree, thou and I, to make them henceforward the rule of our lives, of our *life*, I should say, seeing we two are one?"

[1] The first edition of the 'Pensées de Pascal,' which was prepared by his friends of Port Royal, appeared in 1669.

OUR ENGLISH HYMNS.

NINTH PAPER.

CHILDREN'S HYMNS—(CONTINUED).

WE now subjoin the first lines of A HUNDRED HYMNS FOR CHILDREN,[2] not precisely claiming them as "the best," but finding in them what is appropriate to the early years of life—some being suitable to the very youngest, others to those of elder growth. It is not always easy to decide where a hymn ceases to be one "for children," and takes its place among those for Christians generally. In the following hymns there will almost always be found something specific, limiting them to the young.

[2] See SUNDAY AT HOME, Dec. 3, p. 776.

ONE HUNDRED HYMNS FOR THE YOUNG.

1. Above the clear blue sky[1] . . . . *Mrs. Bourdillon.*

[1] There is another children's hymn, by Mr. Chandler, beginning with the same line.

2. All glory, laud, and honour . . *Dr. J. M. Neale.*
3. All things bright and beautiful . *Mrs. Alexander.*
4. Around the throne of God in heaven *Mrs. Houlditch.*

5. Behold a little child. . . . . *Bp. W. How.*
6. Brightly gleams our banner . . *T. J. Potter.*
7. By cool Siloam's shady rill . . . *Bp. Heber.*

8. Childhood's years are passing o'er us *W. Dickson.*
9. Christ is merciful and mild. . . *J. Buckworth.*
10. Come let us join the hosts above . *C. Wesley.*
11. Come, praise your Lord and Saviour *Bp. W. How.*
12. Come, sing with holy gladness. . *J. J. Daniel.*

13. Day by day we magnify Thee . . *J. Ellerton.*

14. Ever would I fain be reading . . *C. Winkworth*, tr.
15. Every morning the red sun. . . *Mrs. Alexander.*

16. Fair waved the golden corn . . *J. H. Gurney.*
17. Father, lead me day by day . . *J. P. Hopps.*

18. Gentle Jesus, meek and mild . . *C. Wesley.*
19. Glory to the Father give . . . *J. Montgomery.*
20. God entrusts to all . . . . . *J. Edmeston.*
21. God of mercy, throned on high . *H. Neele.*
22. Golden harps are sounding. . . *F. R. Havergal.*
23. Good Daniel would not cease to pray *Mrs. Gilbert.*
24. Good David, whose Psalms have so often been sung . . . . . *Jane Taylor.*
25. Gracious Saviour, gentle Shepherd *J. E. Leeson.*
26. Great God! and wilt Thou condescend . . . . . *Jane Taylor.*

27. Happy the child whose tender[1] years *Dr. Watts.*
28. Holy Bible, book divine. . . . *J. Burton.*
29. Hosanna! raise the pealing hymn. *W. H. Havergal.*
30. How beautiful the hills of God. . *Mrs. Streatfield.*
31. How dearly God must love us . . *S. W. Partridge.*
32. How glorious is our heavenly King *Dr. Watts.*
33. How happy is the child who hears. *M. Bruce.*
34. How shall the young secure their hearts . . . . . *Dr. Watts.*
35. Hushed was the evening hymn . *J. D. Burns.*

36. I love to hear the story . . . . *Mrs. Millar.*
37. I love to think, though I am young *Paxton Hood.*
38. I'm but a stranger here . . . . *T. R. Taylor.*
39. I sing the almighty power of God . *Dr. Watts.*
40. I think, when I read that sweet story of old . . . . . *Mrs. Luke.*
41. I want to be like Jesus . . . . *W. M. Whittemore.*
42. It is a thing most wonderful . . *Bp. W. How.*

43. Jesus Christ, my Lord and Saviour *Jane Taylor.*
44. Jesus, from Thy throne on high . *T. B. Pollock.*
45. Jesus, high in glory . . . . . *(American.)*
46. Jesus is our Shepherd, wiping every tear . . . . . *H. Stowell.*
47. Jesus, meek and gentle . . . . *G. R. Prynne.*
48. Jesus, tender Shepherd, hear me . *Mrs. Duncan.*
49. Jesus, we love to meet . . . . *Mrs. Parson.*
50. Jesus, when He left the sky . . *Mrs. Rumsey.*
51. Jesus, who lived above the sky . *Jane Taylor.*

52. Kind words can never die . . . *Abby Hutchinson.*

53. Lamb of God, I look to Thee . . *C. Wesley.*
54. Let children proclaim . . . . . *C. Wesley.*
55. Let us sing with one accord . . *D. A. Thrupp.*
56. Little drops of water. . . . . *E. C. Brewer.*
57. Little travellers Zionward . . . *J. Edmeston.*
58. Lo! at noon 'tis sudden night . . *Jane Taylor.*
59. Lo! from the eastern hills the Lord *J. Anstice.*
60. Looking upward every day. . . *Mary Butler.*
61. Lord, a little band and lowly . . *Mrs. Shelly.*
62. Lord, how delightful 'tis to see . *Dr. Watts.*
63. Lord, Thy children guide and keep *Bp. W. How.*

64. Make use of me, my God . . . *Dr. Bonar.*

65. Now the day is over . . . . . *S. Baring-Gould.*

66. O help me, Lord, this day to be . *Mary Butler.*
67. O Light, whose beams illumine all *E. H. Plumptre.*
68. O Son of man, Thy name by choice *G. Macdonald.*
69. O that I, like Timothy . . . . *C. Wesley.*
70. Once in royal David's city . . . *Mrs. Alexander.*
71. Saviour, for Thy love we praise Thee *M. G. Pearse.*

72. Saviour, while my heart is tender . *J. Burton.*
73. See Israel's gentle Shepherd stands *Dr. Doddridge.*
74. See the shining dewdrops . . .
75. Seeing I am Jesus' lamb . . . *C. Winkworth*, tr.
76. Shepherd of tender youth . . . *Dr. Dexter*, tr.
77. Sing to the Lord the children's hymn . . . . . *R. S. Hawker.*
78. Singing for Jesus, our Saviour and King . . . . . *F. R. Havergal.*
79 Soon as my infant lips can speak . *Rowland Hill.*
80. Standing by a purpose true. . . *P. P. Bliss.*

81. The morning bright with rosy light *T. Summers.*
82. The world looks very beautiful . *A. W. Warner.*
83. There came a little child to earth . *E. S. Elliot.*
84. There is a green hill far away . . *Mrs. Alexander.*
85. There is a happy land . . . . *A. Young.*
86. There's a Friend for little children. *A. Midlane.*
87. Thou didst leave Thy throne and Thy kingly crown . . . . *E. E. S. E.*[1]
88. Thy word is like a garden, Lord . *E. Hodder.*

89. 'Twas God that made the ocean .

90. We are but little children weak . *Mrs. Alexander.*
91. We bring no glittering treasures . *Miss Phillips.*
92. We sing a loving Jesus . . . . *S. Doudney.*
93. When His salvation bringing . . *J. King.*
94. When little Samuel woke . . . *Mrs. Gilbert.*
95. With humble heart and tongue . *Dr. Fawcett.*
96. With sin I would not make abode . *T. H. Gill.*
97. Work, for the night is coming . . *S. Dyer.*

98. Yes, God is good, in earth and sky *J. H. Gurney.*
99. Yes, there are little ones in heaven *T. R. Taylor.*
100. Young children once to Jesus came *Jane Taylor.*

Some of the above are perhaps unfamiliar to many of our readers. Mr. Anstice's hymn (59) is from *The Child's Christian Year*, a book that contains much that is tasteful and poetic, but little that is specifically adapted to childhood. The hymns of Bishop Walsham How (5, 42, 63) are but specimens of a number that have per-

[1] Generally printed *youngest.*

[1] For these initials we are indebted to *The Children's Hymn Book*, edited by Mrs. Carey Brock. The hymn is anonymous in most collections.

manently enriched our children's psalmody. Dean Plumptre's hymn (67) is one of the best young men's hymns in the language: it is a noble rendering of our Lord's words, "I am the Way, and the Truth, and the Life." To the same class also belong Mr. Gill's lovely verses (96). But most of the hymns chosen are more suitable to those of younger years—some to the very young. The following (60) may be new to many:

Looking upward every day,
Sunshine on our faces;
Pressing onward every day
Toward the heavenly places.

Growing every day in awe,
For Thy Name is holy;
Learning every day to love
With a love more lowly.

Walking every day more close
To our Elder Brother;
Growing every day more true
Unto one another.

Leaving every day behind
Something which might hinder;
Running swifter every day,
Growing purer, kinder.

Lord, so pray we every day,
Hear us in Thy pity,
That we enter in at last
To the holy city.

Another hymn in our list by the same author (66) if less original in form is equally beautiful. Mrs. Streatfield's hymn (30) exquisitely renders for children the chief lessons of our Lord's Temptation, a subject too little regarded in our popular teaching, although Milton saw in it the secret of Paradise regained. Some few hymns by better-known writers we have unwillingly omitted. Dr. Faber's are vitiated by a sentimentalism which generally unfits even the sweetest of them for children: if any of them were admissible, it would be his hymn beginning, "Was there ever kindest Shepherd." The frequently sung, "Dear Jesus, ever at my side," is really, as we have already pointed out, a hymn to the child's "Guardian Angel"—"Dear *Angel*, ever at my side." Mrs. Alexander's "There is a green hill far away," we have with some hesitation included; although in literal truth, as a correspondent already quoted has remarked, the "place called Calvary" may not have been "a green hill" at all! But the hymn as a whole is exquisitely simple, and a favourite with old and young.

For morning and evening hymns, so greatly needed in family and school worship, our young people must chiefly draw upon the store provided for their elders also. We have not forgotten those written by Dr. Watts, as "My God, who makes the sun to know," and "And now another day is gone"; or by the sisters Taylor—"My Father, I thank Thee for sleep," and "Lord, I have passed another day"; but all these are equalled in simplicity and surpassed in beauty by many more general hymns which all our books contain, and especially by Bishop Ken's. The little hymn by Mr. Baring-Gould (65) is perhaps as good a specimen of a child's evening hymn as may easily be found; and Mr. Ellerton's (13) is admirable. For *very little* children there is of course no sweeter eventide strain than Mrs. Duncan's (48); and as a companion to it, although less tender and beautiful, Mr. Summers's morning song (81) is worthy of a place.

One of the difficulties in making a selection for children is that the range which we have to traverse is so large. Hymns for "infant minds," are precisely those from which boys and girls of fifteen and sixteen will turn with most repugnance, as "babyish": there must be a judicious supply for all. For one thing, it is unwise to have, in our home and school collections, much variation on the word "little," with its cognate phrases. Nor should self-consciousness be encouraged, as in a hymn we have often heard sung by Sunday scholars at their anniversaries, beginning: "Come children young *and lovely*." Perhaps our children, in the hymns they sing, are sometimes taught to express views about themselves, as "little lambs" and so on, hardly in accordance with the real experience of vigorous and healthy childhood.

Didactic hymns should be only sparingly introduced; although sometimes their inevitably prosaic tone may be pardoned for the sake of the valuable lessons inculcated. The following by Jane Taylor is admissible, but it is not a hymn.

If Jesus Christ was sent
To save us from our sin,
And kindly teach us to repent,
We should at once begin.

'Tis not enough to say
We're sorry and repent,
Yet still go on from day to day
Just as we always went.

Repentance is to leave
The sins we loved before,
And show that we in earnest grieve,
By doing so no more.

This is worthy to stand by the same author's famous description of Pride, which Archbishop Whately has pointed out as an example of the finest ethical philosophy brought down to the comprehension of a child.

The subject is one which we leave reluctantly. A child's whole life will often be affected for good or evil by the form in which he is instructed to express his dawning emotions of reverence and love. To ally these with aught that fails in point of taste, of meaning, or of sincerity, is to do irreparable harm. The standard is high: in proportion as we strive after it, we shall be able to make our children's hymns a true introduction to those which they "can love and value all their lives."[1]

[1] *Children's Hymn Book* (Mrs. Carey Brock). Preface.

SOME OLD PULPITS.

III.—ST. MARY'S PULPIT, OXFORD.

HOW tempting it is to write about Oxford generally, but we must here confine ourselves to one particular, the celebrated pulpit of St. Mary's. There is a tradition that a

ST. MARY'S PULPIT.

church or chapel stood, where St. Mary's the Virgin now stands, in the time of King Alfred, and that his palace was hard by with the brew-house or "brasin-house," a name still suggested in the title to one of the colleges. The church serves both as parish church and university chapel. In it Cranmer was tried for heresy, even as Huss in the cathedral of Constance. The vicar of St. Mary's considers himself responsible for the pulpit, but the University also, by prescriptive right, appoints whatever preachers it desires to hear. The University sermons are preached at other hours than those reserved for the service in which parishioners join. The University sermon is also preceded, not by the ordinary liturgical service, but only by a bidding prayer and hymn. The choice of preachers rotates. Each college successively appoints its own masters of arts, according to seniority. Should any of these fail, one of a body of "select," preachers takes his place. These "select preachers," are appointed every year, but each one holds office for two years. There are also certain days when it is the Vice-Chancellor's right to appoint. Theological professors and heads of houses have their own rights of preaching at certain times. The names of the preachers can be learned from the notice placed at the "buttery" of every college on Saturdays.

In the middle of this heavy-galleried church stands the famous pulpit to which we have already referred. The structure is very simple, being the ordinary round cup-shape, with Gothic mouldings and panels, heavy sounding board, and winding stairway. It is said that in 1563 the pulpit was of fine carved ashlar stone, but that it was taken down and a framed pulpit of wood set on the pedestal that upheld the frame of stone. We have seen many more beautiful pulpits, but then this is renowned as the place from which many of England's foremost preachers have spoken. Here Dr. John Owen when Vice-Chancellor of Oxford preached. Here John Henry Newman preached his "Parochial and Plain Sermons" as well as his "University" discourses. Here Pusey's well-known University sermons were delivered. Here the one for which he was suspended was uttered. It was on "The Holy Eucharist, a Comfort to Penitents." It was in 1843 that he was suspended, but in 1846 he preached again from this pulpit, on the "The Entire Absolution of Penitents." He began calmly, as if there had been no check, thus: "It will be in the memory of some, that when nearly three years past, Almighty God (for secret faults which He knoweth and from which I trust He will thereby the rather cleanse me) allowed me to be deprived for a time of this very office. Among you, I was endeavouring to mitigate the stern doctrine of the heavy character of a Christian's sins by pointing out the mercies of God." This reminds us of Louis de Leon, one of the Spanish mystics, who was imprisoned by the Spanish inquisition for two years, and when permitted to speak, began by saying, as if nothing meanwhile extraordinary had happened, "We were saying the last time we addressed you——" From St. Mary's pulpit Keble preached many sermons: among them, his assize sermon on "National Apostasy." From this spot also, the great Bampton Lectures are delivered.

When any famous preacher is to give the address the undergradutes flock in and fill the galleries, while below are doctors of divinity, and dons of the colleges.

The celebrated South porch to the church was built at the expense of Dr. Morgan Owen, who was chaplain to Laud, and afterwards made a Bishop. Laud was Chancellor of Oxford as well as Archbishop of Canterbury, and the image

of the Virgin Mother, which still stands in the porch, is believed to have been placed there at his suggestion. It was regarded as a sign of popish tendencies, and was made the subject of one of the charges against Laud.

It is very interesting to read in the "Breviate of the Life of William Laud, Archbishop of Canterbury," by Prynne, of how "Master William Bendy witnessed upon oath that, in the year 1637, since the Archbishop was Chancellor of Oxford, there was a statue of the Virgin Mary With a Child in her Armes set up in the front of Saint Mary's Church Porch toward the open streete; which gave great offence to many:" of how Master Nixon, one of the Aldermen of Oxford, deposed that there was "a picture of stone set up in the New Church Porch at Saint Maries Church towards the high street of a Woman holding a Babe in her Armes, which they cald the Virgin Mary and Christ (standing almost opposite his House), which was very Scandalous, offensive both to him and others: that himselfe had seen some passengers as they rode along by it to bow very low to their Horse's manes, and put off their Hats unto it, that he observed one Passenger both going and returning to bow thus unto it, and put off his Hat... that there was one who kneeled down before this image and put up his hands as if he prayed unto it." Prynne blames Laud for introducing so many popish ceremonies, saying, "You may take a scantling of the Dragon by his Taile."

The beautiful, decorated, and substantial spire of the church is placed at one side. It was from its belfry that the gowns-men, in times when bitterness against the towns-men ran high, were summoned to the conflict. The towns-men rang out their pealing summons from St. Martin's tower.

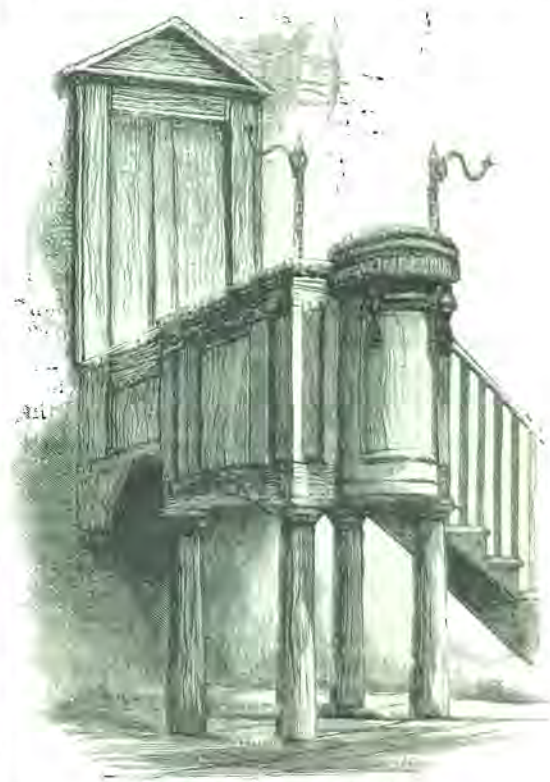
We were glad to hear the tolling of St. Mary's bell at four o'clock this afternoon. We had been to the place several times, but could not find the doors open, or any intimation as to where the sexton lived. We entered at last and took part in the vesper service. This was held in the chancel. We ventured afterwards to make a sketch of the pulpit so memorable, and from which years before we had heard stately, decorous and learned university preachers. With such a mass of gowns-men and dons filling the place on any great occasion, any preacher might well feel his soul stirred to say that which should be helpful in moulding the characters of the men who have so much to do with moulding the destinies of England.

IV.—THE PULPIT OF ROBERT HALL.

Robert Hall was a remarkable man and a great power at one time in the Baptist denomination. He is fast becoming a tradition. He was a man of mighty thinking power, of chaste utterance and resistless force and unction. He was the great favourite of college dons and undergraduates when at Cambridge; but it was at Leicester that his great abilities began to be seen in their full light, and then, spite of pain and infirmity, he managed to continue a good work for nearly twenty years.

The chapel in which he ministered is situated in Harvey-lane, and is a plain, barn-like building standing close to the street. The surroundings are anything but pleasant. We gazed at it in wonder, trying to realise that in such an unpretending obscure place such lofty utterances and matchless sermons had been preached. Moreover, we remembered that here also that pioneer of missionaries, Carey, had been pastor for some time. While he was there the church does not seem to have increased, but when Robert Hall became pastor the membership, which had been down to twenty-six, rapidly rose.

Robert Hall seems to have enjoyed his work in that place, even more than at the University town. He said, "The people are a simple-hearted, praying people, to whom I preach with more pleasure than to the more refined audience at Cambridge." It is said that as his residence at Leicester was longer than at any other place, he was during that period more happy, active, and useful. No wonder he was more happy, for here he first entered into a matrimonial engagement, and his domestic comfort at once contributed to a more uniform flow of spirits than he had for some time experienced. He needed domestic comfort, for it is well known that he was a subject of constant personal pain. It was only by doses of laudanum that he could gain any



HALL'S PULPIT, LEICESTER.

sort of relief from his malady. He generally slept only for two hours, when he would "quit his bed for an easier position on the floor, or on three chairs." He would then read eagerly, so that mental absorption might nullify the return-

ing anguish. It is marvellous that he was able to do so much work, and that he lived so long.

I asked the caretaker of the Harvey-lane chapel if she had known Mr. Hall, but she replied, "No, sir, I never did see him, but I've only heard tell of him, and as how he was a very great man and a great sufferer. You can tell he was a great man by the beautiful statue erected to him by the town." She took me into the vestry, and pointed out the chair in which he sat, and the long, stiff-backed, hard form on which "she had heard tell as how Mr. Hall had used to stretch himself full length while in pain and waiting for time to begin the service."

It was pleasant to find that the pulpit which had been occupied by the great preacher was still standing. The old straight-backed pews, guiltless of paint, have given place to those of greater comfort and more modern shape. We were thankful that the modern rage for a platform had not been allowed to discard that most quaint pulpit made sacred by the eloquence of one of England's greatest preachers. I enjoyed sitting before it and imagining I could see that man with unwieldy form, broad face, rounded head, intellectual expression, piercing eye, and melodious voice, leaning over the broad velvet cushion, then drawing aside the veil of the unseen, or pressing home a truth with all earnestness, while crushing down at the same moment some paroxysm of physical anguish.

The ministry of pain and the ministry of peace there went hand in hand. To the last faith and patience triumphed in him. He said, when recovering from almost his last severe paroxysm, "What a mercy it is to have so many alleviations. I might have been deprived of all these comforts; I might have been in poverty; I might have been the most abject wretch on the face of the earth." Again: "I have not one anxious thought either for life or for death."

FREDERICK HASTINGS.

"LOST BY A POOR CLERK!"

CHAPTER IV.

WHAT a change a brief six months has worked in the fortunes of the Churchill family! The first gleam of sunshine seemed to come, when, immediately upon his return home, Mr. Gratton handed John three five-pound notes, together with a slight and somewhat awkward apology for the unpleasantness he had suffered in the matter, and hoping he would accept the extra note as a token of goodwill. Mark Churchill had no compunction about accepting the extra money, and he was determined that his wife, who had been the chief sufferer in the matter, should be the recipient of this sum. A new dress, the best of its kind that could be bought for five pounds, she should have, but how to buy a fitting article was a sore worry to Mark, until he thought of Madame Peronet. That night, instead of descending at once to his own quarters upon his return home, he sought the old French lady and made his request. "Would she be so kind as to lay out the money for him?" Would she do it? Certainly she would, with the greatest pleasure; it would be a double pleasure: in fact, first to have five pounds to spend, and to be able to go into the shops and look at all the pretty things which could be bought for that money; and, secondly, the far greater pleasure would be to see her dear friend habited once more in a dress befitting her appearance.

It was not until the dress had been bought that Mark told of the money which had been refunded by his employer. The children had rejoiced in his change of spirits, and his wife had often looked curiously at him as she noted the smile in the eye and the laughter which bubbled to the mouth and required an effort to repress it. But when, on the evening of the second day, Madame Peronet came downstairs bearing a parcel and bonnet box in her hand, he could contain his secret no longer, and drawing the two bank-notes from his pocket-book waved them above his head. Then he told his story, and Madame opened her parcel to show a pretty quiet dress and bonnet to match, which she declared would suit her dear friend *à merveille*, and she still had a few shillings to spare, which she would have expended upon a pair of gloves, but did not know the size to fit her dearest friend. In vain Margaret protested that so much money must not be spent upon her; husband, children, and friend all combined against her.

"It will be a treat to see you looking pretty again, mother," said Dorothy. "I couldn't bear to see you going so shabby, and to know it was for my sake."

"My children are more precious to me than all the fine clothes in the world," answered her mother, "but I shall dearly value this dress as a mark of your dear father's love. I like to look well in his eyes still, though we are an old and sober couple now."

"My dear, you are always fair in my eyes," responded her husband gallantly, at which Madame Peronet applauded and said his manner was worthy of a Frenchman.

But before it could be decided what was to be done with the other ten pounds, whether it would be better to expend it on the carpet and a few other much-needed articles, or to lay it by against a rainy day, came a visit from John and Patty. Margaret renewed her friendship with her cousin with pleasure, and was infinitely delighted to find that the lady who had so wished to befriend them

before was no other than that cousin's wife. With infinite tact Patty conveyed their offers of service to her and her family, and Phil was at once carried off to recruit his health and gather strength in the sweet country air. While Uncle John announced, after hearing of the abrupt termination to Dorothy's school career, that she should return to Miss Daniels for at least one year as a pupil, so that no distracting duties should keep her from her studies.

"Fortune comes to those who know how to wait, Dolly," said her brother in a whisper. "What did I tell you about 'Fortune's threatening eye' meaning good all the time, eh?"

"Mother's text was best though," returned Dorothy in the same voice, "I have said her text over to myself: 'I will never leave thee nor forsake thee,' over and over, till I have got to believe it, and to see where mother gets all her peace and all her niceness from. We know mother and father will never forsake us, and she knows God will never forsake her, and I know it too, now. So, Phil, dear, your quotation was more right than you thought, Fortune has meant to me 'most good' of late, I can see it now though I was so blind and rebellious at first."

A little talk between John Parsons and Mr. Gratton had however the effect of raising Mark Churchill's fortune more permanently than any other help he could receive. Mr. Gratton looked upon the poor clerk with entirely different eyes, and treated him with greater consideration since he had discovered his relationship to his wife's cousins, and when John asked his advice as to how he should best advance his interests, he promised to use his influence, to get him a better appointment. "I can offer him nothing better in my own office," he said. "Carter has been with us for some years, and while he is able to retain his position he will do so; but if any word from me will do Churchill good he shall have it. In a very short time his sincerity in the matter was put to the test, and from his strong recommendation, Mark obtained the post of managing man in a large house in the same way of business as Mr. Gratton. The little house in Upper Thornbury Street was soon to let, and Margaret found herself mistress of a pleasant home at Forest Hill, where she declared she had nothing to do, for the stout country maid found for her by Patty took almost the whole of the work from her shoulders. Dorothy had wisely elected to retain her own independence, and, in spite of the mended fortunes of the family, she cherishes her scheme of some day having a school of her own. But as the years pass on, and many holidays have been spent at Fairlea, in company with her own brothers and the young Grattons, who still retain their love for the country, Dorothy's schemes for the future, if still existing, are heard less of. Charlie Gratton, her senior by only a year, has been heard to express his opinion that Dorothy Churchill is the nicest and prettiest girl he has ever met. Of late he too has become silent on this point, unless he confides his thoughts to Dorothy herself in some of their walking excursions into the country round Fairlea. But whatever the future may hold and reveal about this pair the young folks are all happy together in an honest old-fashioned way; all grateful to dear Aunt Patty for her goodness to them. Madame Peronet, who has shared the rise in fortune of her friends and has migrated with them to Forest Hill, is from time to time asked to join the merry party at Fairlea: she has accepted the invitation but once.

"It is beautiful, that wide house with its green lawns and bright flowers," she said on her return, "but for me, I prefer the haunts of men. I like to look from my window and see my fellow creatures. This place is sufficient of the country for me; at night the silence of that place was terrible. I make my respects to your amiable cousin and my many thanks for her kindness to me, but when you go I will remain here and keep the house for you."

"And 'Aunt Patty' herself—the fulness of enjoyment of this life seemed to have been her lot since the Easter-time when John discovered his cousin again. Herself always young in heart, she seemed to grow younger in the company of the many adopted nephews and nieces who now so often make the house ring with their gladsome laughter and gay voices, and one of them she feels to be hers. Philip has been an almost constant resident with them since they brought him down for the first visit; the boy's thoughtful mind and quaint expressions pleased her husband, and little by little he began to instruct him. The old love of teaching and pride in his pupil's progress soon returned to him, and he has announced his intention of not giving him up until he has fitted him for college, and to bear the expenses of his maintenance at whichever of the universities shall be selected for him. Both he and his wife look upon the young fellow as their own son, given to them to atone for the loss of their own two children; and though Margaret Churchill never ceases to miss the presence of Philip from their own fireside, she acquiesces in the arrangement, knowing how good it is for him to live in the country, and grateful for the love and care bestowed upon him. She and Patty are as sisters, loving one another with a deep, firm affection, strengthened by that strongest of all bands the unity of their common faith and hope.

With John Parsons as with his wife, his latter days have been full of happiness and peace. The lesson which he learned from Patty is one which he will never forget; he has found out the truth of the proverb, 'There is that scattereth and yet increaseth;' his scatterings have brought him increase in better things. His charities are not now done in the sight of men, but the Heavenly Father has rewarded him openly. His moroseness and doubt of mankind has vanished, and has been replaced by a frankness of manner and a sincerity of purpose which invites rather than repels the confidence of his fellow men. With the power to do good to those around him, with the love of his wife and the affection of the children, especially of Dorothy and Philip, the world seems a different place, one in which he finds he can work and do good, instead of, as of old, shutting himself away from the rest of mankind.

Our Baby-Comforter.

WE watched beside the dying year:
The stroke of midnight now drew nigh:
The Past might well demand a tear,
The doubtful Future claim a sigh;
When from our Infant's cot hard by
Three laughs arose of careless joy,
Which bade our dull forebodings fly—
Our prophet be our baby boy!

Though fitful be the rays that cheer
The billows which before us lie,
Yet still with hope our course we'll steer
Beneath a tender Father's eye:
We may not know the how or why,
But He is Love without alloy;
His ways are kind, His thoughts are high—
Our prophet be our baby boy!

And as to us our child is dear,
Though we sometimes his wish deny:
He weeps, but soon his sky is clear,
And quickly he forgets to cry:
Some new delight a smile will buy,
He revels in some brighter toy:
So we through clouds the light espy—
Our prophet be our baby boy!

ENVOY.

Let hope in darkness never die:
Though passing storms our bark annoy,
Still cheerfully our oars we'll ply—
Our prophet be our baby boy!

RICHARD WILTON.

STEER FOR THE LIGHT.